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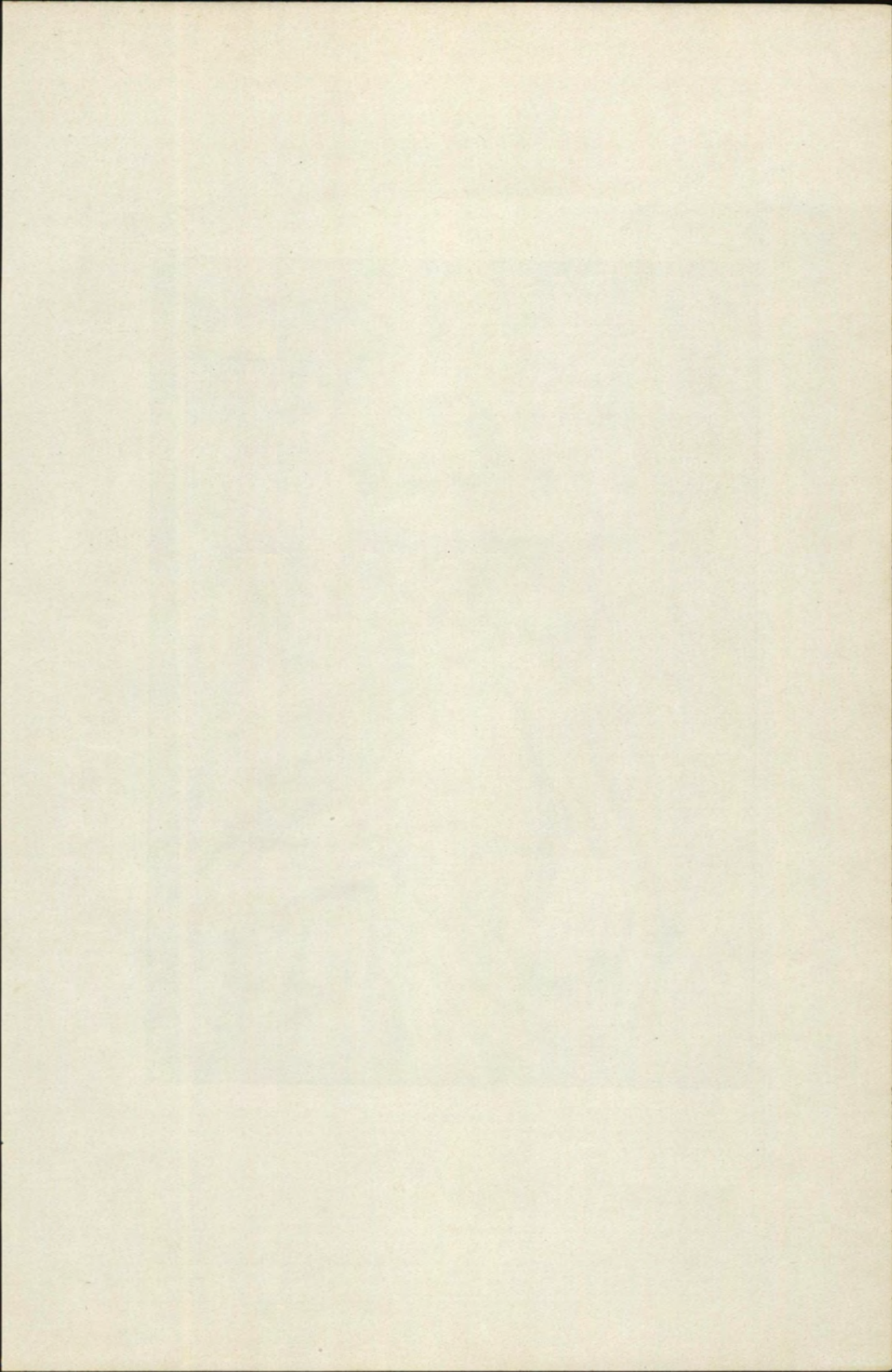
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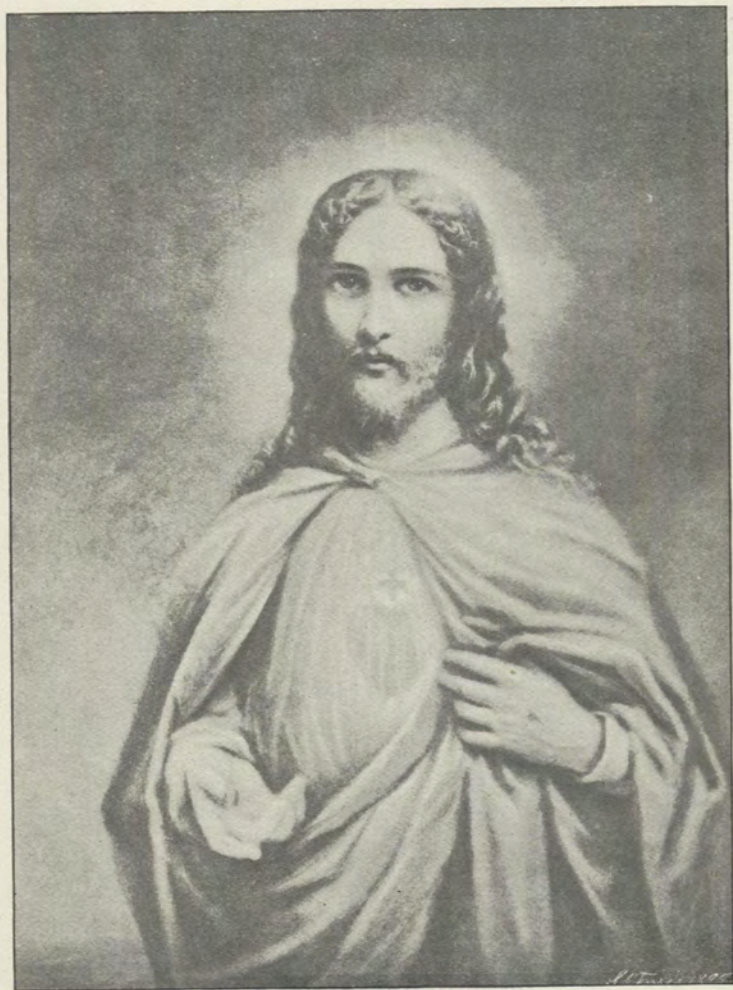
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THE SACRED HEART



VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1906

No. 6

To the Sacred Heart

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love!
Be thou my spirit's only lore,
To know thee better day by day,
To love thee ever more and more!

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love!
Be thou my spirit's only health,
To long for thee all my desire,
And to possess thee all my wealth!

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love!
Why should I hither, thither roam?
Thou art the haven of all hearts,
My spirit's true and only home!

—G. H. Maelmuire, '07.

MINSTRELS

"And a herald brought
A shapely harp and gave it to the hands
Of Phemius, On the chords he struck
A prelude to his lay, while, as he played,
Silent all they listened to the bard
Who sang of the calamitous return
Of the Greek host from Troy."



HIS first mention of a minstrel in the earliest monument of Greek literature, the epithet "illustrious" attached to his name, the place of honor he holds, the respect and veneration shown to him, seem to indicate that in the time of Homer there was a class of men who, like Phemius, journeyed from place to place, sojourning at the halls of princes, and whose profession it was to sing the exploits of heroes and the power of the gods. Homer calls Phemius an *aoidos*, a rhapsodist, or stitcher of songs, and this is the name by which Phemius and his successors have passed down to posterity. The appellation was appropriate, for many of these singers sang, not their own verses only, but wove into their compositions the verses of others, forming, in this manner, a series of episodes bearing on the same subject, and more or less loosely *stitched* together. If we are to credit the opinion of early Greek writers, Phemius was not the first of this race of rhapsodists, but rather a late descendant. Long before his time there were bards who traveled and sang theogonies and cosmogonies, the adventures of the Titans, of Hercules, Theseus, the Argonauts; but this is about the extent of what is related of them. Of these predecessors of Homer, few names are known, and, even of these few, Herodotus positively states that, in reality, some are of more recent date. Indeed, so little do we know of these early times that even the existence of Homer has been doubted; but all scholars of Greek antiquity are agreed that if Homer ever existed he was a minstrel in his day, and his portrait of Phemius is perhaps no other than his own, when, weighed down with age and infirmities, he sought a retreat in the hall of some protector of letters.

Homer was born about the year 1044 B. C., seven cities claiming the honor of being his birthplace. According to tradition, when still young he became a favorite with Greek princes and chieftains. He visited Ithaca, the home of Ulysses, and Chios, where he is supposed to have composed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the former in his younger days, the latter towards the end of his career. Undoubtedly, as the other bards of his day, he utilized the compositions of his fellow-minstrels; but to him belongs the

credit of giving unity and proportion to the ballads of his time. Never since has the world been privileged to hear so great a minstrel. Homer seems to have had an insight of his own greatness and of the halo of glory with which posterity was to encompass his memory, when he says of Phemius, singing the verses that he himself immortalized in the inspired lines of the Iliad:

"It would become us well
To listen to the lay of such a bard,
So like the gods in voice."

Subsequent lays and epics, though they be marked with the seal of genius, and deservedly catalogued as masterpieces of the human intellect, are, with very few exceptions, but lifeless plagiaries; every character, every episode in them may be discovered in germ in the immortal poem of the blind Bard of Greece.

The imitators of Homer are numerous. Hesiod says that the bards of his day were as common as potters and joiners, and as prone to disagree:

"Bard, potter, joiner, 'tis agreed,
Each with his kind shall never be agreed."

Although far inferior to their master, these minstrels are still worthy of consideration, if we are to judge them by Horace, Catullus, and the other Latin lyrics, who borrowed largely from their compositions. The ancients had grouped the nine most prominent of these bards and formed a constellation. Pindar and Anacreon are best known to us, but only fragments of their writings are in existence; of the others, we know little more than the names. The few minstrels that lived after the Persian wars are but faint shadows of their illustrious ancestors, and with the political disturbances a general decline of poetry ensued; minstrelsy disappeared little by little, and finally became a lost art in Greece.

Minstrelsy never flourished at Rome. Cicero states that, anciently at Roman festivals, deeds of valor were celebrated in song accompanied by the flute. But, apart from this indefinite allusion, we find no indications that the Romans ever favored minstrelsy. The intestine feuds and foreign wars left little time to the early Romans to devote to letters of any kind. In later years, when Rome became the mistress of the world, her enriched and pleasure-seeking citizens were too engrossed in commercial pursuits and material enjoyments to take stock in the legendary history of their ancestors or their gods. The tone of incredulity that pervades even the great Latin epic makes of it an artificial poem without life, when compared with the songs of the great Greek minstrel.

As far back as we can read in the annals of the nations of modern Europe, we find mention of minstrels. The Teutonic races in particular, and especially the Danes, held them in the highest reverence. The profession of bard was considered as divine, their persons deemed sacred, and their attendance was solicited by kings and princes; everywhere they were

loaded with honors and rewards. The well-known anecdote related of Alfred the Great gaining entrance into the Danish camp under the disguise of a harper is typical of the respect and privileges accorded to bards amongst the Danes. The bards alone represented the cultivated class, and they were looked up to with that admiration which is ever had by ignorant people for those who excel them in learning. Through their influence the modern European languages in formation were popularized and spread rapidly.

Germany was the cradle of the poetic lore of continental Europe. The lays of the Niebelungen and Hellenbuch, that were sung in the age of Charlemagne, carry us back to the time of Attila and the Huns. These same themes were taken up and adapted by the sagas of Scandinavia. But later the Provençal seems to have become the language *de choix* of minstrels. During the Crusades, it was the tongue used by all the minstrels of southern Europe. Richard Cœur de Lion expressed his complaints in it, and, if we are to believe the legend, he was rescued from the prison of John of Austria through the devotion of his Provençal minstrel, Blondel de Nesle. The Provençal minstrels are remarkable for their bold originality; they developed and extended the number of poems, introducing new varieties, which have since become popular in the languages of southern Europe, such as the canzonet, sonnet, sestina, and madrigal.

Contemporary with the troubadours of Provence are the trouveres of northern France. The subjects treated by them are numerous and of the greatest interest, covering the legends of Gothic, Frankish, and Burgundian invasions, the legends of Charlemagne and his wars in Spain, of Roncevalles and Roland and his peerage, the fabulous history of King Arthur. The poetry of the trouveres of this period compares favorably with the epic of Homer as to contents, and even in force of conception, but they have not the unity, proportion, and beauty of expression.

The Middle Ages, so imbued with Catholicity, had its pious minstrels, who composed odes remarkable for their sublimity of thought, richness of imagination, unlimited belief in the supernatural, but earnestness of purpose: the "Dies Iræ," that sublimely sad appeal to God's unbounded mercy; the "Stabat Mater," whose soul-stirring thoughts Pergolesi ventured to translate into music; the "Ave Maria Stella," said to be the religious barcarolle of the boatmen of the Mediterranean, have not their parallels in any age.

The decline of mediæval minstrelsy on the continent and among the Normans in England began when the trouveres abandoned the epic subjects for tales of knavery, licentious gallantry and adventure, personal and political satire. They bitterly attacked the princes in particular, who refused to endow and enrich them. In the fourteenth century, in many places, minstrel became synonymous of musician and juggler. So singular a phenomenon had a minstrel become in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that,

at a reception in 1575, Lord Lenaham was so astonished to see one that he gives a minute description of the person, dress, and adornments of this extraordinary man of the harp. After describing the "Squire of Middlesex" from "his fair kembed" head to his feet, which were encased in a pair of pumps, not new indeed, but black with soot and shining like a shoeing horn, he adds: "After three lowlie coursiez, he cleared his voice with a hem and a reach, and spat out withal, wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for fylin his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wreast, and after warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a sollem song warranted for stoory out of King Arthurz acts." Towards the end of the sixteenth century minstrels lost all credit in England; they were no longer but strolling mountebanks troublesome for the country, and were classified in the category of "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," pursuable by law.

In no country of which we have any authentic record was minstrelsy held in such honor as in Ireland, and, in consequence, no nation has a bardic literature comparable in variety and quantity to that of the Celts. Tradition places the first Celtic bards at the beginning of the legendary history of Ireland, almost contemporary with the great Greek bard. Amergin, whose name is connected with the Milesian invasion, about 500 B. C., is one of the first mentioned, and it is patent that the caste of bards flourished in Ireland from this early date. The national conventions at Tara, so famous in ancient bardic history, are supposed by some to date back to this remote epoch.

The bards were divided into classes, having their privileges, their distinctions, and even a peculiar dress. Each chief, or regulus, had a Filea attached to his court, whose duty it was to celebrate his valor and sing his personal praises. Besides the Fileas, there were the Brehons, who versified and recited the laws, and the Senachies, who sang in verse the annals of the nation and composed stories and legends. The greater portion of the literature that has survived is attributed to the Senachies. It owes its existence to the wandering story-tellers, who can be found throughout Ireland even to this day, and who are always welcomed to a place about the peasant's turf fire, for the skill and humor with which they report the ancient fairy and historic legends.

Amianus Marcellus was the first continental historian to write about bardic institutions. He says that the Celtic bards of his time formed a distinct order, and that they professed to teach the most laudable arts, and to sing the gallant actions of illustrious men. They were the poets and chroniclers, just as the Druids were the priests and philosophers, and, with the Druids, they participated in the administration and government. Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, makes mention of bardic schools, where candidates for this profession underwent a long training, the course of instruction often requiring twenty years.

We learn from other sources that great privileges were accorded the adepts of minstrelsy; honors were conferred upon them, valuable presents distributed to them on certain festivals of the year, until the profession of bard got to be an enviable one, and was overcrowded with unworthy subjects, who became an intolerable nuisance. Some of them overran the country, carrying a silver pot, and those who refused to contribute were shamefully satirized and disgraced in their songs. In the fifth century A. D. the bards were reported to number one-third of the population. The High King of Ireland, thinking them to be too heavy a burden, resolved to banish them, and in 590 assembled a synod for this purpose. The profession would have been suppressed but for St. Columbanus. Their numbers were reduced and their powers lessened, but the profession was amply compensated, for it was given a fixed position in the state. Lands were set apart, and colleges founded in which the bards were commissioned to teach poetry, law, and history, and educate the poets, lawyers, and judges of the nation. In later years, as often as the bards increased too rapidly in numbers or power, means were taken to reduce their numbers and influence, and when Ireland fell a prey to foreign invaders, and the riches of the country diminished, the bards lost their privileges little by little. After the subjugation by William III., the profession was no longer recognized; the surviving bards became personal attendants of the chieftains, or wandering minstrels, who were content to share the hospitality of the reduced chieftains or even of the lowly peasants.

We cannot form a true conception of the value of the epics that belong to the remote ages of Celtic lore, as none of the originals have been preserved. The subjects are known only through compilations written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the heroes of which are practically the same, except that their attributes are depicted with the exaggerations that marked all the compositions of this period. McPherson's "Ossian" is made up almost entirely of fragments of these early epics, with the changes resulting from the transfer to another country and to a slightly different dialect. It is free from the childish representations of gigantic heroes and their wonderful exploits, the action of sorcerers and malignant spirits, but it is well supplied with a machinery of ghosts and phantoms and with voices of the wind and sun, that give it a certain appearance of originality. The most interesting and valuable poem of the Ossianic or Filean period, although Ossianic characters do not figure in it directly, is the "Battle of Moyra," many of the episodes of which recall adventures of the Iliad and Enead, and are presented with great nobleness of sentiment and force of expression. The profusion of epithets and variety of figures found in this poem are quite Oriental in character, and contrast singularly with the directness and simplicity of contemporary bardic poems of continental Europe.

The fierce wars with the foreign invaders of the eleventh and twelfth centuries were not favorable to long epics. The poetry of this period is lyric in form; the ode took the place of the epic. The fragmentary compositions that have outlived the general devastation to which the whole of Ireland was a prey, are all patriotic tributes, designed to animate the courage of the disheartened, and are vividly expressive of unquenchable hatred and vengeance. We have still fewer fragments of the strictly lyric or amatory poetry of this period. A poem entitled "Eileen Aroon" is the earliest specimen that remains, and it was so popular that it has served to designate all poems of this category. These ingenuous love-songs are expressed in an artless confusion of epithets and figures borrowed from the beauties of nature, as it appears at the dawn of a spring day in the Emerald Isle, and are charming tributes of tenderness and affection.

The oppressive hand of the tyrant weighed heavy upon all the national institutions of Ireland. As centuries advanced the bards decreased in number. Turlogh O'Carolan, who lived in the seventeenth century, is said to be the last deserving of the name. Oliver Goldsmith, when a boy, was privileged to see and hear him, and his talent produced a lasting impression upon the youth, and was perhaps a revelation of his own literary career. In his writings he has recorded the sentiments of wonder and admiration he felt at the sight of the last of the Irish bards.

Thomas Moore, who sang so beautifully of the decline of the Irish harp, in his well-known poem, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," took the harp into his own hands, and for a time made it vibrate as in days of yore in his soul-stirring Irish melodies, singing the exploits of the Celtic chieftains and heroes and the charms of his native land. The great minstrel of the Scottish Border is another worthy descendant of the Celtic bards. It is to him that we owe the touching tribute to the last minstrel,

"Who tuned to the beggar's ear
The harp that kings had wished to hear."

And to-day Celtic minstrelsy has two eminent devotees in the Breton poets, François Jaffrenou and Theodore Botrel, the former, who rouses the Breton peasants in the stirring accents of the old Celtic tongue, the latter, who captivates the cultivated classes in Paris and throughout France with his charming ballads written in the quaint idiom of the early French.

Minstrelsy is not dead; it is too closely allied to poetry to die. It will live as long as poetry, and will find, at least from time to time, able and devoted representatives to take up its time-worn harp and draw from it divine and inspired melodies, such as the great old bard Phemius sang in the Halls of Odysseus.

FRANK MORRIS, '08.





The Sacred Heart

Hail Sacred Heart! where mercy reigns supreme,
Where Love incarnate made his chosen shrine;
Life-giving Fount, whence flows the sacred stream
Whose waters cleanse all Adam's sinful line.

Hail blessed Retreat! where meek and humble souls
The sweetness of celestial peace enjoy,
Where gentle hope the suffering heart consoles;
Where flames of love the dross of sin destroy.

—G. J. Cook, '06.

"Still Achieving, Still Pursuing"

MOTTO OF CLASS '06.

'Tis hard to tread the paths to knowledge blest,
Well covered o'er with many thorns unseen
That wound our weary feet, But Hope serene
Oft sweetly comes to cheer our drooping breast.

Although with Labor's care our mind's oppress,
Let's gaily carol forth our noble pean,
"Still Achieving, Still Pursuing." The "Green
And Purple" shall our confidence attest.

Forward, Seniors! with dauntless courage storm
The rugged heights that lead to Wisdom's shrine,
With Valor's aid we will achieve our aim,
Ne'er shall inglorious failure be our norm,
But crowned with Victory's laurel wreath divine,
We'll spread our Alma Mater's peerless fame.



“NO GALLOWS FOR ME”

All Arkansas was in consternation over the news. Tom Peck, the noted highwayman, had again come into view, and was, by his maraudings, terrorizing the various villages through which he passed.

Upon receipt of orders from the Chief of our Detective Agency, I started after my man; there was a reward of \$2,000 out for the arrest of Tom, dead or alive, a fact sufficient in itself to attract any one's attention to the case. In addition to this, there was the glory of capturing a criminal who, for two years, had baffled the authorities of his native State.

Having secured a satisfactory description of Tom, and also a hint as to his probable whereabouts, I started out on the trail. About noon one day, after a morning's fruitless search, I drew up my horse before a country inn. As I alighted, I noticed another steed hitched to a nearby post. Upon closer inspection, I found, to my surprise, that the horse tallied exactly with the description of Tom's horse, besides there was a dangerous looking revolver in the holster. I immediately scented trouble. Removing the charge from the pistol, I crept softly toward a window which looked out upon the road and peeped in. A curious sight met my eyes. Not four yards away from me was Tom Peck, standing with his back to the door to prevent any one's escape. In his hand was a large six-shooter, which seemed, by the frightened looks of the men, to be playing a prominent part.

I instantly resolved upon a course of action. Tiptoeing my way to the door, from which the bandit stood but a few feet, with his back to it, I sprang forward and pressed the muzzle of my revolver against his neck before he had time to turn. I ordered him to drop his six-shooter; he obeyed immediately. But Tom was not to be trapped so easily. With extraordinary quickness he ducked, and then turning swiftly around before any of the men could interfere, he dealt me a telling blow and, seeing his opportunity, escaped by way of the door.

After I had recovered from the shock, I ran to my horse and started off in pursuit of the outlaw. He had, by this time, obtained a fair lead, with the additional advantage of having a fresher animal than mine. This did not discourage me, however, as with pleasure I felt my trusty steed respond nobly to every prick of the spur. For a time I was able to maintain an equal pace with Tom, but the steady strain soon began to tell on my horse. I urged him to renewed efforts, but it was useless. As the high-wayman gradually increased his lead, I knew that I must have recourse to other means if I would wish to overtake him.

Seizing my revolver, I sent a bullet after him, and I fancied that Tom swayed slightly in his saddle. The bandit, too, drew his pistol from the holster, but at a glance discovered that the charge had been removed. I fired three or four more times, though I could not say whether or not all had taken effect. But I soon found that one, at least, did, for presently Tom began to move to and fro in his saddle, each time farther and farther, until he nearly touched the ground. Here was my chance. With one last effort I urged on my horse, when, suddenly, the animal's hoof struck a large rock and I was sent headlong to the road. The fall stunned me for a time, and when I came to my senses, I perceived that my leg had been broken. Directly opposite me, in a sitting posture, was Tom, with blood streaming from his shoulder.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired, politely.

"Somewhat," I replied. "Did I hit you?"

"Yes," he answered, "here in the shoulder."

After a few moments' silence, I resumed hostilities: "Surrender, Tom; you are my prisoner."

"What!" he exclaimed, laughing, "to a cripple? Never!"

And then he began to crawl, at first I thought in an attempt to escape. But no, that could not be, for he was making in my direction, though a little to my right.

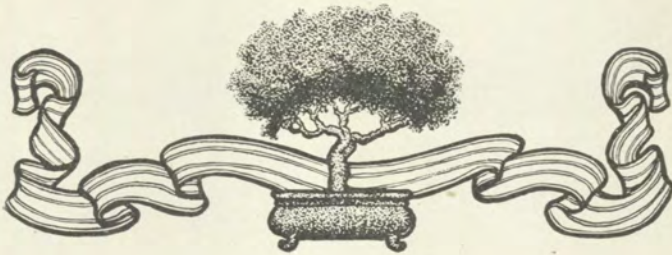
"What are you doing?" I asked; but without heeding my question he kept straight ahead, with his eyes fixed intently upon some object in front of him. Following his gaze, I beheld my own revolver lying on the road a few yards distant. I then realized that, in the fall, I had dropped my weapon. There was no time to be lost, however, for I felt what the possession of that pistol meant.

Mustering all the strength I possessed, I crawled as well as I could with the use of my one leg toward the coveted object. But it was hard work. Tom, too, I could see, suffering from the loss of so much blood, was making little progress. The race was nip and tuck, with equal chances for both, though perhaps the bandit had the advantage of the start.

In a few seconds I heard the sound of galloping horses, faintly at first, then gradually louder and louder, and I surmised that they were the occupants of the inn coming to my relief. The highwayman, too, heard the warning, for he seemed to labor on with still greater determination. As I became aware that Tom would reach the weapon first, the thought uppermost in my mind was, whether the approaching horsemen would arrive in time to prevent him from turning the revolver upon me. Vain hope, indeed! The horsemen were still a hundred yards distant, when the outlaw snatched up the revolver. I felt that my last day had come and steadied myself, determined to meet my fate like a man. Suddenly Tom spoke, roused by the shouts that were now in our ears: "They won't hang me," said he, with a smile of triumph. "No gallows for me," and with that he raised the weapon to his own head and fired.

The horsemen took me back to the village, where I received medical attention, and also the \$2,000 reward. Whenever, in after days, I recalled the tragic end of Tom Peck, I could not but feel glad that the outlaw had reached my revolver first.

CH. WHALEN, '07.



THE GOLDEN RULE



WE regret that, on account of our limited space, we can do no more than quote some extracts from the interesting lecture given by Mr. H. Busch, '96, of Cincinnati, Ohio, at the meeting of the S. M. I. Alumni, April 18, 1906.

The lecturer commenced by assuring his audience that, having given some consideration to the various pleasures that people partake of from time to time, there is not one of these that could afford him the gratification which at that moment he experienced in being in the midst of his fellow Alumni of their veneral Alma Mater, S. M. I.

The subject of the discourse was "The Golden Rule," as expressed in the words, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and the speaker declared that he had selected this, and would treat it, not with any special religious intention or object, but solely "for the purpose of establishing a true and correct rule of life."

"Emerson once said, 'It is hard to explain something that needs no explanation.' The Golden Rule is self-explanatory. I shall not do to another what I would not have another do to me, and, in its definition and action, it embodies the converse—I shall do to another what I would have another do to me. . . .

"Man everywhere being of the same physical and moral nature, his wants, his ideas, his thoughts, his necessities, all emanate from the same brains. . . . It therefore must necessarily follow that the fundamental rule of conduct in one phase or sphere of life must be identical with the fundamental rule in any other phase of life, and the Golden Rule is that fundamental rule, within easy reach of all, and universal in its application to all spheres of life, religious, social, industrial, or political. . . .

"Does any one imagine that the scandals of the insurance world, the exposition of the Standard Oil methods, . . . could possibly have arisen if these kings of finance had made it their commercial rule of conduct to 'do unto others as they would have others do unto them'? . . . If these captains of industry had applied themselves the right way, meeting their competitors squarely in the field of commercial combat, and obeying the laws of the land, they would not to-day be hiding away from the officers of the law who are now prosecuting them with such bitter and relentless antagonism, backed by public opinion. . . .

"If every man would feel that his competitor is entitled to the same fair dealing and consideration as he himself would demand from them;

if every man in a position of trust would administer that trust as he would want another to administer were he the *cestui que trustant*, we would not have to-day the sorry spectacle of men who have lived their lives presumably great in the commercial or political world, and yet at the evening of life find themselves despised and mistrusted by an overridden public. . . .

"Let us now consider the Rule in relation to God. God is the Supreme Being and our Creator. Everything we have—our physical and spiritual being—are definitive expressions and manifestations of God's love, . . . and so it is that all parts of our bodies are given us as some special token and mark of respect and love by God, and thus this love, of which we are the daily recipients, requires nothing more in return than that we should do unto Him as we daily request Him to do unto us, namely, that we love Him as He daily loves us. . . .

"I stated already that it was Christianity that regenerated and practicalized the Golden Rule, and to further evidence this truth, let me call your attention to the historical fact that before the advent of Christ on earth the then most civilized nations, not to speak of the barbarous or semi-barbarous, knew nothing of hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged and infirm, and similar charitable institutions. Paganism in its most advanced and refined doctrines recognized no charity between man and his fellow-man. It remained for Christianity, of which the Golden Rule is a *résumé* and epitome, to establish universal charity by recognizing the brotherhood of man, and the vicissitudes of daily life, to which all, rich and poor alike, are exposed. . . .

"You, my friends, students of this College, you are now rough iron being made into steel. A good many of you, doubtlessly, will, later on, enter some university and have this college steel turned into tools. It is now, at the formation of that which must be made into a specialty later on, that you are to give this Rule and its application your earnest attention. I would have you all to be like a lofty headland, against which, though the waves dash ceaselessly, yet it not only stands unshaken, but even hurls to rest the fury of the sea. . . .

"Make the Rule the fundamental ingredient of your character and educational compound; and when you embark, in whatever sphere of life it may be, never deviate from practicing this Rule most faithfully. Do not navigate along the coast of the ocean of life prying into each shallow inlet, and so working your way to a hazardous end; but rather, like a bold navigator, set yourself an ideal compass and dread not to venture out into broad, heaving waters: your safety and success will be assured if you take as guiding compass the fulfillment of the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

"WHILE THERE 'S LIFE, THERE 'S HOPE"



FROM his earliest boyhood days, Jack Thornton possessed the most genial and happy disposition of any one I ever knew. His face was habitually beaming with a broad smile, and he had a way of looking on the bright side of everything—a trait that made companionship with him most agreeable.

When the Civil War broke out, Jack and I were among the first of our town to enlist in the Union army. If we had been inseparable friends during our school days, our intimacy became still greater when on the march toward Richmond. Many a time I was disheartened by the fatigues of the journey, but Jack's jovial spirit always filled me with new courage. Near Richmond we pitched camp, there to remain until further orders.

One rainy morning, as I was sitting alone in my tent, dreaming of my happy home on the shore of the Great Miami, a guard who had just been released from picket duty came toward me, with a somber expression on his countenance. "Bad business your friend's got into," he muttered.

"Jack in trouble?" I inquired. "What's the matter?"

"He has been found with treasonable papers on his person and is condemned to die at daybreak," he answered.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I would have been less surprised.

"Jack guilty of treason!" I cried. "No, there must be some mistake."

The guard shook his head and walked away. Slipping on my coat, and unmindful of the drenching rain, I ran to headquarters, to inquire if the news were true. "Yes," answered the colonel, "Jack Thornton dies tomorrow at daybreak." I was given permission to visit my friend, and, trembling at his dreadful fate, I entered the guard-house. But my spirits arose when Jack greeted me with his merry salutation and winning smile. "Don't worry, Tom," he said, "there's some mistake, which I am sure will be cleared up in time."

"Jack, tell me what it's all about," I asked.

"The story can be told in a few words," he replied. "Last night I was taking a stroll down along the river, and a guard to whom I was unknown eyed me suspiciously and demanded of me that I hand him the small bundle that protruded from my pocket. Of course, my first impulse was one of resentment, and this made matters worse. I was searched, and papers disclosing our plans to the enemy were found on my person. How they came there I know not. All I do know is that there is some mistake, which I am sure will be cleared up in time. 'While there's life, there's hope.'"

I left the guard-house more gloomy than ever. If Jack found reasons for hoping, I certainly could not. It is needless to say that I slept little that night. Early the next morning, when everything was still wrapped in darkness, I repaired sadly to the place where my friend was to meet death. A sort of stupor came over me as, when the first streaks of dawn were brightening the sky, I heard the distant beat of muffled drums. Nearer and nearer came the awful sound. Soon the mournful party reached the place of execution, and Jack was placed against the tree where he was to meet his fate. A short distance away stood ten soldiers with rifles leveled at his breast. I was forced to close my eyes at the horrible sight. I wondered if Jack was still in a hopeful mood; but when I took another glance at his noble face, I felt sure that he was. While the captain was giving to the squad commands preliminary to the final signal for firing, the quick patter of horse-hoofs came clattering up the road. "Hold!" cried a soldier, leaping from the foaming steed. "Jack Thornton is innocent." The guns were lowered and attention turned to the man whom we recognized as William Harvey, who had mysteriously disappeared a few days before. "I confess," he continued, "having attempted to play the part of traitor, after receiving an unmerited rebuke from our general; but when I had gone a good distance outside our lines, I discovered that the coat I wore was not my own. I examined the packet I was guarding so carefully, and, to my horror, found it to contain letters belonging to Jack Thornton. Knowing the fate of Jack if he were discovered with the papers, and suddenly repenting of my action, I resolved, at any risk, to return. And now, gentlemen, I am your prisoner."

A death-like silence fell on the group. Jack was the first to speak. "Captain, I beg you to consider the motives that prompted the act of Harvey; also, in recompense for the injustice I have received, I entreat you to pardon him." The request startled the gruff old officer, but, touched by the generous appeal of Jack, he granted him his request. William Harvey was pardoned and proved himself to be, from that day, as staunch a patriot as there was in the Union army.

Jack and I are old men now, but he is still the same happy and light-hearted Jack that he was during the war. Whenever I feel sad or am troubled in any way, I visit my old friend, and he always reanimates my depressed spirit, and invariably repeats his favorite motto: "While there's life, there's hope."

A. ZENGERLE, '09.



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The Truly Educated

The question of education has ever been one of vital importance to civilized nations, yet, even at the present day, men frequently disagree concerning the object of education. Some think that education consists in the acquisition of a vast amount of knowledge. It is true that an abundant resource of information is a great acquirement. The child is sent to school to become versed in history, geography, etc., yet a mind replenished with data of varied subjects cannot be said to possess true intellectual culture. There are men whose memories are veritable repertories of book-lore, and nevertheless they have no fixed views upon any particular subject of thought. They are lost in the maze of facts, and, although their conversation abounds with manifold interesting details, they are unable to follow a train of ideas with order and clearness; the more they say the more they perplex their hearers. They have no fixed principles by which to determine the relative importance of facts, and are guided in their judgments by mere association, sentiment, passion, and prejudice. They, accordingly, take exaggerated views about a special department of science and make it the measure and criterion of everything else. Facts, whether irrelevant or not, are adjusted to their favorite pursuit or hobby. If something turns out contrary to their expectations, they adduce some frivolous explanation. For them, events of history are extraordinary occurrences, unprepared and unaccountable. They



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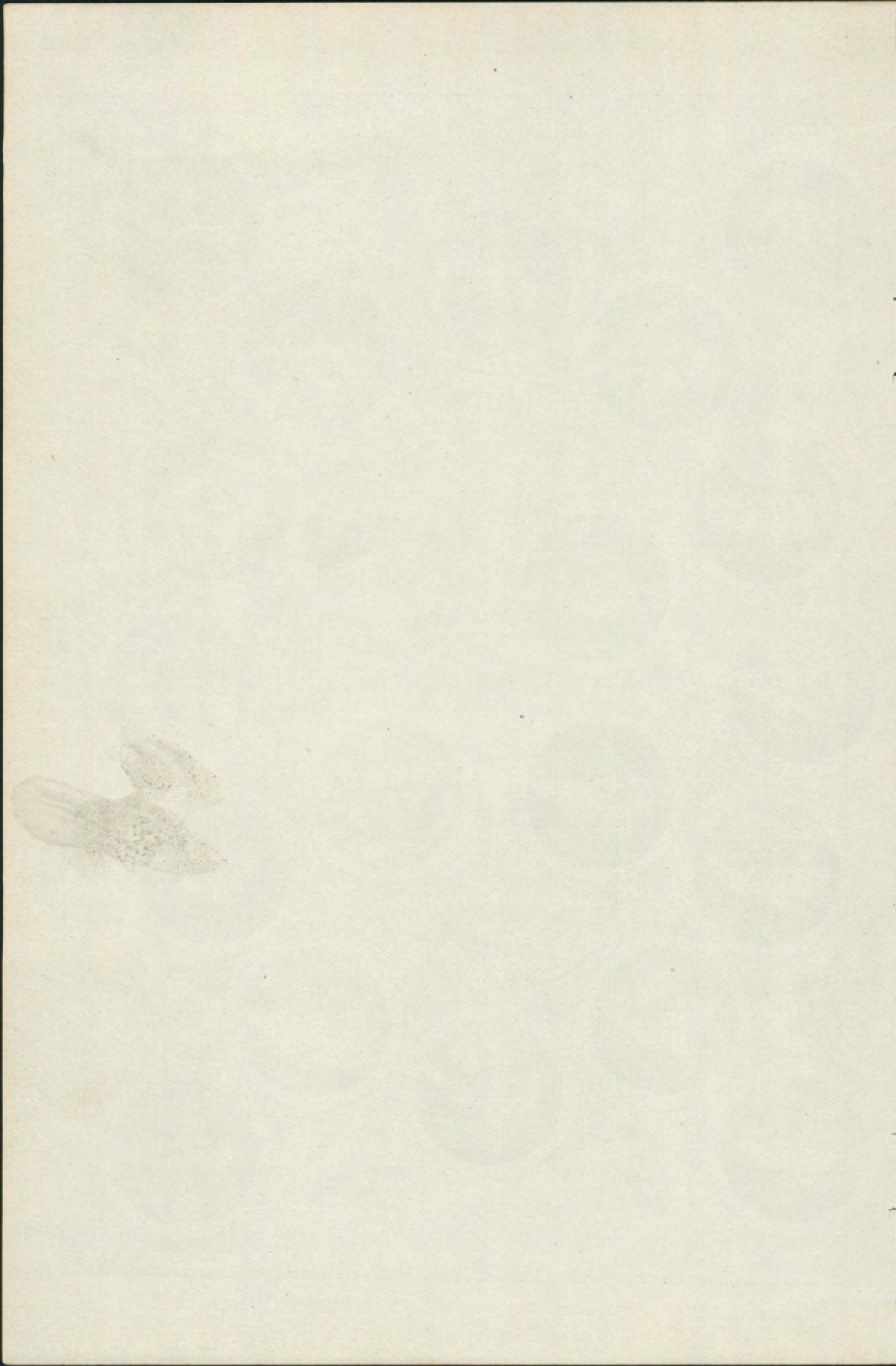
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accept as truth the assertions of some congenial individual and never stop to consider what are the grounds of their belief.

A mind trained to examine the various aspects of a question will gradually eradicate those prejudices which are more or less peculiar to every individual and to races or nationalities. A man of such a disposition grows tolerant toward others in matters of opinion. He asserts as positive only as much as facts warrant, and if a difficult problem is presented for solution, he knows when to suspend his judgment until sufficient data can be acquired. Though not conversant with all the details of the various departments of science, he can apply his faculties to any department and, by his sagacity, exactness, and perseverance, is able to get at the very gist of the matter in question. He reduces to order and proportion the data of experience by comparing and contrasting, by abstracting what is permanent and essential from what is accidental. He never considers a fact independently, but associates it with others of a similar nature, and ascertains its bearing upon the whole of his knowledge, taking, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the entire field. Thus he is able to discover the general laws which produce the varied phenomena of science, as well as the works of art. Well aware that like causes ever produce like effects, he can, from a survey of historical events, even partially foresee the destiny of nations.

The specialist who knows every detail of one branch, but nothing of other branches, the utilitarian who looks upon instruction as a means of securing wealth, evidently such men cannot be ranked among the educated. He alone can be considered educated who, by his catholicity of taste, is able to appreciate truth and beauty wherever it be found, and who, by his intellectual acumen, can detect, in physical phenomena and human events, those general laws by which God molds the destinies of men and rules the forces of the universe.



CHIPS

Alumni Lecture and Reception On last April 18, a number of Old Boys journeyed to their Alma Mater to hear Harry C. Busch, of Cincinnati, speak on "The Golden Rule." The event took place in Alumni Hall. The speaker, who was introduced by the President of the Alumni Association, Joseph J. Abel, had full command of his audience for more than an hour, mingling bursts of eloquence, traits of humor, and novel applications of a seemingly trite subject in a most entertaining manner. We have the pleasure of publishing elsewhere the principal parts of Mr. Busch's address, but can hardly do justice to it, as our eloquent alumnus, in speaking, is very independent of what he has written. After the final applause had subsided, President Abel called upon Dr. Averdick, of Covington, Ky., for a few remarks; and the way the doctor handled his interesting subject—the clothing of their baby, Alumni Hall—was surprising; for in almost less time than it takes to say it, the donations had passed the \$100 mark.

After "Papa" finished, the Gym took charge of the Alumni, where the bowling alleys, the billiard tables, a fine musical program by the S. M. I. Orchestra, and refreshments were enjoyed to a late hour. Among those present we noticed Rudolph Schneble, Albert Timmer, Harry Cappel, Edgar Orendorff, Eugene Schaefer, Bernard Focke, Louis Moosbrugger, Victor Smith, Wm. McGrath, Clarence Gochoel, Bernard Hollencamp, Emmett Sweetman, Haribert Rechsteiner, Robert Hayes, Clarence Kramer, Charles Wetzel, Harry Finke, Theodore Hollencamp, Joseph Clemens, and others. The only member of his class, '96, whom Harry Busch had the pleasure of meeting, was Anthony Schneble.—All present reported that they would not miss, for anything in the world, the eventful Alumni Banquet of June 19, 1906. How about the 100 others we expect to see there?

A prominent Doctor of Cincinnati, who is a warm friend of S. M. I. and an earnest reader of THE EXPONENT, writes: "THE EXPONENT has reached me and I must say that it is a well-written magazine. It ought to be well appreciated by its readers, and cannot be placed too high in literature of its kind. I intend to keep it on exhibition in my reception-room, and hope it will bring fruit in the shape of new pupils for your excellent institution."



TWO OLD BOYS LEAVING S. M. I. AFTER A
PLEASANT VISIT TO THEIR ALMA
MATER, APRIL 19, 1906.

Hon. Busch, '96, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Dr. Averdick, '70, of Covington, Kentucky, were the first to subscribe liberally towards the fund for furnishing Alumni Hall.



JOSEPH J. ABEL, '93,
PRESIDENT OF THE S. M. I. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION,
WHOSE TERM EXPIRES JUNE 19, 1906.

Joe is well known all over the Gem City as a star actor among amateur talent.
The Booth-like expression of his features reveals him partly.

An Old Boy of Dayton reports that he has the "Souvenir Album" lying on the counter of his drug-store, and feels much pleased to hear the favorable comment made by his many customers about his Alma Mater.

The greatest move toward the furnishing of Alumni Hall was made at the reception tendered to the Alumni on April 18, when our Kentucky Colonel started to roll that heavy ball that could not be budged since last September. At Christmas, Harry Busch, a loyal one of the loyalest, had made a first attempt; but it all had ended there. The Colonel had no sooner started the ball rolling with a twenty-fiver when His Honor, the Speaker of the night, hit it with another twenty-fiver, and then it rolled and rolled all around the Alumni, where it got bumped, that very night, for \$138, and now it is going to Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Springfield, Greenville, Cincinnati, and other cities where it will get a few more needful knocks. All this means that the Old Boys intend to furnish Alumni Hall completely and splendidly. But all honor to Covington, and then to Cincinnati, for beginning the real work.



What a corner of Alumni Hall will look like a short time hence.

Dr. Charles W. Dancer, '93

Charles W. Dancer, from South Milford, Ind., entered the Institute in 1886, and, having finished the prescribed course of studies, graduated in 1893, in which year he also captured the much-coveted Gold Medal for Conduct. In 1895 he matriculated with the Rush Medical College of Chicago, and in 1899 received his degree of M. D. Ever since he has been practicing medicine in the Hoosier State, with a success that has brought him a large number of patients. He also has charge of all the public schools in Milford Township, and if all the school buildings are as handsome as the one on his letterhead, the Stroh High School, S. M. I. would feel quite satisfied if it had some of them for its roomers, when, in the near future, its postgraduate course and other higher departments are established. We are confident that Dr. Dancer will continue to be an honor to St. Mary's in the future as he has been in the past, both here and elsewhere.



DEAR "PAPA": The Dayton Alumni have been anxiously inquiring as to when you intend to give your lecture on "When, Where, and How to Do It." Please, Papa, answer at your earliest convenience, and oblige one of your loving children,

THE ALUMNI EDITOR.



Henry Peter, '69, of Cincinnati, for a long time a successful engraver, is now on the retired list, taking care of his shattered health. His brother George, '70, has also withdrawn from active business and is taking life easy in the Queen City.

Charles Schumacher and John Kemper, with their respective sisters, lately paid a visit to their Alma Mater to see new secrets with the aid of our X-ray machine, which is the best of its kind for many miles around, and a great credit to the Blumenthal brothers, its builders. For further particulars about it call on the visitors, and you will undoubtedly follow suit.

Edwin Fitzpatrick, '98, formerly of Dayton, is now employed as a foreman of the Home Telephone Company at Los Angeles, Cal. Kerien, '03, has a good position with the Home Telephone Company of Dayton. Harry, '98, is at our Water Works. According to the latest reports, all three brothers are doing very well.

An Old Boy recently said, upon being invited to spend a day at S. M. I., "I don't know any one there now."—By the very fact that you are an Old Boy, you are a member of that Rooseveltian family of S. M. I., and therefore more than a friend. Just call on the Colonel of the Civil War, the guard of the reception room; every visitor remembers him. Tell him you are an "Old Boy", the pass-word for all courtesies, and you will soon be acquainted with everybody, from Eddie, the smallest student, up.

An Alumnus, a constant reader of THE EXPONENT since its first issue, says: "THE EXPONENT should have at least one thousand subscribers among the former students of S. M. I." And he is right; that is not excepting too much from a family of 5,600 children whom the S. M. I. registers have recorded during the past 56 years.

Joining the Exponent Family Among those who, this past month, subscribed to THE EXPONENT, we were much pleased to recognize the following Old Boys: Albert Haungs, of Toledo, Ohio; B. G. Moorman and Charles Peurrung, of Cincinnati, Ohio; J. Edward Grimes, of Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Cronan, of Cleveland, Ohio; Ralph Mattingly, of Erie, Colo.; J. Hinterschied, of Columbus, Ohio; William A. Deis, Elmer Stoecklein, Edward Hegman, Chas. F. Dickman, Charles Gerwels, Lawrence Pauzar, Eugene Schaefer, and W. H. Durkin, of Dayton, Ohio.



A CROWD OF OLD BOYS SUBSCRIBING FOR THE EXPONENT.
Picture taken on a recent Sunday afternoon.

At the recent Alumni reception, Dr. Averdick commented very favorably on the matter of THE EXPONENT, and reported the excellent impression the reading of the March issue had made upon one of his friends, the literary critic of a well-known Cincinnati periodical. The fact that some

Alumni are not among our regular subscribers made such an impression on the Doctor, that he could not resist expressing his surprise publicly, and his

earnest plea for loyalty to S. M. I. and its official paper was enthusiastically applauded by all the loyal Old Boys present.

GEORGE BRENNAN, '06.

BIG FOUR NEWS

Alumni Day, "Something new under the sun."—That's what the Big
June 19, '06 Four have resolved to make June 19. The Big Four has
 been organized to make that day a grand success, and it
 calls upon all loyal Alumni to help them in this work, so that every one
 present will have a rousing good time. A number of Alumni have already

sent word to the effect that they are in with the Big Four for this grand move, but several have not yet been heard of. These are urged to drop a postal—this very day, lest they forget. Let's be doing something, Boys of the Old Guard.

The most significant resolution passed at the regular Monday meetings of the Big Four was the one carried on May 1: that every effort is to be made to secure at least 100 Alumni for the Banquet. That means twice as many as were ever there before. Let every staunch Alumnus induce every other member of the Association to be up and doing next June 19. The Big Four would be grateful to you, gentle

reader of the Old Boys, for informing us what you are doing for the cause. Drop us a postal to-day and address it to

THE ALUMNI EDITOR, 4,
 ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE,
 DAYTON, OHIO.



The Big Four after hard work on Monday, May 1.

Correspondence from Alumni A '77 Boy writes: "After long and serious reflection, I have decided to get married. My choice has fallen upon a talented young lady, favorably known to a large number of Alumni. Don't you think the Alumni Banquet an excellent opportunity for making public my decision and inviting the graduates to attend the wedding?"—Excellent idea; but, for your sake, don't speak of it before 12:30 A.M. Will you send some wedding cake to the Big Four Secretary?

An Old Boy from the Windy City: "I have been informed that I will be called upon for an impromptu remark, and I feel rather nervous about it, as I made a toast but once and that was in '97, at a lunch on a canal boat, when we boys were returning to S. M. I. from a picnic. What subject would you suggest?"—Any live subject, like "Life"; or any burning subject, like "Oil Wells"; or any striking one, like "Miners." Be brief, to the point, and remember the end.



*What the Big Four Secretary is going to do on June 18—
at 11:59 P.M.*

"MR. BIG FOUR: I don't care for coming. You marked your last articles green, and I come from Germany near the Rhine.

"Yours,

"ADOLPH H. M."

Green is the Big Four's color this year, because we live in the best of hopes that Alumni Day, beginning at 1:30 P.M., will be something new; but it will not be green. The orchestra of Old Boy Charlie Meiler will play "Die Wacht am Rhein" at the Banquet. Will that appease your wrath, Adolph?

An '05 Boy writes the following: "Mr. Secretary of the Big Four: Look for me at the Banquet.—I see you have dealings with the Alumni Editor. Ask him whether I could speak about him at the Banquet; I think I could give some very wholesome advice."—Splendid idea, Old Boy; by all means do it. We are anxious to become wiser for once by your ripe experience. Must we take notes during the delivery, or will you publish your toast on "The Alumni Editor" in the newspapers? The latter would be the better course. The world at large would undoubtedly be benefited for your having lived and spoken in it at the Banquet.

A '94 Boy, writing to a First Communicant of this year: "I am sorry I cannot be with you on your First Communion Day, but a bunch of us Chicago boys are planning to come down in June. E. M. M."—Of course the Chicago Boys will stand by their Alma Mater as faithfully on June 19 as they did in the past. Come, Old Boy, and let Alumni Day eclipse all former efforts.



The last letter, and the best: "In the May issue I note your invitation to be present on the 19th of June for Commencement and the subsequent 'doings.' I hope to be present for the whole affair, but will make sure to be present for the Banquet, if I am alive and in good health.

"My brother will also be present, and I hope that the class of '96 will send enough members down to make it something in the nature of a reunion. You know, every Alumnus thinks his own class the best that ever finished,—'1896' is no exception.—It gave me great pleasure to note in THE EXPONENT that Toby Morin had entered the priesthood.—Perhaps you can let us know what has become of Joe Gramling and Leo Showel, of Toledo, Ed. and Chauncey (de peach) Yockey, of Escanaba, Mich., and several other kindred spirits of the 'hard times' of '94, '95, and '96.

"Assuring you of my appreciation of all that THE EXPONENT is doing for the 'old uns,' I am, with best wishes,

"Fraternally yours,

"Si."

More than pleased to hear that "Si" won't miss June 19. They need you, old man, and your whole class. We heard it distinctly said, some time ago, by "one who knows," that the class of '96 is one of the finest; and, in virtue of the special powers granted to the Big Four Secretary, you, Si, are hereby appointed a committee of one to see to it that no '96 Boy be absent: they're all alive and "doing" and a good number are members of THE EXPONENT family. The Big Four has decided to award to your class the prize for the best attendance on Alumni Day,—if you get them all here. Here's to your full success.



*My Dear Friends
of the Alumni:
It's June 19, and
don't you forget it.*

We want to hear from each and every Alumnus this week.
Address:

THE ALUMNI EDITOR, 4,
ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE,
DAYTON, OHIO.

(Signed) THE BIG FOUR SECRETARY.

S. M. I. FROM 1850 TO 1855

The Stuart
Mansion

We have the pleasure of publishing in this issue a cut of St. Mary's Institute as it appeared from 1850 to 1855.

This building was erected by Col. Charles Anderson, the brother-in-law of our neighbor, Mr. Patterson. It was situated where the porch between the actual Chapel and Convent now is. The Colonel, who afterwards became governor of Ohio, sold the structure to Mr. John Stuart. A little later the latter gentleman wished to return to Scotland, his native country, as the anti-Catholic movement that prevailed there had become somewhat mitigated, and, accordingly, he sought a purchaser for his property. At that time Father Leo Meyer, who had been sent by the Superior General of the Brothers of Mary to found an American province, was thinking seriously of establishing the central house of the Order in Dayton. A fairer opportunity could not have presented itself for this purpose, and in March, 1850, Father Meyer bought 125 acres of land, called "Dewberry Farm," together with the house standing on it, for twelve thousand dollars. Having no ready cash on hand, Father Meyer, who relied on the help of St. Joseph, handed Mr. Stuart a medal of the holy Patriarch, saying, "He will pay the full amount." In fact, the whole debt was soon paid. We cannot help admiring the confidence which Mr. Stuart placed in the poor community. The Brothers still cherish, as a memento of the Stuart family, a stone monument, six feet high, which stands in their cemetery, and bears this touching inscription:



"MARY LOUISA G. STUART,

Died July 15, 1848,

Aged 4 months and 20 days.

Mary, thy spirit is in bliss:

Pray for thy parents."

Opening of the
New School

The new establishment was called "Nazareth," in honor of the Holy Family. A day school was opened during the summer of 1850, in the farm-house situated on the hill where the vineyard now is. Father Meyer was superior. Brother M. Zehler taught the few pupils who attended the school, among them the little Lawrence Butz, and after having passed six hours with the children he spent the remainder of the day in helping the other Brothers to cultivate the farm.

The Boarding-School

On the first of September, 1850, a boarding department was opened. The first boarder registered was Joseph Greulich, the son of a butcher living in the vicinity of Dayton. Others hailed from Sidney, Greenville, Minster, Thompson, Chillicothe, Piqua, Union City, Monroeville, Indianapolis, and many especially from Cincinnati. In 1852, Brother Zehler was transferred to St. Mary's School, Cincinnati, and Bro. Litz took his place.

Prosperity

As the number of pupils was continually increasing, a new structure, 60 feet by 30 feet, was built in 1854. It occupied the place of the north wing of the present Convent. The Brothers themselves lent a helping hand to the builders in order to reduce expenses. During the summer of this year, with the generous help of Mr. Henry Ferneding, of Dayton, the Brothers also purchased twelve acres of land north of their property, thereby keeping the cemetery at a convenient distance from the premises.

The Disastrous Fire

But it pleased Almighty God to visit the community with a disaster capable of discouraging the stoutest hearts. On the night of December 27-28, 1855, at 1:00 A.M., fire broke out in the carpenter shop and, within a few hours, the Stuart mansion and the new building were reduced to ashes. At the time the snow lay eighteen inches deep and the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero. Happily the boys retained their presence of mind and all escaped uninjured from the burning building. The bedding and bedsteads were saved; likewise the trunks of the students. Toward daybreak the children were conducted by Bro. Litz to the house of Mrs. Kiefer, who lived opposite the Brothers' gate. This good lady received them kindly and prepared breakfast for them. After this meal the Dayton boys were sent home, and the rest took the train to return to their families.

The Dawn of a Bright Future

Thus the Brothers were left utterly destitute, but instead of crushing them, the blow only served to inspire them with renewed energy. Like an oak on the mountain-side, swayed to and fro by the winds and storms, instead of perishing only strikes deeper root into the soil, so this poor community, beaten by the winds of misfortune since the planting of the Province, and finally struck by a blast that seemed to crush it to the earth, only became strengthened in its holy purpose, and to-day there stands on this same site, hallowed by the sufferings of those devout servants of Mary, the magnificent St. Mary's Institute, an establishment sending out into the world, to fight the battle of life, men fitted with a well-grounded knowledge of whatever their avocation demands, and, above all, with the principles of religion deeply inculcated into their hearts. May the grand institution ever continue to attain the noble end for which its saintly founders toiled and suffered!

ALBERT ZENGERLE, '09.

ECHOES OF 1850

A poor memory is often a good thing, as the heads of the insurance companies discovered during the recent investigation into their affairs; they suddenly forgot all that occurred only a few months before. Had it been to their interests, they would perhaps have developed wonderful memories, even as wonderful as that shown by Hon. Lawrence Butz, a student of S. M. I. at the very first hour of its existence, destroyed though it was half a century ago. Mr. Butz recalls clearly the scenes about the old school and describes the surrounding grounds with an abundance of details that must charm and satisfy every Old as well as every Young Boy.

"Many years have come and gone since I was a 'Happy' at the Institute," says Mr. Butz. "It was not in the antediluvian times nor in the *moyen âge*, yet more than half a century has passed since I spent my pleasant days of college life at S. M. I.

"The road leading to the building in those times was gained through a large gate on Brown Street (then called the Lebanon Road) at the extreme northwest corner of the enclosure, and wound its way in a southeasterly direction towards the house, thus dividing the grounds between the pike and the house into triangular parts. The part south of the road was cultivated for grain, and on the north part there was a great orchard, filled with healthy trees and bearing most delicious fruit. It was indeed with much pleasure that we walked up the slowly rising road, especially about this season of the year, after winter and spring had touched hands, when everything was bursting into bloom and fragrance, and leaves of white and rose-tinted fruit blossoms drifted and floated on the sun-warmed winds. Along the sides of the road could be seen the wild pink and other field flowers peeping forth from beneath the fresh grasses.

Arriving at the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, you met a cluster of thrifty cedars to the left of the road. These cedars were from twenty to twenty-five feet high, growing in a circle probably sixty-five feet in diameter and surrounded by a neatly kept driveway. To the right of the road, here, was the original building. It was a beautiful brick structure, adorned with a fine coat of white paint, in architecture resembling a castle of the feudal times. A walk of limestone flagging, neatly bush-hammered, and about three or four feet wide, led up to the porch and continued in front and south of the building. Between the house and this walk were planted rare flowers and plants by the skillful gardener, Bro. Edel. Likewise at the base of the terrace, extending westward and southward from the building for some twenty-five feet were beautiful plants, roses of several varieties, China pinks of various colors, the Wistaria, pansies, tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils.

"The porch leading to the main door was deep and of semicircular shape. The pillars or columns holding up the roof of the porch, and the trimmings,

were of a mixture of Corinthian and Ionic architecture. The wall of the second story, with its copings, merlons, and embrasures, surely gave the structure a castle-like appearance.

"Immediately to the south, on Patterson's land (then) were a number of great straggling oaks; to the north, tall cedars and the orchard, stretching north to heavy woods. Looking east from the building, you would see the pretty woods, where, on the brow of the hill just a few yards east from your cemetery, was located the house where we spent our first day at school, July 1, 1850.

Sincerely yours,

"LAWRENCE BUTZ."

"N. B.—Will tell you later on something of our games, studies, etc."

Our warmest thanks go to our Oldest Boy for his painstaking and highly interesting description of a hallowed spot, so much cherished by all the loyal Old Boys. We do hope, and we are sure our readers are hoping with us, that we will be enabled to publish a continuation of this subject of "auld lang syne."

ARTHUR REGAN, '07.

HERE AND THERE

Wedding Bells A beautiful wedding took place on May 2, at St. Stephen's Church, Hamilton, Ohio, when one of St. Mary's most loyal boys, Albert L. Haungs, '02, became the husband of Miss Mary Lehmkuhl, a very estimable young lady of the same parish. The ceremony was performed in a truly Catholic style at a nuptial High Mass, Eugene, '04, brother to Albert, acting as best man. After a pleasant wedding trip, the happy couple made their home in Toledo, Ohio, where business obliges Albert to reside in the future. Our Old Boy left a very enviable record at his Alma Mater in both studies and conduct, and THE EXPONENT is much pleased to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Haungs its most cordial wishes.

Bernard J.

Holters

Mr. Holters, who attended St. Mary's from 1869 to 1872, is still enjoying good health in the Queen City, where he is Secretary and Treasurer of The Cahill-Holters Company, a large shoe manufacturing concern which affords employment to more than one hundred and fifty persons. His prosperous business is the result of his successful team work with Mr. L. B. Cahill, another Old Boy of S. M. I., who is President of the Company. Ben retains pleasant memories of his old school and of the warm-hearted and grand old man, Brother Zehler, then President of the Institute.

O. K. Alumni

Notes

We happened to see the following in a private letter from an '01 Boy: "The Alumni Notes are full of interest, and I am pleased with the nice manner in which they are worked up."

Gus, '97, is still healthy and wealthy, and holds a good position with the Baron-Boyle Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He reports that his brother Aloys, '97, is well and working for the National Hardware Company, of the same city. Two years ago, Aloys terminated a sorrowful bachelor's life by joining hands with Miss Vandenburg, at St. Clemens Church, St. Bernard, Ohio!

At the moment THE EXPONENT is going to press, the R. I. P. Alumni Editor has to record with extreme regret the death of the first boarder of S. M. I., Joseph Greulich. Full details will be published in the next issue.

Among those who brought Easter greetings to their Alma Mater on April 15 were Charles and Richard Rottermann, Anthony Schaeffer, John Kemper, and Clarence Burkhardt. Always welcome, Old Boys.

In order to give the "latest" and the "best," we invite Alumni correspondence. A postal will suffice.

Bernard J. Feller, who put himself with the Old Boys at the end of the last term, states that it is with great pleasure he renews his subscription to that reminder of dear old S. M. I., THE EXPONENT. He informs us that he has a very satisfactory position in the advertising department of the Paracamph Company, of Louisville, Ky., and expects to pay a visit to his Alma Mater in the near future. A pleasant trip to you, Bennie.

Apropos of the two questions which recently appeared in THE EXPONENT, namely: "What can the Alumni do for St. Mary's?" and, "What can St. Mary's do for its Alumni?" a friend writes to this department, thus: "These two questions should call for much thought and many valuable suggestions from the Old Boys." Well, let's hear from a few more.

Charles F. Werst, '03, in renewing his subscription, states that he has fully recovered from a severe siege of sickness, and is able to take up work again in the Werst Plumbing Company, of Louisville, Ky. We wish you continued good health and success, Charlie.

An Alumnus recently remarked, "The Alumni Notes have the right tone." Glad to hear it, Old Boy, and, when we haven't it, then, too, let us know.

On Easter Monday we received a visit from Joseph Cronan, '05, who is attending the Case High School of Applied Science in Cleveland. Joe reports that he is getting along well, though it costs a good deal of hard

work; but until now his average mark has been so high that he may be promoted without undergoing the usual examination. We are glad to know that Joe is following the footsteps of so many other Old Boys and keeping up the good name of St. Mary's.

LAWRENCE JANSZEN, '07.

A HELPFUL LETTER

Not so long ago the following letter was received by a younger brother of one of the Old Boys. It is being published here to exhibit the beautiful feelings which animate some of our former students, and also because of the touching reference made to the old school:

“HOME, Jan. 14.

“MY VERY DEAR —: I have been thinking much of you since you left, because I miss you a great deal. You are very dear to me, my kid brother, perhaps because you are just budding into manhood; because you have reached the age when your character is forming, and what you start now in that line in these important years which have just begun, will most likely go on to your last gasp.

“I was once your age, you know, not so long ago, and the memory of the misunderstandings, the struggles, the griefs still live keen in my thoughts. I had no big brother to lovingly watch over me and try to make me gain by his experience and avoid some of the pitfalls which temptation throws in the paths of ignorant, innocent youth. It took mother and strangers to make me try to be right and manly, and they didn't succeed so badly with God's help. God always took good care of me, because most likely I was faithful in attending the Sacraments.

“It takes a deal of strength to live in this world and remain decent. Flattery, cheating, dishonesty of all kinds is so common, drunkenness, and, worst of all, the most revolting impurity so popular, that the young man who is decent and lives like a man instead of a dirty hog, is almost a rarity in the world.

“As yet you have not met many of the worldlings who worship sin so faithfully, but you have seen enough to know that I am not ‘talking through my hat.’ I purposely gave you a glimpse a few times, just to make you disgusted now when your heart is fresh and pure, and when impressions are being stamped on your observing faculty.

“Aye, it will take a deal of strength, and up there, in the pure, sweet atmosphere of St. Mary's, in the shadow of the dear old chapel, is the place, and now is the time to store up weapons and ammunition for the coming battle with the bad influences of the world.

“You will need courage, above all things, the courage to me a *man*, the courage to say *No* to anything dishonorable or little, the courage to dare to live at variance with the worldlings who will say you are a fool; the courage to endure all their taunts and yet do the right thing, the manly thing. You will need *patience* with courage (which must be enduring) to fight the

assaults of your own flesh on the innocence and purity of your soul. You will need *common sense* to keep you from foolish fears and to avoid excessive scrupulosity. You will need an *abiding trust in God*, a conviction that your being His creature He will *never fail you*. You will need ambition, a determination to make the world (your little world) the better for your having been in it.

"God bless you. May you be a man after God's own heart, courageous, patient, sensible—in a word, manly.

"Your affectionate brother,

"_____."

This is a helpful letter, not only for the younger students of S. M. I., but also, we venture to say, for the Old Boys when they want to talk life over with their "kid" brothers. It has been written by "one who knows," and who has since been called to a better life by a most edifying death.

LAWRENCE JANSZEN, '07.

CLIPPINGS

The First First-Communicant of May, 1906, and for hundreds of others whom S. M. I. of S. M. I. had the arduous, yet pleasant duty to prepare for the great day of First Holy Communion, that we have at last discovered the very first one of those who spent the "happiest day of their life" at St. Mary's. It was on Maundy Thursday, 1851, in the chapel of the old Stuart Mansion, that this Old Boy of the Institute received our Blessed Lord from the hands of the saintly Father Leo Meyer, the founder of S. M. I. and of the American Province of the Brothers of Mary. This first of all the First-Communicants was none other than the twelve-year-old Lawrence Butz. Lawrence enjoyed the happiness undividedly; he was all alone.

From the First Days of S. M. I. Among the crowd of Old Boys who are stopping off to get another glance at their Alma Mater, we lately had the great satisfaction to welcome within our walls two of the pioneers, JOHN T. BARLOW and JULIUS OGIER, of Dayton, who registered in 1852. Their presence forcibly reminded us of the many vicissitudes of their careers, especially during their early life shortly after leaving college. The terrible times accompanying the Civil War, in which both fought side by side, are still present to their minds. Mr. Barlow also tried mining in California, but for many years he is back to his native city, the healthy and ever-active President of the Home Telephone Company and the head of several other business concerns. We can still find Mr. Ogier at his residence on Buckeye Street, the same spot from which he traveled to S. M. I. each morning, with his books in hand, more than fifty years ago. In spite of all their pre-occupations, both venerable gentlemen found occasion to pay

a pleasant visit to their Alma Mater and recount the happenings of half a century ago.

What a wonderful contrast did they not find in once more retracing the path of their schoolboy days, and with what force were they not impressed in remarking the change wrought in the course of two generations! Instead of reaching the building by the narrow winding path through the wheat field and orchard, they leisurely strolled up the straight and smooth Brothers' Lane, and in place of the old wheat field they found the large and handsome park, with its shady nooks and spraying fountain, and with that grand monument of Mary Immaculate majestically guarding its entrance. Where had been the apple orchard, with its delicious fruit, they saw the imposing edifice of St. Mary's Hall.

The dwarfed pines at the end of the road no longer met their gaze, but they were reminded of them by the presence of three lordly pines, the patriarchs of the Institute Park.

They inquired anxiously about the old mill, the sulphur well, the swamp, the iron water wells, and a hundred and one other landmarks. But all these had disappeared, and they were completely bewildered at the sight of the many beautiful buildings and playgrounds which they saw in place of the old Stuart residence of their time. They still remembered the renowned "spade murder," which took place southeast of the Institute grounds and which led to the second hanging in Dayton. They talked about many Old Boys, some of whom have already gone to their reward, among others mentioning Joseph Nipgen, Clemens Bauman, Lawrence Butz, Peter Heitschuh, John Neumann, Joseph and John Geisler, Mark Burkhardt, Daniel Ryan, John Specker, William Irvin, Joseph Buddeke, Louis Enneking, Joseph Greulich, Peter Fromelt, Herman Schmackers, and Bernard Moorman.

Upon seeing a picture of the Stuart residence, Mr. Barlow remarked that the building was much larger than the picture indicates, and he distinctly remembered the room to the southwest, on the first floor, where Bro. Zehler taught the high class. Mr. Ogier likewise remembered the room where lessons in French were given by a "little French Brother," who, if we are well informed, is no other than Bro. Damian Litz, and who has since become so well known through his clever articles in periodicals.

In all, they spent a very enjoyable time while once more breathing the atmosphere of their Alma Mater, and the pleasant memories which the scenes of their boyhood days recalled to their minds were a source of particular satisfaction for both. It would also be a source of satisfaction for the Institute to see all the Old Boys make a call from time to time, to enjoy the hospitality of their venerable Alma Mater and to see how she is keeping up to date through all kinds of improvements.

From a Letter to "Alumni" Editor "Put me down as a subscriber to THE EXPONENT; the enclosed dollar is evidence to the fact. I will always retain a grateful remembrance of S. M. I., because I learned more while attending there, during '79 and '80, than I did in four years of my schooling elsewhere. I have often wished to visit the Institute, and, if nothing prevents, I am coming over this summer, because I am proud of my Alma Mater and deeply cherish the spot where I treasured some of my most sacred memories. I heartily endorse the step taken by the students in publishing THE EXPONENT, and I sincerely hope that their efforts will finally result in much fruit."

Come, Old Boy, and bring all your friends in Waverly along.

A Model Letter ' The following is a copy of a letter which was received at the Institute some time ago, and which, among other mail matter sent to us, we appreciate very much. It reads: "*President St. Mary's Institute.*

REVEREND FATHER: The writer, a former scholar of your College, herewith sends you the names of a few young men who are contemplating entering college this coming season. Kindly send them your catalogue. I have recommended St. Mary's Institute to them, because each day I realize more and more the good I derived from attending there some fifteen years ago.

"Very respectfully,
"_____."

One of the young friends of the writer is at the Institute during the present term and is doing very well.



Thomas and James Cassidy, both of whom arrived at the Institute in 1888, are still well at Shepard, Ohio, and retain pleasant memories of St. Mary's, especially of Bro. John Waldron, who was then Vice-President of the Institute. James recently opened a new store, which we hope will grow into a flourishing establishment.

ALOYS VOELKER, '06.

GEMS

The Best Yet A loyal one from Toledo, Ohio, has this to say: "I greatly enjoyed the April EXPONENT. . . . Oft-times I sigh for the sweet, dear old days of College—but those days are gone. St. Mary's is too good a place for its influence to be worn out in a few short years. It is the great character-building school; it makes men of its boys, and Catholic men, too.—Men who succeed and stand up later in life as pillars of Holy Mother Church,—these are the products of S. M. I. Thank God and mother that I was allowed to pass a few short years there. Never will I forget my dear Alma Mater."—There

is satisfaction for the present students of the Institute in reading such a commendation of the College they are attending.

William A.

Deis

Among the many visitors who enjoyed the hospitality of St. Mary's on April 29, was Mr. William A. Deis, who left the Institute in 1904. In company with a friend, he inspected Chaminade Hall and the grounds, just then in their new garb of spring. In a letter he wrote the day after to send his subscription to THE EXPONENT, he stated that his visit was a most delightful one. At present he is assistant bookkeeper at The Seybold Machine Company, of Dayton, and between his position and his health is entirely satisfied with life. He pleasantly remembers his former teachers, especially Brothers Lawrence Drufner, Thomas Carr, and Father O'Reilly. Here's to continued success to our "Old and Loyal Boy."

A Thrice Cordial

Welcome

The following letter will perhaps suggest an idea to an Old Boy who has become father and contemplates giving his darling boy the best he can give:

"INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 23, 1906.

"DEAR BROTHERS: Kindly advise me whether it would be agreeable to you to start my son in school at this time of the year at your institution. He is desirous of going there for an education, as well as for all the other good surroundings you have. I was there when a boy, and so was my brother.

"Thanking you in advance, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"E. H. RENTSCH."

The sons of all our Old Boys are particularly welcome at S. M. I. The fact that their father attended is a special recommendation. Edward entered St. Mary's in '78, and is now doing a prosperous business in the Hoosier capital. His brother Herman registered in 1887.

Lest We Forget "To err is human," and in order to avoid errors and mistakes, we are sending to each of the Old Boys a blank containing a number of questions. We are taking Time by the forelock and getting facts ready for the future. By returning the blanks properly filled out as soon as you can, you will greatly oblige your Alma Mater.

John P.

Weckesser, Jr.

The Alumni Editor congratulates in a very special manner Mr. John P. Weckesser, Jr., on the honor recently conferred on him by having his son John admitted as a candidate of the Brothers of Mary. Mr. Weckesser was the first of the large tribe by that name to enter the Institute, where he remained for four years (1868 to '72). He is at present employed at the large store of Charles and

Henry Hollencamp.—At the latest reports, John (No. 3) is doing well.—Another Weckesser, Fred, '72, is sending his son to St. Mary's.

How Others See Us Says the ably edited "Echoes from the Pines," which hails from Chatham, Ontario: "THE EXPONENT presents some very readable matter in its March issue, the subjects being varied and interesting. . . . The Alumni Department merits special commendation and must render THE EXPONENT of great interest to former students of St. Mary's Institute."—So, too, say all the Old Boys who are subscribers. So say even some who are not subscribers, but who read their "brother's" or "cousin's" EXPONENT.

Our attention was called to the following words of our nearest and dearest relative, the ever-welcome "Purple and White" of Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois: "Your batch of Alumni editors, S. M. I. EXPONENT, must be hustlers. That department of your paper is A 1."

Greetings from a Subject of the Shah From far-off Persia, the land of fire-worshippers, lions, tigers, hyenas, and pheasants, comes news of an Old Boy who attended St. Mary's during the term of '91-'92. The letter is not written in the native tongue of Joseph Bar Simon, but in that language he studied while in Dayton. He reports that he is as healthy as when he attended "the beautiful college." Business was good until the recent war in the Orient and the threatening attitude of the Mussulmans toward the Christians, and on that account he is thinking seriously of leaving his native city of Ourmiah and of returning to America with his younger brother. Joseph is cultivating the vine where our forefather Noah planted it, and is almost within a stone's throw of Mt. Ararat, the mountain on which the Ark alighted after the Deluge; hence a rather irreverent friend remarks that perhaps our Old Boy could give us some particulars about that almost antediluvian game of baseball in which Noah caught a fowl on a fly.

CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06.

THE ROSTER OF OUR OLDEST BOYS

We are publishing the names of those pupils of the Institute who attended school in the old College building which was destroyed by fire on December 27, 1855. The list is far from being complete, owing to the very meager record we have of those pioneer days. It is possibly four or five times longer, and we insert these names not only to recall to our Oldest Boys the names of their school-comrades, but also to ask them to complete it by forwarding the names of those they still remember:

ENTERED IN 1850.

From Dayton, Ohio: Lawrence Butz, Joseph Greulich.

ENTERED IN 1851.

From Cincinnati, Ohio: Philip Rohrbacher.

(We know that at the end of this session the pupils numbered some seventy.)

ENTERED IN 1852.

From Cincinnati, Ohio: William Horn, Henry Invalle, William Liedel, Peter Liedel, Anthony Stanger, John A. Specker.

From Dayton, Ohio: John Barlow, Clem Baumann, William Irvin, Caspar Kiefer, Frank Molz, Joseph Murray, Chas. Murray, Bernard Moor-
man.

From Piqua, Ohio: Henry Gelhaus.

From Sidney, Ohio: Henry Routh, Louis Routh.

ENTERED IN 1853.

From Cincinnati, Ohio: William Bode, Henry Dreier, Louis Enneking, William Feldman, George Geis, Henry Geis, Henry Goas, Michael Heberger, Bernard Heitman, Louis Hehman, Valent Hahnhauser, Henry Lüllman, John Lüllman, Frank Mousch, M. Mousch, Henry Puthoff, Frank Stiens.

From Chillicothe, Ohio: Henry Anderson.

From Dayton, Ohio: John Bressler, Fred Fromelt, Peter Fromelt, Joseph Ferneding, Herman Schmackers.

From Greenville, Ohio: Dominic Caron, John Caron, John Eschman, Joseph Peter.

From Madison, Ind.: Louis Duerk.

From Minster, Ohio: Henry Adelmeyer.

From Sidney, Ohio: Chas. Aman.

From Thompson, Ohio: Joseph Reithart, John Rospert.

From Union, Ohio: Joseph Wiese.

ENTERED IN 1854.

From Cincinnati, Ohio: Jacob Andrews, Joseph Buddecke, Lawrence Firkoos, Henry Grimpe, Chas. Moorman, Chas. Zimmer.

From Dayton, Ohio: Mark Burkhardt, Joseph Viot.

From Indianapolis, Ind.: John Altho.

ENTERED IN 1855.

From Cincinnati, Ohio: J. Cahill, Robert Cresap, J. F. Faesig, Herman Hafner, John Invalle, Martin McGrath, Theodore Nickolson, Fred Puthoff, Joseph Purcell, Nickolas Pilger, William Shoemaker, Thomas Sullivan.

From Dayton, Ohio: Herman Fisher, Peter Stephen, Bernard Werst.

From Glandorf, Ohio: Bernard Kemper.

From Greenville, Ohio: Peter Caron.

From Madison, Ind.: William H. Dreier.

From Morristown, La.: Eugene Deutsch.

From Pomeroy, Ohio: Nicholas Nickels.

LAWRENCE J. SCHEIDLER, '09.

NUGGETS

**Old Boys'
Day**

Every Sunday is Old Boys' Day. There is always a good sprinkling of them on the Institute grounds. They come from far and near to renew old acquaintances, and, after recalling their pleasant boyhood days at the old school, they leave with other pleasant memories of their visit.—Sunday, April 29, was a banner Old Boys' Day. It was an ideal day, too. The bright sun smiled upon the many who came strolling among the blossomed trees and blooming flowers in the gardens and orchards. The Brothers' Cemetery was a spot which every Old Boy visited; for there, his grave now marked by a beautiful marble headstone, lies the former teacher of many of the students of years gone by. The improvements which the Institute has undergone in the past few years were the subject of much favorable comment on the part of the visitors. After a good dinner in the new dining hall, the party went out to watch the ball games between the students. These sports, and many other things, brought home to them thoughts of their old College days, and it was with regret that they left their Alma Mater. Among those who enjoyed the day were: Elmer Heile and sister, of Covington, Ky.; Lawrence Hegler and friend, of the National Cash Register Company; John M. Culver and Henry A. Kallmeyer, of Cincinnati; William Deis and friend, of Dayton; Thomas F. Ryder, of New York.—Sunday is becoming a still more popular Old Boys' Day since the open-air concerts, after Vespers, were instituted a few Sunday ago.

**Thomas F.
Ryder**

Thirty-five years have not blighted in the least Mr. Ryder's memory of old S. M. I. While a student of St. Mary's, Tom hailed from Memphis, Tenn., but now he can be found in New York. He happened to be called to Richmond, Ind., on business, and could not lose the opportunity to take a trolley ride to the old school. Of his old teachers, he met but one, Bro. "Charley" (Woelfel). He was more than delighted to see the wonderful strides St. Mary's has taken since he left, in the early '70's; but he found here the same friendly spirit that hovered about it while he was yet a boy. Mr. Ryder was the son of a member of the Tennessee State Legislature, and his example induced between fifteen and twenty other Southern lads to pack up and head for S. M. I.—He spoke in highest terms of his old College chum, Charles H. Mitchell, '71, who is still well in New York, where he is United States Government Inspector. Mr. Ryder is a very pleasant man, and the hours he spent with the Faculty were enjoyed by all. We would be more than pleased to have many like him as our guests.

**First Aid to the
Injured**

This is, not an ad. for paracamph. The first aid this time was John F. Ohmer, '70. As soon as the terrible disaster that had overtaken fair San Francisco became known in the Gem City, John Ohmer dispatched monetary aid to the suf-

ferers. It was undoubtedly the blessing of charity that saved him a few weeks after from death in a railroad wreck, when the lives of ten of his fellow-passengers were crushed out. We warmly congratulate our Old Boy on his providential escape.

Robert Sander Robert Sander, '93, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is kept busy between meals at "Henry Sander & Co's" large clothing establishment, and finds a little time, now and then, to talk pleasantly of his old comrades at the Institute. He reports that his brother Lawrence, who has taken the ills of humanity to heart and become a doctor, is never in need of the pills he dispenses to others.

Last Issue "THE EXPONENT was received to-day. The picture of
Makes a the basket-ball game in the famous old Gym is certainly
Hit worthy of note. THE EXPONENT is going its rounds to-night among the 'Boys' of the Seminary.—How many Old Boys are in or around the Smoky City? Please publish in the next issue of the paper.

"A. C. ANGEL, '04."

Here they are: Number One, '04; then Ferdinand Angel, John Angel, Frank Biesinger, Fred. T. Neuman (2835 Wylie Avenue), Charles B. Nash (Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co.), and last, but not least, in the near future, our tried and true Aloys Voelker, '06; and, besides, a good score of others, not graduates, whose names we would be pleased to send you. Why not organize an Old Boys' Section in Pittsburg on the model of the Chicago Branch? There are not so very many Old Boys to begin with, but "little fish grow big," if we remember rightly.

Busy Boy Thomas Coughlin, '93, of Cleveland, Ohio, has a record of which he certainly has a right to be proud. When reading of all that he has accomplished since he left St. Mary's, we wonder that he had time to breathe. He is an ex-member of the City Council, an ex-member of the State Legislature; in 1902 he announced himself as a candidate for Sheriff, and ran ahead of his ticket. At present he is the manager of the Cleveland branch of the American Bonding Company. Our cordial wishes, Tom, for continued success.

"Kay Sealet" If it's breezy, newsy items of the Gem City's Old Boys that you're looking for, just peep into "The Five Hundred," the official organ of Dayton Council No. 500, Knights of Columbus. It is a neat, terse, lively sheet. And no wonder! Our own Robert Hayes, '03, is an associate editor, with John P. O'Connell, '82, as editor-in-chief, while another Old Boy, C. P. Sweetman, does the printing stunt. A little quarter, sent to 34 E. Third Street, will bring you volumes of news for a whole year.

St. Mary's in the Race "For beautiful grounds, for spacious buildings, for discipline, for hard work, for a fine set of students, for an able Faculty, for athletics, S. M. I. comes up to any other college in the country, and leads many by several lengths." That is the burden of the talk of the students who leave St. Mary's to go to higher institutions of learning, or who come to S. M. I. from other colleges. Hurrah for S. M. I.! No wonder it is **GROWING! GROWING! GROWING!**—If a "Maud" among the actual students doesn't know how fine he has it at St. Mary's, let him try some place else for a year.

"It Has the Right Tene" One of our Old Boys, now preparing for the priesthood, writes to this department: "Really my short stay of one year at St. Mary's was very pleasant and filled with fond recollections. I am 'loyal to S. M. I.,' and I have her interests very much at heart. However, after I am ordained, I hope to be better able 'to support the good cause of THE EXPONENT.'" Words like these we appreciate very much, though we receive them often.

Your Photo, Old Boy To those Old Boys who have not yet forwarded their "mug," we say: "Send it in, by all means, in the nearest possible future. Teeth or no teeth; red hair, white hair, gray hair, golden hair, or no hair; wrinkled or freckled; smiling or grinning; everything strictly conforming to nature will be accepted and by our artist 'to advantage dressed.'" "

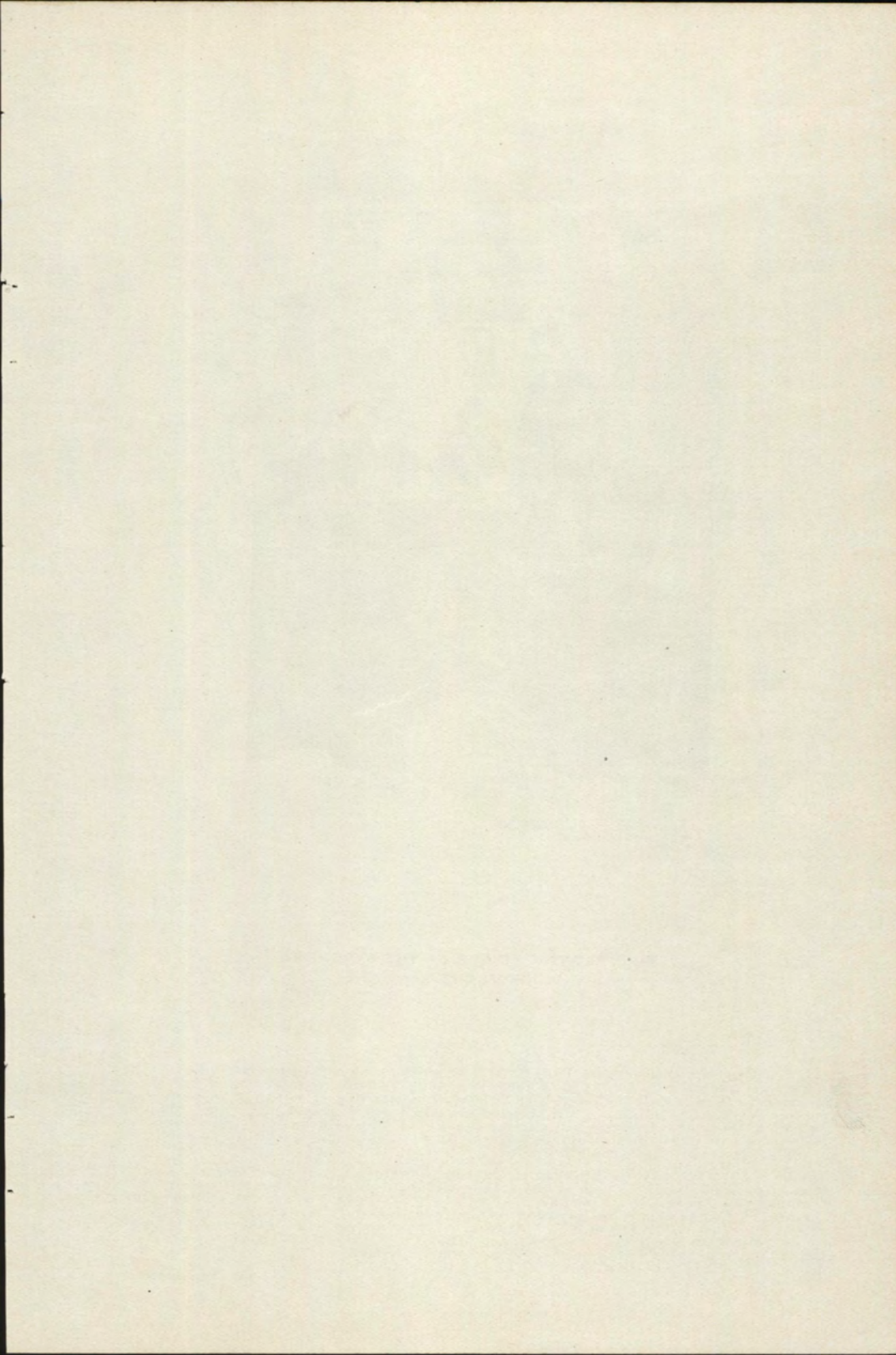
Old Boys on First Communion Day First Communion Day at St. Mary's, May 13, brought out a full line of Old Boys, who came to assist at the first reception of the Sacrament by their sons, brothers, and friends. The park never looked more beautiful. The well-filled urns, scattered among the trees, the jubilee monument spotless white, the velvet lawns, everything lent an added charm to the day. The services in the Chapel were very impressive. During the breakfast which followed the solemn High Mass, the S. M. I. Band rendered a musical program of a very high order. The appearance of the musicians for the first time in their handsome new uniforms elicited the hearty applause of the Old Boys, visitors, and students. The large number of people present rendered difficult the work of recording all the Old Boys in attendance on this grand occasion. Among those whom we noticed were:

Adam Deger, '84, of Dayton, whose son, Leon, was among the First Communicants.

Louis Homan, '82, of Cincinnati, who came to assist at the First Communion of his son Thomas.

Gustave, '76, Edward, '80, and Frank Froendhoff, '82, of Dayton, whose nephew, Alphonse Sitt, was in the Class.

Charles Wittrock, '78, of Norwood, Ohio.





THE "ALUMNI" EDITOR OF THE EXPONENT
AT WORK IN THE SANCTUM

It is with sincere pleasure that THE EXPONENT publishes in this issue a cut of its "Alumni" Editor. He has worked hard and faithfully, and has made a grand success out of his department. Of all its editorial staff, THE EXPONENT loathes to part with him in particular, and, to preserve a special souvenir of him, has requested him to pose for a picture. This he has done in his usual interesting way and has thus enabled THE EXPONENT to place him ever before the eyes of all coming "Alumni" Editors. In a recent issue of our paper, he published the following Alumni Note about himself:

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.

Exit "Alumni" Editor, '06.

A. R.

THE EXPONENT.

Anthony Rasche, '69, of Cincinnati.

Norbert Quigley, '05, of Columbus, Ohio. His brother Peter received his First Holy Communion.

J. Irwin Tredtin, '96, of Dayton.

Elmer Stoecklein, '03, of Dayton.

Herbert Mahrt, '05, of Dayton, to do honor to his brother Paul.

Henry Janszen, '03, of Cincinnati, whose brother August was in the Class.

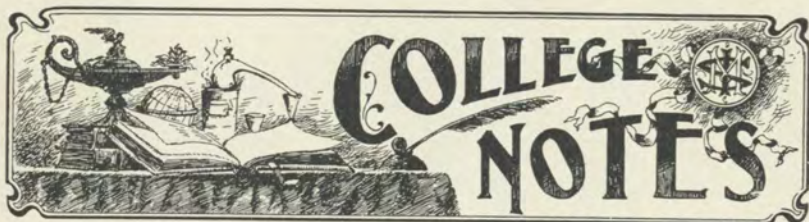
All left well impressed by the genuine hospitality extended to them by their Alma Mater.

ARTHUR REGAN, '07.

**A Gift to the
Sanctum**

Venerable Bro. Kim writes from Belgium that he reads THE EXPONENT with much pleasure, and presents the Editorial Staff with an authentic reproduction of the true face of Our Lord, impressed by Him on the Sudarium of St. Veronica, and preserved with great veneration in the Basilica of Peter in Rome. THE EXPONENT has had this precious gift suitably framed, and thanks the kind donor, from whom it hopes often to hear. The "Vera Effigies" now adorns the Sanctum.

GEORGE BRENNAN, '06.



HIGHEST HONORS FOR APRIL

Collegiate Department

Senior Letters	Joseph Mayl, 93
Junior	Charles Whalen, 99
Sophomore	Wm. O'Connor, 99; Fr. Morris, 98
Freshman	Albert Zengerle, 96; John Georges, 94
Senior Science	Aloys Voelker, 95; Carl Sherer, 95
Junior	Daniel Moran, 97; John Zuber, 96
Sophomore	Frank Kemper, 97; Wm. Kinzeler, 95
Freshman	Raymond Berding, 96; Walter Steuer, 95
Business Department	Charles O'Brien, 90; Oliver Smith, 89

Academic Department

First Academic	Ralph Wollenhaupt, 97; John O'Connell, 93
Intermediate A	Fred Distèr, 96; John Carey, 96
Intermediate B	Wilfried Walter, 95; Leo Hunkeler, 95
Second Academic A	William Howe, 99; Roy Gross, 96
Second Academic B	Robert Solimano, 95; Raymond Krouse, 94

Preparatory Department

First Preparatory	Clarence Blommel, 97; Edwin Bradmiller, 97
Second Preparatory	Thomas Macklin, 96; Wm. Kleier, 95
Third Preparatory	Miles Curran, 97; Geo. Heck, 97

CHRONICLE

Though Commencement seems to be ages away, its spirit Commencement is being felt by every college student. The joy that the near vision of the holidays inspires, is not untinged with sadness. Commencement entails parting—parting with tried and steadfast friends. In a short month our Seniors, who have been with us so long that we can hardly think of St. Mary's without them, will bid adieu to their Alma Mater, and the separation that will then begin may last for years. We hope, however, that the '06 "Old Boys" will be able to call frequently at old St. Mary's, to renew acquaintance and review pleasant memories of their college days.

Concerts The Band has inaugurated a series of open-air concerts on Sunday afternoons for the entertainment of the students and visiting friends. The programs embrace a large variety of popular and classical selections, which are exceptionally well rendered.

On First Communion Sunday the members wore their new band uniforms for the first time, making an imposing spectacle. The Concerts are a very pleasing innovation, for which we are indebted to Bro. Louis Vogt.

Acknowledgments

The special bowling ball donated by the Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company for the highest bowling score during April, was won by William Hilgerink, with a score of 215. The second prize, a cash purse, was awarded to L. Janszen, with 212 to his credit. All the bowling enthusiasts join with Mr. Hilgerink in thanking the Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company for their kind donation. Our alleys are better now than at the beginning of the season, which is due to the care given them by the pin boys. The committee consisting of Messrs. Schoen and Weber had charge of the club-room during the past term. The general neatness of the room itself and the fine condition of the billiard and pool tables are due to the efforts of these two gentlemen. All the members of the First Division make grateful acknowledgment to Messrs. Schoen and Weber for their kind service.

May

The advent of May was an occasion for the students to manifest in various ways their devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Patroness of the Institute, who, under the form of the graceful Madonna at the entrance of the grounds, keeps her memory fresh in the hearts of all. Some classes had their statue redecorated by an eminent New York artist, Professor Scherff, now at work in the new chapel of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The students of the Sophomore Letters and the little tots of the Fourth Division, whose rooms had not been provided with a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, succeeded in securing one: the former a statue of Our Lady of Victories, a copy of the miraculous statue of that name in Paris; the latter, a statue of Our Lady, Sign of the Cross, a copy of Gustave Dore's famous masterpiece. The May altars of all the classes are beautifully adorned with fresh cut flowers, whose cheery aspect and sweet fragrance are emblematic of the joy and peace of soul that are the favorite gifts of the most amiable of all Virgins to her devoted children.

Procession

The May procession was exceptionally impressive this year. We were about to write a detailed account, when we had the good fortune to discover a letter written by one of the younger students, containing a description of it, which, besides being complete in details, has the charm of simplicity, harmonizing so well with the ingenuous character of the event. We publish the following extract with the consent of the author:

"Dear Mamma:

"I am very sorry that you and Papa and Bertha and Alice could not be here to see our grand procession. It beats all you have at St. Boniface's. At three o'clock the bell rang to stop class and go to the study-halls. I was glad of it; we were just to take grammar lesson, and you know how I like grammar. Brother chose me as one of the servers. We were about twenty, all dressed in red or purple, without surplices. The cross-bearer, two incense-bearers, and two acolytes opened the procession, which started from the chapel, where we had assembled and where they had brought the banners

and statues of the Blessed Virgin to be carried in the procession. After the cross-bearer, who went first, as I said, came the little day scholars of Bro. Rush's study-hall, then the boarders of the Fourth and Third divisions; after them came the day scholars of Bro. Henry's study-hall, followed by the boarders of the Second Division. The last divisions were Bro. Walter's day scholars and the First Division boarders. The Band fell in line behind them, and then we servers and the priests closed the march. Between each division was carried a banner by the officers of the day scholars' Sodality, and a statue by sodalist boarders of the different branches. The statues were just lovely, especially the one with the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus with His arms stretched out in the form of a cross. It's the statue we boarders just bought for our study hall. The sodalists that carried the banners and statues wore beautiful silk scarfs of different colors, purple, blue, red, and white. It was a grand sight to behold the long line winding through the park. Everybody was saying the beads in a loud voice. The band played until we got out of the chapel, and then marched along silently until we reached the monument. There we sang a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and the President spoke to us about the exterior practices of devotion to the Mother of God, such as processions, and what they are good for. I know I will not forget this procession. We then sang another hymn, and continued the procession back to the chapel. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and at four o'clock all was over. After supper they threw the electric light on the monument. It was grand."

First Communion

The most notable event of the year in the academic and preparatory classes is undoubtedly the ceremony of the First Holy Communion, in which many of the boys of these classes are participants. The retreat, which began on Thursday, May 10, was conducted by Father Boniface, a well-known Passionist of Cincinnati, and after three days our little comrades, who had applied themselves generously to the spiritual exercises, were well-prepared to receive for the first time their Savior into their hearts. A perfect May morning added to the beauty and solemnity of the services, the Institute Park, with its wealth of flowers and shrubbery, and its well-kept lawns, appearing in all the glory of its spring garb, as the First Communicants were accompanied by the servers and clergy from St. Mary's Hall to the Chapel. There, in the midst of flowers and lights, surrounded by their parents, teachers, and friends, these youthful souls were united in intimate communion, were made one with their Maker, and experienced the greatest happiness of their lives. After the services in the Chapel, a copious breakfast was served to the First Communicants, their parents and friends, in the new refectory. During the breakfast the Band, which appeared for the first time in their handsome uniforms, played a select program on the lawn adjoining Chaminade Hall.

In the afternoon, took place the solemn consecration to the Blessed Virgin and the renewal of the Baptismal Vows. The S. M. I. Choir sang at both morning and afternoon services, all the music being well rendered.

The members of the First Communion Class were given a picnic the following day at Overlook Park. Mr. Edward C. Spring, Superintendent of the D. C. & P. traction line, had a special man sent to see to their comfort. The

day was full of pleasant incidents, and was greatly enjoyed, from the delicate luncheons, the photo taken behind the Falls, to the picking of a cent out of a box filled with flour. Following is a list of the class:

From Chicago: Alfred J. Friedrich, Edwin C. Zangerle. From Cincinnati: Louis Drahmann, F. Thomas Homan, August Janszen. From Columbus, Ohio: Peter L. Quigley. From Connersville, Indiana: Claude J. Frederick. From Dayton, Ohio: Columbus P. Adams, Harry C. Anderton, John L. Berry, Andrew Blum, William H. Crawford, Leon J. Deger, Cosimo Giambrone, J. Charles Hayes, Carl L. Herzog, Edward P. Kavaney, Robert Keogh, William J. Kleier, Carl B. Koors, Paul A. Mahrt, Alphonse Sitt, Louis M. Steffen. From Ironton, Ohio: Henry J. Winter. From Oregonia, Ohio: Albert J. Cody. From Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan: Leo E. Clark. From Tippecanoe, Ohio: Harry O. Ritter. From Toledo, Ohio: Albert J. Kranz.

Album The favor with which the souvenir album of last year was received has encouraged the faculty and students to issue another this year. Although the 1905 album was found by many to be almost perfect, the 1906 issue bids fair to surpass it. It will contain a complete set of views of the Institute and surroundings, the different classes, divisions, and organizations, together with pictures of the representative teams. The half-tone work is all under the personal supervision of Brother Matthias, which in itself is a sufficient recommendation as to the quality of the illustrations.

Paul Wenigman, Jr., '07.

SOCIETIES

Spalding Circle The Spalding Circle held its last meeting on April 7, 1906. The meeting was called to order by President Wenigman, and the roll-call was answered by selections from Bishop Spalding. The question, "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" which is so agitating our State legislators, was then debated upon by Messrs. Moran and Ferneding for the negative, and Messrs. Zuber and May for the affirmative, the former winning by a very narrow margin. Mr. Solimano spoke with interest upon the "Human Cocanut," Senator Tillman. Messrs. Wenigman, Logsdon, and Regan brought vividly before the minds of the members the times and customs of "The Merchant of Venice," presenting in an exceptionally capable manner the "Bond Scene." Mr. Schoen's paper on "A Glimpse into the Future," a humorous picture of the probable destinies of each '07, was greatly enjoyed. A poem, dedicated to the Spalding Circle by Bro. Geo. Hart, the esteemed Moderator, was, without contestation, the event of the afternoon. In closing, Bro. George spoke for some time upon the good that had been done by the Circle, adding that it was ever a pleasure for him to preside at the meetings.

Sophomore Circle The final and most interesting meeting of the Sophomore Circle was held on May 4, 1906. The first part of the program called for a speech by every member. The speeches were well prepared and eloquently delivered. Some spoke on the success of the Circle; others, on the good and bad things of life; a few in the humorous vein. It would be a difficult matter to decide who was the best orator of the

day. What was undoubtedly the most interesting and evenly matched debate of the year then took place, the subject being, "Resolved, That strikes are more beneficial to the capitalist than to the laborer." The negative, Frank Carrig and Harry Ansbury, defeated their opponents, John Costello and Clarence Stoecklein, by a close decision.

Leo J. Loges, '06.

Sophomore Letters

The opening days of May were gala days for the students of the Sophomore Letters. On May 1, the Rev. President of the Institute dedicated the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Victories that the students had bought to adorn the walls of their class-room. Several teachers were present at the ceremony, and the room was decorated in the class colors, red and white, the statue being imbedded in a mass of red and white carnations. After the blessing of the statue, a well-prepared program was rendered. John Costello, in his recital of Father Faber's poem, "Mary, our Mother, reigns on high," paid a filial tribute to the Virgin Mother enthroned on Her Angel bracket pedestal, the words of the poet-priest expressing admirably well the sentiments of filial love that prompted the students to secure for their class-room Her whom we invoke as the "Seat of Wisdom."

Sophomore Oracle

May 2 witnessed the revival of the Excelsior, edited by the students of Freshman Letters last year, the Excelsior being the first class paper founded in the Institute since The Exponent has risen to the rank of College journalism. The Literary Circle had prevented these enterprising students from editing the paper before Easter, but now that they have concluded their Circle work, and ever true to their motto, "Sursum et Prorsum," they are again continuing their efforts in the form of a paper named by popular vote "The Oracle." An election of officers gave the following results: Editor-in-chief, Frank Morris; Literary Editor, William O'Connor; Assistant Literary Editor, Harry Ansbury; Sporting Editor, Patrick McKenney; Assistant Sporting Editor, William Duffy; Joke Editor, Frank Martin. The first edition was a great success, and following the reading each member of the class expressed his opinion in regard to the various compositions. The editorials were well-written. The literary department, under the guidance of William O'Connor, was a surprise to the class and deserved the repeated applause which it evoked. Our diamond star, Pat McKenney, assisted by William Duffy, managed the sporting sheet and gave accounts of events in the Sophomore baseball world that would rival the descriptions of Jack Ryder. Frank Martin's humorous poem on the class provoked much laughter and put us all in a good humor, which ought to last until the next issue is read. If the Sophomore Letters continue to evince the originality and energy which they have hitherto shown, their success is as good as won.

Frank Morris, '08.

Freshman Mirror

The term of office of the first staff of the Freshman Mirror having expired, a new election took place, with the following result: Editor-in-Chief, Jeremiah Costello; Literary Department, Francis Canny; Sporting Department, Thomas Gorman; Joke Department, Herbert Whalen. The new staff seem desirous to accomplish much in a short time, if we judge from the two heavy issues published since

the last Exponent went to press. Jeremiah Costello's editorials in the April number teem with beautiful Easter thoughts. "The Month of May," an article of the May number contributed by Albert Zengerle, contains a description of the grand demonstration that took place in the Institute Park at the opening of the May exercises. The joke department of both issues is exceptionally interesting. "Somebody's First Attempt at Poetry," by John Georges, is a masterpiece of humor. Tom Gorman's sporting notes seem to have wandered out of the joke column. It may be there was no more room in the joke department, Herbert Whalen, Arthur Zuber & Co. having monopolized the allotted space.

A very special feature of the reading of the May number was the dedication of the new pennant. Thanks to the business methods of Lawrence Sheidler, and the generosity of several members of the class, the Freshman Letters have secured a magnificent silk pennant in the College colors of blue and red with gold letters and trimmings, which, blending with the class colors, green and gold, are expressive of the attachment of the '09 students to their Alma Mater. After the dedication, the editor-in-chief read an original poem, entitled "Our Banner," every stanza of which was loudly applauded, especially the following:

"Then, three cheers for our banner and colors,
Three cheers, as our emblems unfold;
Uplift them, protect them, defend them,
Our banner, our green and our gold."

Academic

Chronicle

Early in the year the students of the First Academic class organized a Reading Circle, which, modest and unassuming as the tiny forget-me-not, their class flower, has succeeded in remaining hidden even from the society news editor of *The Exponent*. The object of the Circle was to develop oratorical and literary talent. The "Academic Chronicle," the first number of which appeared in February, and which is now at its seventh issue, being a bi-monthly paper, was the outgrowth of the Circle work, and evidences the persevering earnestness and endeavor of the students of this class. Small in proportions at its first appearance, the Academic Chronicle has increased in volume and in value, and to-day it holds its rank with the other class papers of the College. The staff was weakened by the promotion to the Freshman Letters class of two of its officers, Albert Zengerle and Lawrence Scheidler, who are now active contributors to the Freshman Mirror. The present staff is composed as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Linus Wissel; Literary Editors, Aloysius Sibila, Ralph Wolenhaupt; Sporting Editor, John O'Connell; Joke Editor, Frank Schumaker.

On May 1, an extraordinary meeting of the Circle was held on the occasion of the blessing of the class statue, which had been repainted. The room was tastefully decorated in blue and white, the class colors, the motto, "Volo ergo valeo," surrounded by forget-me-nots, appearing in beautiful colors upon the board. The President of the Institute and several members of the Faculty were present. After the blessing of the statue by the Reverend President, the class paper was read, and interesting selections were rendered by members of the Circle. The meeting was a most successful one and reflects credit upon the officers of the Circle who had organized it. The officers are: President, Aloysius Sibila; Secretary, John O'Connell; Librarian, Louis Clark.

April might have been a banner month for Peter Pence, but it was not. The Easter holidays are to blame, no doubt. Several classes have attained about the same average, the lower classes deserving special credit, as the purse of the younger boys is small when compared with that of their elders. We desire to compliment the following classes in particular for their generosity: First Preparatory and Sophomore Science, both averaging fourteen cents; the Freshman and Sophomore Letters, averaging fifteen cents; and the Third Preparatory, who have attained an average of almost ten cents. The April contribution amounted to \$25.46.

William O'Connor, '08.

Acknowledgments

The Procurator of the Museum is greatly indebted to: Mr. Eugene Fischer, of the Field Museum, Chicago, for a handsomely mounted deer's head. This favor adds one more to his long list of gifts to our Museum.

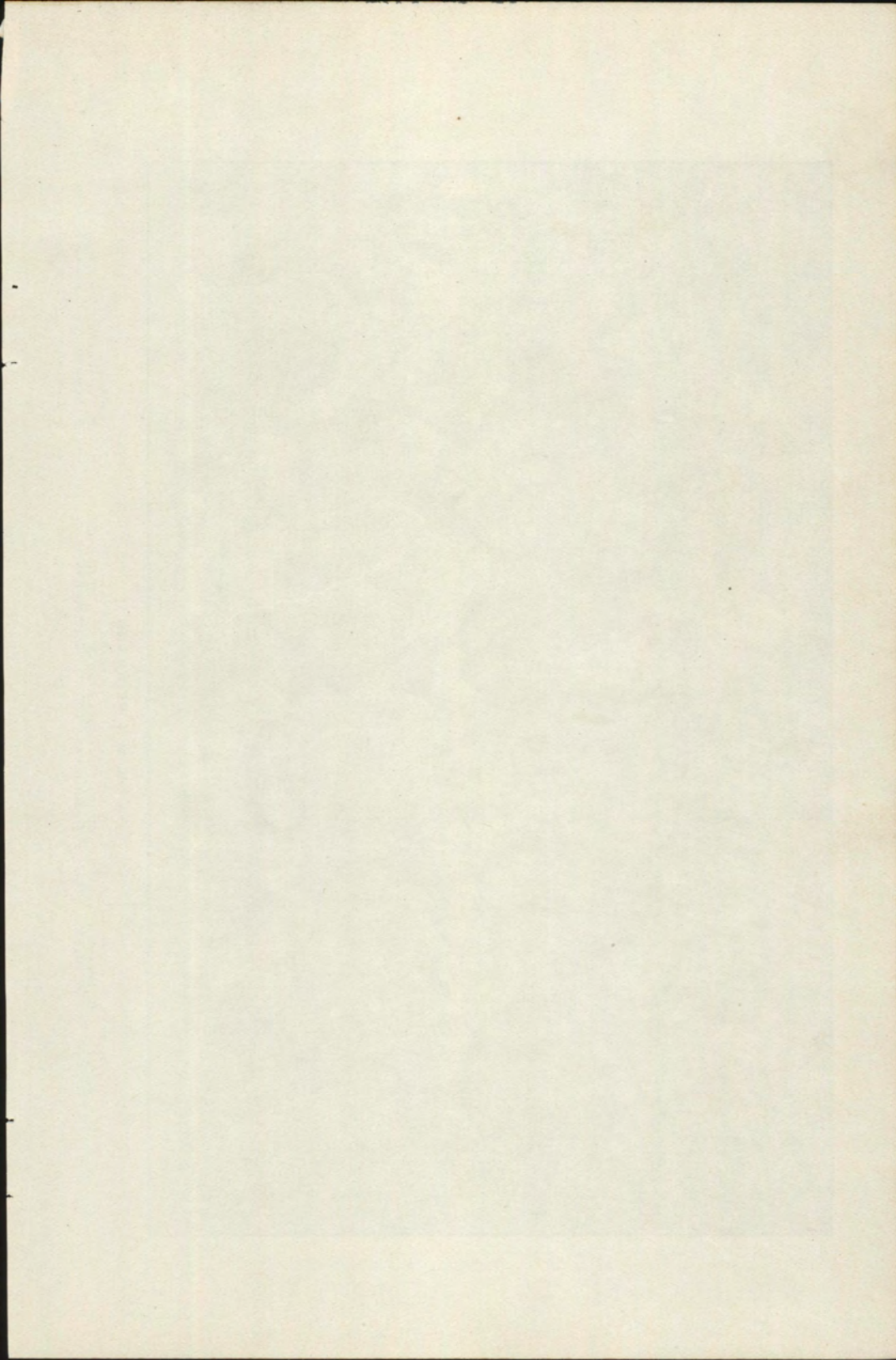
Brother Henry Oldendick, S. M., San Antonia, Texas, for a beautifully dressed coyote skin.

Mr. Jacob H. Klein, proprietor of The Gem City Poultry Yards, for nice specimen of parrot.

Mr. L. Simonton, Superintendent of City Museum, for various favors.

Mr. C. E. Weser, Dayton, Ohio, who, in the past, has proved himself a staunch friend of S. M. I., for various favors, and lately for a fine large frame.

The following students were contributors: Fred. Grundish, Harry and George Skelton, Carl Koors, Carl Herzog, Edward Kavaney, Clifford Bueker of Dayton, Ohio, and Harry Cahill of Cincinnati, Ohio.





S. M. I. REGULARS

J. JOHNSON

R. EMERICK
W. RYAN

L. WISSEL

W. MAHONEY
C. HANAUER

P. WENIGMAN

G. BRENNAN

W. HILGERINK
P. MCKINNEY

J. CLASSENS

B. TOPMOELLER
W. SCHOEN



FIRST DIVISION (Resident Students)

BASEBALL.

S. M. I. vs. Gem April 21.—Our team had no difficulty in defeating the City Reserves strong Reserves in the initial contest of 1906. Our boys showed their old-time form and experienced little trouble in soon gaining a commanding lead over their opponents. "Jess" Topmoeller, our old star, began the game, and during the five innings in which he was in the box the Reserves failed to get a hit. Johnson, a new man, was given a trial, and he proved himself to be a coming star among this year's slab artists. At the bat, Clasgens led with two nice bingles. The team work of our boys was exceptionally pleasing, and many good games are expected this season, such as were witnessed in the days of Hart and Shlitzer. The score:

	R. H. E.												
S. M. I.	0	2	6	1	1	1	1	1	x	—13	3	3	
Reserves	0	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	—4	3	5	

S. M. I. vs. Middletown April 28.—The spectators who witnessed the game on the Institute campus between St. Mary's and Middletown were certainly treated to a rare slugging match, our boys taking their opponents into camp by the one-sided score of 24 to 3. The large score does not even tell to what extent our sluggers pounded the ball, as time and again it went screaming out of the infield and twenty-six times fell in safe territory. Captain McKinney led the swatters with five clean hits, including a home run, while Clasgens and Hilgerink each placed four nice bingles to their credit. Johnson, in the box for S. M. I. for four innings, struck out seven men, and did not allow a hit. Mahoney succeeded him for a try out and did excellent work.

	R. H. E.												
S. M. I.	2	9	1	0	3	6	2	1	x	—24	26	1	
Middletown	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	—3	3	5	

Batteries—S. M. I., Johnson, Mahoney, and Emerick; Middletown, Sheets, Sebald, and Schneider. Umpires, John Costello and W. Uhlenbush.

S. M. I. vs. Antioch May 5.—The game between St. Mary's and Antioch College was one of the most stubbornly fought and interesting baseball contests of the season. It was an exciting pitchers' battle, Topmoeller having the best of the argument. Nine goose eggs were strung up for Antioch; we tallied four times in the third inning, which proved to decide the contest. After two men had been retired, Schoen reached first on an error, and Ryan got a base on balls. Then Hanauer sent the ball

shooting into right field, clearing the bases. Topmoeller always had his opponents well under control, and the team behind supported him in masterly fashion. Not an error was recorded against S. M. I., and many hair-raising plays were pulled off. Ryan was the star slugger of the day, making three of the four hits allowed by Estle, who pitched splendid ball. Score:

Antioch College.	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Howett, ss.	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Estle, p.	3	0	0	0	0	5	0
Dawson, 2b.	3	0	1	0	3	2	2
H. Corey, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
McCullough, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, lf.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
E. Corey, c.	3	0	0	0	6	3	0
Loe, cf.	2	0	0	0	2	1	0
Salt, 1b.	3	0	1	0	9	0	3
Totals	27	0	3	0	24	15	6

S. M. I.	AB.	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ryan, 2b.	3	1	3	3	3	1	0
McKinney, 1b.	3	0	0	0	14	1	0
Hanauer, rf.	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Hilgerink, 3b.	4	1	0	0	3	1	0
Clasgens, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Topmoeller, p.	2	0	0	1	1	5	0
Emerick, c.	2	0	0	0	3	5	0
Brennan, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schoen, ss.	3	1	0	2	1	4	0
Totals	27	4	4	7	27	17	0

S. M. I.	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	x—4
Antioch	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Batteries—Topmoeller and Emerick; Estle and Corey.

Time—1: 25.

Umpire—John Costello.

Paul Wenigman, Jr., '07.

SECOND DIVISION (Resident Students)

S. M. I. II. Div. May 4.—We defeated our old rivals, Steele High School, vs. Steele High by the score 6 to 2. Bardo was in the box and proved himself a splendid piece of pitching machinery. His speed was great and he mixed his delivery so that the Steele lads were at one time reaching for outshoots, at another ducking from inshoots, and at still another stretching in a futile effort to hit his tantalizing slow ones. On the other hand, we took a great liking to Yingling's benders, so much so that he was relieved by Ryan in the fifth inning. Cahill, stacey, and Hierholzer carried off the batting honors. Weber coached and backstopped Bardo to perfection. Herron, Wilberding, Sullivan, Birkmeier, and Mahoney handled like veterans everything that came into their territory. Score:

							R.	H.	E.
S. M. I. II. Division	1	0	1	0	3	0	0	1	x—6
Steele High School	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0—2
							6	8	4

Batteries—S. M. I., Bardo and Weber; Steele H. S., Yingling, Ryan, and Shroyer; umpire, Emerick.

Official standing of the II. Division League:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Pearls (Capt. W. Stacey)	9	4	.692
Emeralds (Capt. W. Bardo)	6	7	.461
Garnets (Capt. Fr. Wilberding)	5	9	.357

Thomas Cahill, '08.

THIRD DIVISION (Resident Students)

III. Div. Resi- May 4.—We defeated the Non-Residents by the score of
dents vs. Non- 25 to 6. The feature of the game was the pitching of our
Residents great slab artist, Paul O'Neill, who struck out ten men, gave only one base on balls, and allowed but five bingles to the Non-Residents. Sullivan, Fredericks, Sibila, and Harpering starred in the field, while J. Nolan, Dister, E. Janszen, and R. Gross wielded the ash like professionals.

	R.	H.	E.
S. M. I. III. Division Residents	25	19	3
S. M. I. III. Division Non-Residents	6	5	10

S. M. I. III. Div. May 9.—We overwhelmed the St. Mary's Stars by the score
vs. St. Mary's of 26 to 5. The visitors from East Dayton played an error-
Stars less game until the fourth inning, when our heavy hitting got them rather nervous; from then on they gave Wall, their pitcher, poor support. The feature of the game was the slab-work of Zangerle. The fielding of Schwab and the batting of Clark and Neary were exceptionally remarkable. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. M. I. III. Division	0	1	0
St. Mary's Stars	0	0	0

0 1 0 5 3 10 5 2 x—26 16 5

Batteries—S. M. I., Zangerle and Neary; Stars, Wall and Hautman. Umpire, Rosenbach.

Official Standing of the III. Division League

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Champions (Capt. E. Janszen)	7	2	.777
Winners (Capt. P. O'Neill)	7	2	.777
Victors (Capt. F. Dister)	2	7	.222
Stars (Capt. E. Zangerle)	2	7	.222
Superbs (Capt. A. Fredericks)	15	8	.652
Leaders (Capt. H. Kampp)	8	15	.347

FOURTH DIVISION (Resident Students)

S. M. I. IV. Div. April 19.—In one of the most interesting games ever
vs. S. M. I. played upon the Institute campus, the S. M. I. IV. Division
Stars defeated the S. M. I. Stars. It was a nip and tuck struggle from start to finish. Rapp was on the firing line for the IV. Division, and the puzzlers he produced were found rather unsolvable by his opponents. Peter Krouse, Joe Eylar, and Ernst Gross did some superb slugging. The game was brimful of sharp, quick, scientific plays. Martin Kuntz's shortstopping was of the top-notch order. Pete Quigley, Tommy Macklin, and Clarence Blommel did gallant work in their respective positions. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. M. I. IV. Division	12	10	3
Stars	10	9	5

S. M. I. IV. Div. An exhibition of hard slugging was indulged in between the S. M. I. IV. Division Residents and the S. M. I. Non-Resident Residents, on the Institute Campus. Rapp was in the box for the Residents; he was hit for twelve solid swats, but was saved from losing the game by the gilt-edged support of Kuntz, Eylar, Macklin, and Krouse. Skelton did the pitching for the Non-Residents. As he was lambasted for seven runs in the fourth inning, he was replaced by the crack twirler, Vincent. Quigley, Kranz, Brommel, and Gross had their batting-eye burnished and slashed Vincent's benders all over the field. Harry Skelton, Dowling, Smackers, and Vincent did the slugging for the Non-Residents.

Scientific batting and fast fielding by the IV. Division Residents demonstrated that this team comprises a number of star players and is able to hold its own against any eleven-year-old team in the State. The veteran ball-tosser, Mr. Hilgerink, did the umpiring, and gave perfect satisfaction. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. M. I. IV. Division Residents	5	3	4
S. M. I. Non-Residents	3	0	4
	1	3	4
	2	1	x
	22	10	5
	17	12	9

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

S. M. I. Day- April 26.—The S. M. I. Daytonias (Non-Resident Students) **tonias vs. II. Div.** defeated the II. Division (Resident Students) on the latter's

Residents grounds in a hotly contested game by a score of 3 to 1. The game was a pitcher's battle, which resulted in a victory for Morris, of the Daytonias. The feature of the game was the phenomenal backstop work of Capt. F. Martin. Morris was in his usual good condition, and pitched a great game, striking out twelve of the opposing batsmen and allowing the hard-hitting Residents but one bingle. Varley, a newly-signed man, was given a trial at short and clearly demonstrated his ability to cover that position with credit. Jerry Costello played the initial sack with ease and without an error. Solimano put up a star game at second. Welsh distinguished himself both at bat and at third. Koehler and O'Connor surpassed their former efforts in their ability to pull down the high ones. Special mention is due to Wm. Kroemer, the hard-hitting outfielder, whose slugging was largely responsible for the victory. Bro. John Ryan officiated as umpire, giving perfect satisfaction. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Daytonias	0	1	0
II. Division	1	0	0
	0	0	0
	2	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	0	0	0
	3	1	0
	1	1	3

Struck Out—By Morris 12, by Bardo 5.

Bases on Balls—Off Morris 2, off Bardo 4.

Hit by Pitcher—Bardo 1.



What Even the Wisest Relish



Many a man who thinks himself ahead of the times is about as useless as a clock that runs too fast.



Teacher—"Now, Albert, what does p-r-a-y spell?"

Albert, '14—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Yes, you do. What is the first thing mamma does in the morning?"

Albert, '14—"She makes the fire."



Last week Aunt Belinda invited Bill, '06, to dinner, during which took place the following conversation:

Aunt Belinda—"Well, William, what do you think of this nice roasted chicken?"

Bill—"Well, our professor told us that we should never speak ill of our elders."



"If you were going riding, from which side of the horse would you climb into the saddle?" asked Mrs. Wise of her husband.

"From the outside, of course. Which side would you?" But Mrs. Wise was too angry to answer.

Tramp—"Madam, please give me something to eat."

Mrs. Pepper—"No. Why don't you go to work?"

Tramp—"I would if I had tools."

Mrs. Pepper—"What kind of tools?"

Tramp—"A knife and fork."

Rireur, '07—"Don't mope, old fellow. Look at the bright side of things."

Grogneur, '06—"Which is the bright side of a flunk-examination for B. S.?"

Mr. Twinkletoes—"I have great hopes for that boy of mine."

Mr. Wrinklenose—"And why?"

Mr. Twinkletoes—"He stole some jam yesterday morning and wiped his hands on his sister's dress. She was punished and he escaped. I think that boy is going to be a financier."

No wonder the Ohio railroads make a fuss about that two-cents-a-mile law. Think of having to haul "little H" for two cents a mile.

Teacher—"Follow more attentively, Carl; what are you doing?"

Carl, '12—"Nothing."

Teacher—"And you, also, Sammy, what are you doing?"

Sammy, '12—"Helping Carl."

Book Agent—"Sir, I have here a work of universal excellence which I should like you to examine."

Mr. Woggles—"No use; I can't read."

Book Agent—"Ah, but your children —"

Mr. Woggles—"I haven't got any; nothing in the house but a cat."

Book Agent—"Possibly you would like to buy something to throw at the cat."

A young Ohio lawyer was consulting in the jail with his unfortunate client, charged with stealing a stove.

"No, no," he said, soothingly. "I know, of course, you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for a minute that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among us lawyers. Yes, of course, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it all to me, and don't say a word. You can hand over \$10 now, and pay me the rest —"

"Ten dollars, boss?" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "W'y don't yer make it \$10,000? I c'd pay ye jest es easy. I ain't got no money."

"No money?" The lawyer looked indignant.

"Naw, ner know w'ere I kin get any, eether."

The young lawyer seemed plunged in gloom. Suddenly he brightened. "Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I like to help honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what to do. I'll get you out of this scrape and we'll call it square if you'll send the stove around to my office. I need one."—Ex.

It does no good to weep over the mistakes that we have made, and yet most of us do it when we have meant to take a mouthful of potatoes and discover that we have taken a mouthful of horseradish instead.



French Maid (to inquiring friend)—“Oui, madame is ill, but ze doctor haf pronounce it something trifling, very small.”

Friend—“Oh, I am so relieved, for I was real anxious about her. What does the doctor say the trouble is?”

“Let me recall. It was something very leetle. Oh, oui, I have it now. Ze doctor says zat madame has ze smallpox.”—Ex.



LOWEST IN PRICE

BEST IN QUALITY

F. CAPPEL'S STORES
FOR
HOME FURNISHINGS
FURNITURE
CARPETS STOVES LINOLEUM

A USEFUL PRESENT IS A LASTING REMEMBRANCE

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121, 123, 125 EAST FIFTH STREET

South of Post-office

Largest in Ohio

Pioneer Credit House

BLUMENTHAL SONS AND CO.

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS
AND CONTRACTORS**

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Send for estimates on isolated lighting and power plants.

Agents for all kinds of Electrical Appliances.

We can save you money if you will give us a chance.

Suite 505, 172 Washington Street }
Laboratory, 301 Mohawk Street }

CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't overlook R. A. DeWEESE for Clothes.

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

"Talk about hospitality," observed the portly passenger as he lighted an obese cigar with a red and gold life preserver around its stomach, "they certainly have it down fine in Atlanta. During a three days' sojourn there recently they would not let me spend a cent."

"Must be something like Chicago," rejoined the tin can drummer. "The last time I was there they didn't let me spend a cent, either."

"So?" queried the other, skeptically.

"It is even so," continued the can man. "They held me up half a square from the depot and took every cent I had away from me."—Ex.

JOSEPH FERNEDING

Established 1848

THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE

SHOE HOUSE IN DAYTON

The BEST SHOES for the LOWEST PRICES

42 East Third Street

9 South Jefferson Street

CHAS. W. SCHAEFFER
GEO. H. GENGNAEL

Bell Phone Main 33
Home Phone 3333

Schaeffer & Gengnagel

Jobbers and Retailers of

Coal, Sewer Pipe, Building Material
Portland and Hydraulic Cement

812 to 828 East First Street.

DAYTON, OHIO

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Headquarters for

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SUCCESSOR TO H. ANNEGERS & BRO.

PACKING HOUSE, 952 North Valley Street
Bell Phone 1018 Home Phone 3018

Wholesale and Retail Store, 34 S. Jefferson
Bell Phone 476 Home Phone 4285

DAYTON, OHIO

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BOTTLERS OF

GINGER ALE, SELTZER

MINERAL WATERS, ETC.

Bell Phone 1672

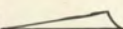
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825 Valley Street

DAYTON, OHIO

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Here we are 

Bell Telephone 1858
Home Telephone 5158

JOBBER AND DEALERS IN

TEAS, COFFEES, AND SUGARS

C. D. KENNY & CO.

107 South Jefferson Street

Two amateur hunters in the northern woods, not long ago, saw a deer and both fired at once.

"That's my deer," said A. "I shot it."

"No, you don't," hotly replied B. "It is my deer, because I killed it."

A third party was approaching from the opposite direction with fury in his eye and a club in his hand.

"Which of you two rascals shot my calf?" roared the farmer.

"That fellow just told me he did it," said A.

And B., now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered: "He lies! He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."

For all Good Work and
Prompt Delivery, call

Bell Phone 2417 K
Home Phone 4165

C. F. KING

The Gem City Laundry

618 South Jefferson Street

DAYTON, OHIO

GROENE'S MUSIC HOUSE

Full line of Classic and Popular
Music. Instruments of all kinds
at prices that are right.

Race Street and Arcade.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

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*Hay, Grain
Mill Feed*

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Covington, Kentucky

Newport, Kentucky

LATEST STYLES OF ENGRAVING

**BLANK
BOOKS
AND
OFFICE
SUPPLIES**

*Always Something New in Souvenir
and comic Post Cards*

Albert Dittmar
STATIONER
25 EAST THIRD STREET
DAYTON, OHIO

**POCKET
BOOKS
FANCY
LEATHER
GOODS**

BIBLES AND ART BOOKS

C. BURKHARDT, Pres. and Mgr. G. BURKHARDT, Vice-Pres. H. J. C. BRENNER, Secretary

BELL PHONE 1161
HOME PHONE 3161

THE DAYTON BISCUIT CO.

—Manufacturers of—

High-Grade Crackers and Cakes

436 and 438 Wayne Avenue.

DAYTON, OHIO

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THE DURST MILLING CO.

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BANNER MILL OF MIAMI VALLEY

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AND BLUE BELL

Recommended by St. Mary's Institute



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PARK PHARMACY

BURKHARDT & ROTTERMANN

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N. W. Cor. 3d and St. Clair Sts. DAYTON, O

California Cough Balsam

B. & R. Flavoring Extracts

Condition Powders

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Home Phone 2240

Bell Phone 2686

Home Phone 3747

Zweifel

PHOTOGRAPHER

20 and 22 East Third Street

The Standard Candy Kitchen

BELDEN & KEIM

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN

"STANDARD"

Candies, Crisps
and Ice Cream

336 W. THIRD ST.

PHONE MAIN 1124

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C. J. SHERER

A. M. SHERER

SHERER BROS.

Lumber

Laths

Doors

Shingles

Sash

Blinds

501 CINCINNATI STREET
DAYTON, OHIO

"It seems Hamm has developed into a lecturer."

"Who told you that?"

"He did. He told me he was doing platform work now."

"Yes, he's porter at the railroad station."—Ex.



"Young lady, you are not suited to our business."

"Not suited to your one-horse business?" said the young typewriter, angrily. "Why, I'd have you know I worked for Mr. Carnegie once."

"That may be. However, we are not interested in phonetic spelling."—Ex.

R. A. DeWEESE is ready to show Oxfords.

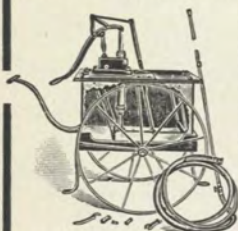
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Whitewash Your Buildings

At Lowest Cost

WITH A

PROGRESS SPRAYING AND WHITEWASHING MACHINE.



One man can apply whitewash, calamine, or cold water paint to 10,000 square feet of surface in one day, and do better work than with a brush. It is also adapted for spreading disinfectants, destroying insect pests and diseases on trees, vegetables, and other plants, extinguishing fires,

washing windows, wagons, etc., and other purposes.

The machine is really a portable waterworks system, as it develops a pressure of over 80 pounds, and lifts the liquid more than 80 feet higher than its own level.

The Progress costs only \$21.00, and lasts a lifetime. It pays for itself the first year. Write for detailed description.

Dept. K. DAYTON SUPPLY CO., Dayton, Ohio.

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Teaming

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Organized 1874

Authorized Capital Stock \$3,000,000-

PERMANENT BUILDING AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

DAYTON, OHIO

Loans Money on Real Estate Security at lowest rates of interest, and receives money in large and small amounts at any time during business hours.

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JOSEPH STRAUB, Pres H. CELLARIUS, Sec'y

A. JANSZEN & CO.

Wholesale Grocers

S. E. Cor. Second and Walnut Streets.
101 to 117 East Second Street.

Cincinnati, Ohio

PHONES—Main 1785 and 420

Don't overlook R. A. DeWEESE for Clothes.

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

First Tramp—"It says here dere's some kinds of mushrooms what intoxicates yer."

Second Tramp—"Gee! Dem scientific fellers oughter know lots of ways of gettin' drunk!"—Ex.



"I don't see the sense in speaking of a man as 'blind drunk'."

"Why not? It simply means he's so very drunk that he can't see."

"But no man is ever so drunk that he can't see. If he's very, very drunk, he can see snakes."—Ex.

The Dayton Lumber & Mfg. Co.

**SASH
DOORS
BLINDS
LUMBER
LATHE**

FINE CABINET WORK
A SPECIALTY

Southwest Corner
CLINTON and BACON STREETS
DAYTON, OHIO

IF IT'S FROM

HATTER-
UTZINGER
11 WEST FIFTH ST.
FURNISHER
OPP POST OFFICE DAYTON, O.
IT MUST BE GOOD

PHOTOS
AT
\$1.00 per doz.
AND UP

Crossman

PHOTOGRAPHER

SPECIAL OFFER

15 Cabinets

THREE STYLES

\$2.50

12 NORTH MAIN STREET

Opp. Court House

DR. A. F. BOWMAN

DR. O. F. WHITE

BOWMAN & WHITE

Dentists

Room 10 Davies Bldg. Cor. Main and 4th Sts.

Westendorf & Kirchner

422 East Fifth Street

FURNITURE

Dining-Room Suites, Rockers, Cabinets,
Library Tables. All the latest patterns

PHONE MAIN 3015

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FISH AND OYSTER MARKET
C. S. NOTN
 PROPRIETOR
Fish, Oysters and Poultry
 350 W. Third St. PHONE MAIN 1221 DAYTON, O.



Bell Phone Main 888

Home Phone 2888

It is to your advantage to get good enduring Plumbing done at the start. It means a little more outlay, but a heap more satisfaction and saving in the end. Our estimate means first-class work.

McDermont & Clemens
 Fine Chandeliers

28 N. Jefferson Street. DAYTON, OHIO

THE CHAS. A. P. BARRETT COMPANY

PAINTS, VARNISH, WINDOW SHADES
 WALL PAPER. WINDOW GLASS
 LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

MANUFACTURERS OF OUR OWN PAINT PRODUCTS

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 Bell Phone 454
 Home Phone 2454

1120 West Third Street
 West Side Branch
 Phone Home 1274

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WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

Our shoes do the convincing. Come and convince yourself that we have the best and most complete line of footwear in Spring and Summer styles. We can fit you to great satisfaction with our new and up-to-date styles. It pays to buy of

O. A. PRASS & CO., UP-TO-DATE SHOE STORE

Davies Building
Fourth and Main

104 S. Main St.

It was a typographical error that threatened to bring streaks of gray into the locks of the editor of a newly started weekly which purported to chronicle the doings of the smart set of a Western city. In reality, however, it sold out the edition and filled the readers with a desire to see what would develop in the succeeding numbers. The subject of the paragraph was a pink luncheon given by a well-known matron. When the edition was given to the public it was found that the opening lines of general eulogy were followed by the bald statement, "The luncheon was punk."—Ex.

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Lumber, Laths, Shingles, Posts,
Pickets, Sash, Doors, Blinds, of

THE F. A. REQUARTH CO.

Contractors for all Kinds of Buildings

Phone 745

Monument Ave. & Sears St.

E. R. LATIN

Hatter and
Furnisher

Popular Prices

142 S. Main St.
3 E. Fifth St.

FULL LINE OF ATHLETIC GOODS

Hear from us
Before you buy or sell

Phone North 223

The Columbia Hardwood Lumber Company

Wholesale and Retail
Hardwood Lumber

65 Southport Ave., ft. of C St.

CHICAGO

Drink

Hollencamp's
Ales and Ports

Brewed and bottled by

**The Hollencamp Ale Brewing
Company**

DAYTON, OHIO

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To see the largest and best
assorted stock of Carpets, Wall
Paper, Draperies, and Furniture,
go to

Forster, Hegman & Co.

**Fifth and Main Streets
DAYTON, OHIO**

THE WM. FOCKE'S SONS CO. **PORK AND BEEF PACKERS**

Curers of the celebrated CROWN and GEM CITY STAR Hams and
Breakfast Bacon

MAKERS OF THE CROWN PURE LEAF LARD

Packing House Telephones - Bell 133 Home 3953 Store Telephones - Bell 305 Home 2305

THE WEAKLEY AND WORMAN CO. **WHOLESALE GROCERS** **DAYTON, OHIO**

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The NIXON & COSTELLO CO.

Manufacturers of

PATENT
PAPER **Bottle Wrappers**

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A. CAPPEL

Manufacturer of

Umbrellas and Parasols

Sells at Wholesale Prices in Retail

139 E. Fifth Street 41 S. Main Street

DAYTON, OHIO

A. HASENSTAB

Wholesale Dealer in

Fresh Pork, Hams, Bacon
Shoulders, and Sausages

FAMILY USED LARD A SPECIALTY

Corner Valley and Air Streets

OFFICE
Bell 1834
Home 3834

RESIDENCE
Bell 1904
Home 6224

L. EDGAR ORENDORF

Attorney-at-Law

Notary Public

702 Conover Building
DAYTON, OHIO

Young Enoch (who has an inquiring mind)—“Paw, when you drop a nickel into one o’ dem slot machines, what happens?”

Farmer Bentback (who has been there)—“Ye see how easy it is for a fool to lose five cents!”—Ex.



The Minister—“At fust de still, small voice ob conscience keeps a-warnin’ an’ a-warnin’, but ef yo’ doan’ listen it quits.”

The Scapegrace—“Dat’s right! It finds out dat it mought jes’ as well mind its own business.”—Ex.

Bell Phone 625

Home Phone 2625

MICHAEL WALTER

Funeral Director

Embalmer’s License No. 358 B.

131 W. Franklin St, DAYTON, OHIO

W. J. SHERER CO.

Fresco artists and
Interior Decorators

25 Perrine Street.

DAYTON, OHIO

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M.J. Gibbons

Headquarters for Fine Plumbing, Steam and Water Heating, Gas and Electric Fixtures: also Wellsbach Burners and Mantels.

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20 AND 22 WEST THIRD STREET

Home Phone 2387

Bell Phone 471

Home Phone 4711

Established 1869

T. D. Eichelberger & Sons

—DEALERS IN—

Portland Cements, Lime, Plaster,
Sewer Pipe, etc.

Cor. Fifth and Pearl Streets, DAYTON, OHIO

ALEX. GEBHART

EUGENE WUICHET

FRANK WUICHET

ALEX. GEBHART & CO.

Lumber Dealers

LONG AND LARGE TIMBERS A SPECIALTY

Wayne Ave. and Railroad. DAYTON, OHIO

Smith Bros. & Co.

Importers of and Dealers in

**Fine China
Glass Lamps
Bric-a-Brac, etc.**

The only exclusive house of this
kind in the city.

28 North Main Street.

DAYTON, OHIO

Bell Phone 849

Home Phone 2849

HOME PHONE 3224

FERD. SITT

OPTICIAN and
JEWELER

Room 14 Louis Block.

DAYTON, OHIO

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