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The Child Jesus and His Mother



VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 9

The Church Triumphant

Their fight is o'er! Behold in grand array
The saints triumphant round their glo-
rious King.

The battle's won! And songs of praise
they sing

To Him that made them victors in the
fray.

And crown'd is each e'en as with sun of
day.

The angel harps in jubilation ring
As with suppliant voice the blessed bring
To God our prayers, and for us warriors
pray.

Alas! that we so oft should faint or
yield

Upon the field where war and woe are
rife.

Valiant soldier, make show of prayer a
shield,

And keep within thine eye the glorious
life

That waiteth him who righteous sword
doth wield—

Yea, heaven's joy doth crown a day of
strife.

—A. Zengerle, '09.



PLUTARCH'S LIVES.



ISTORY under any form has its charm and its utility, but it never appeals to us so forcibly as when it takes the form of biography. Biography may be confined in scope to the facts and traits that are strictly personal, or it may be extended, as in the case of mixed biography, approaching by its object and method history proper. Irving's *Life of Washington*, is an example of mixed biography; as it contains a complete account of the political and military events of the Revolutionary War. But mixed biography may be either historical or psychological. It is historical, when, as in Irving's *Life of Columbus*, the biographical incidents are set forth in chronological order and enlivened by elaborate description. It is psychological when the main object of the writer is to sketch a vivid character portrait; such are the *Lives of Plutarch*, one of the best known, most interesting, and most instructive works of antiquity.

Plutarch was born in a small country town of Boeotia called Chaeroneia, about 50 A. D., and it was here that he spent most of his days and probably that he died 120 A. D. He was educated at Athens, which, at that time, was the center of higher culture for Romans as well as for Greeks. In the course of his life Plutarch traveled extensively over Greece, visited Asia Minor, Egypt, Italy, and resided for some time at Rome. During his sojourn in Rome, he was entrusted with an important mission, and in consequence he was unable to learn the Latin language thoroughly, as he himself confesses in the introduction to his *Demosthenes*. Besides, he did not need it. Greek was the language of literary and polite society at Rome, and cultivated Greeks were always tendered a hearty welcome there. Both at Athens and at Rome, Plutarch made acquaintance with many prominent men of his time, and learned much from them that was to be of service later on. When he returned to his country home in Chaeroneia, his Athenian education, his extensive travels, and his intimate knowledge of political affairs, proved to have been an excellent preparation for the task he set to himself, and which was to immortalize his name, the composition of the "*Parallel Lives of Greeks and Romans*."

Whatever defects may have been attributed to the lives, there is one quality which is essential to the biographer as well as to the historian and which, in the unanimous opinions of the critics, Plutarch possessed in a rare degree, impartiality. So equally in fact does he hold the balance between Greeks and Romans that we are unable to determine whether his object in writing the *Parallel Lives* was to convince the reluctant Greeks that there were Romans who could well bear comparison with the greatest Greeks, or to

remind the arrogant Romans that, although they were the conquerors of the world, still subject Greece could offer them examples well worthy of their imitation. It is probable that the latter view is the correct one, although Plutarch made no statement that would justify this assertion. In speaking of his aim and object in writing biography, he simply says in the introduction to his *Timeleon*: "It was for the sake of others that I first commenced writing biographies; but I find myself proceeding and attaching myself to it for my own, the virtues of these great men serving me as a sort of looking-glass, in which I may see how to adjust and adorn my own life. Indeed, it can be compared to nothing but daily living and associating together; we receive, in our inquiry, and entertain each successive guest, view their stature and their qualities, and select from their actions all that is noblest and worthiest to know."

Plutarch's method is that of psychological biography. It is his intention to relate only such incidents as "strike off the features of the soul." And, as a matter of fact, very often incidents of less moment, an expression or a jest, inform us better of the character and inclinations of a man than the more important events of his life. For, as Plutarch rightly remarks, "as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men." The author of the *Lives* is not therefore to be censured because at times he ignores great battles and even entire campaigns, since it is not always in the most glorious exploits of men that their virtues or vices may be discovered. Thus, in his *Life of Caesar*, Plutarch passes over all the events related in the third and sixth book of the *Commentaries*. In his *Life of Alexander*, although he dwells at length upon his hero's feats in the great battle of Arbela, he gives but a very brief account of the whole battle. Neither should Plutarch be blamed for having neglected to embellish the narrative by beautiful and lengthy descriptions. These belong rather to historical biography. When obliged to describe scenes, Plutarch does so in as few words as possible, as evidences the following description of Cleopatra's trip to meet Antony! "She sailed along the river Cydnes in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, the oars were of silver. These in their motion kept time to the music of the flutes and pipes and harps. The queen in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold, of the most exquisite workmanship, while boys like painted cupids stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steering and conduct of the vessel." This description may be looked upon as one of the most elaborate in the *Lives*. In reality it is but an outline capable of almost unlimited development.

Longer descriptions, it is true, might occasionally be useful, but Plutarch prefers to depict characteristic traits by brief, typical anecdotes. Instead of enlarging on the pride of Alexander in a detailed description, he reveals this trait by the following anecdote: "When Alexander was asked by some of the people around him, 'Whether he would not run in the Olympic races,' (for he was swift of foot), he answered: 'Yes, if I had kings for my antagonists.'" In like manner he shows the daring of Alexander in his youth, by relating his willingness to mount the dangerous Bucephalus. His love for learning is depicted by another interesting incident. "A casket being one day brought to him, which appeared to be one of the most curious and most valuable things among the treasures and the whole equipage of Darius, Alexander asked his friends what they thought most worthy to be placed in it?" Different things were proposed, but he said: "The Iliad most deserved such a case." Every page of the *Lives* contains one or several of such anecdotes, which, by their life-giving character, have made the work immortal. For not only are the anecdotes exquisitely beautiful and charming in themselves, but they delineate the traits of character in a most vivid and powerful manner. And from the vast store of personal anecdotes Plutarch had at his command, it is unanimously admitted that he selected only those that were best fitted to "strike off the features of the soul."

Plutarch's anecdotes, notwithstanding, have not escaped all criticism. The truthfulness of many of them has been questioned. Because of their very nature they could readily be warped from their original form. Daily experience proves that a smart story cannot be told by many persons without some new shade of meaning being added to it. Plutarch relates many incidents that had been passed down to him by word of mouth, and other incidents he appropriated from the ancient historians, who are far from possessing the critical sense, and who often were not contemporaneous with the events they related. Moreover, in primitive times, personal details in the lives of great men were generously supplied by invention, and Plutarch may have accepted these results of fiction for historical matter, without being aware of his mistake. Even at the present day, it is often a difficult problem to discern the true from the false, in matters of relatively recent date. A ready hearing was given John Hanks, a contemporary of Lincoln and a companion of Lincoln's early and humble days, when he stated that on one of their flatboat trips to New Orleans, Lincoln was so moved at the scenes of a slave auction in that city that he said to Hanks with an oath: "If ever I get a chance to hit slavery, I'll hit it hard." This story has its *à propos*, but is without foundation. It has been proved that Lincoln was never in New Orleans with Hanks. As to the stories of Plutarch, however, whether they be warped or even legendary in nature, they have this much of truth that they are replete with the spirit and life of the times and places to which they refer.

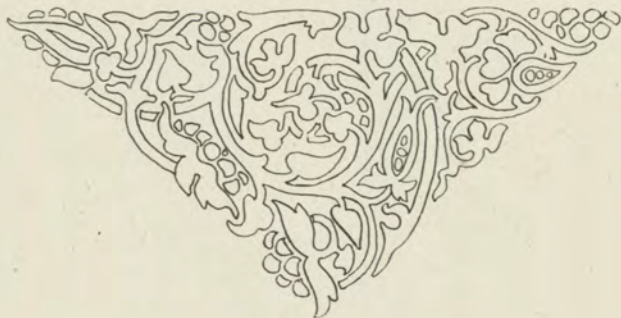
Unfortunately this defect, which may be overlooked in the anecdotes is found to exist even in the narrative of the more important events of the *Lives*, where it may lead to serious historical errors. Plutarch composed the *Lives* toward the end of his career, in his rural retreat at Chaeroneia, where having no library facilities, he was forced to depend upon his notebook or his memory for his material. His Latin sources, in particular, are unreliable, as he could not avail himself directly of the Latin historians because of his ignorance of the language. Even in the composition of the Greek *Lives*, Plutarch consulted but few sources; he was endowed with a remarkable memory which he had enriched by extensive reading, his travels and conversations with the great men of his time. He might have sifted the matter more carefully, although he possessed the historical sense in as high a degree as the majority of ancient historians.

Critics have censured the author of the *Lives* on other points. They maintain that he has no eye for consecutive and consistent narrative of events, for chronology, political evolutions, diplomatic combinations, social problems, in a word, for the general processes of history. These charges cannot be denied. But should Plutarch be less esteemed for not having manifested this historic sense? It is indeed an essential quality in an historian and even in an historical biographer, but evidently not in a psychological biographer, whose object is to compose, not a history or an historical biography, but an ethical biography. If Plutarch has accomplished this, his work is complete. According to Macaulay, "the heroes of Livy and other ancient historians are the most insipid of all beings, the heroes of Plutarch always excepted." Other critics consider his power of drawing ethical portraits to be that of a genius. All his portraits are lively and graphic. Plutarch is ranked with Thucydides and Tacitus for his talent of giving individuality of character to his heroes, and of making this individuality pervade their words and actions so forcibly that we know them as well as if we were their contemporaries. The charm of his anecdotes gives Plutarch a certain preëminence over his two rivals.

No higher commendation, however, can be given to Plutarch than to instance the great esteem in which he was held by the greatest of dramatists, Shakespeare, who not only admired the *Lives*, but drew largely from them in characterizing the heroes of his plays. In how far our great English dramatist was inspired by the *Parallel Lives* can be fully understood only by those who have read and studied Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Timon of Athens*, with Plutarch's volume at their elbow. At first thought, one is inclined to deny all originality to the most original of all poets. For not only does he appropriate the outlines and principal features of Plutarch's heroes, but in many places he adopts even the Plutarchian form, the order of thought, and the very words of North's racy old English. From other authors, the poet borrows a hint, an outline, a suggestion, a name or two, a situation, an incident.

But Plutarch he dramatizes. A host of names and characters of other plays were suggested to him by the "Lives": Lysander, Demetrius (*Mid-Summer Night's Dream*); Cleomenes, Dion (*Winter's Tale*); Lucullus, Flaminius (*Timon of Athens*); Marcellus (*Hamlet*); Camello (*Winter's Tale*); Sempronius (*Timon of Athens*); Ventidius, Flavius, Lucilius, Caphis, Servilius, Philotus, Titus, Lucius (*Timon of Athens*); Cornelius, and Claudius or Clodius (*Hamlet*). Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with the *Parallel Lives*; and only a masterpiece can become the favorite work of a genius.

But Shakespeare was not the only warm admirer of the *Lives*. They have captivated with marvellous power the greatest and noblest minds. They have been "the pasture of great souls," the favorite reading of kings and commanders, but also the delight of plain, self-made men and of aspiring youth, influencing for good more souls than any other work of pagan antiquity. It is from them that our text-books on Ancient History have drawn largely for the interesting and instructive anecdotes and stories that lend intelligence and charm to these remote times. Many a man could speak of Plutarch's *Lives* as one of his eccentric but devoted students did: "A work which at school he read avidly at times when he might have slept, and to which he afterwards became indebted for the honestest and fairest dispositions of his mind." JOHN O'ROURKE, '08



In Remembrance

No more that bell I hear from ivied tower,
No more its saddened tones come to mine ear,
No more the solemn parting prompts a tear,
When last I stood beneath the blossom'd bower;
But oft, when doleful sounds the midnight hour,
In pleasant dreams his gentle voice I hear,
The wood we rove and watch the brooklet clear,
O'er incensed dale we roam and pluck the flower.
Sweet dreams, they are but visions of the past,
Like unto crystal mansions—myths of yore:
So when my lips shall breathe an Ave last,
My fading sight earth's forms shall see no more,
Then wings my spirit freed to glories vast
To meet the friend I love on heaven's shore.

—William Appleton, '08.

THE TONGUE



WE are told that a certain slave was sent by his master to buy the best thing he could find in the market. He went and brought home a tongue. When asked to give his reason for the purchase, he said: "Is not the tongue of all things the best? With the tongue the lessons of wisdom are imparted, laws are made, cities are built, justice is administered, and the gods are praised. Is not the tongue therefore the bond of civil society, the tie between man and the powers above?"

The following day he was again sent to town to buy the worst thing he could find. He brought home another tongue, saying that it was the worst possible thing, for with it men tell lies, back-bite their neighbors, commit perjury, and blaspheme God. The tongue has severed friends, ruined cities and nations, and brought on wars and all kinds of disorders. And the philosopher slave is right.

The tongue has been given to man as an instrument of good, but he has perverted it to an instrument of evil to himself and others. St. James says, "The tongue is a little member, yet it creates a world of iniquity; a mere spark, yet it starts a great conflagration; he that rules his tongue has the bridle in his hand wherewith to rule the whole body; he that rules his tongue guides his affairs like the helmsman guides the vessel with the rudder. He that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man." "In a multitude of words," says the Holy Ghost, "there shall not want sin."

Every one knows that a constant chatterer is a nuisance and a bore, and that a loquacious crowd cannot sit and talk for hours together without failing against charity, modesty, and other virtues. How seldom is the name of God mentioned with reverence in conversation! How often, alas, is it coupled with angry words and loud contentions! A Christian above all should keep his tongue undefiled. That was a beautiful thought expressed by a first communicant, "Since the precious body of Jesus Christ has rested upon my tongue, I will never abuse it in sin!"

A man's speech is the index of his character. Great talkers are commonly little doers, for they waste in words that energy which should show itself in deeds. Men of profound thought and vigorous action are generally silent men. General Grant was such a silent man, yet all who had to deal with him felt that they were in the presence of a man of great strength of character.

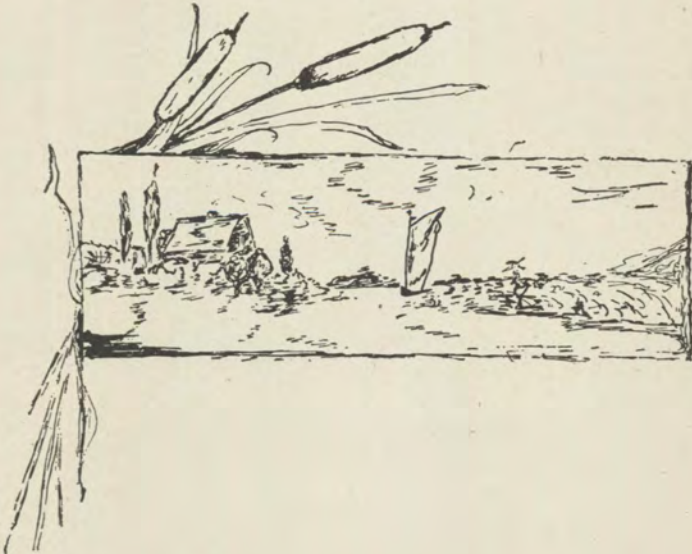
We must all learn to guard the tongue. Our divine Lord gave us a beautiful example of this species of self-control when he spent forty days in the desert in perfect silence, and when in his passion he answered not to the

taunts of his enemies, so that even the Roman governor wondered exceedingly. The saints and sages of old imitated his example and withdrew from the pleasures of the world in order to accomplish the better the task of saving their immortal souls.

Who could calculate the enormous harm done by Luther and other false teachers through the misuse of the tongue? And God alone knows the immense good effected by St. Ignatius Loyola and other apostolic men by preaching and catechizing the multitudes. The tongue of the blasphemous Nestorius, who had denied the divine motherhood of Mary, rotted in his living mouth; while the tongue of St. John Nepomucene, who kept inviolate the sacred seal of the confessional, was, many years after his death, found incorrupt and as fresh and rosy as in life: God thereby wishing to attest on the one hand his detestation of those who abuse the organ of speech, and on the other his appreciation of those who employ it for his glory and the salvation of men.

The Greek masters of antiquity well knew the importance of silence for fruitful thought, for the pupil had to spend a period of three years' apprenticeship before he was allowed to speak in the presence of his teacher. We have two ears for listening, but only one tongue for speaking, and is not this a hint that we should hear more and talk less?

JOS. SEIDENSTICKER, '09.



Autumn

The golden sun sets o'er the lake,
The waves are dancing to and fro;
The breezes on the islands make
The sound of leaves that hate to go;
And in the fields and in the dale
A cheerful whistling sound is heard:
It is the calling of the quail,
Of duck, or other kind of bird;
The chestnut burr drops to the ground,
The hickory nuts are falling fast;
The earth is carpeted in brown,
And autumn time is here at last.

—John F. Ohmer, '10.



Autumn



The Sea

The Sea

O mighty ocean, dark and deep,
With death and ruin in thy sweep,
Be merciful to the fisherman's boat,
And bring him safe from lands remote.

The fisherman's boat like a cradle is tossed,
And little he thinks of being lost,
But the thought of his dear ones urges him on.
As they gambol about on his beautiful lawn.

And with the golden rays of morn
The boat drifts in with masts forlorn:
His loved ones are at the gate to meet him,
And his helpmate true with joy doth greet him.

—Robert Fleming, '10.

EDWARD HAGERUP GRIEG



EDWARD HAGERUP GRIEG died at Bergen, Norway, on September 4. He intended to sail for Christiana on the third, and his baggage was already on board the steamer, when he complained of feeling ill. The symptoms appearing serious, he was removed to a hospital, where he died.

The death of Grieg was regarded as a national bereavement, and his funeral, on September 9, was attended by representatives of many public bodies.

Edward Grieg was born in Bergen in 1843, of Scotch ancestry. His father and grandfather were British consuls at that place, descendants of a Scottish merchant who emigrated from Aberdeen soon after the battle of Culloden.

His mother, an exceptionally gifted woman, who made her house attractive to artists, and herself a good pianist, was her son's first teacher, he beginning piano lessons at the age of six. By the advice of Ole Bull, the famous violinist, a friend of the house, and who was confident of the lad's musical talent, his parents gave him a musical education.

In 1858, Grieg was sent to Leipzig to study under Moschelles, Moritz Hauptmann, Wenzel, and Reinecke. His inclinations towards the works of Chopin, Schumann, and Richard Wagner brought about a conflict between his own ideals and the opinions of his professors. A serious illness obliged him to return to Norway in 1860. The effects of this illness left his health permanently injured, but with the loss of physical strength came an increase of mental energy. He returned to Leipzig against the advice of his parents and physicians, and graduated in 1862. Among his fellow-students were five English boys, two of them being Arthur Sullivan and J. F. Barnett.

Soon after, Grieg went to Copenhagen and studied with Gade and Hartmann. Here he met the person who gave him the needed help to determine the character of his own work—Richard Nordraak, a young Norwegian composer of great talent and promise. In 1864-65, Grieg and Nordraak, assisted by the Danes, Hornemann, and Mathison, formed a musical union for bringing out the compositions of young Northern composers, and for combating the "effeminate Scandinavianism," as he called the music of Mendelssohn and Gade. Though impeded by weak health, he succeeded in establishing his fame in all musical cities as a composer, and in many as a pianist and conductor.

Nordraak went to Berlin in the spring of 1865, where shortly afterward he died, while Grieg spent the winter of 1865-66 in Rome. There he wrote

his concert overture, "In Autumn," published for piano, and the funeral march in memory of Nordraak.

In 1866, Grieg returned to Norway, to Christiana, where he remained some eight years. In 1870 he founded the musical Union of Christiana and served alone as conductor until 1873, when Svendsen joined him. These two composers joined forces in work of the Union, sometimes giving twelve concerts in a season, and their friendship and sympathy were mutually helpful. A symphony in D major believed to have been composed by Svendsen, was as we now learn, written by Grieg during this period.

Franz Liszt having seen Grieg's Violin Sonata op. 8, invited him to Rome in 1869. Here Grieg and Liszt became warm friends. Parliament granted him an allowance for this journey. In 1874, Parliament again granted him an allowance of sixteen hundred crowns, and the summer of 1875 he spent with Niels Gade.

I here quote what Henry T. Finck, Grieg's biographer, has to say of his talent: "From every point of view that interests the music lover, Grieg is one of the most original geniuses in the musical world. His songs are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's, and that only because there are more of Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has only six equals: Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, and Liszt. In rhythmic invention and combination he is inexhaustible, and as orchestrator he ranks among the most fascinating. It is in his lyrics, that Grieg reaches the height of his genius, both in content and in the form which so completely externalizes the strange spontaneous shapes and colors of his musical imaginings."

L. F. RECTOR.



HER FIRST APPEARANCE



Y life in New York used to be one of unrelentingly strenuous activity. Physically robust, I always managed to hold my own from September to July against the daily onslaughts that professional life makes upon the occupants of sky-scrappers. But early in July my spirits would begin to droop; the family physician would, despite my ill-concealed repugnance, be called in; two weeks of treatment would follow—to no good purpose of course; and then the physician's ultimatum ordering me off to The Castle would be spread, imperious and irresistible, upon my office desk.

The Castle was a quaint, old-fashioned summer resort, hiding away in the forests that climb the sides of Azure Glen, one of the most charming and picturesque valleys of the eastern Adirondacks. Not modern, but old-home comforts abounded at The Castle and drew to it year after year with ever increasing attraction, a group of those professional men and women of the metropolis, who, like myself, sought for their over-wrought nervous system a leisure unhaunted by business pre-occupations, and undisturbed by those social functions that had grown so popular at the more ambitious summer resorts of our lake and sea coast. The hotel, with its wide-stretching acres of meadow and woodland—chiefly nut trees—occupied the summit of a table-land that jutted out into the valley. Two towers, decidedly medieval in suggestion, were all that could be seen of the hotel by the prospective guest as he mounted the slowly rising, angular, valley road, in the old, apple-green coach, one of those time-out-of-mind appurtenances of The Castle that were annually repaired and repainted but never superseded. No doubt these towers were responsible not only for the name of the resort, but also for that atmosphere of mystery that seemed to hover over the building and grounds. The Castle had been the home of a wealthy lady. She was unaccountably slain in her chamber one night, and for years after, it was believed by the simple folk of the valley that the Crawford mansion was haunted. Mysterious noises had been heard in the house by those passing it late of nights. The thought of purchasing the manor never once entered the minds of the valley folk. A New York hostelryman, less credulous than these, chanced to visit the valley one summer with view to purchasing land. He changed his mind; and despite the whispered counsels, advices, urgings of the neighbors he bought the house that had been the home of those ghostly noises and lights. Long before the trees had lost their foliage that autumn the rap-tap of the hammer, the pushing, pulling hiss of the saw were heard in the Crawford mansion. The painters succeeded to the carpenters in spring; and before

parture "The Castle Hotel" was writ in great red and blue letters above the newly built entrance.

During my annual vacations at The Castle I made a host of acquaintances, some of whom still hold cozy corners in my affections; others made such lasting impression on my memory by their personal traits, attractive or repellent, that I recall them involuntarily at each reminiscence of The Castle. One of these acquaintances has furnished me with food for conjecture for many years. She was a tall lady, slightly under middle age—if I may venture an estimate on this treacherous matter; delightfully entertaining as a conversationalist, and, to my best judgment, highly educated. Not the least attractive of her personal traits was the wholly impersonal character of her discourse. Though I was quite curious to learn some details of her personal history, and even questioned her in this matter to the limit of decorum; yet I had to admit that, all told, I was not much the wiser for all my inquiries.

One evening we were seated on the balcony with a goodly number of our fellow guests, discussing topics furnished by the latest papers from the City. One of the ramifications of the conversation carried us back to the murder of Mrs. Crawford, and, as was natural to her subsequent visitations at The Castle. Our host was present and made several manifest attempts to change the conversation from a subject that he must certainly have regarded as hostile to his financial interests. My friend, Miss Manning, as she registered, scouted the very idea of ghostly apparitions. She held the negative, we the positive of the debate, which came to a rather abrupt conclusion when she launched out into the depths of philosophy—and we unable to follow—to prove that all our well authenticated facts were impossible of occurrence.

When we separated for the night, dark clouds had gathered in the West, and the sultry atmosphere foretold a storm. I lay restless in my bed for a few hours listening to the low thunder as it echoed about in the mountains. Deep silence held sway in The Castle; without, the wind began to sigh dismally. An owl had taken his perch in one of the tall pine trees near by, and occasionally sent forth into the dark night its dreary, ominous screech, the sound of which conjured up into my unwelcoming memory all the tales of ghost and witch it had ever been my evil fortune to listen to. So vivid were my recollections of these weird fables that at times I thought I heard an unearthly moan proceeding from the agonizing throat of some one in the hotel. Were my ears the dupe of my over-wrought imagination? or did they record actual vibrations of the air? I never have been able to answer these questions to my complete satisfaction. I remember, however, how earnestly I strove to banish from my mind the thought of the murdered woman's ghost; and how persistently that most unwelcomed concept insisted upon abiding with me. "Dear old Broadway," I soliloquized, "how glad I'd be, could I quit this dreary place and lose myself in your

tumult of men and your maze of figures!" Indeed, I realized in those dreadful, and seemingly endless hours, how much satisfaction I had always found in mingling with those masses of humanity that ceaselessly flood this mecca of business life. How often had I not listened with deep contentment to the ceaseless hum of unintelligible sounds that rose from the passing multitudes beneath!

But I was soon recalled from my reveries of Broadway to the dreaded reality of my present situation by that awful and agonizing moan as of a soul in the throes of despair; and quick upon that dreaded moan would follow, ever and anon, the owl's plaintive hoot; then a flash of quivering lightning; the soul-quaking thunder would roll down the mountain from the cleaven atmosphere, its long reverberations softening into a silence as complete and as dreadful as that the dead live in. I felt that this agony must soon lift off of my soul, and in this hope I was cheering on my fortitude to renewed effort, when there broke in upon one of those periods of postmortem silence the solemn, silvered tones of an enormous hall-clock. To my excited imagination its every stroke sounded like the tolling of a funeral knell. I counted each of them; by the time the twelfth had stricken, I was in distinctively male attire, determined to investigate the cause of this dreadful moan that had grown with frequent repetition, into a prolonged and torturing wail.

I opened my door cautiously and with abated breath ventured into the corridor. I picked my way along the wall slowly, noiselessly, reconnoitering fore and aft at each new step lest the terrible phantom come upon me unawares. As I drew near a narrow hall, leading to the tower stairway, I noticed that there must be a light in it and hastened my steps. I entered the dingy passage, and there at its further end, a few steps above the landing, stood a female figure in white. A night-lamp burning dimly on the staircase threw its throbbing light upon the spectre, as she stood wringing her hands most pitifully. I had looked but a moment upon her when there happened a blinding flash of lightning, a deafening peal of thunder, then silence and total darkness. What had happened to the night-lamp, what had become of the figure in white, I never learned. I did not care to investigate any further into the matter that night, but hastened back to my room without taking half the precaution that marked my sallying forth. Once I had securely bolted my door I felt quite secure, and amid mingled feelings of apprehension and incredulity I resolved to return to my hastily abandoned cot and make a new effort at sleep.

I succeeded pretty well for the sun was shining upon my bed when I awoke. One hour later a telegram was handed to me at the breakfast table demanding my immediate return to New York. There was no time to lose if I was to catch the 9:17 A.M. train. My grips were soon in readiness, and a slight financial consideration given to Ned, the driver of the apple-green coach, induced him to punish his meager horses into such a

trot as brought me to the station in time to secure my ticket and check my baggage. Ned was very considerate for his team, and, apologizing for those that could make no apology for themselves, he explained that they had already made the trip to the station that morning, carrying Miss Manning and her several trunks, valises and boxes. He could give no reason for her hasty departure, but stated that she was extremely nervous, and had refused to see any of the guests of The Castle although the proprietor had suggested it, mentioning my name in particular. For weeks after my arrival in the city I kept casting about in my mind for an explanation of Miss Manning's conduct toward me. A clew came to me late in November most unexpectedly.

The routine of the day had wearied me; supper was over; I felt disinclined to return to my room; I purchased a cigar and strolled aimlessly into Madison Avenue. In passing the Lyric Theater my attention was attracted by the large posters announcing that Grace Wellington, one of America's foremost tragediennes was to play Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's master tragedy that evening. My decision was not long in forming. I entered the theater just as the curtain was rising. Miss Wellington had her audience spell-bound from the very start. Scene after scene of that awe-inspiring drama passed before my staring vision. Macbeth, instigated by his ambitious wife commits the terrible murder, and the tortures of retribution follow fast upon their crime. Lady Macbeth is giving way under the terrible pressure of gnawing remorse. She has become a victim of somnambulism. How awful the scene as she enters on the dimly lighted stage places her candle on the balustrade of the massive stairway, and gives vent to the terrible tortures of her soul. But that voice . . . those moanings. . . . Where had I heard them before? And where had I seen those chiseled features, and that vain washing of hands? The voice was unmistakably that of the spectre that stood on the stairs the last midnight I had spent in the haunted Castle. But I had not seen the features of the spectre; they were veiled in her flowing hair! Yet the moment I had looked at the posters, Miss Wellington's features seemed as those of a friend I knew. Yes, they were known to me; Miss Wellington in professional life, Miss Manning in vacation, were but two phases of one existence. But how account for her conduct on that night of horrors at The Castle? Could it possibly have been a case of somnambulism, and had I assisted at Grace Wellington's, alias Mary Manning's first appearance?

ALBERT ZENGERLE, '09.





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Thanksgiving The return of the great national holy day, when all true Americans are invited to render thanks to Divine Providence for the benefits bestowed upon the nation during the past year, reminds us of a personal obligation that no student of St. Mary's should overlook. Let us render thanks especially for the grand opportunity of receiving a good Christian education which has been given to us, when it is withheld from so many others, and which will fit us, if we take advantage of it, for the arduous duties of life and make us become influential factors in the spread of our religion and the growth of our country.

Our Retreat The opportunity given to us in the beginning of the school year to devote a few days to serious reflection, is a favor that we cannot value too highly. A business man who is desirous to meet with success takes an inventory of his affairs in January, and judiciously outlines his policy for the coming year. The student begins his work anew in September, and it is in the natural course of things that he, too, should make a reckoning of his accounts of the preceding year. The work of balancing our accounts this year was greatly facilitated through the kind assistance and able direction of Rev. Father Benedict, C. P., who, by his apostolic eloquence as well as by the charm of his personality, found a ready entrance into the hearts of all.

Our sincere and hearty thanks to Father Benedict for the good work he accomplished in our midst.

Several uncalled for objections were set forth by the "St. Vincent's College Student," in its criticism of an article on Esperanto, which appeared in the March issue of the EXPONENT. After avowing his reluctance "to disturb the pleasant dreams of the over-expectant," the critic "goes" for our article. We do not object to criticism, when it is justified; but, as St. Vincent's critic remarks, "Truth must not cater to the whims of fancy." "The Student" continues: "Unless the term universal can be so reconstructed as not to mean universal there will never be a language deserving that title." Here we would register an objection. It is true that we made use of the term "universal language," but our critic seems to overlook the fact that in the same sentence we defined our term in these words, "A universal language is one which, by its practical utility, would facilitate international communication—political, commercial, and social." This statement is apparently corroborated by our critic when he affirms that "merchants, diplomats, and courts may adopt Esperanto, but to assume that nations will is rash presumption." If merchants adopt Esperanto, it is thereby facilitating commercial intercourse; if diplomats and courts adopt it, it is facilitating political and social intercourse. As to the last part of the assertion, in regard to nations adopting Esperanto, we would quote from our previous article: "The object of Esperanto is not to supplant the mother tongues of the various countries of the globe. Its sole aim is to act as an accessory, and to become a uniting international language."

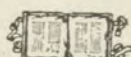
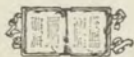
Recently, an international congress of Esperantists was held in the very heart of classic England, Cambridge. The mayor of Cambridge addressed the assembly in Esperanto with marked fluency. Seventeen hundred men and women from all parts of the world composed the congress, ranging in education from doctors of divinity to undergraduates, all enthusiastic over the new language. A prominent figure at the convention was Doctor Zamenhof, the Polish oculist, who invented the new language. From all appearances, Esperanto is gaining ground, and, moreover, receiving the "glad hand" from numerous periodicals, notwithstanding the protests of the S. V. C. Student.

Affairs in France are apparently quiet; but "still waters run deep." We recently received a communication from an American clergyman who belongs to the EXPONENT family, and who is at present traveling in Europe. On his return from the Eternal City he directed his course to the little town of Basancon, in the east of France, where years ago he had made his classical studies. The Rev. Father tells us in an interesting letter of the visit he paid to his old stamping grounds. He could in memory recall the good times of his college days, the faces of his old friends and kind professors, but only in

memory, for "now, at the college, all is silent and deserted, and even some of the windows on the side of the square are smashed." On the main door he found a huge red poster announcing the property to be sold at public auction. On that very day the city was celebrating a "Feast of Education," a jubilee gotten up solely in honor of godless training. "To see the people all take part in it," says our correspondent, "and seemingly to enjoy it to their heart's content, really argues not well for the future of France." Then again, "even on the walls of the venerable cathedral are posted huge bills announcing a "Feast of Free Thought, to be celebrated in the city and the neighboring towns." Streets that heretofore were named after saints, no longer bear these inspiring names; they have been designated by terms more in accord with the ideas of the godless men that are rushing the country headlong to its ruin.

Throughout the whole of France, conditions are similar. To the casual observer it may appear that the government has suspended hostilities; but from information gleaned from this personal communication, they are pursuing their diabolical work in a more quiet, but at the same time more effective manner. Indeed, they have all prospects to go a long way in their wicked designs, because of the listless character of the people. The French appear to be a very light-minded, superficial, and inconsistent race. Ceremonies, music, beautiful paintings, and other externals appeal to them. They celebrate with child-like piety the First Communion Days of their children, and when election time rolls around, they vote the Socialistic ticket, which puts into power such infidel demagogues as Briand, Clemenceau, and the rest of their tribe. Truly this is a striking contradiction. Easter, for them, brings freedom from toil, supposedly to perform their Easter duties, but, for the majority it is a time of fetes, masques, and licentious pleasures; yet in their next breath they contract a spasm of piety, and one is embarrassed to find any consistency in their character. The real fault is that they are not well grounded in the elementary and wholesome principles of faith and ethics, which do not tolerate any "monkey business" in connection with religious duties. If the French would have their much vaunted "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," they must penitently call back and reënthrone the God they boast to have banished from the schools, the universities, and the prisons. Proud France has struck from her coins the ancient and pious phrase, "God Protect France," and that ill-fated country will never experience the meaning of true "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," until to the outraged Almighty the words, "God Protect France," are once more sent on high in all humility by "The Eldest Daughter of the Church."

F. M.





In Your Charity
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of



Robert J. Regan,

Graduate of the Class '06,
who died at Dayton, Ohio, on Oct. 21, 1907,
in the 20th year of his age.

It has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to call to a better life, one who had hardly left the sacred precincts of St. Mary's to take up the battle of life. His memory is still fresh in the minds of the present student body, who recall how, during the last year of his stay at the Institute they were startled by the report that he was on the point of death, and how, after many prayers were offered for him, he recovered. The same insidious disease attacked him three times and up till the last the doctors had some slight hope of the success of an operation. He was informed of this, and as at every attack, prepared himself for the worst by the devout reception of the Last Sacraments. Thus on the fatal Monday he received the consolation of our holy Faith with the best dispositions. The operation took place at St. Elizabeth's Hospital but it was seen at once there was no hope and, after regaining consciousness, he expired at five minutes before midnight, on Monday, October 21.

Robert registered at St. Mary's on September 4, 1900, and attended the regular course for six years. In 1901 he received his First Holy Communion at the Institute Chapel. During his stay he proved a general favorite, winning many friends by his exemplary conduct, his piety, cheerfulness, his love of duty and his diligent study. He was a member of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, of the Holy Name Society, and of the Athletic Association and a Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart.

A large number of members of the Faculty and students of St. Mary's called at the residence to pray before his remains, and the President and many Old Boys attended the funeral, the Alumni acting as pall bearers. He was buried from St. Joseph's church, where he had been engaged as an usher at Holy Mass on the day preceding his death. We extend our sympathy to his brother ARTHUR, 07, and to his bereaved mother, who is losing, in her first born, a most devoted son, and we earnestly beg our readers to remember him in their prayers.

May His Soul Rest In Peace.

—Harry J. Ansbury, '08.



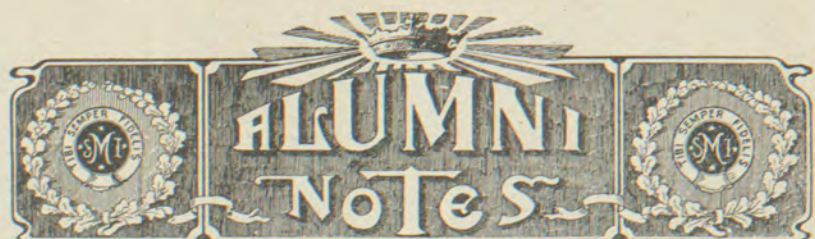
The Alumni at the Impressive Closing Services of the Annual Retreat



THE ABOVE CUT represents 50 of the 400 who attended the touching services of Thursday morning, October 3, when the Annual Retreat closed with a general Communion and the solemn renewal of the Holy Name Pledge. That our Alumni take a lively interest in all the great movements of their Alma Mater was evidenced by the presence of four of them at this celebration, HARRY FINKE, '02, CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06, THEODORE HOLLENCAMP, '99, and the senior Alumnus, RUDOLPH SCHNEBLE, '88. In their midst stands Father Benedict, of the Passionist Order, the eloquent missionary who did untold good during the three days that St. Mary's secluded itself from worldly matters.

To the rear are some of the students who have just left the dining room after enjoying a bounteous repast. Many of them are sons and brothers of the Alumni and other Old Boys; such as, the Kempers, the Mahoneys, the Freemans, the Hackmans, the Sambergs, the Quigleys, the Jacobys, the Wagners, the Puskamps, the Meyers, the Kochs, and the Roemers. To the right is given a glimpse of the Old Boys new home, Alumni Hall, whilst to the left is the cozy Sanctum of THE EXPONENT. The photograph was taken at the north entrance to Chaminade Hall.

—M. A. Daugherty, '09



HERE AND THERE

BY HARRY J. ANSBURY, '08.

June 23, 1908 That the "Reunion" idea, suggested by Michael J. Coughlin, '74, of Champaign, Ill., and Chauncey Yockey, '95, of Milwaukee, has made strong appeal to the Old Boys and to the graduates is evidenced by the favorable comments that have reached the Alumni Editor. All agree that these reunions are just the thing they have been looking for these many years. The joy that comes from the hand-shake of one who, fifty years ago, sat beside you on the old wooden benches is not lightly to be foregone. This joy will be yours, Old Boys, on June 23, 1908. Your Alma Mater will gratefully receive and kindly consider every suggestion you may see fit to send to her through the Alumni Editor. Don't fear to ask too much, for she is determined that your reunions shall be gala days, days that shall cheer the evening of your lives. But she cannot do it alone. You must help. Get busy. Send postals to your school companions of the '50's and secure a promise from them that they will shake hands with you at S. M. I. on June 23, '08. If you need addresses, write us; if you have the address of Old Boys of the '50's please send them to the Alumni Editor, for some of these addresses are still missing in our directory.

One Old Boy suggested that the Reunion of '08 include all Old Boys that attended S. M. I. up to 1880. Up to that date, 2,660 boys attended St. Mary's. We fear that the committees would find it difficult to make the day agreeable for "such a bunch." And you know the watchword of the reunion is, "All the living members of our class are here."

What suggestion would you make for the program and the menu?

Write! Write! Write! Write! Write! Write!

In Honeymoondom

'97

On Sunday, September 29, the Alumni Editor entertained MATT. BLUMENTHAL, '97, and wife, who were home-ward bound after a most delightful trip, including Pittsburg, where they met FRED. ("Unser Fritz") NEUMANN, '94, Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry, where they visited John Brown's Cottage, Jamestown, but were disappointed in the Exposition, Elizabeth, N. J.,

Coney Island, Dreamland, Luna Park, New York, Albany, up the Hudson to the Palisades, and last but not least St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio. Amid all the excitement of the trip, Matt. did not forget his friends at S. M. I., as is evidenced by the numerous postal cards and letters which reached the Alumni Editor and others.

'02 St. John's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on September 18, when Rev. Father Franz joined in holy wedlock our Old Boy, Lawrence J. Hand, '02, and Miss Beatrice Ritzler. Lawrence is well known in Dayton, where he is engaged in the plumbing business. After a delightful honeymoon spent with friends at Columbus, the couple took up their residence at 545 Euclid Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, where they will await all of Lawrence's Old Boy friends who wish to enjoy right royal hospitality.

'04 MORGAN TRAINOR, of the '04 bunch, with a thoughtfulness worthy of a loyal Alumnus, also included his Alma Mater on his honeymoon itinerary. He spent a goodly portion of Thursday, October 3, demonstrating *ad oculos* to his wife, the erstwhile Miss Grace D'Light Kerst, that all the good things he told her about S. M. I. were not over-estimations of the truth. Morgan, by the way, is a benedict of recent date; his marriage on September 28, last, was no doubt as much a surprise at home as abroad. Before bidding adieu to St. Mary's, Morgan left messages of well-wishing for his classmates and several Old Boys, in the keeping of Brother Rush. Morgan's fame as a pitcher is still fresh in the minds of the students, who join with the Alumni Editor in wishing him God's choicest blessings in his new state of life.

ALUMNI CHRONICLE

BY CLARENCE STOECKLEIN, '08.

The ever growing number of Old Boy visitors to S. M. I. proves to a conclusion that there is a winning grace about their Alma Mater which, quite unlike feminine beauty, grows with age. She welcomes all her children back to the home of their early education with all the warmth begotten of maternity. She takes pride in those of her sons whose success in life is stamped with "honor bright." For those that struggle on under the cheery smiles of good Dame Fortune, she has a word of encouragement. And for those whose sky is leaden, into whose life the invigorating sunlight of prospective success does not shine, she has a mother's sympathy that is a balm to wounded feelings and a stay to drooping hope. So don't leave your features grow unfamiliar at S. M. I., Old Boys. At this season when Foot Ball is up to bat and Basket Ball on deck, there are additional reasons why you should be seen at S. M. I.

Gleanings From the Alumni Editor's Memoranda

September 15:

Chas. Hollenkamp, '95, came out to see whether all was well with his Alma Mater, and, after a delightful hour spent with members of the Faculty, left satisfied that it was O. K. with her.

William Schmuelling, '84, of Cincinnati, brought his family with him to pass the day at S. M. I. Will still holds vivid recollections of the fire of '83, and of the times that followed it.

Carl Hanauer, '06, with his friend, Arthur H. Wagnitz, came to assist at Vespers. Mr. Wagnitz, who is remembered by the fans of a few years ago as the star twirler of the N. C. R. team, had received his First Holy Communion in the morning, being a recent convert to our Holy Faith.

Wandering through the park and buildings we sighted among the host of visitors to S. M. I. to-day, L. EDGAR ORENDORF, '99, Secretary of the Alumni Association; Frank H. Kronauge, '92, the architect of the beautiful Jubilee Monument to the Immaculate Conception; JOSEPH FERNEDING and ALOYS SCHAEFER, of the Class '06, and Frank Wickham, '07, of Springfield, who has been succeeded at the Institute by Wickham No. 3.

September 18:

A post-card bearing the simple inscription, "Your friend, Doctor Averdick," arrived this A. M. from Jamestown. What a volume of loyalty that word *friend* connotes when it stands between "S. M. I." and "Doctor AVERDICK"!

September 21:

GUSTAVUS DECKER, '89, told us in his own inimitable way his experiences as a night-school grammar master to Decker, Jr., now of the Institute.

September 22:

CHARLES P. SCHUMACHER, '02, John P. Kemper, '04, J. CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06, and LOUIS MOOSBRUGER, '99, spent the afternoon with the Faculty.

September 26:

Rev. John Feldman, '63, after passing a pleasant morning with one of his young parishioners, had the rare delight of assisting at a game of ball in which his fellow clergymen did credit to their former selves by defeating the varsity team.

Among the numerous fans at this game we noticed Howard W. Makley, '01, and Charles W. Maloney, '99.

September 27:

Among those loyal Old Boys who have always manifested great enthusiasm in the sports of their Alma Mater we were pleased to note the following who came out to assist at the Athletic Rally upon the above date: EDGAR ORENDORF, '99, ROBERT HAYES, '03, who, in the course of a well-delivered speech gave some sound advice to those in the same position in which he was himself some years ago, BERNARD FOCKE, '02, ROBERT REGAN, '06, CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06, HARRY FINKE, '02, and EARL SMITH, '07.

September 29:

Adolph Scheble, '01, came to report about his first business venture in Cleveland after leaving the Gem City.

Ferdinand Rabe, '92, and family, visited friends at his Alma Mater, and reserved a place for his oldest hopeful.

W. L. Jackle, a rising young architect of Dayton, was here to examine the prospects of his Alma Mater in regard to the erection of a new building.

ARTHUR REGAN, '07, paid a visit to the Faculty.

September 30:

HARRY FINKE, '02, who has been surveying in the vicinity of S. M. I., has been a frequent visitor at the Institute. Alma Mater would like to have all her sons thus close to home. Harry called on business.

October 3:

At the solemn services of the closing of the Annual Retreat we were pleased to recognize the following old familiar faces: RUDOLPH G. SCHNEBLE, '88, who now holds the distinction of being the oldest Alumnus in point of age, HARRY FINKE, '02, THEODORE HOLLENCAMP, '99, J. CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06.

October 5:

Mr. W. H. Wagner, '74, with his wife and brother, arrived from Sidney just in time to see Mathias do some foot-ball stunts from his central position behind the line. No doubt the Wagner automobile will put in at S. M. I. on more than one Saturday between now and Thanksgiving.

October 6:

After many years of absence, Mr. Frank Nipgen, '69, wandered back to the "Old School." His visit was an eye-opener for Frank. His "Old School" was still here. But then there was so much more; and the "more" was so much better.

Sunday is always a busy day for the Alumni Editor, for it brings back the Old Boys in goodly numbers to the scene of their early triumphs. No doubt many of these Old Boy visitors get into and out of the grounds without the Editor laying his eyes on them. Were seen to-day: W. E. Hilgerink, '07, of Fostoria, Ohio, who is bookkeeping in the Fostoria Bank; LOUIS E. MOOSBURGER, '99, Ben. Schaeffer, '99, then of Piqua, now of Dayton; Jos. J. Osterday, '69, with his son Clarence; RICHARD BURKHARD, Jr., '92, and son; and Robert Horstmann, '07, of Covington.

Late in the afternoon, there drove up to the Institute entrance, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fries. Carl, '07, had been telling his wife so many good things about S. M. I. that he wanted to prove the truthfulness of his statements and show Mrs. Fries why his love for his Alma Mater never grew cold. Visiting the Alumni Hall later in the evening, we found that Carl had been there, too, for on the table lay a slip of paper that recorded Carl as a paid up subscriber to the EXPONENT for '07-'08.

October 10:

A letter reached us from the City Auditor's Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the date, October 9, 1907. We quote from it: "You are to be complimented upon the splendid manner in which THE EXPONENT is edited. It is an index to the high character of the work carried on by the Institute."—(Signed) THOS. COUGHLIN, '93. It is cheering to learn through the mail that Old Boys read the EXPONENT with a critical eye, rejoice in its success, and are interested enough in it to offer a suggestion.

By the way, Old Boys, MR. COUGHLIN, '93, and VIRGIL TERRELL, '00, are running for office on the Tom Johnson ticket. We wish them all the success they deserve. Cleveland will have two conscientious and able men in our two Old Boys.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

BY OLIVER SMITH, '09.

Au Bord de la We are still in touch with our Alumnus, BARNEY KIRCH-
Libre Sarine NER, '01. His latest postal tells of the royal reception accorded him by the American Colony at Fribourg, Switzerland. This colony now counts six former students of S. M. I.: W. C. TREDTIN, S.M., '95, A. B. HEIDER, S.M., '01, U. J. RAPPEL, S.M., '02, L.

A. YESKE, S.M., '02, JOSEPH TETZLAFF, S.M., '05, and Arthur L. Zuber, '09. John A. Ryan, S.M., of last year's Faculty, is also a member of the colony. What about an Alumni Association at Fribourg? Thanks for the kindly, cheering criticism of our efforts on the EXPONENT.

At the Michigan University From a quarter nearer home comes most agreeable news—news that will delight the heart of every loyal Alumnus and Old Boy of S. M. I. It is another recognition of an S. M. I. sheep-skin as a thing of value. Read this: "At present I am located here in Michigan University. I like the school and the work. I felt extremely thankful to the Faculty of St. Mary's when I found that Michigan University readily accepted my degree thereby making me exempt from all examinations. Your loyal Alumnus,

REX EMERICK."

Music in the Gem City An event that attracted no small degree of attention and elicited criticism that was favorable to a degree, was the musical recital given by the pupils of EDWARD MORITZ, '05. The Moritz homestead was taxed to its utmost capacity by his eager patrons. Selections from Leybach and Lange were conspicuous. But the hit of the evening was the "Gem City March" for the composition of which Ed. is largely responsible.



Everybody Reads the Exponent Old Boys in a hurry to read the latest Alumni Notes will henceforth find the EXPONENT on file after the 28th of each month at the following book stores:

Alderman's Book Shop, formerly Kile's, 21 West Fifth Street.

Catholic Library Store, 411 East Fifth Street.

U. B. Publishing House, 21 East Fourth Street.

N. B. The officers of the Athletic Association have requested us to remind the Alumni and Old Boys when coming to the Football games to bring with them their season ticket and their voices.

—Editor Alumni Notes.



HIGHEST HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER

Collegiate Department

Senior Letters	Frank Morris, 96; Wm. O'Connor, 95
Junior Letters	Ferd Koch, 97; John Georges, 96
Sophomore Letters	Walter Roemer, 96; Frank Biendl, 95
Freshman Letters	Walter Steffen, 95; Anthony Tague, 90
Senior Science	Clarence Stoecklein, 91; Walter Stelzer, 91
Junior Science	Chas. Wagner, 96; Jos. Seidensticker, 96
Sophomore Science	Hans Amann, 95; Wilfried Walter, 94
Freshman Science	Alfred Friedrichs, 96; L. Strattner, 95; P. Schad, 95

Business Department

Business II	Rich. W. Scheiber, 97; Paul Scheiber, 95
Business I	Walt Norris, 99; J. Fleming, 97; R. de Castro, 97

High School

Fourth Year	Leo Clark, 94; Claude Frederick, 92
Third Year	Robert Myers, 97; Alvin Sibila, 96; Leo Schmitt, 96
Second Year	Marc. Schmidt, 97; Alph. Mahrt, 96; G. Gonzalez, 96
First Year—A	Fred Sturm, 98; Thomas Fleming, 97
First Year—B	Frank Holters, 95; Ritner Eiben, 93

Preparatory Department

Eighth Grade	Henry Holters, 94; Carl Heinkel, 92
Seventh Grade	Lawrence Sacksteder, 97; Herman Kirschner, 93
Sixth Grade	Frank Feuerstein, 97; Carlos Diaz, 96
Fifth Grade	Albert Herres, 95; Edward Heeter, 91

CHRONICLE

Although the warm summer days, with the attendant pleasures derived from the beauties of Nature, have given place to the chilly blasts of cold October and November winds, still dreariness is an unknown quantity at S. M. I. It seems as if Nature presents a smiling countenance just long enough to cheer up any possible homesick lads, and then, when her task is done, she gives way to the rigors of a cold season. It is just at this time

of the year that various things of interest present themselves to the students. From the opening of the school year down into October, time is taken up with breaking into the regime of College Life, and no special "doings" are on the program. At this time, however, the beginning of football, and later, of basket-ball, the organization of various societies and literary circles, the more thorough comprehension of what is expected of us in class; these all combine to make life interesting and happy, so much so that we hardly have time to notice changes in Nature. So at the time of writing we find the students all busily interested in sports and study. On all the playgrounds no one is idle. Those not actively engaged in a game of football can be seen warming up in signal practice, kicking, passing, or running, and after an hour's energetic exercise on the campus the spirit of study again takes possession of all the boys.

Improvements Since the boys have returned, the vast improvements started during vacation have well-nigh reached their completion. Visitors who have occasion to come up the old lane now revolutionized into Stewart Street, will admire the cement paving on both sides of the street. And if old friends should happen to come around at night, they will be agreeably surprised in being able to see, where formerly they had to feel their way. This has been made possible by three arc lights on Stewart Street, from Alberta to the S. M. I. grounds. Water plugs have also been installed as fire protection, along the street and in the Institute park. A new driveway has been cut through the park, and cement curbing will drain the water from rains. We are sure that next spring, when the foliage and grass is again green, and when the beautiful flowers again distill their fragrant perfumes, St. Mary's will have increased its beauty wonderfully.

On Friday, September 27, the students of St. Mary's **Football Rally** assembled in the Institute gymnasium to take part in the grand football rally, which formally opened the season. An interesting program, consisting of speeches relieved by well-played musical selections, made the rally an interesting one. After the reading of the "Historical Review of S. M. I. Athletic Association," by Secretary Frank Morris, the central figure in S. M. I. athletics, Dr. J. G. Freshour, coach of S. M. I.'s victorious eleven last year, spoke as follows:

"From the number present at this meeting and the enthusiasm displayed I take it that this college wishes to enter again that greatest of all American college games with a renewed vim and determination to win. Success crowned our efforts of one year ago most gloriously. Whether that success has benefited you, morally, socially, physically, and financially, I am most happy and thoroughly satisfied to leave to you.

"I congratulate this college with its president, and other officials at its head, for being so awake to the crying need of that factor in college experience which instills so much of enthusiasm into the lives of the student, energy into the professor and pride into the hearts of the graduate.

"The benefits of college athletics you have realized for years past and you know that they are indispensable.

"But one short year of the grand old game has opened before you a new field for action. You have demonstrated to my satisfaction your whole heartedness in matters athletic. It is gratifying to see you taking hold of the game that has withstood the fires of criticism and still remains head and shoulders above all other athletic sports as a colleg game.

"Get into the game and stay there. It has helped other schools wonderfully, why not yours?

"Does the game appeal to any here as foolish child's play? Try it, my friend, and you will experience the most strenuous mother's knee game in your past history. I have seen and heard our bombastic friend crying out with a loud voice against the evils of football, and you can put it down that he has been either too cowardly to play the game or has never attended a school where they had such sport.

"Old maids generally can give advice to mothers as to the raising of their children. Old bachelors are authority on household affairs and the gas bag ignoramus gives points upon the government and running of a college. He is one of those "Seen," "Went," and "Done" propositions who before he finishes will use "Have come" with the greatest gusto.

"Experience should be our teacher or we should take the word of those who have had that teaching. Find that man of experience and he it is who carries the football banner and praises its influence.

"This is a man's game from start to finish, and the weak sniveling coward or the over-grown thick-head has no place there. We have seen examples of both at the blow of the whistle, shaking like an aspen leaf, pale as death, and I guess one wishes he were dead. Wooden men driven into the ground will stay where they are placed, until you wish to move them, while the coward will kill himself trying to get out of danger's way.

"The day of bull-headed strength has passed. Brains, quick, active, steady, and determined are the requirements now. Show me the man having withstood the test of college training and I will show you one who will not balk at the obstacles in his struggle for a livelihood; accuse him of being a star football player during his college days and you fail absolutely to discover a blush of shame. He is proud of the fact. You are endeavoring to make men within these college walls. Why not promote that phase of the making which is most essential? There is no place for the immoral. There is no room for the mentally and physically weak. There is no place for the socially starved.

"As an influence for all these and more, the game stands. Altogether they encourage the brave fellows who are to carry our colors to victory this year. May they win and never lose.

'Ah! game that fills our souls with fiery zest,
We hail thee king of all the rest.'"

The enthusiastic spirit of Doctor Freshour was communicated to all present, and his words were warmly applauded. An impromptu number on the program was the reading of an encouraging letter received by Doctor Freshour from Wm. Schoen, '07, of Chicago, who figured prominently in S. M. I. athletics during the last two years.

John Costello, '08, Vice-President of the Athletic Association, then expressed to Doctor Freshour the thanks of the Association, and of the student body at large, for his interesting lecture, and also for his kindness in again offering his services as coach for the coming year.

Robert Hayes, '03, in behalf of the Alumni, assured the students of the warm support of the Alumni, and encouraged the new team to follow the example of '07's victorious eleven.

Rev. Louis A. Tragesser, President of St. Mary's Institute, concluded the meeting by expressing his satisfaction at the enthusiasm manifested, and assured the Association of his hearty coöperation and support.

Following the rally, the football squad were ushered onto the gridiron by the student body, and the first practice under their able coach was engaged in.

Visitors On October 17 and 18, Rev. Joseph Gefell, his brother, Rev. John Gefell, and their cousin, Rev. Bernard Gefell, all of the diocese of Rochester, were the guests of Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly and Brother Joseph Walter. The Reverend Visitors expressed themselves as delighted with their short sojourn at the College, and declared that, of all the institutions of learning they had visited during their trip through the Middle West, none could compare with S. M. I.

To judge from the extensive Chronicle of the Fourth **Fourth Division** Division, there is always "plenty doing" among these lads.

On every Thursday following the one of the Indian fight, which was recorded in the October EXPONENT, something of special interest was done. We quote from the Chronicle of the Division, on whose staff appear the names of Stanley Gleeson, Henry Holters, Julian Vandenbrock, and Henry Wickham.

WALK TO THE BLUFFS: "While the boys of other divisions were spending their nickels at Soldiers' Home and Lakeside Park, we Fourth Division boys wended our way up to the Calvary Cemetery and the Bluffs.

We toiled up the somewhat steep roads in the cemetery, crossed the fence, and were out on the Bluffs overlooking Dayton. St. Mary's could be seen in the distance, as also the few skyscrapers that are found in Dayton. At our feet the Miami River and the canal flowed peacefully along, and the boys took some practice in throwing into the canal. On the way home one of the boys, Otto Krusling, captured a small snake, which he succeeded in charming, and he still, from time to time, exhibits the captive to interested spectators. On passing the little country schoolhouse and seeing the children within studying hard, we felt good that we were not in their place, and they must have wished to be in our boots. We fell in line for lunch when we reached home, and after a good swim we returned to the study hall to enjoy the comic songs heard in the graphophone.

HE STILL LIVES. "A certain boy in the Fourth Division, on a certain afternoon, ate a number of wild grapes, and then thought that he certainly was going to die; but, on being convinced by other lads that peppermint was a good antidote for poison, he got over his fears, and he's still alive and scratching.

OTHER STUNTS. "A potato roast was the all-important event of one Thursday afternoon. When the blazing fires died out the nicely-done potatoes were fished out of the embers and we "went them for fare you keeps."

Two other Thursday afternoons were taken up with a hunt for walnuts. The first place we went to was the scene of our Indian fight. Here we loaded sweaters and everything imaginable with the walnuts, and then, burdened as we were, we had to make a dash for home on account of rain.

On another day we were better prepared, and this time we went to a different woods. We had about twenty sacks with us. When we got to the place we found plenty of hulls, but the walnuts were missing. Somebody had been before us. However, we managed to gather about six sackfuls, and we started in to hull them at once.

And now we are washing and rubbing and doing everything else to make our hands again look natural."

JOS. SEIDENSTICKER, '09.

LITERARY NOTES

The students of the Sophomore Letters Class were the first to organize a class paper for the scholastic year '07-'08.

The officers of this journal are:

Vincent Vail	Editor-in-Chief
Walter Roemer	Literary Editor
Francis Biendl	Joke Editor
Linus Wissel	Sporting Editor
John O'Connell	Historian

The September issue was a success, being replete with interesting and instructive articles. "Our Inheritance and Its Use," an article regarding the choice of books to be read, teems with good suggestions. "Autumn Poetry," by F. Grundtisch, contains some clever reflections. The jokes are few but good. The Historian, J. O'Connell, furnished a humorous account of the doings of the class. The title page, by L. Wissel, is very artistic. There is a lack of stories in the paper; however, this being the initial number, the deficiency may be overlooked.

Business Circle

The Business Circle held their first meeting on October 15, 1907. After the roll call, the Secretary, Robert Moore, read his report and then gave a synopsis of the Constitution of the Circle. The President, Clarence Quigley, gave a very interesting talk on the value of a business training. Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly then urged the students to take the opportunity they have at S. M. I. to become proficient business men. Humorous recitations by Paul F. Scheiber and Leo H. Wolf were loudly applauded. Short speeches by Ellis Mayl, Paul Brunner, and Emmet White were well delivered. Rev. Louis A. Tragesser addressed the members, urging them not to pick out certain branches which they had a liking for, but to take up seriously the complete curriculum established by those who have had experience. He closed by wishing the Business Circle a happy and prosperous year. The next meeting of the Circle will take place the first week in December. The subject of Debate will be: *Resolved, That the average young man of to-day has greater opportunities to make life a success financially than his forefathers.*

MUSICAL NOTES

The year '07-'08 is to be a splendid one for music at St. Mary's. The teaching Faculty at present consists of seven members: Brother Louis Vogt, Professor of Violin, Director of the Band and Orchestra; Brother Robert Holzmer, Professor of Piano, Choir Master, and Organist; Brother Peter Schlitt, Professor of Cello; Mr. F. Moehring, Professor of Cornet, Leader of the N. C. R. Band; Mr. J. Jacobs, Professor of Clarinet, Solo Clarionetist of the Heidelberg Band; Mr. Otto L. Smith, Professor of Flute, Flute Player of the Lyric Orchestra; Mr. Zander, Professor of Slide Trombone, Solo Trombonist of the Soldiers' Home Band. Thus far about fifty pupils have been enrolled.

The first meeting of the S. M. I. Band Association was held Monday, October 4. The following officers were elected:

Edward Janszen	President
Wilbert Youngman	Vice-President

John Georges	Secretary
Richard Scheiber	Treasurer

The Band is progressing rapidly and feels assured that the music to be furnished for the Basket-ball games will be of a higher standard than preceding years. The members of the S. M. I. Band are:

Herbert Schmiedeke	Piccolo
Paul Scheiber	F flat Flute
Martin Kuntz	F Flute
Wilbert Youngman	Solo B flat Clarionet
John Georges	1st B flat Clarionet
Harry Ritter	2d B flat Clarionet
Albert Kranz	3d B flat Clarionet
Robert Diaz	Solo B flat Cornet
Marinus Pulskamp	Solo B flat Cornet
Raymond Pulskamp	1st B flat Cornet
Henry Plato	2d B flat Cornet
Carl Ritter	3d B flat Cornet
Charles Wagner	1st E flat Alto
August Weisenberger	2d E flat Alto
Leonard Poos	3d E flat Alto
George Gonzales	4th E flat Alto
Richard Scheiber	1st Trombone
Paul Singer	2d Trombone
Edward Janszen	Baritone
Ferdinand Koeh	Helicon
Ignatius Hart	Eb Tuba
Frank Huser	Snare Drum
C. F. Rulmann	Bass Drum

S. M. I. Orchestra

The Orchestra was organized in the first weeks of September, and gives indications of surpassing its rival, the S. M. I. Band. Many prefer the soothing effect of the string instruments to the blare of the brass. The Orchestra at present consists of the following members:

Frank Huser	1st Violin
Brother Bernard Heilker	1st Violin
C. F. Rulmann	1st Violin
Martin Kuntz	1st Violin
Raymond Pulskamp	1st Violin
Leonard Poos	2d Violin
Philip Fleck	2d Violin
Brother Joseph Walter	Viola

Brother Peter Schlitt	1st 'Cello
Walter Fleck	2d 'Cello
Brother John Hallameyer	Contra Bass
Herbert Schmiedeke	1st Flute
Paul Scheiber	2d Flute
John Georges	1st Clarionet
Harry Ritter	2d Clarionet
Robert Diaz	1st Cornet
Marinus Pulskamp	2d Cornet
Charles Wagner	1st Horn
August Weisenberger	2d Horn
Richard Scheiber	Trombone
Edward Janszen	B flat Bass
Wilbert Youngman	Clarionet or Piano
Brother Robert Holzmer	Piano

The Orchestra made its debut at the lecture given by Doctor Freshour, and was favorably received. The program rendered was:

1. March—"In Ranks and File."
2. Waltzes—"True Love."
3. Two-Step—"Echoes from Dixie."
4. Intermezzo—"Arrah Wanna?"
5. "Star-Spangled Banner."

JOHN P. GEORGES, '09.

RELIGIOUS NOTES

The Annual Retreat of the students of St. Mary's took place from September 30 to October 3. As in other years, it was placed under the special protection of Mary Immaculate, the Patroness of the College. The exercises were conducted by a Missionary of the Passionist Order, the Rev. Father Benedict, of Louisville, Ky. By his prudent choice of subjects and his eloquent and interesting manner in treating them, the Reverend Father made a lasting impression on the boys' minds. Following each of the three instructions given daily by the Missionary, the students repaired to their study halls to meditate upon the choice thoughts that had been presented to them. They were assisted in this part of the program by the Fathers and Brothers of the Collège, who likewise took active interest in the spiritual exercises of the Retreat, and who, by example and guidance, encouraged the boys in the good work.

Spiritual reading books were distributed among all the boys, and these also served as food for reflection and as means for keeping the spirit of the

Retreat fresh in each one's mind. The strict silence of the Retreat was relaxed only during the Recreations, which were enjoyed all the more on that account.

On Thursday, October 3, the solemn closing exercises were held in the Chapel. It must have been a gratifying sight for the Reverend Missionary and for the Father and Brothers of the College, when the four hundred boarding and day students approached the Holy Table almost to a man. And no doubt all those who had not as yet made their First Holy Communion expressed in the form of a Spiritual Communion their ardent desire to share the happiness of their older fellow students. After the Mass, the Reverend Missionary, in a few words, thanked the boys for the great zeal shown during the Retreat, and exhorted them to remain ever staunch and active Catholics. As a final advice, he held up to the students the observance of the Holy Name Pledge, entreating them, for the love of God and His Blessed Mother, never to defile their tongue with profane or impure language. He asked all those present who had the courage, to renew with him the Pledge of the Holy Name Society, and there was a unanimous response. Benediction was given as a last great favor of the Retreat.

The fruits of the Retreat are manifest in the renewed vigor of frequent communion, and in the general good conduct of the students.

The reorganization of the Holy Name Society took place on Saturday, October 12. The chief business on hand was the election of general officers of the Society. As a result of this election, the following students at once took charge of their respective offices:

John Costello, '08.....	President
Frank Morris, '08.....	Vice-President
Fred Hackman, '08.....	Secretary
Vincent Vail, '10.....	Treasurer
Jeremiah Costello, '09.....	Librarian

As in the preceding years, groups of from twelve to fifteen were formed to constitute the various branches, and a Brother or Priest assumed the duties of Moderator in each branch. The officers of the individual branches are as follows:

RESIDENT STUDENTS.

<i>No.</i>	<i>President</i>	<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>
1.	Wm. MacDonald	Fred Hackman	
2.	Vincent Vail	W. Youngman	Aloys Sibila
3.	Ed. Janszen	Paul Schad	L. Wolf
4.	Walter Fleck	Clarence Quigley	Claude Frederick
5.	Paul Singer	Paul Scheiber	Alf. Friedrichs

6. Edw. Zangerle	Alvin Sibila	M. Wagner
7. Rob. Mason	H. Kampp	Joseph Kelly
8. Paul Nugent	E. Snyder	Fred Harsch
9. Henry Klein	Leo Kranz	Cyril Vandenbrock
10. Jul. Vandenbrock	J. Madigan	Theodore Ducoing
11. Reich Droeger	A. Krusling	Walter Focke

NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS.

1. Frank Morris	C. Stoecklein	Jeremiah Costello
2. Jos. Walsh	John Ohmer	Wm. Weis
3. F. Schumacher	Lawrence Strattner	Frank Murphy
4. Ed. Satalia	Ellis Mayl	Walter Norris
5. Earl Ritzert	Robert Gray	E. Brandenburg
6. Alphonse Mahrt	Louis Rotterman	Aloys Vogel
7. Henry Klein	Clarence Blommel	H. Kiefaber
8. Frank Smith	James Cahill	F. Sullivan
9. Jas. Dowling	M. Wenz	L. Barlow
10. C. Heinkel	H. McCabe	F. Walsh
11. F. Hasenstab	L. Sachsteder	F. Krumm
12. Bernard Losh	H. Jordan	Foster Hahne

Sodalities

The Sodalists of the II. Division Resident Students boast of having one of the most artistic statues of our Blessed Lady that can be found about the Institute. To prove it, they cite the fact that in 1903, when the erection of the Jubilee Monument was contemplated, the statue in question was chosen as model for the one that was later so beautifully carved at the famous Carrara Marble Works in Italy. His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Henry Moeller, of Cincinnati, granted an indulgence of 100 days to all who devoutly say before the statue the words, "Hail, Mary."

The surroundings of this statue are likewise unique. A beautiful crescent of electric lights, designed by a Sodalist, G. B. Quatman, '06, is pointed out to every visitor as a thing of beauty. And now the Sodalists are proud of their altar on account of the latest artistic ornament which was recently added by the well-known decorator, Mr. Wm. J. Sherer. This latest addition was executed on the pillar immediately below the statue, and consists of an emblematic shield bearing the words, "Hail Mary." Upon seeing this shield, resplendent in its bright gold, and bearing a glittering star beneath the invocation, an Institute poet sweetly sang:

"HAIL MARY."

*Mary, be my guiding shield,
To thy refuge let me fly;
Do not let me weakly yield,
When the tempter draweth nigh.*

*Mary, be my guiding star,
Here on life's tempestuous sea;
Let me ever, near or far,
Trustingly look up to thee.*

*Mary, hail to thee, the Blest,
Queen and Mother of my soul!
May thy greetings be addressed
Unto me at Heaven's goal!*

I Division Although in most of the Branches of the Sodality the lack of a sufficient number of old members has postponed the election of officers to a later date, still among the First Division Resident Students the election was held, and results were as follows:

President	John E. Monnig
Vice-President	Walter Stelzer
Secretary	John Georges
Sacristan	Ferdinand Koch

JOHN E. MONNIG, '08.





FIRST DIVISION (Resident Students)

Football

It may please our friendly patrons to know that we have once more put ourselves on the athletic field, under the able guidance of our former coach, Dr. J. Freshour. He brought our "gridiron warriors" of 1906 to victory, and no doubt he will duplicate last year's success. There are no Hilgerinks or Schoens on the team; however, practice makes perfect—and this we are joyfully noticing. The team is practicing faithfully. Mathias Wagner has been chosen captain, and judging by the practice gone through up to the present writing, he certainly will carry a good share of the heavy work. Ed. Meyers, one of the half-backs, however, shall joyfully relieve the captain of some of the difficulties.

Six games have been scheduled thus far:

October 19—Lebanon.....at S. M. I., Dayton.
 October 26—St. Xavier's (Cincinnati).....at S. M. I., Dayton.
 November 2—N. C. R.....at S. M. I., Dayton.
 November 9—Deafmutes (Columbus).....at S. M. I., Dayton.
 November 16—S. M. I.....at N. C. R., Dayton.
 November 28—S. M. I.....at Wittenberg U., Springfield.

We certainly wish the fullest success to Doctor Freshour and our sturdy football players.

E. HARLEY, '09.

Varsity vs.

Juniors

These elevens have met in two rattling practice games. The first game was played on October 5. The Juniors received a just merit of praise from Doctor Freshour on account of the undaunted courage which they displayed in lining up against a team whose average weight was twenty pounds heavier. The Varsity tried with positive success line-bucking, whilst the Juniors, who were of a lighter calibre, resorted to various little trick-plays. The end of the first half resulted in a 0-0 score. To the surprise of all the second half left the score unchanged. Had the game lasted a few minutes longer, the score would have been decisive. The line-hitting of the Varsity was beginning to tell on the little Juniors.

E. HARLEY, '09.



The Representative Varsity Team



Getting Ready For '15



Our Reserve



Next

On October 10, they met again. Doctor Freshour, however, had taken a hand in affairs. Through his effective coaching the Varsity team had improved over fifty per cent., and notwithstanding that the Juniors used nothing but trick plays, they rarely gained the required number of yards. Captain Wagner's line-hitting was a feature of the game. The Varsity's interference on end runs was splendid. Singer and Sibila starred for the second team. The game manifested the effects of coaching. When time was called the score stood 16 to 0, in favor of the Varsity.

The following is the line-up:

<i>Varsity</i>		<i>Juniors</i>
L. Wissel	R.E.	P. Schad
A. Tague	R.T.	P. Singer
J. Jacoby	R.G.	I. Hart
F. Morris	C.	J. Crimmins
E. Satalia	L.G.	Schmitt, Kearns
M. Daugherty	L.T.	C. Frederick
W. McDonald	L.E.	J. Neary
K. Wagner	Q.	A. Sibila
W. Stelzer	R.H.	A. Holbrock
M. Wagner (Captain)	F.B.	R. Mason
E. Meyers,	L.H.	P. Scheiber

Touchdowns: Wagner (2); Wissel (1). Goal kick, M. Wagner (1).

Referee—J. Costello.

Umpire—Brother M. Hill.

F. HACKMAN, '08.

Academy vs. Juniors On October 12, the same Juniors lined up against the II. Senior team, called the Academy team. It was a scrappy game from start to finish. The Academy team was victorious—score, 5-0.

The line-up:

<i>Academy</i>		<i>Juniors</i>
Quinlan, C.	R.E.	P. Schad
Daugherty, M.	R.T.	P. Singer
Wisner, G.	R.G.	I. Hart
Georges, J.	C.	J. Crimmins
Wagner, Mare.	L.G.	T. Kearns
Rulmann, H.	L.T.	L. Schmitt
Mahoney, W.	L.E.	J. Neary

Koch, F.	Q.	A. Sibila
Sullivan, L.	R.H.	A. Holbrook
Hackman, F.	L.H.	C. Frederick
Hall, R.	F.B.	P. Scheiber

SECOND DIVISION (Resident Students)

Menominees vs. Seminole Football is in full swing. The II. Division has organized its gridiron warriors into two evenly matched teams, bearing Indian names. These names, perhaps more than any others, give us an inkling as to some of the manly qualities required of the football candidate.

Two games have been played thus far. In the first contest the Menominees were victorious. Holbrook was the star of the performance. His neat grab of the ball and lightning sprint, gained a touchdown and settled the game—score, 5 to 0. . . . The second game was replete with daring passes and speedy end runs. J. Neary, the Seminole Left End performed the scoring feats. A minute after play began, Neary could be seen scampering down the field on his way to the first touchdown. He succeeded in this and also in the try-at-goal. A few moments later Holbrook, the Menominee Half Back, reversed matters and secured a touchdown. In the latter part of the game, Neary came in for more honors. Thinking that "variety is a spice of life," he tried one of the variations of scoring, and netted four more points by a field-goal. There was no scoring after this; the Seminoles won by a score of 10 to 5, leaving the two "elevens" at even-break.

The following is the line-up:

<i>Seminoles</i>		<i>Menominees</i>
Brunner	R.E.	Ig. Hart
Gunning	R.T.	Lamb, Timothy
Adams	R.G.	Louis Clark
Crimmins	C.	Kearns
Seidensticker, W.	L.G.	Seidensticker, J.
Singer	L.T.	Sullivan
Neary	L.E.	Wickham
Clark, Leo (Captain)	Q.	Sibila (Captain)
Janszen	R.H.	Holbrook
Mason	F.B.	Kohlmiller
Frederick	L.H.	Scheiber

Referee—Brother M. E. Hill.

Umpire—Brother Julius Kroeschell.

Time-keeper—Schad.

E. HARLEY, '09.

After these scrimmages the representative team was chosen. The following were chosen by Brother M. Hill as worthy members of the team: Leo Clark, Aloys Sibila, Arnold Holbrock, Paul Scheiber, Robert Mason, Paul Singer, John Neary, Paul Schad, John Crimmins, Ignatius Hart, J. Schmitt, T. Kearns, and Brunner. Leo Clark, by unanimous vote, was elected captain of this husky bunch of football warriors. Brother M. Hill offered his services as coach, which we gratefully received. Three times this team was lined up against the Senior teams. The results have been stated above.

J. SEIDENSTICKER, '09.

THIRD DIVISION (Resident Students)

Football Football is on in full blast in our division. Much time has been devoted to select good material for the first team; but by the efforts of its worthy coach, Rev. W. O'Maley, we are positive we have fourteen stars to represent our division. The team was particular in selecting its head. It proved this when E. C. Zangerle was elected as captain, and A. J. Janszen as manager. A second and third team were also organized. Cyril Vandebroek will captain the second team, while Clarence Rapp captains the third. The manager of the third team expects to book games with the Fourth Division. With the fine material we have in our division, football will not be a failure in 1907.

T. J. COAKLEY, '13.

FOURTH DIVISION (Resident Students)

FOOTBALL.

On October 6, four teams of rugby were organized. Two teams, the Grizzlies and Bucktowns, form the first squad, and two others, the Whales and Sharks, comprise the second. The captains of the respective teams are: E. Gross, E. Neary, C. Diaz, and W. Kuntz.

Bucktowns vs. Grizzlies After a few days' preliminary practice, the real stuff was indulged in. The first game between the Bucktowns and Grizzlies took place on Thursday, October 10. Some very good plays were made by both sides, and despite the heavyweights of the Bucktowns, the Grizzlies succeeded in making a touchdown. After several more minutes of play the score still stood 5-0 in favor of the Grizzlies. The following day a more interesting game was played. All were pretty well acquainted with their positions and also with the signals, and, therefore, everything worked better. The game was desperately played, neither side coming out victorious, the score being 5-5. The features of this game

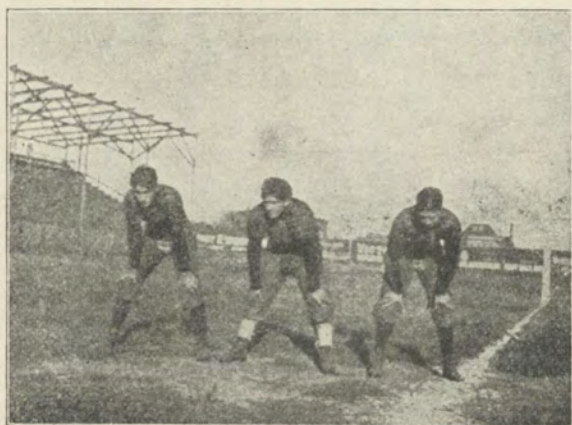
were the bucks by Dudley Hall, and the long runs by Ottobein Poland. The line-up:

<i>Grizzlies—5</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Bucktowns—0</i>
J. Lamb	R.E.	W. Focke
T. Ducoing	R.T.	N. Kirschner
S. Gleeson	R.G.	A. Riquelme
C. Osterday	C.	R. Droege
W. Reitemeier	L.G.	H. Holters
D. Heeter	L.T.	C. Roth
H. Wickham	L.E.	J. Madigan
T. Macklin	Q.B.	I. Ducoing
O. Poland	R.H.B.	J. Vandenbroek
E. Gross	F.B.	D. Hall
C. Rudolph	L.H.B.	E. Neary

Whales and Sharks

The games played by these two teams would draw a crowd any day, especially when people know that "Eddie" Heeter is Right Guard for the Whales. The games played so far have been tie ones. The first was 0-0, and also the second game.

H. HOLTERS, '16.



 EXCHANGES 

As the birds, when winter is past, return with renewed beauty and song, so the initial exchanges have brightened our Sanctum after a few months of silence and rest. Their tone, too, is one that gives promise of many successful issues in the months that are coming.

The first number of *Purple and White*, under the direction of the new staff, bids fair to uphold the standard of their journal. The beautiful illustration in the September Number suggests to us the thought: May Spalding Institute always be able to point proudly to her graduates and say: These are my jewels.

The S. V. C. *Index* contains some sound essays on "The Unselfish—the Educated—the Honest Citizen." Would that these qualities were reflected in the actions of all who hold in hand the reins of our government.

"Journalism in Ancient Rome," in the *Pittsburg College Bulletin*, is an interesting article. What is especially pleasing is the simplicity of the author's style.

Anyone who has been a victim of the two-time system which is observed in many cities, will find a source of keen enjoyment in "In Another Belt," as published in *The Xavier*. "His Royal Highness" contains that which is the charm of every short story, an unexpected end. Richard Mansfield is indeed worthy of the space allotted to his memory. The article recalls forcibly to our minds that recently a great artist has passed away; a great actor has made his final exit from life's stage.

St. Mary's Messenger merits credit for being the first of the girls' journals to make its appearance in our Sanctum since the opening of school. "The Holy Grail" is an interesting sketch of that grand legend of the Middle Ages.

"The Beggar" in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is one of those stories which is incomplete when one has simply read it. There is still a broad margin for speculation concerning that which is not written, yet essential to the tale. These stories are the best of all. "The Growth of Written Constitution" shows diligent research on the part of the author, and mastery of the subject in hand.

ALBERT ZENGERLE, '09.

What Even the Wisest Relish

“’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print.”



*If you wish to manifest your devotion to the Muse,
If you wish to teach mankind, if you wish to make good use
Of the grand and noble thoughts that are hid within your brain,
If you’ve made a masterpiece and would soon renown attain,*

*Oh, then, worry not nor grieve,
But live hopeful and content;
Your desire may be fulfilled
Through the Ex-po-nent.*

*If you wish to vie with Mark in exhibiting your wit,
(Fame is not monopolized, you may likewise make a hit,)
If you wish to set to work your imaginative power,
Or attempt to state and solve weighty problems of the hour,*

*Oh, then, worry not nor grieve,
But live hopeful and content;
You may one day find your name
In the Ex-po-nent.*

WM. O’C.



The following incident is related of two farmers camping in southern Manitoba. A friend chanced to meet Farmer Jones, one of the campers, and asked him whether Bill, the other camper, was being molested by mosquitoes. “No, sir!” answered Jones, “in the evenin’ Bill is so ’toxicated that he don’t mind the mosquitoes, and in the mornin’ the mosquitoes are so ’toxicated that they don’t mind him.”



*There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger;
They came back from the ride,
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the Tiger.*

A Wo(o)den Jcke

Pupil (reading): "The ancient Britons worshipped the sanguinary god Woden.

Teacher: "What does 'sanguinary' mean?"

Pupil: "It means he was a wooden god."

**Somewhat Perilous**

O. L.: "The coroner was in rather a perilous position last night."

A.B.: "How's that?"

O. L.: "He was sitting on a bomb (bum)."

**The Purple Cow**

*I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.*

**Sammy, the Strong Boy**

*Sammy stopped a cable car
By standing on the track;
This gave his system quite a jar,—
Sammy's sisters now wear black.*

**Steam**

Teacher: "Willie, what is steam?"

Willie: "Water gone crazy with the heat."

A. JANSZEN, '12.

**A Method of Fattening**

T. C. (a somewhat skinny lad), ought to jump from the third story window and come down

PLUMP!

W. HOWE, '12.

**A New Case**

C. R.: "How many cases are there?"

A. K.: "Six, in Latin."

C. R.: "I know where there are more."

A. K.: "Where?"

C. R.: "In the court-room."

Patriotic

Teacher: "When Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death!" what did he mean?"

Pupil: "He wanted to be a free man or a dead man."

**It Happened on the Way**

Teacher: "I am glad to see you all here to-day."

Bill: "Sir, George White is not present."

Teacher: "Sure enough—does anyone know where he is?"

Bill: "He has sore eyes, sir."

Teacher: "How did you come to know it?"

Bill: "I ought to know—I went home with him last night."

WEAVER, '12.





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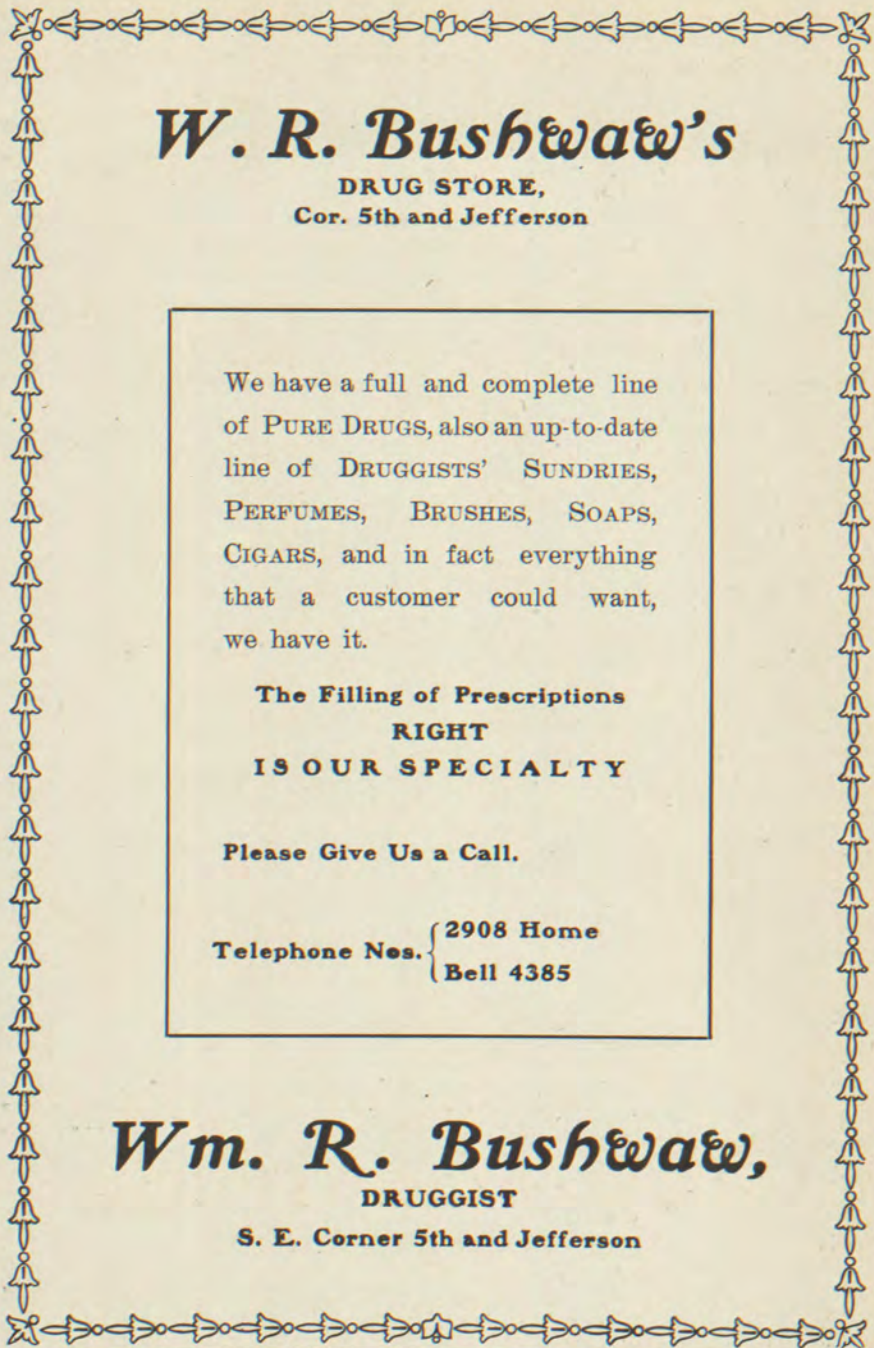
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