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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

The

S. M. I. Exponent

Vol. VII JANUARY, 1909 No. 1

Divine Content

Frank J. McCormick, Jr.

I know not why, but all the primal things
That are all mine, all fate's grim narrowings,
Seem best for me. This daily grind for bread;
The leaping spirit-thrill within my head;
This bit of weal, and that of woe have made
This day my own dear day—star-set—earth-wayed.

You tell me I have lost the lure of hope,
And with a fated creed along I grope;
That man is most a god when unrepressed
He stands and beats at doors of worlds unguessed;
That slaves will stop to trade with phantom fates,
But kings press on to conquer new estates?

Ah, no, I hold not your philosophy
Though both its lure and meed have called to me.
I believe my day, half-shaped, to me was flung
That I might grow and give with what I've wrung
From careless hours. And He will hang, I pray,
The little lights of me upon my day.

Edgar Allan Poe, the Literateur

FRANCIS C. CANNY, '09.

O WISDOM, Talents, Cleverness, where is your vaunted greatness when the light of Genius casts shadows at your feet! Genius—what is it? Ah, who can answer! It is an indescribable something which seems to transcend nature and yet is but a part of it; a something which forces its magnetic influence upon us and nevertheless wraps its fathomless nature in the depths of obscurity. Like the rainbow, it comes and goes in a flash of brilliancy so spectral that we can scarce tell where it has rested. Nor are the tabernacles of Genius always hallowed and revered, and still they are ever the homes of excellence.

Is it then to be marveled at that men should be so blinded by the brilliancy of genius that they were unable to rightly appreciate the man who possessed it? This is the only excuse mankind can offer for the posthumous praise that is recently being offered to Edgar Allan Poe. It would seem that a man must withdraw to the shadow of tradition before his immortality is assured. While he lived, the works of Poe did not receive due recognition among men of letters, but to-day they are looked upon as models of excellence in the English language. His weird, mysterious tales have made their magnetic influence felt in the world of letters; his poems, spontaneous with the outbursts of his irreprissible genius, are touted as gems of verse. And, indeed, we owe this praise to this erratic American, for by his strong, sombre genius and fascinating style he preserved the literature from any danger of uniformity and relieved it at once from the possible accusation of colorlessness. Edgar Allan Poe imparted to American literature that strangeness of tone which has made it national, and for this alone we, as Americans, should revere his memory as a man of letters.

Art was his purpose and art was his passion. To achieve his purpose, Poe entered the field of journalism, and with his sublime imagination, his powerfully analytic mind, and his natural command of the technics of literature, he was indeed well fitted for the calling. His style is clear, direct, and positive, and possesses an unfailing strength to convince, imitate, or amuse. He leads one into the shadowy, mysterious windings of the factitious with a firm, true hand. His works are of that finely finished quality

which shows that their author was a diligent and painstaking seeker after literary finish. Probably this same desire for delicate precision led him to be over-emphatic at times. His inimitable manner of exposition, however, makes one o'erleap these little faults so as to be the quicker on the way of excellence. We could reap a harvest of poetic words from his productions, yet for the most part his vocabulary is unaffected and simple.

His skillful touch and fantastic genius first showed itself to the public in "Hans Pfaal" and in the spectral tale of "Berenice." He composed these delightful works at a time when life seemed to contain a brilliant future, but shortly after he fell subject to moods of brooding and despair. Now and then, in his struggle to overcome his weak human nature and to throw off his dragging thoughts, he indeed came off victor. These were moments in which he produced such works of merit as "Ligeria," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and poems like "The Raven," "The City in the Sea," and "The Bells." Poe's tales never fail to impress one of his characteristic imagination and of his unusual technical mastery. Poe possessed that power peculiar to actors of "assuming an intensely unreal mood and of so setting it forth as to make us for the moment share it unresistingly. In his "Fall of the House of Usher," for instance, we feel carried away with every turn of rhythm. We find a certain awed delight in following out the retributions of remorse as portrayed in "The Black Cat," "The Tell-Tale Heart," and in "William Wilson." We discover him as a forerunner of A. Conan Doyle in analytic reasoning in such interest-absorbing works as the fanciful and popular "Gold-Bug" and in the gruesome "Murders of Rue Morgue." Throughout all Poe's works we notice the fanciful flights of his wild, poetic imagination, soaring on and on in no determined direction.

In his criticisms he seems more inclined to condemn than to praise, and yet he discovered in some of the works of contemporaries, passages of merit which still live as such.

"Poetry," said Poe, "has been with me a passion, not a purpose," and yet he has left us with but a handful of lyrics whose range is narrower than their volume. Poe has made his poems the media of expression for his moods, and hence we find them so strange and sombre. "To Helen" is a melodious lyric of classic grace. It is to "The Raven" that Poe owes his first importance in the world of poetry. This poem appears to be the only one containing any degree of method, and, moreover, is by far the most peculiar of all Poe's poems. In it the air of the grotesque is made to blend with the solemn in such a happy manner that the beauty of the piece is heightened instead of being lessened. Poe makes his Raven the guardian of pitiless memories, which, on being awakened, recall the days that are no more:

"Take thy beak from out my heart,
Take thy form from off my door.
Quoth the raven, Nevermore."

But Poe's wonderful imagination sits enthroned in the poem, "The City in the Sea." Its

"shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie."

We are awed by the grim silence of the scene, and we feel disturbed

"when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence."

This poem, melancholy and terrible as it is, is nevertheless heightened by and in fact depends upon the use of Poe's suggestive language. It would seem that Death and its awful accompaniments were ever upmost in Poe's thoughts. In that most melodious of poems, "The Bells," we hear him say:

"And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls."

And again, in the same fantasia, Poe imparts to his bells such a vigorous line that we feel with every succeeding peal, the flames

"Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon."

What a wealth of rhythm, what a picture in words, is embodied in this poem! We forget the meaning of the words and abandon ourselves to the delirium of the bells. Death again reveals itself in that most despairing of lyrics, "The Conqueror Warm," which expresses the utter hopelessness of any word from the land of shades:

"No voice from that sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given."

"Ullalume," so strange, so vague, and yet so pregnant with meaning, is the means Poe utilizes to immortalize the memory of his dead wife. "Anna-

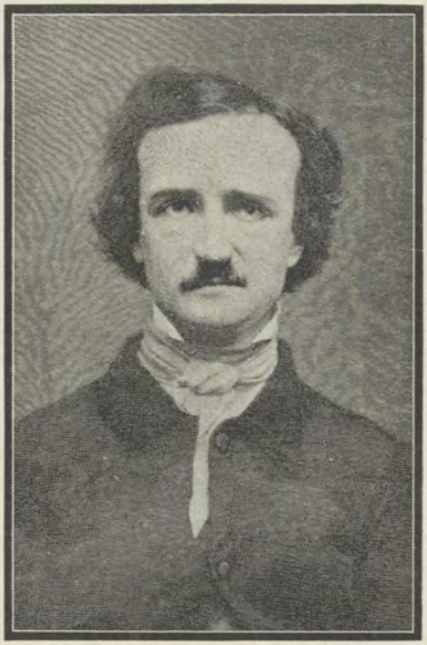
bel Lee" is a simple dirge, sorrowful but pleasing. In "Israfel," Poe at last departs from things melancholy and drear, and sighs:

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he were I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky!"

Throughout all Poe's lyrics we find exquisite melody and a haunting beauty of phrase. There is a certain magical charm which lingers in the mysterious lines. His poems contain nothing practical, but must be enjoyed simply for their melodious strangeness. Poe's genius must have come

"From a wild, weird clime that lieth sublime
Out of Space—out of Time."

The train of Poe's life courses through all his works. He talks ever of death, the grave, mere physical horrors. But therein lay his unique genius. He dressed his poetical imagination in a style that is beautiful and technical. Probably Poe's works were too closey akin to his own moods.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A Soul Tragedy

"The wild weird *Raven* was hailed as the most original poem America has produced. Its popularity is world-wide. The poet, or speaker, is represented as losing his early love Lenore (innocence), and as visited by a raven (remorse). Now from these four stanzas construct the tragedy of a soul, seeking to allay its immortal thirst, wounded by its immoderate desires, and withered by its premature experience."

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bush and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird, or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this Home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there is there balm in Gilead? Tell me!—I implore!
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!" I shrieked upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my lonliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

The Reward of Treachery

FRANCIS MUELLER, '13.

IT was the eve of my departure from India. We were seated around a table in one of the rooms of the Great Eastern Hotel of Calcutta. There was in our party a lieutenant from the interior, a man whose furrowed brow gave evidence of some trying service. Opposite him reclined the aged owner of the hotel, carelessly watching the smoke from a good Havana rise in little ringlets to the ceiling. A genial antiquary completed the little group. From the window I could see the cars bearing their cosmopolitan burdens from the docks. A modern coach hurried past, and in its wake followed a lazy Calcutta herdic. Here, as always, I indulged in my fancy of studying the passers-by; the cleanly European with his haughty bearing of superiority, and the sordid native with his fanatic fatalism.

The conversation had touched indiscriminately upon all topics, and was beginning to lag, when suddenly the lounging hotel owner drew from the floating ringlets this eccentric question, addressed to the antiquary:

"How is it that, although so young and though engaged in so indifferent an occupation, you already wear the down of eighty?"

At this unexpected inquiry the antiquary's geniality vanished. His eyes drooped and studied the well-woven figures upon the floor. Then, slowly rising, they passed from countenance to countenance, and, reading in each the desire for a solution, he calmly began his story:

"Some eight years ago I came to India in the service of an Englishman, who possessed a strange liking for collections of antique works of sculpture. It aided him, such was his opinion, in studying the age and the progress of a nation's civilization. Landing at Calcutta, I took up my residence at the Great Eastern the day after the disappearance of the famous Rhaja Paya's jewels." Here the ringlets ceased floating, and the smoke came forth in great puffs. "After two years' stay in Calcutta I removed to Patna Bar in search of further specimens for my employer. It was here that I made the acquaintance of William Harvey, who has ever since been a warm friend to me.

"He had in his service a native by the name of Dunda Gass. The latter was, as his master declared, a most faithful servant. He had been in the employ of Harvey for almost eight years, and not once in all that time had he given a reason for suspicion. It is true he would frequently be absent all

night, but the next morning found him at his post. At intervals he was missing for days at a time. He came and went, nobody knew whence, or where. A certain mysterious air hovered about him. There was never a smile upon his countenance, but always a far-away look, and lips pressed into a thin line of determination. In his dealings with his master, however, Dunda Gass was irreproachable.

"I had heard of the ruins of an ancient palace along the banks of the Chupra River, so one May morning we set our together, Dunda Gass and I, in a little steam launch, Harvey being detained by business engagements. Gliding by the rubber trees, with their surface roots, and the clumps of bamboo, interspersed here and there with palms of every variety, we landed beneath the inviting shade of a low, spreading banyan.

"My companion, leading the way, pushed aside the dense foliage and disappeared behind it. Following his example, I found myself in what appeared to be an endless gallery. After a ten minutes' walk in this dark, damp, underground passage, Dunda Gass, skipping up a narrow flight of steps, introduced me into a magnificent corridor. A long line of marble pillars, mounted by delicately carved capitals, followed either wall and were partly imbedded therein. Numerous doors opened from the hall. Light came, I know not whence, and showed the undisturbed dust of years. Broken lines, zigzagging from floor to ceiling, gave evidence of the progressing ruin.

"Ascending a broad, marble staircase at our right, we arrived upon the second floor, of less massive but more elaborate workmanship than the first, and started our inspection. Presently we stood in an open court, and understood the reason of the suddenly increasing darkness. Huge clouds were rushing overhead; lightning gashed the dark horizon and momentarily dispelled the deepening gloom. In the distance, the low rumbling of thunder could be heard, intermingled with the relentless patter of the rain upon the falling ruins.

"Sudden night overtook us before we reached the inner hall. I proceeded along the hollow-sounding corridor, and, thinking we had reached the staircase, turned, and—there was a blinding flash of lightning, a crashing peal of thunder, a sharp sound as of the falling of a trap-door, and I fell, partly stunned, upon a marble floor.

"How long I lay there, I know not. The storm was raging still, when suddenly I became aware of high notes of altercation in the Indian tongue. There was a loud imprecation, followed by the sound of footfalls in the distance, growing louder and louder the nearer they came, until I now heard the heavy breathing of racing men. Two forms glided by me, their flying garments touching me as they passed. The next moment I heard a dull thud, and in the flash of lightning that followed, I saw a long and bloody stilleto, raised as if for a second thrust, by a lithe figure kneeling upon the gigantic frame that lay stretched upon the cold marble, and the

vindictive stare of a man watching the agonized despair of his victim. The thunder rolled and all was quiet, but for the patter, patter of the rain upon the roof.

"Scarcely recovered from my fall, I lay there with eyes closed for fear of the scene the lightning must needs present to me. And now, whenever I see the clouds gather and hear the thunder roar, the terror of that night in the ruined palace on the banks of the Chupra River comes back to me, even though I be in the midst of civilization.

"The first rays of dawn, struggling through a neighboring casement, revealed the victim of the night's tragedy, lying but ten feet from me at the head of the flight of steps that led to the underground gallery. Upon his breast was pinned a slip, with the words, 'The Reward of Treachery,' written upon it, in an unsteady hand.

"I hastened stealthily along the passage, spied around me from behind the foliage, and saw the launch just where it had been left the day before; but of Dunda Gass there was no trace. I rushed forth, cut the rope, and pushed out from shore. Closely scanning both banks, I met no signs of life except the startled flutter of screaming birds. But upon the seat there was a note, signed "D. G.," telling me to make the best of my way back to Patna Bar, without him.

"When, upon my arrival there, I told my experiences to Harvey, his face turned as white as my hair. In the afternoon a letter was thrown in at our window, telling us that Dunda Gass was in pursuit of his rightful share of a discovered treasure. A week later the heavy-set body of a native was found in one of the lanes of the Indian section of Calcutta, with again the slip, 'The Reward of Treachery,' pinned upon the breast."

The story finished, the hotel owner broke up the friendly gathering, and, casting his fifth cigar from him, drew a surprising conclusion:

" 'Get that Dunda Gass, find the discovered treasure, and we have the Rhaja Paya's jewels and an accomplice in their robbery."

The New Year

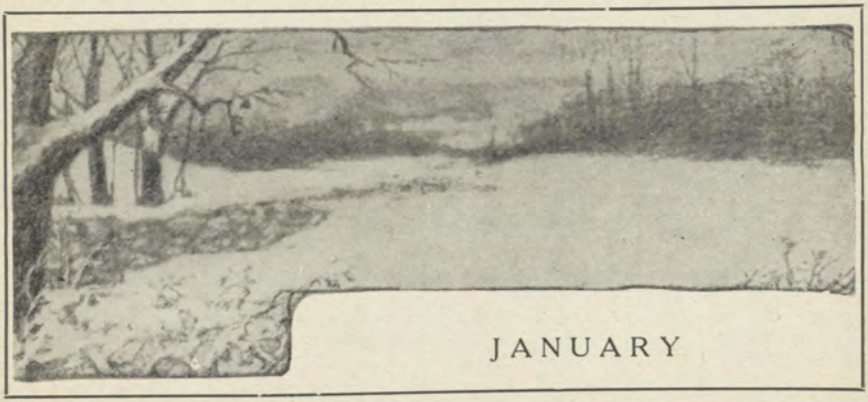
LAWRENCE STRATTNER, '11.

Listen—for the bells are ringing,
Thru the chill night comes their peal,
And their anthem tone is bringing
All the world a wish of weal.

Far above us star-gems sparkling
Tell us of a greater world;
And tonight as we are harkening
We still stand with flag unfurled.

Colors that the great Lord gave us
With our life and soul divine;
None will ever try enslave us
While they brightly o'er us shine.

For tonight the bells are chiming
Leading in the bright New Year;
In the music of their rhyming
We'll rejoice and make good cheer!



Marathon

JAMES D. MALVORNE.

IN the year 490 B. C. a battle was fought on the plain of Marathon, upon the outcome of which depended not merely the fate of the conflicting armies, but the whole future of human civilization.

Darius, king of the Persians, determined to wreak his wrath on the bold inhabitants of Greece who had dared to dispute with him the imperial sway of the scimitar. He mustered an army of 120,000 men and placed them under the joint command of Datis and Artaphernes. This huge horde was borne to the Grecian shores in a fleet of six hundred galleys. The Persian generals drew up their armies, flushed with their recent victories, in the crescent-shaped plain of Marathon, backed by the ranges of Parnes and Pentelicus.

The Athenians decided to meet them in the open field, and accordingly marched forth, 10,000 strong. Miltiades, then in supreme command of the Hellenic forces, sent a fleet runner to Sparta for aid, but the Spartans arrived too late. The Plateans, however, sent 1,000 heavy-armed soldiers. The Greeks took up their position just where the hills of Pentelicus sink into the plain of Marathon, and, sacrifices having been offered to Zeus and Athene, they advanced towards the Persian lines. The issue was doubtful for a time, when of a sudden the tide of victory turned in favor of the Athenians, and the Persians were driven to their ships with great slaughter.

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below,
Death in front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene."—Childe Harold.

Thus did the Greeks dispel the "Great King's" dream of universal empire. The bodies of the 192 Athenians who had fallen were, contrary to the usual custom, buried on the field of battle, a lofty mound of earth was raised over them; their names and deeds were handed down to posterity in song and marble.

The battle of Marathon is justly ranked among "the decisive battles of the world." It marked a turning point in European civilization, it decided that the despotism of the East which paralyzed all individual action should not enthral the West with all its incentives to personal effort.

Had the barbarians won the day at Marathon, a great national literature would have been lost to the world, and without the vitalizing elements of Greek genius and thought what would European civilization be? Ancient Greece as a satrapy of the Persian Empire would undoubtedly have become what modern Greece actually became under the galling yoke of the Ottoman Turks. Moreover, the overwhelming defeat which a handful of Greeks had inflected on the Persian hordes broke forever the spell of the "Great King's" name and destroyed the prestige previously held by the successive nations of the East.

The grand achievement awoke the Greeks to a consciousness of their own power, it gave birth to that indomitable spirit which beat back Xerxes, and which later on inspired Zenophon and Alexander to undertake the now famous Asiatic campaigns.

The battle of Marathon forms the prelude to human freedom and progress. Through the entire period of her imperial rule, through the dreary Olympiads of her decay, and through long centuries after her fall, Hellas looked back on the day of Marathon as the brightest of her existence as a nation.

A HYMN

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

The Story I Heard From a Cent

ROBERT SOLIMANO, '10

WHILE trying to bore a hole through a cent one day, I heard a voice cry, "Stop, stop; you are killing me." And when I continued to bore, "Oh, please listen to me." I was so astounded at the thought of the cent speaking that I picked up and examined it. Again the voice spoke as follows: "I know you wonder how I came here. I have passed twelve years as a cent, and I am going to tell you my story.

"In my first stage I was nothing but a dark-brown metal up near Minnesota. I belonged to a family called "Copper Group." One day the light of day suddenly flashed in upon us as a pick drove right through our house. I was taken out, with several of my relatives, and given a long ride. We were on our way to a smeltery. The next thing I was conscious of was a terrible heat, a new feeling of being exceedingly mobile in all my frame, and then being poured into long, nice, shining bars. There were a great many of us. We were then sold to a man they called Uncle Sam and started on another long ride to Washington, where he lived, and on to Philadelphia, where he had his office and working-room. Here we were put through a series of processes of being flattened and cut, and very soon we came out as bright disks. The next thing in order was stamping and making us into money. We were put under an enormous drop-hammer, and before I knew it I had the picture of the most beautiful lady in the world, the Goddess of Liberty. You were about to mar her beauty a few minutes ago, and would have done it had not my pride and sensitiveness prevented you.

"Well, to get back to my travels. I was now a full-fledged cent, with which things could be purchased. We were put into big bags and sent to 'Dayton, Ohio, Third National Bank.' We stayed here for some months till the cashier once handed us out in reply to a gentleman who desired small change. Some of my brothers went for papers, some to blind men, some to beggars, and some were lost, till at last I found myself alone in the gentleman's pocket. That is, no other member of my family was present. I got along quite well with Mr. Nickel and Mr. Dime, bright white folks who were very nice and sociable to me in spite of my coppery hue. But Mr. Dollar I found a most overbearing personage. His one great delight was to keep me perpetually in the bottom of the pocket and remind me of my insignificance. What could I do?

"One day, to my great joy and relief, the man passed me over to his little boy. I was passed through the child's hands to an old lady, then to a newsboy, who kept me a long while. He often showed me to the other newsboys. One day they were choosing up sides for baseball. 'Heads or tails?' they said, and flipped me up into the air. Down I came with my face buried in the dust. They did not find me, for I had rolled away among the leaves. I lay here for many seasons, freezing and thawing by turns, till picked up by you. You did not wish to spend me because of your finding me. You were going to make a pocket-piece of me. This is the story of my life until now. I do not know what will happen next."

"No, indeed, I will not spend you," said I, "but I will have you nickel-plated. You will get a face shining like silver, and then I 'll wear you as my watch-charm."

POE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

The Martyr Poet

FRANK BIENDL, '10.

IN the history of English literature no more striking contrast can be found than that marking the lives of Shakespeare, Spencer, Marlowe, and Jonson, and another brother-poet, Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit. No doubt his very existence was unknown to his gay literary contemporaries, for his merits were then as unknown as to-day they are underrated.

Born of Catholic parents of noble station in the year 1562 at St. Faith's, Norfolk, from his early years he showed a tendency towards the religious life. As he advanced in age the tendency became more remarkable, so that at the age of fifteen he was sent to Douay, Belgium, because no Catholic education could be obtained in England at that time. Later on he studied at Paris and was received into the Society of Jesus at Rome in 1578. After his novitiate Father Southwell was appointed Prefect of the English College in Rome.

Father Southwell now began to prepare himself for the perils of the English mission. It had always been his desire to labor for his unhappy countrymen and to gain the martyr's crown by an ignominious death. England, indeed, was the proper sphere for such a zealous soul. The Catholic religion was suppressed, and a priest who dared to carry his life in his hands was an administering angel to the down-trodden Catholics. Then, too, the second motive of his ambition could be realized. The martyr's crown would surely await him, for "any papist born in the dominions of the Crown of England, who shall come over thither from beyond the seas (unless driven by stress of weather and tarrying only a reasonable time), or shall be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath, shall be guilty of high treason." And high treason meant to a consecrated priest, especially to a hated Jesuit, an ignominious and cruel death.

On May 8, 1586, Father Southwell and Father Henry Garnett left Rome for England to set out upon their missionary careers. The countless perils encountered by these two intrepid ministers of God differed only in kind, not in degree from those suffered by the early martyrs. The letters to the Superior at Rome tell of many narrow escapes and thrilling adventures. The Lady Arundel, whose husband was already confined ten years in the Tower on account of his faith, afforded shelter to Father Southwell and to many others sought for by the government.

For six long years Father Southwell labored unweariedly, daily expecting his eternal reward. He was finally betrayed by an unhappy woman who had sought his aid under the guise of penitence. Father Southwell was then placed in the charge of the jailer Topcliffe, the most implacable enemy of the Catholics. Words cannot describe the torture he endured during the three years of his imprisonment. Topcliffe had tortured Father Southwell so pitilessly during the first ten weeks of his confinement that the sufferer acknowledged to his judges that death would have been preferable. But the ingenious cruelties were powerless to wring one word from the heroic priest, and the inhuman wretches despaired of the object of their tortures, namely, to find out the whereabouts of other Jesuits. The heroic constancy with which Southwell endured these inhuman pains gained him the pity of the Protestants and the admiration of his worst enemies. Lord Cecil, the Prime Minister of England, thus referred to Southwell: "Let antiquity boast of its Roman heroes and the patience of captives in torments; our own age is not inferior to it, nor do the minds of the English cede to the Romans. There is a priest confined, one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the color of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his enemies might conjecture in what house or in the company of what Catholics he that day was."

Finally, after a short confinement in a most filthy dungeon and after three years of more lenient imprisonment in the Tower, Father Southwell was brought to trial. In the farce of a trial the Jesuit was found guilty of high treason on no other grounds than being a consecrated priest. The judicial murder was then committed at Tyburn, on February 22, 1595. This true and invincible soldier of the Cross died blessing his executioners and praying for his enemies. How much he suffered in his trial of constancy can only be surmised; we can gain some idea of the dreadful lengths resorted to by Southwell's torturers from some letters of that time; but our Saviour's promise, "I myself will be thy exceeding reward," upheld the true follower to the end.

The reader seeking in Southwell's poetry such material attractions as flowing measure, rich imagery, and brilliant descriptions, will partly be disappointed. But if he seeks to study the works of the martyr in the light of his heroic life and seeks to discover the motive that inspired the writer, namely, a deepened insight into heavenly things, he will admire, above all, the religious spirit, and then the lesser ornaments and excellencies of style, metre and expression. The subjects are religious or at least serious. We could hardly expect them to have been otherwise, for his poems were composed in a gloomy prison during the intervals of thirteen bloody tortures on the rack. Still, there is no trace of reproach or ill will towards his persecutors, and there is no direct allusion of pain or sufferings in those lines written with fingers bruised and smarting with the pains of the rack.

The vanity of earthly things, the consolations and glories of religion, the trials of life, and the folly and wickedness of the world are the subjects of Southwell's productions; moreover, they are so treated as to reflect the benignity and elevation of the martyr's character. To estimate his value truly we must remember that religion forced Southwell to become a poet; his poetry was simply the manifestation of the divine love that burned within him. He, consequently, did not in his writings stoop to the choice of such subjects as were popular with his literary brethren. Nature and love, the two common themes for most poets, did not interest Southwell. The attributes of God and the glories of His holy religion he thought more praiseworthy than nature, God's creation; and human love was excluded altogether, because Southwell felt his dignity as priest and knew, too, that in that holy state God would not accept a divided heart. Moreover, the martyr-poet did not write for fame or fortune; he wrote simply to while away the weary hours of his imprisonment. Then, more dead than alive, when his body was numb with the pain of recent torture, he felt nearest to his Redeemer, and so followed the inspiration that prompted the wonderful prison songs.

We quote from "Life's Death, Love's Life," to illustrate the guiding spirit of his poetry:

"Who lives in love, loves least to live,
And long delays doth rue,
If Him he loves by whom he lives,
To whom all love is due;
Who for our love did choose to live
And was content to die;
Who loved our love more than His life,
And love with life did buy."

"I Die Alive" is regarded as the loveliest of his prison songs. It is wondrously beautiful, and its tender charm reveals his longing for death. Space will allow us to quote the last two stanzas:

"Thus still I die, yet still I do revive;
My living death by dying life is fed;
Grace more than nature keeps my heart alive,
Whose idle hopes and vain desires are dead.

"Not where I breathe, but where I love, I live;
Not where I love, but where I am, I die;
The life I love must future glory give,
The death I feel in present dangers lie."

The fact that Southwell chose such sacred subjects for his poetry was not appreciated by the reading public, and probably never will be. His works

were extensively read immediately after his death, but this was not because his readers felt his power as a poet; it was more on account of the general sympathy excited by the heroism of his death that his poems came into vogue. Southwell's poetry is well received by Catholics, though non-Catholics generally find his subjects exclusively sacred. It is not to be inferred from this, however, that his works are entirely disregarded by non-Catholics. On the contrary, many eminent Protestant authors have paid the highest tributes to Southwell's merit as a poet. Ben Jonson, for instance, declared of the following Christmas hymn: "Southwell was hanged; yet so he (Jonson) had written that piece of his, 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his":

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And, lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who, scorched with exceeding heat, such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed;
Alas! quoth He, but newly born in fiery heats of fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in the furnace wrought are men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt them into a bath, to wash them in my blood:
Wiht this He vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away.
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas-day."

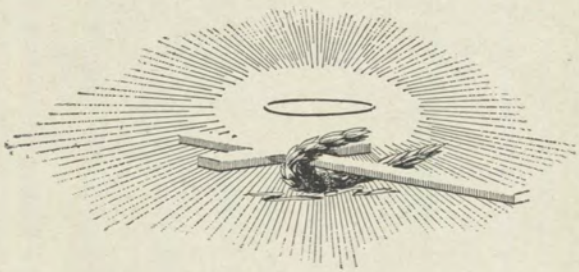
James Russell Lowell pronounced a somewhat adverse criticism upon Southwell's "St. Peter's Complaint," his longest poem, but he is fairly answered by Grosart, who proves that Russel had judged too hastily, and lauds that which the latter had condemned. Aris Wilmot terms Southwell the Goldsmith of our early poets, and some even maintain that the poems of the martyr-poet have a purity and richness of thought, a fineness of expression, and harmony of versification not to be met in Goldsmith. Southwell is said by eminent critics to have influenced many contemporary and later writers. Hood, for example, found the source of his "Haunted House" in Southwell's "Vale of Tears." Many have also been impressed with the resemblance between "St. Peter's Complaint" and Shakespeare's "Lucrece." Prof. J. W. Hale says of Southwell's poem: "It reminds one of 'Lucrece' in the minuteness of its narrative and in the unfailing abundance of thought and fancy with which every detail is treated. It is undoubtedly the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness and force, often embarrassed by its

own riches, and so expending them with a prodigal carelessness. Thus Southwell's defects spring not from poverty, but from imperfectly managed wealth; or, to use a different image, the flowers are overcrowded in his garden, and the blaze of color is excessive. Still, flowers they are. Like many another Elizabethan, he was wanting in art; his genius ran riot."

Some of his smaller pieces are very attractive; let us but mention "Times Go by Turns," "Content and Rich," "Look Home," "Life is but Loss," "Loss in Delay," and then the whole series on our Saviour and our Blessed Lady, especially "Our Lady's Salutation."

We certainly agree with Archbishop Trench when he says that Southwell "has scarcely been praised more than he deserves."

At all events his poetry is healthy and strong and has exerted a greater influence in our literature than appears on the surface. We deck his brow not only with the fragile laurel wreath of the poet, but also with the radiant crown of martyrdom, which throughout eternity is the portion of those who "have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb."



Poets' Corner

February.

The mailed sleet is driving
  Relentless through the air,
The trees, as if for shriving,
  Bend low like monks at prayer.
Snow hides the cotes that harbor
  The wary wrens in spring,
And round the viny arbor
  The frost-elves dance and sing.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

In February.

Around, above the world of snow
The light-heeled breezes breathe and blow;
Now here, now there, they whirl the flakes,
Then growing faint, in silence fall
Against the key-hole in the hall.

The dusky twilight spreads around,
The last soft snowflake seeks the ground,
And through unshaded window-panes
The lamp-rays strike across the plains,
While now and then a shadow tall
Is thrown upon the snow-washed wall.

The hoar-frost crackles on the trees,
The rattling brook begins to freeze,
The well-sweep glistens in the light
As if with dust of diamonds bright;
And speeding o'er the crusted snow
A few swift-footed rabbits go.

Then the night-silence, long and deep,
When weary eyes close fast in sleep,
The hush of Nature's breath, until
The cock crows loud upon the hill;
And shortly through the eastern haze
The red sun sets the sky ablaze.

—*James Berry Bensel.*

A February Snow-Storm.

The clouds are gathering slowly; dark and vast
  Appear their misty outlines to the eye,
As they advance before the moaning blast,
  Obscuring all the pale, blue winter sky.
And now the feathery snowflakes slowly fly
  In many a mazy circle round and round,
Like some poor bird, that, soaring far on high,
  With heart convulsive feels the deadly wound,
And wings his helpless flight reluctant to the ground.
  And now they faster fall,—the biting air
Is filled with crystals on their downward flight,
  Wrapping the face of nature, drear and bare,
With one wide mantle of pure, spotless white.
  The snowstorm ceases as the shades of night
Fall soft and gentle o'er a quiet world,
  Which grows more lovely in the evening light,
Till in the sky night's banner hangs unfurled,
  And swift and far away the gloomy clouds are hurled.

—*Charles Turner Dazly.*

The Bells.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
  Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
  How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
  In the icy air of night!
  While the stars that oversprinkle
  All the heavens seem to twinkle
  With a crystalline delight;
  Keeping time, time, time,
  In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
  From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
    Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
  Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night.
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten olden notes,
And all in tune,
From the molten golden notes,
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony, voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the gust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people ah, the people—
They that dwell in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In the muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

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Prohibition

To-day there is sweeping over the country a flood of legislation having for direct object the annihilation of the liquor traffic. Now, we find several reasons for being suspicious of such legislation. That unstable factor, public opinion, enters too prominently in its making; there are certain aspects of the question, such as the political, the economical, and psychological, which have not received due consideration.

In those localities where prohibition has been declared costly, breweries and distilleries have been destroyed in their practical utility, causing finan-

cial embarrassment to the men who put their capital into them. When these men erected the buildings and equipped them with machinery for manufacturing liquor products, they were entirely within the law; later an act was passed declaring the sale of these products to be illegal. Moreover, not one cent for compensation was offered by the State. The foreigner, seeing the effects of such hysterical legislation, stands aghast, wondering if the railroads will be put out of commission next because there are certain evils connected with them.

Then, what will become of the hundreds of thousands of men who are employed in the breweries and related industries? The labor-man will demand a place of support for the million people who compose the families of these workers. Men who are versed in political economy say that the world's markets are becoming crowded, that laboring men must necessarily be suspended from work; shall we then lay off more men unnecessarily? What will it mean to withdraw the license taxes from the city budgets, to take away the hundreds of millions of internal revenue? It is claimed that brewers, malsters, and distillers expend annually for natural and manufactured products, for labor, transportation, and so forth, seven hundred million dollars, and that their taxes contribute three hundred million dollars every year to the public treasuries. Will the destruction of such an industry affect the country to a very large extent? At any rate, it is well worth considering.

Men who advocate prohibition are wont to refer to the psychological side of the question. They point to the effects of liquor. Yet Professor Munsterbeg, of Harvard, believes that moderate drinking is not only not harmful but beneficial. He insists that in this large society of mankind there are certain organisms which demand excitement, and that this excitement will be procured at any cost. Now, the opinion of Professor Munsterbeg is due consideration because it comes from a man who is both learned and disinterested.

Absolute prohibition appears to us to be too radical. Although we know that liquor is the source of many and serious evils, yet we do not believe in destroying the source of evils before studying whether greater evils might not result. We might eliminate certain objectionable aspects, destroy the evils and yet allow the good to remain. Temperance appears more feasible than prohibition. Destroy drunkenness at all costs, even if the saloon has to go; prohibit the sale of strong drinks and substitute the milder ones. But, above all, let the legislators take their time in passing such comprehensive laws.

FRANCIS C. CANNY.

A Plea for Higher Culture

During the past two decades a large number of professional and technical schools have sprung into existence in all parts of the country. In their desire to secure a large attendance of students, they made the entrance requirements as easy as possible, in fact, too easy, exacting only a high-school training. Even at

the present day there are a number of professional schools that require only high-school studies for admittance. As a result young men were thrust into the bustle of business and the professions when they were scarcely of age, and when their experience and judgment were sadly unfit to cope successfully with the problems of life.

Just at present there is a movement on foot to introduce a reform in this regard. Technical and professional schools are raising to college work their entrance requirements, and some have even set the minimum entrance age at twenty-one years. The movement is evidently in the right direction.

Bearing this in mind, we will feel encouraged to pursue our course through high school and college, even though we may be up in years. In fact, the experience that age alone can give is so important a factor to success that it is even advantageous, in a way, to be of a certain age rather than to be going through the classes too young and inexperienced. At all events, if we are offered a complete college course, let's take it. There are enough men in the world who are lamenting the fact that they neglected to take advantage of the opportunities given to them in their youth.

MICHAEL A. DAUGHERTY, '09.

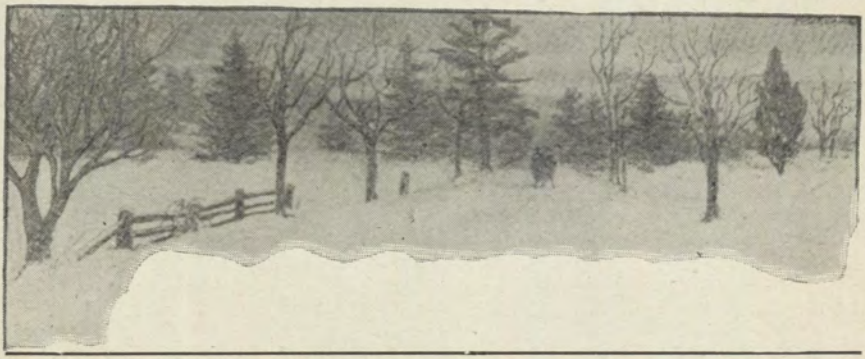
Tidings of Joy

ROBERT SOLIMANO, '11.

The snow upon the earth doth fall
And clothes it with a pure white pall:
It is the morn of the Savior's birth,
And everywhere is joy and mirth.

The church-bells now declare afar
The season that the heavenly Star
Led on the Magi from the East—
The bells now call to the Christmas feast.

We enter the church—the crib we see,
Our hearts are filled with solemn glee;
And with the angelic hosts we sing,
"Glory to God, our new-born King!"



Alumni Notes

JOHN O'CONNELL, '10.

A Surprise

The many friends of CARL PATER, 02, will be surprised to hear that he took unto himself a June bride. We wonder why Carl didn't furnish the Alumni editor with further details about the ceremony. Let's hear from you soon.

Prosecuting Attorney

On January 4, 1909, JOHN F. MAHER, "Si," of the class of '96, commenced his work as Prosecuting Attorney of Darke County for a term of two years. Alma Mater congratulates one of its most loyal Alumni on his recent political success, and takes this opportunity to express every good wish in his behalf.

John O'Brien, '88

Since the present student body is so earnestly and zealously at work to foster and propagate the Holy Name Society, we take pleasure in announcing that Mr. John O'Brien, '88, of Urbana, has been chosen president of the Holy Name Society, organized in St. Mary's Parish, Urbana. We trust that all loyal Old Boys will interest themselves in and coöperate with the efforts made by the members of this praise-worthy organization.

George A. Hall, '67

After many heroic efforts the Alumni editors succeeded in locating George A. Hall, '67, who resides in Fayetteville, Ohio. He kindly remembers his former teachers, and promises to give them a call.

Rose Polytechnic

Charles Werst, '02, then of Louisville, who captured a gold medal in the sophomore class, is now a hard worker at the Rose Polytechnic School, Terre Haute, Indiana. One of his companions is F. WM. KROEMER, '07, of Dayton, Ohio.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas greetings were sent to the Alumni editor from Chattanooga by HARRY RECHSTEINER, '95, on the road for the Dayton Supply Company, of which FRANK MCCORMICK is president. Many thanks for your kind remembrance.

With the Miners

Peter Pauly, '87, then of Upper Sandusky, is now bookkeeper for a gold mining company in Butte, Montana. He is a classmate of ED. HEGMAN, JOHN HILLER, and GUS HOCHWALT.

Harry J. Weber, '07

Harry J. Weber, '07, of Cincinnati, is filling the responsible office of paying teller in the North Side Bank of the Queen City. Harry's numerous friends will be glad to learn that his health which was considerably impaired has been satisfactorily regained. Our best wishes for success.

Joseph J. Freiburger, '76

Alma Mater was overjoyed to greet again Joseph Freiburger, '76, of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Joe found time to leave his hard wares after the holiday rush and stay at Alma Mater for two days and greet the old familiar faces and view the altered sites. He also subscribed to the Exponent for the Knights of Columbus, of Fort Wayne, seven hundred strong, for the unselfish purpose of locating a number of Old Boys who reside in that section of the country. The editors cannot find words to land your worthy enterprise. Joe has another proposition in view, but we hate to tell on him till it realizes, for with its realization "the great school will be complete."

Other Visitors

Shortly before and after the Christmas holidays a goodly number of Alumni and former students paid a visit to greet their former professors, and to extend to them the wishes of the season.

CLEMENT ROTTINGHAUS, '99, of Dayton, Ohio.

Edward Ryan, '98, of Springfield, Ohio.

Elmer Heile, '05, of Covington, Kentucky.

William Weber, '95, of Dayton, Ohio.

WILLIAM KROEMER, '07, of Rose Polytechnie School, Terre Haute, Indiana.

WM. O'CONNOR, '08, Albert Zengerle, 08, Henry Stich, '07, of St. Mary's Seminary, Ellenora, Ohio, to recount their first experiences of seminary life.

CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06, from Florida, spending the holidays in his native city.

JOSEPH CRONAN, '05, of Case School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, to meet his former professors, especially Brother Thomas Mooney.

CARL SHERER, '06, of the O. S. U.

Joseph Mangold, '01, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

William Irwin, '06, of Greenville, Ohio.

JOSEPH JECKERING, '04, and the Hasenstab clan to test the excellence of the S. M. I. bowling alleys.

JOSEPH MAYL, '06, from Pennsylvania University, spending the Yule tide with his folks in the Gem City.

FRED HACKMAN, '08, of Connersville, Indiana.

ALBERT TIMMER, '05, and WALTER CONNERS, '05.

IN MEMORIAN

Mrs. Anna Wagner

On December 3 Mrs. Anna Wagner, one of the pioneer residents of Sidney, Ohio, passed to her eternal reward in the seventy-eighth year of her age. Death was due to general debility. Mrs. Wagner was the mother of W. H. Wagner, '74, B. B. Wagner, '72, Louis R. Wagner, '81, whilst one of her daughters was married to Ignatius Thedieck, '72, and another to A. A. Gerlach, '75. whilst two grandsons, Marcellus Wagner and Engene Gerlach, still attend college. The funeral services were held in Holy Angels Church, Sidney, by the pastor, Rev. Father F. M. Quatman, coram Episcopo, with the Very Reverend President of the Institute as one of the assistant priests. Eight grandsons of the deceased served the mass. The usual prayers were offered up by the student body and faculty in the chapel. May her soul rest in peace.

Theodore Barlow

Theodore Barlow, who registered at St. Mary's July 1, 1850, passed away to a better life on the last day of the old year, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. He was born April 2, 1843, and registered at St. Mary's July 1, 1850. His name appears second on the first register list of St. Mary's in Father Leo Meyer's own hand-writing. Several years after leaving the college he settled in Rico, Colorado, where he was engaged in the mining business; he resided there about twenty-five years. He returned to Dayton three years ago and was engaged in the wholesale dry goods business with his brother John, of the firm Legler and Barlow. The news of his death came as a surprise to his many friends, for though he was ailing with pneumonia, he seemed to be progressing nicely, and his physician was most sanguine for his complete recovery. Scarcely forty-five minutes

after the last visit he was found cold in death. The funeral cortage left from the home of his sister, Mrs. C. J. Ferneding, East Third Street, and the requiem high mass was sung at Holy Trinity Church by the pastor, Rev. Father Hahne, Saturday, January 2, 1909. The remains were borne to the grave by six nephews. He is survived by his brother John, who registered at the college with him, and two sisters. Several members of the faculty called to view the remains, and pray for one of its first students, and to offer their sympathy to the sorrow-stricken brother and sisters. Prayers were offered by the student body in the Institute chapel. May his portion be with the lot of the saints.

* * * *

The Business Management of a Town

By F. J. McCormick, Jr., '89.

(The editors are sincerely grateful to Mr. Frank J. McCormick Jr., '88, for permitting us to reprint the subjoined article of his which appeared in the December issue of "Greater Dayton." We urgently draw the attention of all alumni and former students to the valuable hints and suggestions which, if carried out in practice, will contribute largely to the healthy prosperity and advancement of their own towns.)

There is no essential difference between the abilities necessary to run a successful business and those required to properly develop a town. Business success means more than something to make or sell, a certain amount of capital and personal virtue, and so a big, breathing town reflects qualities beside mere population and the occasional crack of a policeman's billy.

A town like a business requires business management. It is true there are factories which make things people need and which, having little competition, with scarcely any attention sometimes drowse their way along to a mild success; so there are towns blessed of climate, transportation facilities, and incidental helps who get a heavy marking on the map and who achieve a sky-scraper or two.

Dayton is not this sort of a city; it is an example of a city mature enough for introspection, and which is willing to intelligently respond to whatever widest vision and capable management may propose.

An old town under new management must undergo the scrutiny of a balance sheet. Health conditions claim first consideration because people must live before they can think and work.

Sanitation imposes two principal duties. There is the eradication of every menace to health and life which a municipal indifference may have permitted to exist, and there is the adoption of modern ways to correct

and prevent. Sometimes the latter cause a not-unexpected opposition. The title of the case is "Old-fashioned Common Sense Ways vs. New-fangled Ideas." It is pointed out by "the fathers" that they lived and throve on dug or driven wells, and whatever the character of the milk distribution it never failed to have the right effect. Yet not to impair the respect that is due experience or to condone the follies of many half-baked notions extant to-day, it must be recognized that science has been steadily progressing and has determined certain things of which we were ignorant years ago; it must also be noted that we are living in a most exhaustive age, and that the average person is less able to absorb or throw off the attacks of disease.

The industrial situation looms large on the record; the attitude of the town and the towns-people toward the manufacturers and retailers. It is to be observed whether or not they have the substantial backing of the citizens. Does the town do all in its power that is reasonable for its resident plants, and, if so, is that attitude advertised broadly so that outside enterprises may be attracted within its walls? Do the capitalists of the town perform their part by investing their money in home enterprises and in legitimate institutions willing to locate with them providing certain stock subscriptions be made? Do they otherwise contribute to the beauty and attractiveness of the town by building fine homes and business structures? Do they support movements and institutions largely dependent on voluntary help?

The situation regarding the retail stores sometimes develops that a little variety may send considerable trade to larger cities which the home merchant might have enjoyed. And perhaps there might be more good will shown by the retailer toward the local jobber or manufacturer. Again it may be found that the mail-order bacillus has awakened a parsimonious instinct in some who think a few cents weight more than pride and local responsibility in the home store which pays taxes for the convenience of the home trade.

The support of town and citizen to factory and store produces a threefold success. The success of the individual institution means employment to a greater number of persons at increasing wages, and it also tends to improve the quality of the citizenship. The town is thereby helped and its name and fame are carried out to the world on the freights of its merchants and its manufacturers.

Is the local government good?

While party policy may share consideration with the character of the man in national elections, in dealing with the municipality the character of the man is the chiefest thing. And as has been repeatedly stated the process of selection requires more care and deserves more attention at the primaries than at the polls.

Local governemnt is the town in responsible action and therefore should be qiuckly amenable to the will of the people. The men elected should be drawn into office by the persuasion of duty and patriotism and not pushed in by love of power or lower motives.

The business management of the town should sharply watch every phase of government. This is an encouragement to the honest legislator and executive, and it is a deterrent to the man with the itching palm. Surely the greatest opportunity for graft lies in the aloofness and indifference of the people. This condition always invites direct wrong-doing as well as general carelessness in all departments of public service.

A good legislator at times finds it to the interest of the city to advocate improvements regardless of cost, and a bad one sometimes serves his own purpose best by preaching economy. The public should be posted on all these things so it will not be fooled by the demagogy of the politicians.

Having scanned the balance-sheet through touching the departments of government, safety, education, and social needs, it is for the Business Management to initiate, coöperate, criticise or fight, whichever action the best interests of the city seem to demand.

Then a campaign of publicity should be constantly carried on. Of an encouraging and critical character for the townspeople, and of an informing and impressive nature for other communities.

Let the town and its advantages be known everywhere, and let the world associate the town's successful men and institutions with the town.

The Business Management should promote, periodically, trade expositions and entertainments in keeping with the dignity of the city, in which visitors from other cities as well as the citizens would find both profit and pleasure.

Conventions of a political trade or social character ought to be cultivated and every encouragement should be given to all enterprises which would add to the culture and enjoyment of the people.

A town cannot direct itself any more than a business can. Both selfishness and a high sense of morality demand that care be taken in selecting its servants, and that intelligent supervision be standing near every man's job to extend the open hand of congratulation, to offer a kindly word of admonishemnt or to promptly apply an inhabited boot, whichever is justified by the quality of the service.

And the town, like the business, should be advertised wisely and all the time.

Matthew Murray, '01

We regret to chronicle the recent illness of MATTHEW MURRAY, '01 who had a serious attack of typhoid fever at Cape Girardeau, Mo. His brother, Allen, '04, who staid at his bedside for several weeks returned to Dayton a short time ago and assures that Matthew will return to the Gem City as soon as he is able to

travel. Here's hoping to his speedy recovery. When once at home don't fail to give us a call.

A Departure

It will be a surprise to many former students and to the Alumni at large to be informed that Reverend Father Frische, S. M., has been transferred to Villa St. Joseph, Ferguson, Mo., a recent foundation of the Brothers of Mary, and the nucleus of the Western Province. Father Frische's name is fondly cherished, especially by the first communicants of 1894 and 1895, and those from 1903 to 1908. Altogether he spent ten and a half years at the college, doing an untold amount of good to all those that were directly or indirectly under his charge. Together with Brother Rush, certainly none knew the Old Boys better than he, so much so that the names of these two have become by-words for visitors to the old school. The Alumni will greatly feel his loss, though at the same time they feel assured that distance will not weaken the bonds of friendship, and they will pray that heaven may bless his endeavors in the new field of work to which his superiors have sent him.

Growing Tobacco

During the few pleasant days he spent with his parents and friends, J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06, found an opportunity for calling at the college and to greet his teachers. A year ago Clarence assumed charge of a Sumatra tobacco plantation in Quincy, Florida. He is very much taken up with his work, which, by the way, is interesting, because down there in Florida tobacco is grown in the shade. "The fierce rays of the tropical sun never strike the plant with full force, being always protected by a roof of canvass or by slate. The sowing is done the first of February, and from that time they grow till late fall, reaching the height of from twelve to fourteen feet The leaves are plucked as they become in condition making it necessary to go over the field almost every day."

Although pleased with his work, Clarence says there is no place like Dayton and S. M. I., with both of which he is in touch through the columns of the Daily News and of the Exponent.

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR DECEMBER.

Collegiate Department.

Senior Letters.....J. Georges, 95; M. Daugherty, 90
Junior Letters.....W. Roddy, 98; W. Roemer, 97
Sophomore Letters.....John Kelly, 89; Anthony Tague, 89
Freshman Letters.....Leo Schmitt, 96; A. Janszen, 93
Senior Science.....Chas. Wagner, 96; Wm. MacDonald, 92
Junior Science.....H. Amann, 94; R. Fleming, 94; W. Walter, 94
Sophomore Science.....R. Solimano, 93; F. Murphy, 85
Freshman Science.....Wm. Howe, 92; W. Pulskamp, 90

Business Department.

Business II.....E. Schroeder, 96; Leonard Poos, 95
Business I.....L. Cook, 96; J. Harrington, 95

High School Department.

Fourth Year.....Francis Mueller, 96; Francis Byrne, 96
Third Year.....R. Gray, 98; A. Mahrt, 98; E. Bradmiller, 97
Second Year—A.....Elmer Holtvoight, 96; William Hughes, 96
Second Year—B.....R. Graff, 97; M. Synnett, 97
First Year—A.....Bernard Keuping, 99; Herbert Hook, 98
First Year—B.....L. Bucher, 99; R. Sherry, 98

Preparatory Department.

Eighth Grade.....V. Poeppelmeier, 95; J. Gomez, 92
Seventh Grade—A.....C. Speegle, 96; O. Krusling, 94; J. Liddy, 94
Seventh Grade—B.....W. Fries, 96; H. Jordan, 96; H. Keagler, 96
Sixth Grade.....J. Liszak, 94; H. Pierce, 91; R. Meyer, 91
Fifth Grade.....Paul Ohmer, 94; J. Armstrong, 92

CHRONICLE.

P. Singer, '12.

The year 1908 is now a matter of history. We should not fail to profit by its regrets and enjoy its pleasant recollections. What the year 1909 has in store for us no mortal man can guess, but every inhabitant of this globe has it in his power to help make 1909 a year of moral advancement and material achievement. The commercial is arched by a rainbow of promise, and the star of hope never burned brighter. Here 's to 1909.

For students of St. Mary's a ghost of coming examinations rises on the horizon. But go to meet him and tackle him low and surely, and emerge from the fight with colors flying and that required 70%.

Mr. Cox's Speech.

True to his promise made during the fall campaign, Congressman-elect Cox opened the basket-ball season of 1908-9 at St. Mary's with a whirl. In his characteristic manner he commended to the students the athletic spirit, bearing on the fact that the education of body and mind go hand in hand. He likened St. Mary's Institute to a manufacturing establishment where young men are polished and smoothed and formed to go out into the world. In expressing his appreciation of the support tendered him by the Brothers, he did not fail to announce that he had made a substantial recognition of the merits of the education dispensed at St. Mary's, by selecting as his private secretary an Old Boy, in the person of Robert S. Hayes. Further, he remarked that this post is virtually that of assistant Congressman of the district, and that in the course of coming time he felt assured that Mr. Hayes would fill his shoes when he stepped down and out.

The Shakesperian Lectures.

An event of much moment took place when Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, of the Chicago Shakespeare Club, rendered the plays of King Richard III. and Twelfth Night. All who heard Mr. Griffith last year cannot fail to remember the wonderful grasp of his intellect on the works of Shakespeare. This year he more than does justice to Shakesjeare as the prince of poets and to himself as the king of readers.

King Richard III., the first play enacted, was successfully rendered on Sunday evening, December 18, after Mr. Griffith had been introduced to his audience by his manager, Mr. Porier. In representing the characters of the play, Mr. Griffith's modulation of voice and change of features were perfect. Especially well did he portray Queen Anne and the other female characters of the play.

Fully as much can be said of the rendition of Twelfth Night. This was rather more amusing than the heavier plays of his repertoire, and the manner in which he portrayed Sir Toby and other characters of his play created much merriment, and the way the parts were interpreted stamps Mr. Griffith as a comedian as well as a tragedian.

Gold Medal Contest

The last evening the boys spent at the Institute, before their Christmas holidays, was signalized by a contest in elocution, a gold medal donated to S. M. I. by Mr. Griffith being the prize. The competitors were members of the High School and Business Departments.

In order to insure equal chances for all, judges who did not know the contestants were chosen. Bro. J. Waldron, former Vice-President of the College, and present Inspector of the Western Province of the Brothers of Mary, was chairman. With him were associated Bro. John Wolf, former President of St. Louis College, Texas, Bro. G. Sauer, Director of the Normal School, and two members of the Alumni who have always been known as good amateur actors, Mr. J. Abel, '93, and Mr. L. Moosbrugger, '00, both of Dayton.

As was afterward remarked by Mr. Abel, the success of the contestants was beyond his expectations. The first piece rendered was the Immaculate Conception, by Henry Wirshing, of I. High. All will concede that he deserves praise for his excellent delivery. The mistake was in the choice of piece. Paul Nugent, II. High, and Wm. Roemer, III. High, chose "An Attempted Suicide," thus making the judges' sentence easier. Their rendition was good.

"But," to quote the Chairman's words, "there must always be a good, a better, and a best." As good he announced E. La Pierre, I. Business, who excellently rendered the "Maniac." Wagner Mayer, IV. High, received the mention better. Besides one or two flaws of pronunciation, he might have chosen a more dramatic entrance and given a better interpretation to one or the other passage of "The Death of the Miser." Best, and this word, the result of the votes of the judges who held session immediately after the contest, speaks for itself, was Theodore Munchhoff, of III. High. His subject was "The Engineer's Story," a piece he had studied two years ago while in I. High. This fact should encourage the boys of the lower classes to give earnest attentionn to their lessons in elocution.

All the competitors were under the guidance of Bro. John Nickol, of the Junior Class, Collegiate Department.

Awarding of Monograms.

While the judges were in session, Mr. M. Daugherty, '09, President of St. Mary's Athletic Association, congratulated the members of said Association on the success of the football season. He introduced the Secretary, J. Georges, '09, who read the statutes and gave a detailed account of the finances, concluding with the statement that there are over two hundred dollars in the treasury.

After a few words by the President of the College, to the effect that the education given by the Institute is moral, intellectual, and physical, the monograms were awarded to the successful warriors of the gridiron.

Mr. M. Daugherty then announced that Mr. Claude Frederick, captain this year, was elected captain of the football eleven that will battle for S. M. I. in '09. As is the order on such occasions, Mr. Claude Frederick congratulated his teammates and their coach, Bro. M. Hill, on the success of '08 and expressed his hope that '09 will have the same halo of glory.

Poets' Corner Contest

Readers of the EXPONENT will probably remember the announcement, made in one of the previous numbers, of a contest in the High School and Business Departments, entitled "Poets' Corner Contest." Through an oversight of the Chronicler the results of the first contest were not published earlier.

Bernard Keuping, I. Year High School, Fred Sturm, III. Year High School, and Robert Gray, III. Year High School, divided the prizes of November.

In the second contest two competitors were tie; so the prize was shared between them. Bernard Keuping, I. Year High School—A, and Rob. Sherry, I. Year High School—B, were the industrious lads.

S. M. I. Business Department.

During the last quarter of the scholastic year this Department was exceptionally favored through the kindness of its many interested friends.

In the first place, it has been equipped with two dozen of the latest model typewriters. Then the N. C. R., our friendly neighbors, presented a most beautiful multiple Cash Register, the manipulation and utility of which was fully and clearly demonstrated by one of their very efficient salesmen. This again was closely followed by the exposition and explanation of the mechanism by an expert mechanic.

Shortly after, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, of Detroit, Mich., put on exhibition one of their latest machines for several months, demonstrated the same, and allowed the students the free use of it.

Again, the American Multigraph Company were kind enough to demonstrate one of their machines before the assembled "Faculty."

Upon visiting the Department, in company with the Hon. Mayor of Dayton, and other municipal officials, Mr. Carl W. Lenz, Prosecuting Attorney-elect, generously offered to give the young men a talk on practical subjects pertaining to Law. After the instructive lecture on "Banks" and "Corporations" his listeners proved their appreciation by assailing him with a number of intricate questions, of which the Hon. Speaker acquitted himself in a praiseworthy manner.

Last, but not least, Mr. Geo. Hudson, an old marine, in active service in the "Navy" in 1859, etc., gave us a very interesting account of the way in which we, the United States, opened up "Commerce" with Japan.

Our visit to the Friend Paper Mills, of West Carrollton, gave us a very clear understanding of the lessons pertaining to this subject in Com'l Geog. This, in connection with the interesting text-books, makes the course very attractive. Many thanks, kind friends.

LITERARY NOTES.

J. P. Georges, '09.

Bryan Circle

The last meeting of the Bryan Debating Circle for the year 1908 was held in the Junior Science classroom, Sunday evening, December 20, 1908. The meeting was opened by President Biendl, after which followed the roll-call. The roll-call was answered by an appropriate quotation or bit of poetry breathing the Yule-tide spirit. Secretary McKearney then read an extensive report of the preceding meeting, which was duly adopted. Next followed the debate: *"Resolved,* That we Learn More by Observation Than by Reading." The first speaker for the Affirmative was Mr. John Ohmer, who dwelt principally upon the absolute necessity of observation in the foundation and development of the sciences. The first speaker for the Negative was Mr. Marcellus Wagner, who in a forcible and eloquent manner showed the impossibility of studying philosophy, history, and the literary masterpieces by observation. Mr. Hans Amann, in behalf of the Affirmative, gave an eloquent plea for his cause, maintaining that observation of nature is the foundation of all knowledge. Mr. Augustus Metz, the second speaker for the Negative, dwelt mainly upon the importance and utility of book-lore in public and private life. A spirited rebuttal by Mr. Amann served to refute some of his opponent's arguments, but it seems not to convince the judges. While the judges were deciding, Mr. Brand entertained the Circle with a comic reading. The ballots were then collected and it was found that the Negative side had been successful. Mr. John O'Connel read an interesting account of events of current interest, such as Roosevelt's Last Message, the much dreaded cattle disease, etc. Mr. Grundtisch then gave a splendid rendition of the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, which was followed by a reading by Mr. Vail. Remarks were then in order, and those who had no special praise or criticism "cracked a joke." The guests of the evening were Messrs. McDonald, Janszen, Costello, Daugherty, and Georges, the last three named serving as judges for the debate. The meeting adjourned after a profuse exchange of Christmas greetings and good wishes for a Happy New Year.

Addison Circle

The Addison Literary Circle held a modest meeting in the afternoon of December 14. The Secretary calls it modest because time permitted the reading of only two articles. The essay by Francis Byrne on the "Advantages of a Canal in Panama" was well written. The value of the Canal to commerce between nations of the West and of the far East was touched upon. Its importance to the trade between our own coasts received a worthy mention, while its supreme necessity to America in the inevitable war with Japan could not have been better demonstrated.

To recreate the minds of the members of the Circle after articles of such serious tone, a story by Francis Mueller, entitled "When the Clock Struck Three," was read. A criticism passed showed that the conclusion was indeed unexpected, but perhaps also unwelcome.

The Faber Reading Circle.

On the 18th of December the Faber Reading Circle had its Christmas session. Rev. B. P. O'Reilly and Bro. George Hart were the especially invited guests on the occasion. Some excellent papers and stories were read. "The Fatal Letter," "Unexpected," "A Deputy Santa Claus," and "Hugh Lloyd's Christmas," were some of the best Christmas stories. An essay on "Christmas Times" by the editor gave the Christmas tone to the entire program. Finally, after several comic recitations had been rendered, Rev. O'Reilly spoke to the members on the class spirit which they had at times distinctively manifested, and in grateful terms he then thanked them for the invitation that had been extended to him. Bro. Hart then gave a real live *fish* story—one in which the fish really went to school. He then christened the Circle, giving it the name of "Faber Reading Circle," and adopting the folloing extract as its motto: "Kind words are the music of the world."

THOMAS MACKLIN, '16.

MUSICAL NOTES.

SECRETARY

The Band

The audiences at the Institute Gym probably miss the programs of the S. M. I. Band. Thus far it has made but one appearance, namely, at the opening game of the basketball season. This is due to a lack of players and the manifold duties of the Director, Bro. Louis Vogt.

To replace the band, ten midgets of the Fourth Division go dancing around the floor to the tune of "Oh! Ah!" by a certain part of the lookers-on and its louder echo by a certain other part.

Students' Orchestra

That the readers of the EXPONENT might have an idea of the excellent work of this body of young musicians, the writer thought it best to publish one of its programs:

I. Overture, "Inauguration" ..... Cox
II. "My Own U. S." ..... Edwards
III. "Star Spangled Banner" ..... Keyes
IV. Song, "Hide Behind the Door," accompanied by string quintet.
V. Medley Waltz, "When the Music Starts to Play" ..... Edwards
VI. Medley March, "And They Say He Went to College" .. Furth & G.
VII. Anthem, "America" ..... Smith
VIII. March, "Dixie."

S. M. I. Orchestra

The S. M. I. Orchestra, composed of members of the faculty, the best musical talent among the scholars, and the professors of music at the Institute, plays classical pieces. Witness its programs on the occasion of Mr. Griffith's visits:

Overture, "Lustspiel" ..... Keler Bela
March, "The Home-Coming" ..... Paull
March, "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Tone Poem, "Apple Blossoms" ..... Roberts
March, "Parade of the Humming-Bird" ..... Losey
Overture, "Gloria" ..... Mozart
Waltzes, "Home, Sweet Home" ..... Ascher
"Campus Dillies" ..... Arr. by Recker

These three organizations, together with a string quartet, equally share the attention of Bro. Louis Vogt.

Concert at opening game:

March, "The Prize Winner" ..... Barnes
Medley, "When the Band Plays Yankee Doodle" ..... Corin
Two-step, "Pinochle Players" ..... Collins
Columbia ..... Gilmore
March, "Old Faithful" ..... Holzman
Two-step, "The Observatory" ..... Lincoln

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

W. Roddy, '10.

Reception of Sodalists

It was certainly a fitting and pleasing tribute to Our Heavenly Mother when, within the octave of the great feast of her Imaculate Conception, twelve students of the Institute consecrated themselves to her in her Sodality. This reception of Sodalists took place in the Institute Chapel, Saturday, December 12. The services opened with a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, after which the Rev. President Father O'Reilly spoke of the Sodality and the advantages and privileges connected with it. Surely, he said, Our Blessed Lady would guard and protect those who of their own free will had consecrated themselves to her as special clients in the Sodality of the Immaculate Connception. He then exhorted all to be faithful members of the Sodality and to cherish a great devotion for the Blessed Virgin. The candidates then proceeded to the sanctuary, where they made their promises and acts of consecration, and were admitted into the Sodality. All present then joined in singing in honor of Our Lady, that beautiful hymn, the "Magnificat," after which the Office of the Immaculate Conception was said. The services closed with the recitation of the Angelus. Those who were received into the Sodality are as follows:

First Division Boarders—Leonard Poos and Cornelius Quinlan.

Second Division Boarders—Harry Ritter, Raymond de Castro, and Benedict Wiesner.

Third Division Boarders—Harry Hart, George Mahoney, Paul Nugent, and Ralson Morin. U. Roddy, '10.

Peter's Pence

The Treasurer of the Peter's Pence Society is forced to announce a noticeable decrease in the collections for December. It might be because some of the classes made exhausting efforts last month. Or is it that Santa was holding some back?

The Holy Father has received his "Jubilee" gift; but bear in mind that the amount sent him has not yet been reached. A goodly sum has to be refunded to the College Treasury.

The lads of the Seventh Grade A have come down from their high average and lead the Preparatory Department with twelve centts. In the High School and Business Department, I. Business is first with the same average.

In the Collegiate Department the highest average is .04. Something is here amiss. Either the money goes too heavily in other directions, or the Peter's Pence Society is relegated to the back seat in these classes. But, it should be permitted the Preparatory Department more than treble their much larger and older brethren of the Collegiate classes. It was not always thus.

Athletic Notes

IGNATIUS HART, '11, Editor.

BASKET-BALL

Grand Opening

Another basket-ball season is on its way at St. Mary's Institute, and once again the quintet of that institution has paved the way to final success with a victory at the beginning. The usual big crowd was on hand when the time approached for the opening of hostilities between the Saints and the team from Richmand High School, Friday evening, December 4, and all were sent away in good humor, confident that another winning quintet had been added to the already long list at St. Mary's.

After an opening concert by the crack S. M. I. Band, Father Bernard O'Reilley, President of St. Mary's, announced to the gathering that Edward E. Burkhart, Mayor of Dayton, was to toss the first ball and that Congressman-elect Cox would address the players and spectators.

In his remarks Mr. Cox extolled the athletic spirit of the young men, likening basket-ball, as all games, to the great game of life and exhorting both teams to go into the struggle determined to put forth their best efforts. He congratulated the team on its being chosen to represent St. Mary's, and to show his appreciation of the Institute, he announced that he had chosen Robert S. Hayes, of the class of 1903, to act as his private secretary at Washington.

He was greeted with applause at his conclusion, as was Mayor Burkhart, when the latter stepped to the center of the floor to start the game.

St. Mary's 55 vs. Richmond 18

The contest resulted in an easy victory for St. Mary's, the final score being 55 to 18. The boys played good, fast ball from the very start, their passing being excellent and their basket-shooting accurate and at times sensational. Costello, Morris, and Mahoney, of last year's team ,duplicated their clever work of the past, while Whalen, Frederick, and Hart played like veterans at the game.

The visitors played hard till the very end, but they were outclassed, and nearly half of their points were secured on throws from the foul line. The game was a clean one and snappy, with the exception of a few moments in the second half, when the visiting referee seemed to lose his bearings. The consensus of opinion among the followers of the team after the game, was

that the Saints are going to have one of the fastest, if not the fastest, quintets that ever represented the institution. The line-up:

St. Mary's—55		*Richmond—18*
Mahoney	R. F.	Thornburgh
Frederick	L. F.	Spangler
Morris	C.	Marlatt
Costello	L. G.	Allison
Whalen	R. G.	Shafer
Hart	R. G.	Ackerman

Foul Goals—Spangler, 6; Marlatt, 2; Morris, 8. Field Goals—Frederick, 8; Mahoney, 8; Morris, 4; Spangler, 2; Shafer, Whalen, Hart.

Referee—Pflaum.

Umpire—Barton (alternating).

Time-keeper—Janszen.

Scorer—Georges.

St. Mary's 45 vs. Cedarville 12

Taken from the Dayton Daily News, December 15, 1908: Those who were present at St. Mary's Institute Friday evening and witnessed the preliminary game between the little fellows of the Fourth Division, known as the Harvard and Michigan Freshman, are no longer in the dark regarding the reason for the Institute producing a winning quintet season after season. They grow basket-ball players out there on the hill, and the way the little fellows performed was an eye-opener to the basket-ball lovers in attendance. Two short halves were played, the first before the big game and the second during the intermission. The final score was 7 to 0, but this does not show the style of play, as the baskets were a little too high for the midgets.

Harvards (7)—Gross, R. F.; Vandy, L. F.; Ducoing, C.; Holters, R. G.; Macklin, L. G.

Michigans (0)—Krusling, R. F.; Kuntz, L. F.; O'Neill, C.; Rudolph, R. G.; Poland, L. G.

The big event of the evening proved another easy victory for the Saints, the Cedarville aggregation faring little better than the lads from Richmond. The final score was 45 to 12, and this could have been much larger but for some careless work on the part of the locals. The Saints did not play up to their form of last week, but, on the contrary, were inclined to take things a little easy. While the game was fast at all times, St. Mary's did not play with the precision that marked the opening game of the season, and with stronger opponents many of the openings would have resulted in baskets. However, there were some classy features to the game, showing the spectators what they could expect when the Saints were forced to their limit. The line-up:

St. Mary's—45		*Cedarville—12*
Frederick	R. F.	McClellan
Mahoney	L. F.	Fields
Morris	C.	Williamson
Whalen	F. G.	Confer
Costello, Sutton	L. G.	Watt

Field Goals—Frederick, 7; Mahoney, 7; Morris, 5; McClellan, 2; Fields, 1. Foul Goals—Morris, 5; Confer, 2.

Referee—Thies.

Umpire—Creswell.

St. Mary's 26 vs. Krebs 5

Taken from the Dayton Journal:

In the first classy basket-ball game of the season, St. Mary's took the Hamilton Krebs into camp, Wednesday night, December 16, St. Mary's rolling up 26 points, while the Krebs could get only 5.

The game was played at the Institute gymnasium, which held the largest crowd of the season. By winning this game, which is the last before Christmas, the Saints made a record of forty victories to four defeats in four years.

In Wednesday night's game the entire team showed much improvement over the last game; the passing was lightning fast and the team work was fine.

In the last half, Costello, St. Mary's crack guard, had his ankle sprained and was replaced by Sutton, who played a pretty game in the time he had.

The spectacular plays were executed by Morris, one a backward pass to the basket, and another from the side lines about half way down the floor, the ball hitting the edge, balanced there, and then fell into the basket. The line-up:

St. Mary's—26		*Krebs—5*
Mahoney	R. F.	Jacobs
Frederick	L. F.	Schelly
Morris	C.	Jacobi
Costello, Sutton	R. G.	Mencher
Whalen	L. G.	Kirks

Goals from Field—Mahoney, 2; Frederick, 5; Morris, 3; Schelly, 1; Jacobi, 1. Goals from Foul—Morris, 6; Jacobi, 1.

Umpires—Blumenthal and Pflaum (alternating).

SECOND DIVISION (Resident Students).

Junior B. B. League

The Junior Basket-ball League, composed of six teams of sturdy athletes, opened its race December 1. The teams are very evenly matched and cheered on by enthusiastic captains. Hence the games prove to be exceedingly interesting and fast, all

games being won by remarkably low scores. A most surprising feature is the way the uninitiated have picked up the game, many of whom are showing up as regulars.

On account of injury to one of their regular players, the All Stars have been very unsuccessful, but they hope soon to fall in line. In fact, all the teams are filled with confidence over their showing, and it will be a hard matter to judge which five will be the lucky one. The teams, captains, and standing are as follows:

	Won	*Lost*	*Per Cent.*
Wolverines (La Pierre, Capt.)	5	0	1000
Olympics (Sheve, Capt.)	4	1	.800
Pioneers (Seidensticker, Capt.)	2	2	.500
Leaders (Sullivan, Capt.)	2	3	.400
Cherokees (Kearns, Capt.)	1	4	.200
All Stars (Cook, Capt.)	0	4	.000

Juniors 19 vs. III. Seniors 16

In order to get a line on those aspirants who are trying for the first team, a game was played Tuesday, December 8, against the III. team of the Senior Division. All the players showed remarkable skill in their passing and great accuracy in shooting baskets; many times the ball was caged from difficult positions of the court. The game was clean and interesting throughout, and it was the general opinion that the Juniors would spring quite a few surprises before the season would close. The final score was 19 to 16 in favor of the Juniors. The line-up:

Juniors—19		*Seniors—16*
Sheve, Janszen	L. F.	Broomhall
Sullivan	R. F.	Smith
Cook	C.	Mason
Gunning, Sheve	L. G.	Janszen
Shroeder	R. G.	Dietz

WM. SEIDENSTICKER.

THIRD DIVISION (Resident Students).

Organization of League

As the football season is at its end, our Perfect organized a Basket-ball League for the coming season. There was good material at hand, and the output was seven well-organized teams. They are as follows:

Pheasants ..... Senn, Captain
Falcons ..... Cahill, Captain
Eagles ..... Roemer, Captain

Ravens ..... Dorsten, Captain
Crows ..... H. Winter, Captain
Trojans ..... Kuntz, Captain
Orioles ..... Klein, Captain

Falcons 11 vs. Pheasants 10

On Saturday, December 5, the season was opened, all teams confident of winning the "rag."

The first game was played between the Pheasants and Falcons, and resulted 11 to 10 in favor of the latter. The fast playing of the Pheasants during the first half seemed to indicate them as the winners, but in the second half the Falcons braced up and won by one point. The line-up:

Falcons—11		*Pheasants—10*
Rhul	R. F	Senn (Capt.)
Cahill (Capt.)	L. F	Bieker
Fitzmaurice	C	Byrne
Bahlman	R. G	Meader
Gonzalez	L. G	Braun

Crows 12 Ravens 5

On December 10 the Crows defeated the Ravens by the score of 12 to 5. The line-up was as follows:

Ravens—5		*Crows—12*
Dorsten (Capt.)	R. F	M. Hickey
Mahoney	L. F	Neary
O'Brien	C	Mergy
Eberly	R. G	H. Winter (Capt.)
Shafer	L. G	L. Hickey

Trojans 10 vs. Eagles 8

The most interesting game so far was played on December 16, when the Trojans, after five minutes' extra play, defeated the Eagles. The line-up:

Trojans—10		*Eagles—8*
Kuntz (Capt.)	R. F	Klos
Kranz	L. F	Groff
Clerkin	C	Rogers
Holters	R. G	Roemer (Capt.)
Machle	L. G	Wilson

A. DORSTEN.

FOURTH DIVISION (Resident Students).

In our Division the basket-ball season is in full swing. We have eight quintets divided into classes, A and B. The teams of Class "A" are as follows:

Earlham .....Captain, J. Vandenbroeck
Haskell .....Captain, I. Ducoing
Carlisles .....Captain, T. Macklin
Mohawks .....Captain, H. Holters
Yale .....Captain, E. Gross

Thus far Earlham has a clean slate, having won its four games rather easily. The Haskellites are a close second, having lost a single game to the invincible Earlhams. Whilst the former quintets are winning so handily, the Mohawks, Carlisles, and Yales are meditating dire revenge. They are just now tasting some of the "ups and downs" of life, but they will be there pretty soon.

Class B has three teams of little "tots," some of them being hardly knee-high to a duck. The Tigers, Pirates, and Shamrocks form this formidable aggregation. The Tigers have decisively won two games by close scores; and, thus far, they consequently lead. All the other games ended with the 0 to 0 score. This evidently shows how close the playing was, and also how small the lads are.

BOWLING.

In December the First Division closed its first bowling contest. Four teams took part in this event, and the Invincibles came out on top. The individual averages are not extraordinarily high, but there is promise of much higher per cents. in the coming contest, as the bowlers have increased in skill with each game. Following is the standing of the teams and the individual averages:

	No. of Games	*Won*	*Lost*	*Per Cent.*	*No. Pins*
Invincibles	11	7	4	.636	7539
Excelsiors	11	6	5	.545	7549
Dreadnaughts	10	5	5	.500	6607
Defenders	10	4	6	.400	6434

MEMBERS OF TEAMS.

Innvincibles	*Excelsiors*	*Dreadnaughts*	*Defenders*
Daugherty	McDonald	Clark	Quinlan
Georges	Harrington	Singer	Wickham
Seidensticker	Hart	Sutton	Broomhall
Janszen	Schad	Poos	Suttelle
Wagner	Frederick	Smith	Mason.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

Smith	150.6	Schad	134.1
Daugherty	149.0	Wagner	132.5
MacDonald	146.4	Suttelle	132.2
Sutton	143.4	Hart	131.1
Broomhall	140.5	Wickham	130.1
Frederick	139.4	Quinlan	129.4
Seidensticker	138.1	Georges	128.9
Poos	137.2	Clark	121.1
Janszen	136.8	Mason	112.2
Harrington	135.1	Singer	108.4

Bomberger Park League

That St. Mary's is almost "it" in basket-ball is being shown to a demonstration by the way our Dayton students are handling their opponents in the city. At Bomberger Park the two S. M. I. teams are in the lead, and are there to stay. The doughty Cadets stand at 1000; while the Invincibles with .833 are impatiently waiting their second struggle with their only conquerors. The Cadets, none of whom are over fifteen years of age, are showing a wonderful knowledge of the game and its technique. Since December 7 they have added six more victories to their record.

December 14	Shilohs	0	Cadets 54
December 21	Crescents	2	Cadets 55
December 28	Conquestors	0	Cadets 103
January 4	Lincolns	2	Cadets 78
January 6	Y. M. C. A. Boys	4	Cadets 44
January 11	Olympias	0	Cadets 115
	Opponents	8	Cadets 449
Previous Games	Opponents	16	Cadets 54
Total Points	Opponents	24	Cadets 503

We think one will have to go a great way to find a similar record among boys teams.

Exchanges

THE EXPONENT takes this opportunity to wish our exchanges "a bright and prosperous New Year!" May they all live long and never die. To say we are pleased to see the name of a member of our Alumni Association grace the pages of the *Viatorian* is indeed putting it mildly. "Our National Vice," by Joseph Pilon, certainly displays great talent, as likewise the beautiful poem, "An Indian Maiden," by the same. "The Incident at Oxbrow," although it makes a tragic beginning, ends well, and as we hope, they lived happy ever after. The *Viatorian* also contains many choice bits of poetry in the Bardic Choir.

* * * *

"Home From School Each Day," in the *Fordham Monthly,* is a delightful little poem, and the verses on "Nutting" recall the happy days of boyhood—those happy days that will never return. "Election Day at Lonesome," a story of the political struggle for the office of chief magistrate of that village, abounds with delightful humor. The candidates were the fire chief and the chief undertaker, and these redoubtable politicians taxed themselves to their utmost to win the coveted majority of votes. "Thomas Chatterton" treated with skill the life of that strange genius.

* * * *

The pictures in the *Loretto Crescent* tell of the pleasant homelike feeling which must pervade that institution, and the thoughts these pictures suggest are expressed in the lines "Home Again."

* * * *

The editorials in the *Purple and White* are well-written articles on carefully chosen subjects. The first part of the "Pythagoras and the Pythagorean Theorem" was very good, treating of the life of Pythagoras, the great mathematician; but the latter part, we think, would look better in a geometry than in a college paper. We are glad to see the Holy Name Society in a flourishing condition at Spalding.

* * * *

Accept our hearty congratulations, *Mountaineer,* in behalf of St. Mary's on your anniversary of a hundred years as a college. May success ever abide with you and crown your efforts during many returns of the happy occasion!

We note an improvement in the *Academia,* which contained many well-written lines of verse. We see that the "Fressies" are not so green as they are usually said to be, for five of the eight articles or poems were written by members of their class. "The Sacrifice of an Atonement" contains a good moral, and "Homeward," "The Sanctuary Lamp," and "Autumn Breezes" are all worthy of mention.

* * * *

The *Agnetian Monthly* contained a well-written sketch on "Richard Wagner," the creator of "Parsifal," "who grew up unrestrained by authority and with no other guides than life, art, and himself." "Lindon Lodge" is a pretty Thanksgiving story of schoolgirls, and "Am Losing My Time" contains good advice for every one.

* * * *

"John's Final Decision," in the *St. Vincent's College Journal,* is written with much skill of expression. "The Founding of Pittsburg" is an interesting historical sketch of the Iron City one hundred and fifty years ago. "Providence," a poem, is simply neat.

* * * *

The *Columbia,* of Fribourg, Switzerland, has an able article on "The Neglect of the Classics," and a sonnet, "Night's Approach," whose closing lines are as sweet as anything that Shelley ever wrote:

> "But in his bed the river vigil keeps
> And murmurs on, while all creation sleeps."

Both are from the pen of Joseph Tetzlaff, a former student of St. Mary's, now preparing for the priesthood. Success to you!

JOHN F. OHMER.

What Even the Wisest Relish

Mahoney, Morris, Frederick, Whalen, and Costello are stars of the fifth magnitude.

Professor ——— loves to speak to himself for two reasons:

1. He loves to speak to a sensible man.
2. He loves to hear a sensible man speak.

THE BELL

Hear the master with the bell—
What a world of class and task its monodies foretell!
How it jangles, jangles, jangles
Through the corridors and halls,
While the lads that were a-bumming
Now return in haste a-humming;
Throw aside their cues and balls,
Prefect 's keeping time, time, time;
So beware his dock and fine
When you hear the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
When you hear the clanging and the jangling of the bell.

"Say! Run around the corner and get me two more rolls of paper."
"Well! you don't mean to write a book?"
"Oh, no; I simply want to jot down my New Year's resolutions."

PLENTY

A traveler o'er the desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him;
For he at any time can eat
The sand—which is around him.

A. W.'s such a great talker that if he were to talk in his sleep, he'd sit up all night to listen to himself.

"Young man," said the professor, as he laid hands on an impudent Freshman, "I believe Satan has ahold of you."
"I believe he has," was the reply.—*Ex.*

S——'s known for his ability at sight reading when at the piano, but, oh there must be some awful misprints in the music.

Men shall be judged according to their works, but what about the fellow who has none?

OUTWITTED

The class of zoölogy had conspired to entrap their lecturer with a specimen of their own creation. Legs of locusts were inserted into the body of a caterpillar; wings of a butterfly were added, and the novel insect brought to the lecture-room.

"What kind of bug is this, professor?"

"Where did you find the bug?"

"Right out there on a tree."

"Did it hiss or hum any?"

"It hummed fearfully."

"Well, then it is a humbug."

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! All about the big fire. Two thousand kids burnt!"

Gentleman: "Here 's a nickel; give me a paper. Where was the fire?"

Newsboy: "In a glove factory."

Teacher: "If a hundred men work for a hundred years at a dollar a day, what do they get?"

Harry: "Get mad."

"Professor, what was that lovely selection you played just now?"

"That, madam, was an improvisation."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; I knew it was an old favorite, but I couldn't think of the name, to save me."

Shorty hath a big undertaking—No. 10's.

There was an old fellow named Green
Who grew so abnormally lean
And flat and compressed,
That his back touched his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

If you haven't heard of water being carried in a straw hat, it 's because it hasn't leaked out yet.

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