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THE VIRGIN, INFANT JESUS AND ST. JOHN
Some Religious Opinions of Homer

JOHN C. HALDIN, '11.

When a people has ripened to civilization and tasted the fruits of the multifariously branched tree of human intellect, it forthwith becomes conscious, perhaps vaguely at first, of the possibility of flights beyond the narrow limitations of present conceptions. Eagerness to realize such possibilities produces a craving for perfect understanding, perfect knowledge, perfect happiness. Reason, with never dormant incitation, urges the newly-winged fledgeling to ascend the remote heights, far above the dark mysticism of earth into the clear atmosphere of the divinity. Homer is the forthcoming representative of Greek civilization, and, among many others, is a singular example of religious views during his time. We may attempt in a few analytic sketches of portions of his work to set him forth as embodying within himself the religious opinions of his nation.

It appears to be sheer folly, and in reality is naught but empty quibble, to forward proofs of Homer's religion. Whosoever Homer may have been, whether a distinct personality luminescent in the gloom of antiquity, or the concoction of the produce of many geniuses, we are sure that there was a deep religious sentiment in him, which only too many classical students of our day have exhumed from his works. But, what kind of a religious sentiment? Ah, that in one sense seems a formidable query; yet one can make a deep ingress into the mind of the wonderful Greek master and issue therefrom all the wiser.

Homer points out in unequivocal and most positive statements a multitude of principles that depict the religious attitude of his people and himself. Note the role of the divine omnipresence and the dependence of the lower upon the upper world in just two such statements: "All men have need of gods" (Od. 3.48), and, "Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw Odysseus as he sailed o'er the deep." Mr. Adam, Litt.D., in his lectures on the religious teachers of Greece, says: "In Homer the entire framework of,
the universe is penetrated and quickened throughout all its parts by the
divine, revealing itself not only in the uniform and regular sequence of
natural phenomena, but also from time to time in those exceptional and
arbitrary suspensions of natural law which later ages pronounce miracu-
lus."

We see in Homer that the gods freely intermingle and occasion all sorts
of prodigies, yet we also see that they too must submit to Fate and are ren-
dered cognizant of the fact that not even Zeus, the lord and sire of the
gods, could stay the arm of Destiny when it arose to launch the inevitable
stroke that felled the daring Sarpedon. The conception of fate, however,
is not at all clear in Homer; it seems to be merely an omnipotence, if we
may so speak, beyond the omnipotence of the gods.

Though the anthropomorphism of the Iliad’s author is an interesting
question, yet we must elide it, in view of matter more directly adherent to
our subject. If Homer had a religion he must have given signs, and hence
arises the question, What was his position towards prayer and sacrifice?
The Odyssey shows us that it is the characteristic of a god-fearing spirit to
offer many sacrifices to Zeus. Observing the sacrifices from the double
viewpoint of gods and men, we see that Homer holds the sacrifice, on the
one hand, to be a tribute which the gods demand under pain of dreadful
visitations, and, on the other, men offer sacrifice less in a view of gratitude
for bygone beneficences, than in a vein of confidence for such yet to come.
The inference that there seemed to be, relative to sacrifice, a pietas in heaven
and a pietas on earth, springs from the idea of unification of gods and men,
in respect of social organization. As for prayer, Homer conceives of it in
much the same way as of sacrifice, that is, in a reciprocal participation of
gods and men. The client bends no knee, veils not his head, but stands,
stretches forth his arms in proud petition to his heavenly lord, and demands
a hearing.

There is yet another topic calling for investigation if we desire to be duly
informed of the religious opinions of the great poet, How does he behold
sin and expiation? The wrath of Achilles and the unbending hatred of
Agamemnon were sins which brought numberless woes upon the Greeks.
In endeavoring to enumerate them, pages would be called for; these sins,
in Homer demand a restitution, and he pictures it at the scene of the loss
of Achilles’ dearest friend, Patroclus. Both heroes made a public repara-
tion before the council of the chiefs; Achilles, by way of reparation, rushed
into the thickest fight, though forewarned of the fatality of his bravery by
the gods themselves; Agamemnon yielded to demands of his compatriots
and in turn made restitution.

Besides these there are innumerable other interpretations of the first
great religious teacher of Greece. Yet, despite the tomes of classis lore that
have been transcribed and commented upon, the religious attitude of
Homer, even as his very existence, shall ever be a universally discussed
theme.
AY the fifth began with a beautiful Spring morning. The tall green grass, interspersed with yellow dandelions in old South Park at Yale was already demanding the services of the lawn mower. The lilac bushes rose like a purple wall on each side of the gravel path.

Although the bell in the old tower was just striking seven, the three jolly sophomores strolling along the path seemed to have been enjoying their quiet walk for some time.

The oldest of the trio, John Landing, left his companions continue their walk toward an old summer house while he plucked a large bunch of the purple lilac. He gazed at it for a moment or two admiring its beauty, smelled of its fragrance, and then, pinning it to his coat, hurried to join his comrades, who were just entering the cool shade of the creeping vines. Taylor and Mand had been whispering to one another, but at the arrival of Landing had ceased and turned expectant looks towards their tardy companion.

"I'll venture to say you have been plotting some scheme. What is it?"

"We, plotting something?" exclaimed Mand in a half angry voice. "I think it is you that had better be plotting something. If you remember, it is your turn to tell a story. Landing, as I told you before, our little scheme will fall through if you do not keep your part of the agreement."

"I believe you are mistaken, Mand. I think it is Taylor's turn," replied John, assuming a thoughtful and injured look.

"Now, John, you cannot have forgotten my story so soon. Last night I heard you repeating it to a crowd of freshmen. You were so well pleased with the story, if you remember correctly."

Landing was fairly caught. In trying to evade the sharp tongue of Mand he had shifted his excuse on to Taylor. But the latter's story was too good to have been forgotten so easily even by Landing.

"That's so, Taylor. Excuse me! I do remember now; it was a very good story and I enjoyed it greatly."

"Well, make this a good one and we will forgive your forgetfulness."

Landing smiled and made no reply. He was wrapped in thought for a minute or two and then, when about to speak, checked himself and took the lilac from his coat.

"Well, we have breakfast at seven-forty-five," observed Mand, taking out his watch.
"This story is a little out of season and I don't think you will appreciate it now," explained Landing, with another look at his flower.

"Let it come anyhow. It must be a good one if it takes you this long to get it started," grumbled Mand, replacing his timepiece.

"It's a college story," teased Landing.

"That's in season. Start something," chimed in the now attentive Taylor.

"It's a football story."

"Let it come. Mandy is a good time-keeper; he will enjoy it."

"This happened when my brother was a student here. I was in short pants at the time and he brought me to the game. Now, if you know how old I am, you can tell when this game took place."

"About '80," interrupted Mand.

"The eleven of that year was the pride of every student in the University. Pennsylvania had held us to twenty-four points, and even this was considered good for the Penn boys. My, but that was a team! An ideal eleven for the game as it was played some fifteen years ago. The line averaged one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and each man was a veteran in his position. Smith and Land at halves were a revelation of speed, and their passing and defensive work was fast, sure, and accurate. James at full, weighing one ninety-five, was almost impossible to be tackled. He was not very fast, though. Our main hopes were placed in Dan Neil at quarter. He more than made up for James' lack of speed, and it was said that he had not been downed on an open field all season. Besides this, Doctor Brannington was coaching the team. Of course you have heard of him. Well, the way Dan was carrying out his plays was surely encouraging to the enthusiastic rooters.

"It was the popular belief that the mind and time of Dan Neil, outside of class hours, was entirely devoted to football. Surely it appeared so to most students; but all did not agree on the point. Every Tuesday evening after scrimmage practice he was seen boarding an east-bound Madison Street car. Several of the players, with Harry Smith at their head, undertook to solve the mystery. Dan perceiving their intentions, however, employed more caution when starting on his Tuesday evening trip. Smith traced him to the Madison Street car line, but there the wily captain seemed to disappear. As he was in his room again at nine o'clock, he could not be reported for disobeying training rules. Neil smiled and maintained silence when questioned on the subject. He said that he might tell after the big game.

"With so good an aggregation, all felt that now was our chance, if ever, to redeem our defeats of the last three years by the strong Harvard eleven. "Daily and Howard at halves, with big Buck Warren at full, were playing together for their third consecutive season, and we realized that they were capable of pushing the pig-skin along at a terrific clip. We felt con-
fident, however, that our line would prevent serious trouble from this trio. Besides, Doctor Brannington assured us that he would spring a trick or two that would surprise the Harvard lads.

"The students were as patient as could be expected, waiting for the approach of Thanksgiving day. Excitement ran high and a record-breaking crowd was anticipated by both teams. The stationer had already sold two large consignments of pennants and now was waiting the arrival of another. The report that neither blue nor white ribbon was to be had at any price in the State proved false, and finally all the enthusiasts were supplied."

"Thanksgiving morning was ushered in with a cold, bracing breeze from the north. It was an ideal day for the great college game. By two o'clock the grounds were packed to the corners and fence tops, and it was with difficulty that the twenty blue-coats kept the swaying and yelling throng from the gridiron."

"The north stand and the east side line was one waving mass of blue and white. All along this line the rooting was intense. The forty-six L. M.'s and the A. N. U.'s, dressed in every costume imaginable and parading the whole length of the field time and again, burst forth with their encouraging but deafening yells."

"The attention of the crowds along the west line was now attracted to something in the rear. We were soon apprised of the cause. A huge crimson and white pennant was ushered into the vacant stands in the southwest corner by a burly Harvardite. He was followed by hundreds of his fellows, all defiantly waving the same gay colors. This stand, which had been reserved for our rival rooters, was soon filled to the rafters, and the game was about to commence."

"Having won the toss, we decided to kick off, as there was scarcely any wind stirring. For some reason or another, Warren and the right half exchanged positions in the line-up to receive the ball. Buck made a strong objection to the manner in which Smith set the ball, but the referee would not allow his claim. The big full-back finally retired to his position, accompanied by derisive yells from the north stand. A death-like silence hung over the field as Smith stepped toward the ball. It rose high in the air and sailed towards Warren's corner. The high flight of the ball enabled our men to get well down the field before the big full-back caught it. Buck made a neat catch, and, following the splendid interference made by the two halves and a tackle, dashed around to the left side of the field. The Harvard left guard, a big one hundred-and-ninety-pounder, bowled over his own man and now had our full blocked. It was up to Lang and James to break through the interference and get the man with the ball. Warren had carried it the entire width of the field before he started to advance, and so our left line could not be depended upon to get into the play. Neil had played on the extreme left of our line, and at the kick of the ball sprang down the field, sticking close to the left side. He was not noticed by
the Harvard men, and, cutting across on the path of Warren, was rapidly overtaking the unsuspecting full-back. He made a flying tackle from behind and downed Buck after he had advanced the ball just ten yards.

"Buck arose, grumbling that the right half should have watched Dan. He was engaged in this manner when signals were given and he was obliged to call "repeat." The quarter cast an inquiring look along our right line, hesitated a moment, and then gave the same signal. James, following this cue, laid low under our tackle and easily stopped the play. Warren gained only two yards through out right guard, and on the next play he was obliged to punt. It sailed to our forty-five-yard line and Dan returned it fifteen yards before he was downed.

"The ball went into play here in the middle of the field amidst the roaring cheers from rival rooters. Both teams were now playing at their best. The line held to perfection, and consequently punting was frequent until the end of the half.

"During the intermission the cheering continued with increased vigor. Neither side claimed victory, and many expressed the opinion that the game would result in a tie. The players were again returning to the field for the second half.

"We received the ball, and during ten minutes of slow play, caused by the ceaseless wrangling of Warren, succeeded in carrying it to the fifteen-yard line of our opponents. Here it was lost on a fumble, and Buck punted it back fifteen yards. About eight more minutes' play remained, and although Harvard was not playing the same fast game as at first, still they seemed able to hold out to the end. In four downs we bucked it through the line for ten yards. This was encouraging, but it was slow work. Something must be done soon, or the great contest would result in a tie.

"Smith had injured his ankle in the last buck and his speed could not be depended upon. The Harvard line, reinforced by big Buck, was holding splendidly, and our only hope was a good end run. Neil spoke a few hurried words to Smith, and these men exchanged places in the line-up. Warren was wary and dropped back some eight or ten yards. The new quarter gave the signal and the ball was snapped. Our backs started around the right end and the play was looked for by both teams in that direction. As was feared by some of our anxious and more impatient supporters, a fumble resulted. In passing the ball to Land, Smith let it slip from his hands. The Harvard right end was swinging around at full speed and made a dive for the ball. It was just what Smitty wanted. He quickly recovered the pig-skin, shot it to Neil, who passed behind the fake interference around our right end, and now had a clear road around the opposite side. He carried the ball with his right arm and was hugging the left side line. Warren made a headlong dive at Dan's knees, determined to knock him across the side line and thus put the ball out of play. If he had
hit him even the slightest jolt he would have succeeded in his purpose. But he did not hit him. With the open palm of his left hand Dan shoved the flying full-back hard against the ground, and, summoning all his remaining strength, swerved to the right and dashed down the clear field for the first touchdown of the great game.

"The crowd went fairly wild—so did Buck. He would listen to no words from his teammates and made at Dan, who was being carried in triumph on the shoulders of his cheering admirers. The referee and a policeman stopped Warren as he sprang at our unsuspecting quarter-back.

"He slugged me and he's been doing it all during the game," screamed Warren in a frenzy of rage.

"He was prevented from doing anything serious by the policeman and the players. Dan calmly listened to the unjust accusation and then coolly walked away, disdaining to have any dealings with a man of such unsportsmanlike principles.

"The referee declared the play a touchdown and the score stood five to naught in favor of Yale. The time-keeper announced that there remained three minutes of play. When the rooters heard this joyful news they burst forth with a deafening yell of victory. We could not be overtaken in that short space of time. Because of this, Doctor Brannington put a substitute in place of Neil and the game continued. Dan was quite fagged out and begged his friends to let him return to the dressing room at once.

"Buck was determined to have revenge on our great quarter-back, and with this intention had a big Harvard freshman to follow him.

"While the jubilant crowd was singing songs of victory and carrying Land, Smith, and the other players about on their shoulders, Dan Neil was hurrying across the east campus, and soon afterwards was riding out East Madison Street.

"With a long-drawn sigh of fatigue he took a seat in the front of the car. But beneath his tired look you might see an expression of secret pleasure and happiness.

"'Well, I must say I am quite lucky,' he said softly to himself. 'Smitty even did not have a chance to follow me this time.'

"But Dan was not as lucky as he supposed. The big freshman, Buck's accomplice, stood on the rear platform. Dan got off at Twelfth Street and mounted the porch steps of a beautiful residence on the corner. Now, if Smith had been behind the telegraph pole on the opposite side of the street with the big Harvard freshman, he soon would have been master of Neil's secret. He would have known the cause of Dan's frequent trips on the Madison Street car.

"As Dan reached the top step, the door was opened and a young lady advanced with eager steps to meet him. Her face wore an expression of surprise, mingled with fear. She had heard the score by telephone and was not prepared to see Dan with such a sober look on his usually cheerful
countenance. Neil had seen the freshman and surmised his intention. But as Dan always endeavored to increase the happiness of other people, and especially this particular person, he made no mention of the snare that was being set for him. Accordingly, when the young lady again looked at her friend, the same old cheery smile met her eyes and the two entered the house.

"It was 10:00 P.M. when Dan Neil reappeared. He was expecting trouble and was prepared for it. He took a hasty glance down the dark street and noticed a policeman leaning against a lamp post at the corner of Thirteenth Street.

"I wish he was at Eleventh Street," murmured Dan. 'Then Buck would not meddle with me for a while at any rate." So saying, he boldly started on his way toward town.

"He had taken scarcely a dozen steps when the two big Harvardites approached. Buck came from a dark alley and the freshman had vaulted a lawn fence in his rear. Neil did not attempt to escape. Buck and his confederate seized the unresisting Dan and dragged him into the darkness of the alley.

"Now \[I've got you, you dirty player. When you slugged Buck Warren you did something you'll be sorry for till the end of your days,' began the full-back, in a fierce but subdued tone. He was about to put this villainous speech in action when all were startled by a clear and commanding voice from the darkness.

"Stop this work on your lives. Who moves a foot without my ordering will be shot on the spot." A deathlike silence followed, and then the unseen person blew a piercing blast on a whistle. There was no mistake; it was the familiar and dreaded whistle used by policemen.

"Now you in the middle leave this place as swiftly as you can. You two remain; and on your lives remember my orders.' Silence followed.

"Dan turned the corner, and the light patter of his footsteps, which gradually died out, proved that he was obeying orders to the letter.

"Buck had half made up his mind to turn his head, when he was again interrupted by heavy footsteps approaching from Thirteenth Street. An officer of the law cautiously entered the alley and compelled the frightened men to follow him to the better lighted street. Then began a systematic examination of this serious case.

"What is your name?"
"John Lemane."
"And yours?"
"Henry Warren."
"Explain your skulking in that dark alley?"
"The culprits made no response.
"Answer my question."
"We weren't doing anything,' timidly answered the trembling freshman.
"Buck maintained a dogged silence.
"Well, we'll attend to that part of the case later.'
"So saying, the officer marched them to a nearby reporting box, and in one hour Buck and his companion occupied separate cells in the county jail.
"On Friday morning the following article appeared in the Herald:

"ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

"Henry Warren and John Lemane were taken into custody last night at 10:30. They were found lurking in an alley off Madison Street. They could not give a satisfactory account of themselves and their arrest followed. They claim to be University students, but their actions do not indicate such to be the case. A quantity of rope and twine was found on Warren. When questioned he spoke of two policemen, whereas the officer who made the arrest is certain he was the only one present at the time. This and the stubborn silence which he thereupon maintained have given cause for doubt as to his sanity. They will pass trial to-morrow, but a physician will first receive Warren in charge.'

"Dan Neil and Harry Smith were seated in the former's room discussing the various plays of the great game. The janitress came in to do the dusting and handed the morning paper to Dan. While looking for the account of the game, he observed the title, 'Arrested on Suspicion.'

"He burst forth in a loud roar of laughter. Smith finally succeeded in quelling the violent mirth of his companion and asked him to explain himself.

"'I will tell you all about it in a minute,' Dan replied.
"A strange voice was just then calling from the next room.
"'Molly, please come here a moment?'
"'That Tom Wayne is always bothering me,' grumbled the janitress as she reluctantly left her dusting and started for the next room.

"She had scarcely disappeared when the roar of laughter again broke the silence.

"'Gee, Smitty, I knew I was getting it down pretty well, but I did not know it would stand me in such good stead.'

"'Why, Dan, what is the matter with you? What have you got down so well?'

"'Why, you will soon learn when Molly returns and finds that Tom has not called her. I have been practicing ventriloquism now for two years. Read this and tell me what I ought to do for Buck. Ha, ha, ha!'"
Blessed Joan of Arc

When on April 18, in the presence of 30,000 pilgrims, and amid the glorious pageantry of a beatification ceremony, the Church raised the peasant girl, the warrior maiden, Joan of Arc, to the honor of the altar, she was but following out a line of conduct that has been hers for ages. The almost hypnotic influence of biography was known to Plutarch and to Nepos. The tendency to imitate is found in man as well as in child. The Church, realizing this from an early date in her history, undertook to furnish her children with models of utmost Christian perfection, taken from among her own sons and daughters. The round of applause that the recent beatification has elicited is proof sufficient that the life of Joan of Arc furnishes us with a new inspiration to higher life, to nobler striving. With a view to suggestion along this line we offer the following sketch.

Of our modern nations, probably not one has climbed to such pinnacles of glory or sunk to such abysses of degradation as France. There were periods when its every word was a command to the nations of western Europe; and there were periods when it lay prone at the feet of conquering England or Germany. Of these latter periods the first quarter of the fifteenth century is certainly one, and to many a Frenchman of that day it must have seemed that the words of doom, the Mene, Tekel, Peres, of Belshazzar were written across the last page of their nation's story. At Cressy and at Poitiers and in fields less gory, the knighthood of France had sunk before English lances. Pestilence had ravaged at will through the land, until but a third of the population remained. Her kings were routed and imprisoned. Her nobles deserted them and fought among themselves. One of the most horrifying massacres recorded in history was committed at Paris in 1418 by the Burgundians upon the Armagnacs.

Petrarch, who traveled in France about this period, says: "Nothing presents itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude, an extreme poverty, lands uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighborhood of Paris manifested everywhere marks of destruction and conflagration. The streets are deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds, the whole is a vast solitude."

England's hold on France was growing apace until 1420, when we find Henry V. of England in full control of all the territory north of the Loire.
BLESSÉD JOAN OF ARC
Two years later the imbecile Charles VI. of France died, leaving his petty kingdom,—practically two countries,—to his frivolous, fearful son, Charles VII. Conscious of his danger from the English, this nerveless king locked himself up in Orleans, whose massive walls had resisted every invader from the days of Attila and his hordes. But it was not Orleans that could have preserved autonomy for the French nation. The Providence that had chosen the Galilean fishermen for the apostles of its Gospel was preparing a savior for France. To the sweet-faced, saintly shepherd girl, watching her flocks on the hillsides of Domremy, comes the voice of God, bidding her to go forth from her pastoral solitudes, and lead to battle the handful of disheartened soldiers that still cling with noble loyalty to the undeserving Charles VII.

How strange, how incomprehensible are the ways of God! Joan of Arc, a peasant girl, a shepherdess, to save a nation now in the throes of death! What a theme for the painter, the poet, and the dramatist! “We see her wander up and down the gentle slopes, peering with eyes that see beyond our vision into the great oak forest, or listening to sounds we cannot hear beneath the fairy tree. We see her spring with lithe, intrepid grace upon the horses of the farm, and, mounted like a soldier, make all the thrusts and passes of a knight prepared for the fray. We see her sitting silent, while her skillful fingers ply her needle at the humble fireside, in that early winter of 1428, listening to tales of the distress of France, the siege of Orleans, the imminent crisis of the kingdom’s fate which the roving bands of Charles’ adherents bring to Domremy. We see her, ‘about the hour of noon, in summer time,’ in her father’s garden, and we see a kindling in that innocent eye, a purpose in that girlish face. And she tells us that a voice of God comes to her, and with the voice a bright light shines. And often she hears the voice and sees the light; and St. Michael, and St. Margaret, and St. Catherine appear to her in a halo of glory, their heads crowned with jewels, their voices mild and sweet. She hears them when the bells are sounding for the hour of prayer. She hears the voices in the forest also, and at many times and places, and they speak so soothingly that she kneels and weeps because they do not take her with them back to Paradise. But the voices say she must stay and save France from the ruin that im-pends.” She does stay; and in the vigils of her waiting she nerves her soul to its great mission, by closest union of her soul with Him from whom that mission comes.

April, 1429, is drawing to a close. The English are wrapped, a living chain, around the ancient walls of Orleans. Not one ray of hope shines into the dismal streets of that beleaguered city. Of the issue there remains no doubt; how long that issue may be postponed is the only unknown quantity. Thus far the ways of man! From Domremy God calls Joan of Arc; from the pastures of Domremy comes the peasant girl and all is changed. How nobly she sits upon her charger, clothed in fifty pounds of burnished
steel, a glittering sword dangling at her side, her banner tightly grasped within her hand, for helmet her raven locks, for visor her maidenly innocence! No need of telling here her knightly deeds of valor and of prowess as she leads on the attacks upon the English foe. Or how she leads the pettysouled King Charles to Rheims, there to crown him king of France. Or how she wins back to his allegiance the traitor Duke of Burgundy, and reorganizes the all but annihilated kingdom of the Franks. But ah! how changed the picture when we see her standing upon the fagot pile at Rouen, her "radiant face uplifted to the beckoning skies, a crucifix upheld in shrivelling, flame-kissed hands, a wreath of smoke for a shroud, a wrack of smoke for pall, a heap of ashes, and—a franchised soul!"

Ages have passed since Joan's life was offered a holocaust to English cruelty. But the story of her innocence, of her nobility of purpose, of her unfaltering devotion to the cause of her country and her God—these remain a heritage to all times, a message to unnumbered souls, bidding them to follow whither she has dared to lead.

"For each of us there waits an Orleans. Some time that crisis battle must be fought which gives us final victory or ultimate defeat. In that long siege which precedes that crisis-battle we need the faith of Joan, that faith which ranges the soul on the side of the conquering powers and enlists it in a service which is sure to win. And we need to see our visions, to hear our voices, as did Joan hers; those visions which open to us from the summits of our holiest resolve, our highest endeavor, our most strenuous commands, and whisper to us in secret chambers of our beleaguered souls, words of conviction, of courage, and of cheer. God grant that we be not unresponsive to that angel voice, that we be not disobedient unto the heavenly vision!"
The House of Mystery

Paul C. Singer, '12.

Part I.

They were four
"Good fellows together
In all kinds of weather."

O be precise, their names were Sam Cauvar, John Austin, better known as Jack, Joe Leonard, and Ray Glomer. All were "sophs" at Jefferson Medics out on a vacation camping trip. The clinic and the laboratory were forgotten in the long, dreamy summer days, and vivisection was called into play only when it came to dressing the numerous black bass that paid tribute to Austin's reputation as a fisherman. Their camp was pitched in a small valley, between two lines of tall cliffs bordering a fairy-like river. Both sides were nearly alike, with the exception that a roadway edged the top of the cliffs on the camp side.

One cool night, as all were gathered about the cheery fire swapping lies over their pipes, the conversation turned to the old house they had noticed down at the big bend in the river. It was a ramshackle, tumble-down structure, a prey to wind and weather. An atmosphere of quiet always hung about the place and made it the very spot to be connected with weird fancies and ghost stories.

"From what I heard up in the village when I was here last summer," spoke up Glomer, "it must be something of a spook house—if there are any such things," he added, with a laugh. "Cy, who brings our stuff down from town, 'reckons as how the place is haunted, bein's he heard queer noises when he passed on the road above in the dead of night.' The place used to belong to old man Jackson, who, with his two sons, worked a small farm bordering the top of the cliff. You've all heard how Bob Jackson shot that young fellow named Birch for upsetting their milk in the spring just beyond the house. Ever since the place has been in evil repute with the rustics hereabouts."

"I tell you what we'll do," suggested Joe Leonard, whose fertile brain was always scheming to get ahead of somebody else. "The four of us will go down to-morrow night and pull off a little spiritualistic seance of our own. I know none of you are nigger enough to believe in ghosts. You
know what Bill says, ‘Tis the eye of childhood that fears the painted devil.' If there are any strange noises around that place, we'll find out who's making 'em and how. Take it from me, there's either something shady going on in that house, or the people around here are dippy on ghosts. Meanwhile, let's turn in.”

So with much noise and more talking they went to bed. Before retiring, they noticed increasing signs of a coming storm from the sound of distant thunder and fitful flashes of lightning. Before twelve the wind had risen to such fury and the rain beat down so fiercely, that the tent was in imminent danger of falling. Finally with a swish it fell, and its wet surface effectually aroused the sleepers to the fact that some other shelter would be very comfortable for the remainder of the night.

“Well, we can't stand here all night, shivering like wet dogs,” said Glomer, the ever practical. “I guess we'll have to make that ghost hunt a little prior to expectations. Come on; don't mind that stuff.”

However, before leaving, they took the precaution to cover the provisions with the tent.

Without further delay, they started off on a quick run for the old house, which was about a quarter of a mile away. Dripping wet and stumbling over roots and stones, they at length brought up in sight of the house, whose vague outlines could be seen through the driving rain. The foremost of the band was only a few steps from the door when a shot rang out inside the house. At the same time a light flashed through one of the windows and then was gone. After some shuffling of feet and the noise of a heavy object being dragged about over the floor, all was quiet within the house. The four looked at one another questioningly, and something akin to terror showed in their eyes.

Leonard was the first to break the silence.

“Who'll go in with me?” he asked, simply.

All four agreed as one to hazard a bullet or two to satisfy their curiosity—or probably fears.

“Here we go then,” said Leonard. “Make as little noise as you can and keep together.”

They expected their advance to be answered with a shot or two, but they reached the open door without molestation. The four halted at the door, made sure no one was behind them, and then went in. Glomer lighted the room they entered with the small pocket electric lamp he carried. The room was empty. Neither did the next room show any signs of occupation. So they searched every room in the house without any result. Even the old fireplace disclosed nothing.

Bewildered, they met again at the starting point. Austin was the first to speak. “Talk about your Sherlock Holmes mysteries; this has 'em all faded to a frazzle. We come to a supposedly haunted house, hear a shot and other strictly human noises, and find no living thing inside that could have made the noise. It sure looks shady.”
"I think there’s some kind of a secret entrance to this place," suggested Cauvar. "The only thing to do is to look for it. You can be sure no ghost ever thought so much of his capabilities as to fire a gun."

While he was speaking, one of the party was rummaging about in an outer room.

"Come here," he shouted, "I’ve found something."

They rushed in and found Glomer on hands and knees, peering through an open trap-door in the floor.

"Cauvar wins," he said. "I don’t see why we didn’t think of something like this before. The next question is, where does this passage lead to?"

"Only thing to do is to find out," curtly responded Austin, "and the only way to find out is to follow it up."

They dropped through the trap one by one, and proceeded gingerly along a narrow passage, hardly high enough for a man to stand upright. At length, after alternately walking and crawling for about a hundred feet, they came out on a ledge of rock, about fifty feet from the top of the cliff. The place was well concealed by a thick growth of stubby cedar. Rocks were tumbled about the entrance, as though it was usually covered up and that the last ones out had been in too great a hurry to close it. A well-worn path led from the ledge, slantingly to the top of the cliff and out to the road above. Sharp pieces of rock jutted out upon the path, all the way to the top. As the four ascended, Austin’s light fell upon a black slipper that showed no signs of wear.

"I can’t account for this," he said, stooping to pick up the dainty slipper. "No woman could have possibly come up this path, and you can be sure that highwaymen, or whoever our friends were who have just left in haste, do not go about with ladies’ footwear in their pockets. At any rate, we can’t do anything further in this hole to-night; daylight would be a much better time to stumble around these slippery rocks, looking for somebody we know nothing about. Don’t you think we’d better go back and see if we can’t get the tent up and steal a few hours’ sleep from what remains of the night? Remember we break camp to-morrow, and we’ll need all the sleep we can get. It’s too bad we can’t stay longer, but lugging that stuff up over that cliff is no easy job, as you know from experience."

"I don’t think I can sleep much any more to-night," ventured Glomer. The others were not so candid as to how their experience affected them, but all agreed to go back and get the camp in a fit condition for habitation.

There was a soft, warm, yellow glow to the world when the camp awoke the next morning. The sun was shining brightly down on the little valley the night had ravaged, while he was far on the other side of the earth. The leaves of the trees were of a softer green, and a sweet smell of luxuriant vegetation filled the air.

The chirping of the birds awakened Leonard, who was always a light sleeper, and in due time he had the others up and a fire burning. With
one tremendous yawn, Cauvar rolled out of the tent, took a dip in the river, and started breakfast. During the meal they were reminded by Austin that their stay was only a matter of hours.

“We might as well start packing things up,” he said. “Cy will be down with the wagon along about two o’clock to take us to the station. I’m just beginning to appreciate this beauty spot, and now we have to leave just because the faculty sees fit to open up for business earlier than usual. Anyway, we’ve all had a good time.” All voted that they had.

By ten o’clock everything was packed, and after two hours of arduous toil the outfit was heaved on the wagon that waited on the road. After a last look around for stray articles, the four climbed into the wagon, and with many longing looks at the beautiful spot where they held out for three short weeks, the heavy wagon bumped along the road toward the railroad station. At a momentary glimpse of the old house through the trees, Leonard stood up in the wagon and yelled, “So long, old shack; we hope to hear more of you later.”

Along the road was situated Greenlawn Cemetery. They were just passing this beautiful burial ground when Austin asked, “What’s a fine burial ground doing away out here in the country?”

Glomer, who with Leonard and Cauvar lived in the nearby city, took it upon himself to answer.

“Well, the cemetery belongs to the city. Years ago, when a committee was casting about for a site in the city, their plans, for some reason or other, were balked by two or three politicians. So the only decent place they could find was here, outside the city. It’s rather inconvenient, but the people make the best of it. Why! just a week ago young John Cassel was buried there. He went to Jefferson formerly.”

His statement seemed to satisfy all curiosity, so the rest of the trip to the station was only commonplace. After forty minutes of riding on the train, they reached Haverford, tired and happy, but with the gloomy prospect of the near opening of school.

PART II.

It was late in September; classes had been in steady progress at the University and the students were at last settled down to serious study. Our four friends were constantly together and talked over and over the little experiences of their camping trip. The affair at the old house was fast becoming only a mysterious memory. But one morning their memory was very forcibly refreshed on this matter.

The class was assembled in the dissecting room in the basement of Brown Hall. Professor Boyd was giving the first lecture in experimental surgery and ordered the subject of study to be hauled out of the pickling vats, where corpses for dissection were kept. It was a well known fact
among the students in general that the University did not always receive its bodies through lawful means.

But imagine the feelings of Cauvar when the subject was brought to view! It was none other than the friend he had spoken of when passing the cemetery on the return from camp, not so many weeks before. The resurrection of George Washington could not have startled him more; but if he felt any surprise, he did not show it. Calling his three friends into a corner of the basement on some pretext or other, he made known his discovery to them in a whisper. They were surprised, to say the least, but not so much as to lose their heads.

"We'll talk this thing over more fully in my room; come up at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, be as tight as clams," whispered Cauvar. The approach of one of the professors put an end to further conversation on the subject.

The hour of eight found all assembled in Cauvar's room. When their pipes were fairly going and the cheerful wood fire was blazing in the open hearth, they were ready for business. Cauvar, as host, took the lead in speaking.

"Before we go into details about this matter," he said, "I have a little surprise for you. When I looked over my mail a short while ago, I found a letter covered with hieroglyphics, which made it look more like a Chinese laundry bill than an addressed letter. It took me just three-quarters of an hour to decipher its contents. At the close of the letter, old Cy, whom we remember well, signed his 'John Hancock.' This is what he writes:

"'I passed ole man Jackson's house late last nite. There was a spring wagon standin' in the rode. The fellow on it didn't see me; I stop. They drags somethin' heavy like a dead man out of the hous. Then I remembers what happened to you down here last summer. I hope you find this val-

"Then, as though he had forgotten, he adds, 'They didn't see me.'"

"Didn't you say your dad has been tracing up some body-snatching cases lately?" Austin asked, when he laid the letter back on the table. "You ought to go down to Haverford and tell him about this letter."

"That's a capital idea," said Cauvar by way of assent. "I'll go in the morning."

It must here be mentioned that Cauvar's father held the position of chief of detectives at Haverford, a city of about 80,000 inhabitants. In due time he reached Haverford and communicated his discovery of the body in the dissecting room, and told his father about the letter.

"Well, Sam," he said, "it looks like you've stumbled on something. Just to see if there is anything in your theory, I'll send Watkins down to your 'hole-in-the-wall' to take in the landscape. He's best for the job. If you want, you can accompany him."
Sam was only too glad of this opportunity to show that he had something in him, for his father had always maintained that he was only fit for a dispenser of pills, and for none of the other more strenuous pursuits of life. He knew Watkins well, and knew how to gain his commendation.

A traction car soon brought them to a place where they could without much difficulty reach the old house.

"Looks familiar to me," remarked Cauvar, tersely.

"Yes?" said the non-committal Watkins, conscious that he was expected to say something.

Darkness was just coming on when they repaired to a clump of trees near the path along the cliffs and prepared for a long wait. There was just a chance that the ghouls would make a visit that night. The late September air was rather chilly and made the absence of an overcoat keenly felt. A full moon gave promise of enough light, should anything turn up.

Cauvar vaguely wondered if Watkins was going to stay all night. He seemed to be as immovable as the stones on which he sat. An end was put to this line of thought by the distant rumble of a wagon on the hard road. The sound grew in intensity and stopped just above where they were standing. Two men came along the path, bearing a body. Their labored breathing could be heard many feet away, and when they passed the place where Cauvar and Watkins were standing, the two might have reached out and touched the men. When the two men had fairly passed, Watkins signaled his companion to follow, and when Cauvar caught up to him he said as an afterthought: "Go to the top and see if there is any one on the wagon; if not, come back here where I'll wait."

Cauvar returned in a few minutes with the news that the wagon had been drawn in out of sight of the road, and that there was no one around.

"Do you feel steady enough to take them while they're in the house?" asked the detective. "After all, we're man to man, and we have the advantage. Take this gun if you have none. I'll go to the front door and you go to the back. When you hear me whistle, come in immediately, and don't be afraid to shoot if you see reason to."

Cauvar whispered back, "All right!" wonderfully confirmed in his answer by the shining piece of blue steel he held in his hand.

Then they left each other to go to the haunted house. Later Cauvar confessed that he felt somewhat shaky, standing there alone, with no one but the moon for company.

As the two neared the house, the men inside began to talk in low tones. From their positions, the two watchers could hear them clearly.

"After we put this fellow under the floor, we can go back after the other one; there's plenty of time left. The boss says things are gettin' too hot around here and that we'll have to move on soon. Why, Rufus, you black ape, you look like you're scared at something."

"Dat I am, boss," answered the negro, for his broad speech proclaimed him as such to the watchers outside. "I ain't no s'perstitious nigger, but
evah sence ah lost dat lef hind foot of er rabbit dat I shot in er graveyard las' year in de dark of de moon, I doan't feel like diggin' up de stiffs. Tse 'fraid I'll ha' ter git anudder rabbit's foot or git off dis job.”

“Just like you black baboons. You’re all right as long as you’ve got a razor and a rabbit’s foot in your pocket; but without them you’re worse than a lot of kids. Don’t see why the boss ever put you on with me.”

The negro muttered to himself, “Ah’ll git eben wid dis po’ white trash.”

By this time the body had been securely placed under the floor and the two men were about to replace the boards, when a low whistle sounded from the outside. Immediately Cauvar and Watkins came in on either side of the room. With levelled guns the two ghouls were ordered to throw up their hands. The negro put up his hands with a yell. “Lawd, I done know ah oughtn’t go out lak dis widout mah oodoo.”

The white man, however, was not disposed to give in so easily. Before Watkins fairly had time to order him to throw up his hands he let fly the hatchet which he held in his hand. It came within an inch of Watkins’ head, but the detective soon had his man cowed and sullen at the end of his .38. Cauvar attended to the negro nicely, and had him backed up in a corner of the room with his hands reaching for the ceiling, in the usual cowardice of his race.

At a sign from his companion, he slipped handcuffs on the negro with one hand, keeping him covered with the other. Then he went to the aid of Watkins, thinking the negro thoroughly cowed. He had no more than turned his back and was helping Watkins adjust the handcuffs on the other man, when the negro silently crossed the room, and before Watkins could yell, “Look out,” brought a crashing blow down on Cauvar’s head, using the handcuffs which bound him as a weapon. Cauvar went down, but was not rendered unconscious. Watkins had his hands full for a moment holding the two at bay. Meanwhile Cauvar was getting his scattered senses together. When Watkins spoke to him, the sound of his voice seemed very far away indeed.

“Shake yourself together,” said the detective; “we’ll make them walk up the path in front of us to the wagon. If either one bolts, shoot him like you would a mad dog.”

He remarked to the two men, “Glad you thought enough to bring a wagon with you; you save us the trouble of walking.” The white man looked at him with a sullen glare, but remained silent. The negro shuffled along like a lost dog. After the laborious ascent they reached the wagon. Haltingly the two prisoners got in.

“You drive, Cauvar, and I’ll keep my eye on these fellows. Keep one eye on the road, and one on the nigger,” observed Watkins. By this time the moon was growing dim and hazy streaks of light began to appear in the east. No one was on the road, but now and then the barking of a watchful dog greeted the occupants of the lumbering wagon. They had about ten
miles to go to reach Haverford. Before the city was reached they met others on the road, who looked long and curiously at the two handcuffed men and their guards. One old farmer looked so long that he did not see where he was going, and ended up in the ditch.

They were just driving up in front of the detective headquarters when Mr. Cauvar spied them from an upper window. He stood staring for a moment, and then cried, "I see you've caught two fish for your pains. I can hardly believe it; and you two did it alone. Well, I must say it was well managed. Tell me the details later, but for the present bring your prisoners up to the sergeant's desk." Sooner than it takes to tell, the prisoners were before the desk, and their names went down on the blotter charged with "body-snatching." Their trial was set for the next day, as the authorities thought the sooner they disposed of the prisoners, the better. At the trial the negro turned state's evidence and gave information that led to the capture of a whole gang of ten who had worked in twos systematically over the whole State. But their depredations were ended, and with them ended the ghosts.

Cauvar did not see his father again until after the trial. But Mr. Cauvar made up for all tardiness in speaking to his son on the subject, by uttering the simple words, "Sam, you've proved to me that you are fit for more than prescriber of pills, and I want to do something for you."

"The only thing you can do for me is to promote Watkins in the force. He was alone responsible for the capture, and I was hardly a green understudy."

"Your demands are simple," said his father, conscious that a new side of his son's character had been shown him.

When Cauvar returned to Jefferson, of course he had to explain his part in the capture over and over to his friends.

"I tell you, Sam," said Leonard, when he had finished his narrative for the sixth consecutive time, "we'll have to go down to the old spot and camp again this summer. I think it will be great. The fellows all agreed that it will be fine to sleep in the old house the first night, and dream of ghosts and ghouls that come and get you in the dark."
IN JOYOUS SPRING.
Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain,
In crystal vapor everywhere.
Blue isles of heaven laughed between,
And, far in forest deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gathered green
From draughts of balmy air.
Sometimes the linnet piped his song;
Sometimes the thrush whistled strong;
Sometimes the sparrowhawk wheeled along,
Hushed all the groves from fear of wrong—
By grassy capes with fuller sound.
In curves the yellow river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.
—Alfred Tennyson.

MAY EVENING.
The breath of springtime at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.
Where hast thou wandered, gentle wind,
to find
The perfumes thou didst bring?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadow's wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?
Or woodland, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise;
Or sheltered lawn, where, mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?
Now sleeps the humming bird, that, in the sun,
Wandered from bloom to bloom;
Now, too, the weary bee, his day's work done.
Rests in his waxen room.
Now every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves hath flown;
And, through the long night hours, the flowery race
Are left to thee alone.
O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass
And come embalmed away.
—William Cullen Bryant.

SPRING SONG.
Creep slowly up the willow wand,
Young leaves! and in your lightness,
Teach us that spirits which despand
May wear their own pure brightness.

Into new sweetness slowly dip
O May!—advance; yet linger,
Nor let the ring too swiftly slip
Down that new-plighted finger.

Thy bursting blooms, O Spring, retard!
While thus thy raptures press on,
How many a joy is lost or marred
How many a lovely lesson.

For each new sweet thou giv'st us, those
Which first we loved are taken;
In death their eyes must violets close
Before the rose can waken.

Ye woods, with ice-threads tingling late,
Where late was heard the robin,
Your chants that hour but antedate
When autumn winds are sobbing.

Ye gummy buds, in silken sheath
Hang back, content to glisten!
Hold in, O earth, thy charmed breath!
Thou air, be still and listen!
—Aubrey Thomas De Vere.
MAY-TIME.

A mist of stars, a glimmering veil
Before the ancient throne of night:
A planet like a sentinel
Upon the outer height.

Far dusky deeps, and wide, still air,
Where fainting fragrance rolls along;
A bird that warbles in his dream
Some thrill of broken song.

Thick fruit-flowers languishing for light
Around us in the perfect gloom;
And, as we wait, far off and low,
The distant breakers boom.

Ah, among all delicious nights,
Give me this air’s transcendent swoon;
Enchanted song, enchanted hush,
And May without a moon.

—Mrs. Harriet Spofford.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day’s harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and vale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—John Milton.

ON MAY.

Among the changing months, May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed!
The breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;
Fair as the color lavish Nature paints
On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints!
To rural scenes thou temp’st the busy crowd,
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!
The blooming belles and shallow beaux, strange sight,
Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports delight.

—James Thompson.
Tariff and the National Budget

To-day the nation is again discussing that ever-recurring problem of the tariff, and, from present indications, it is evident that the question is presenting as many difficulties to our statesmen now, as it did in years gone by. Last fall both leading parties pledged themselves to reduce the existing tariff on many imports. For this purpose President Taft convened a special Congress, which is at present attacking the problem from its many assailable points, although, as yet, the law-makers are far from a tangible solution.
Taking the figures of last year's budget as a criterion, however, it would seem that an increase in the rate of duties would be more feasible and expedient. The disbursements ran nearly fifty-eight million in excess of the net receipts, and the estimate of Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Cortelyou, for the year 1910, forecast a deficit of nearly twice that amount. These figures, of course, depend upon the actual allowance of appropriations, as demanded by the various departments. Moreover, Mr. Cortelyou calculates that the revenues for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, will fall one hundred and twenty millions short of the expenditures. Thus, it is evident that the surplus in the Treasury is in jeopardy, and, consequently, an increase in taxes or in the sale of bonds would be necessitated. These approximations are based upon reliable facts and cannot be disregarded. Moreover, the ordinary demands upon the Treasury are not likely to decrease, for the disbursements have averaged for a goodly number of years an increase of fifteen per cent. Hence it appears that a decrease in the rate of duties is beyond the question.

Mr. Cortelyou, however, proposes a plausible remedy. He points out that the great increase of appropriations has been called for by extraordinary demands upon the Treasury, such as funds for the Panama Canal, for river and harbor improvements, for the reclamation of arid lands, and for public buildings. The appropriations for such purposes have been immense. Now, we believe with Mr. Cortelyou that the present generation should not be burdened with debts involving improvements that will benefit posterity. A portion of the load should rest upon the shoulders of future generations. Hence, the budget for the past year, arranged according to the manner suggested, would show a surplus of over thirty millions. The extraordinary disbursements such as are mentioned above could be shared by succeeding years. Moreover, there should be a system of thorough coördination in the Treasury Department, a bureau of supervision empowered to prepare for any unusual contingencies, and mayhap avoid injurious deficits thereby. When such immense sums are involved, a great economical benefit would no doubt be derived from such a supervision. At present, the Treasury Department merely calls the attention of Congress to the estimated outgo and income, but Congress is not bound to act accordingly. It is too far a cry between the suggestion of the Treasury Department and the action of Congress, and a reliable intermediary ought to be established.

Francis C. Canny, '09.

American Federation of Catholic Societies

After Martin Luther started the great Protestant Reformation, the trend of thought took an individualistic turn and continued along such an uncertain and disastrous course almost up to the present day. But, for the last decade or so, men have again awakened to the fact that "in union there is strength," and that the human race is not merely a number of personalities
or individuals, but that it is one immense family, one collective whole. Cognizant of this fact, labor agitators have organized unions, capitalists have formed corporations, and the Catholics of the United States have organized the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The objects of this Federation are briefly and concisely summed up in one section of its Constitution: "The objects of this Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and the Catholic societies of the United States; the fostering and protecting of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of the conditions of our social life; the dissemination of the truth and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and of the circulation of the Catholic press."

We thus see that it aims to uphold and defend Catholic interests; to protest against injustices which Catholics are made to endure from the government, such as the support of the public schools by Catholics whose children are receiving an education in parochial schools.

The Federation employs no violent or drastic methods to further its ends. It purposes simply to influence public opinion by sane and sound reasoning and to bring its influence to bear on politicians, though, at the same time, engaging in no partisan politics.

Such a power as the Federation has long been needed to protect Catholic interests and to set Catholics on the same plane as their fellow-citizens. This organization has filled the long-felt need. The society was founded in 1901, and since that time has grown wonderfully in both power and in numbers, until, at present, it has five millions of Catholics enrolled within its ranks. Since its origin it has been productive of many fruits and has advanced the cause of Catholics wherever it is established. A number of bills detrimental to Catholic interests have been downed, before being presented to the State or National legislatures, many Protestant educators have been convinced of the great injustice of the present public school system, Catholic literature has been introduced into a number of public libraries, Catholic Indians have been protected, and many more beneficial results have been accomplished by the Federation.

A society having for object the accomplishment of such high and noble aims and employing such honorable methods for the attainment of its end, is surely deserving of the highest commendation from every Catholic periodical all over the country.

The Exponent has added its mite of praise, and hopes to see the Federation "boosted" by all her sister journals.

M. A. Daugherty, Jr., '09.
Alumni Notes

JOHN O'CONNELL, '10.

Cincinnati News

The Cincinnati Association of Former Students met on April 14, at Stothfang's Bowling Hall. At their gatherings, the Cincinnati "Old Boys" seem to favor bowling more than any other amusement; it appeals equally to the old and young, to the veteran encumbered with the burden of year and avoirdupois as well as to the nimble athlete fresh from the college teams.

The bowling, a substantial Dutch lunch, a great deal of friendly "kidding" on the merits of the winners and losers, and news from Alma Mater made the hours fly too rapidly. ANDREW A. HELLMUTH, '95, was a revelation to himself and to all present, proving to be the star of the evening. His team could not have won without him, so say the losers. It was his weight that turned the scales, or rather his strikes that raised the score.

In the absence of the President, Dr. James A. Averdick, '70, Vice-President HARRY C. BUSCH, '96, was empowered to appoint two committees, one to organize a delegation of Cincinnati "Old Boys" to attend commencement exercises on June 22, the other to prepare the next meeting in fall.

Among those present were:


The Cincinnati "Old Boys" have our good wishes for many more pleasant gatherings. We hope to see a large delegation of them at Commencement on June 22. The Wright Brothers will have returned to their native burg by that time, and if the trains are overcrowded we may secure the services of their flying machine to transport the Old Boys to Dayton.

On Sunday, April 18th, Harry Weber, '07, and his cousin Charles, '96, of the Queen City, gave their gem automobile a spring try-out. Of course their first trip was to St. Mary's where they arrived at a late hour in the afternoon, and of course everybody knows why. At what hour they arrived in Cincy is hard saying; anyhow next time they will have better luck.
Since the last issue of the Exponent Messrs. Benziger Brothers have kindly sent us a recent photograph of the late Bro. John B. Kim, S. M., and we publish it in this issue. We subjoin the following letter addressed to the Brothers of the American colony at Fribourg, Switzerland. Comment is easily suggested, if at all necessary.

"Nivelles, Belgium, March 14, 1909

My dear Brothers of the American Colony
at Fribourg:

I am on my way to Heaven, I hope via Purgatory. The Good Father annointed me last Thursday, March 11, and I am fast declining. Please pray for me. Thanks for your kind letters, which I would like to answer individually. Au revoir in Heaven.

Yours very affectionately in J. M. J.

John B. Kim."
Assistant Cashier

Ferdinand H. Stachler, of the II. Business Class, some weeks ago joined the ranks of the Old Boys in view of filling the post of assistant cashier in the new North Dayton Savings Bank. Knowing Ferd's activity and industry, we are assured of his success in the banking business.

Otto B. Schaffer, '04, then of Dayton, now of Shelbyville, Ind., paid Alma Mater a visit on May 6. Otto noted the many changes and had only words of praise. He is now in the dry goods business in Shelbyville, and is jubilant over the results. Incidentally he renewed his subscription for three years. An evident proof that his interest in S. M. I. is unabated.

Dry Goods

Edwin F. Rottermann of Cincinnati, traveled from the Hawaiian Islands to Japan in company with Rev. Father Heck. He found himself quite at home with the American Brothers at Tokyo.

Touring Japan

Rev. Ferd. Right Rev. Bishop Canevin appointed Rev. Ferdinand H. Angel, '02, of St. Kieran's Church, Pittsburg, Pa., to the office of "Spiritual Director of the Central Chapter" Catholic Order of Foresters, which comprises the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Father Angel was installed into office at the Epiphany Pro-Cathedral of Pittsburg on Sunday, March 28th.

In the February issue of the Exponent it was announced that steps were being taken to transfer the remains of the Rev. Father Leo Meyer from the cemetery of St. Remy, France, to Nazareth. Owing to the present status of the French congregations, such a transfer would necessarily entail considerable negotiation with civil authorities, and just now a refusal was almost certain. We regret, therefore, that for the present, there is little chance of carrying out the long-cherished design.

NUGGETS.

F. Brindl, '10.

Wedding Bells married to Miss Romana Nash in Sacred Heart Church, Dayton, Ohio. The happy benedict is a brother to Paul Nugent, who is at present in the Second Year High School S. M. I. The bride is a sister to four Old Boys, Richard A. Nash, '93, Joseph F. Nash, '96, Charles B. Nash, '99, and Homer Nash, '06. Alma Mater wishes them, of course, God's choicest blessings. They will be at home after June 1, 1909, No. 256 Pennsylvania Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Lord Falmouth, '96

We were agreeably surprised to find among the audience that attended the performance of the Dead Witness on Thursday night, April 29, "Si" MAHIER, '96, of Green-ville, Ohio. If you remember rightly, "Si" is now Prosecuting Attorney of Darke County. "Si" starred in the production of the Dead Witness in 1894 as Lord Falmouth. After the entertainment, Si claimed that the Lord Falmouth of '96 could not compare with Lord Falmouth of '09.

Exponent Family


Penitentiary Board

We are highly pleased to hear of the appointment of our Old Boy, WALTER L. CONNORS, '05, to the position of clerk and stenographer in the Ohio State Penitentiary. Walter is the son of P. J. Connors, the assistant superintendent of the Dayton Water Works. For the past three years the young man was connected with the chief engineer's office of the C. H. and D. Railway, and no doubt the recommendation of his superior in this office procured for him the high position in the Penitentiary Board. Alma Mater congratulates her son and wishes him the best success.

Hurried Visit

During a short stay in Dayton, JOS. SCHEUPLEIN, '05, managed to pay us a hurried visit. His time was pretty well taken up, but he saw to it that a few moments could be spared to greet his friends at S. M. I. Next time, Joseph, come at day-time to see the many changes and improvements occurring in and around the Old School. Mr. Scheuplein was accompanied by his friend, Frank Chambers, '83. We apply the advice to you, Frank; call at day-time and make your visits longer.

Elkwood Park

We lately received a very pleasant letter from John B. Wehmhoff, the manager of Elkwood Park, Cincinnati, Ohio. As he renewed his subscription to the Exponent he took occasion to remark: "Although I am very busy during the summer..."
season, I still find time to read the Exponent, and always find some reminder of the happy college days at good old S. M. I."

Busy Washington. Robert S. Hayes, ’03, writes that he was kept very busy the first month of his stay in Washington. Here is what he says of the Exponent: "I received the Exponent, and showed it to the boys at the house, and they were all very profuse in their praise of the neatness with which it is got up and the soundness and depth of the articles which fill its pages. It is a very welcome visitor, and it is like grasping the hand of an old friend when you peruse its pages." Bob expects to be home for commencement to see his brother Charles graduate.

DECORATION DAY.

Let us deck the soldiers' places
   With our choicest flowers;
Let us waft the heroes' praises
   Through the Maytime hours.

Matters little what their color,
   Whether blue or whether gray,
For in splendor brighter, fuller,
   Gleam the Stars and Stripes to-day.

Each one fought and fell for glory,
   Did what he thought for the best;
Steep'd in blood so red and gory
   Each one went unto his rest.

Let us then give rightful honor
   For their deeds so leal and true,
Let the Union's starry banner
   Wave alike o'er gray and blue!

WILLIAM SLICK, ’10.
HIGHEST HONORS FOR APRIL.

Collegiate Department.

Senior Letters .................................................. J. Georges, 94; M. Daugherty, 92
Junior Letters .................................................... W. Roddy, 97; W. Roemer, 96; F. Biendl, 96
Sophomore Letters ................................................ Anthony Tague, 91; John Kelly, 89
Freshman Letters .................................................. Leo Schmitt, 92; Thomas Cobey, 86
................................................................. W. Roddy, 97; Roemer, 96; F. Biendl, 96
Senior Science ..................................................... Charles Wagner, 90; J. Seidensticker, 89
Junior Science ..................................................... Hans Amann, 95; W. Walter, 94
Sophomore Science ................................................ W. Seidensticker, 92; R. Solimano, 90
Freshman Science .................................................. William Howe, 92; Harry Ritter, 91

Business Department.

Business II ......................................................... R. M. de Castro, 96; E. Schroeder, 96; L. Poos, 96
Business I .......................................................... J. Harrington, 97; S. Weaver, 88; L. Deger, 88

High School Department.

Fourth Year ........................................................ F. Mueller, 95; A. Mahrt, 94
Third Year .......................................................... E. Bradmiller, 96; J. Keber, 93
Second Year—A ..................................................... Leo Walsh, 95; William Hughes, 94
Second Year—B ..................................................... J. Schlaudecker, 97; M. Synnet, 93
First Year—A ......................................................... H. Holters, 91; B. Keuping, 91; H. Hook, 91
First Year—B ......................................................... R. Sherry, 98; L. Bucher, 96

Preparatory Department.

Eighth Grade ....................................................... V. Poeppelmeier, 96; C. Speegle, 96
Seventh Grade—A .................................................. J. Liddy, 96; E. Gross, 96; O. Krusling, 96
Seventh Grade—B .................................................. W. Fries, 96; B. Losh, 92
Sixth Grade ......................................................... Harry Hart, 89; Leon Monning, 86
Fifth Grade .......................................................... Paul Ohmer, 93; E. Stoecklein, 86

CHRONICLE.

May is with us once again, and the turbid winds and fickle showers of April are succeeded by the long days of balm and sunshine. We call May the queen of months. In the Church the queen of months is especially
devoted to honoring the Queen of Heaven. To this end, daily devotions are being held in the chapel to honor the Blessed Virgin, the Patroness of St. Mary’s.

Award of Monograms

On the evening of April 6, the members of the basketball team, ’08-’09, were awarded the insignia of loyal service to St. Mary’s by the Reverend President. The achievements of the great team of ’08-’09 have been so often chronicled in these pages that it is needless to go into an extended account of its merits. Suffice to say that the team played like veterans and went into the games with the spirit that wins.

In a few well-chosen words the President of the Institute and the head of the Athletic Association expressed their appreciation of the work done by the team on behalf of the student body and faculty, thanking them for their efforts in holding up the enviable reputation of St. Mary’s in the basketball world.

The Students’ Orchestra furnished a good musical program for the occasion. An additional feature was the singing of a duet by Ralph Wirsching and Edward Gross.

The Dead Witness, a drama in four acts is undoubtedly the most difficult play the Dramatic Association has undertaken this term, and the applause and favorable comment which it aroused proves its success. The plot is laid in England during the reign of Henry V. The Duke of Kent has been away to the wars, and returning in disguise, finds his palace, which he had entrusted to the care of his brother Lord “Henry Falmouth,” infested by a band of degenerate gamblers. He is recognized, however, and Tyrrel, Cantwell, and Orton rouse Falmouth’s ambition to such a stage that he not only consents to the fratricide of his brother Kent, but actually strikes the mortal blow. Kent, by a clever ruse, is saved from death, though he is severely wounded. The body of one of his retainers is buried in the forest, and the world supposes Kent to be dead. Falmouth’s ambition leads him a step farther—to murder the sons of Kent, Edwin and Alfred, who stand between him and the coveted power and wealth. His plans would doubtlessly have succeeded had not the Fool frustrated diabolical Tyrrel, by substituting a harmless anaesthetic for the virile poison which was to destroy the children. The Fool is a trusted friend of Kent, who has sworn to protect the children and to bring Falmouth and his “hawks” to justice. Falmouth is unceasingly tormented by the spectre of Kent, and were it not for Tyrrel, would have ended his career. Henry V. is hunting in the vicinity shortly after the supposed death of the children and visits Falmouth to console him in his deep affliction. ’Tis then, in the presence of the court, that the Fool, removing his disguise, accuses Falmouth and his assistants of their attempted
crimes. The Duke of Kent and his children enter, to the great consterna-
tion of Falmouth and Tyrrel. Kent forgives his brother, but Tyrrel escapes
and takes his own life. The Fool is dubbed Earl of Chester, and takes his
place among the nobles.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Henry V., King of England .................................. Francis Canny
Sir John Merlin, Friend of Kent ............................... Wagner Mayer
Duke of Norfolk ................................................. Clarence Rulmann
Marquis of Dorset ............................................. Theodore Munchhof
Duke of Kent .................................................. Paul Nugent
Edwin ............................................................ Edward Gross
Alfred ........................................................... Ralph Wirshing
A Fool (in name but not in deed) ......................... Charles Wagner
Lord Henry Falmouth ......................................... Fred. Grundtisch
Rufus Tyrrel (a desperate villain) ....................... Jeremiah Costello
Tristam Orton ................................................ Michael Daugherty
Roger Cantwell ............................................... Eugene Lapierre
Harold Mandeville (Squire of Falmouth) ............ William Roemer
A Gipsy Boy .................................................. Albert Dorsten
Courtiers ....................................................... Clarence Brown
Pages ............................................................ William Kuntz
Waldron Burkhardt

All performances were well attended, particularly the children's matinee
on Saturday afternoon, April 24th. The storm which broke over Dayton
Sunday evening, April 25th, prevented many people from coming. The
audiences were very appreciative, and not once in the entire course of the
drama did interest lag.

The Fool, an innovation in St. Mary's dramatic history, proved to be
the most attractive feature of the play. From his first entrance until he
executes his great coup d' etat before Henry V., he controls the interest
as well as the sympathy of the audience.

The music was furnished by the S. M. I. Orchestra, and critics agree
that the program rendered was one of the finest heard here for a number of
years. St. Mary's is to be complimented on possessing such a talented or-
organization.

PROGRAM.

Triumphant March—"Entry of the Gladiators" .................. Fucik
S. M. I. ORCHESTRA.

"Wake! Wake! To the Hunting" .............................. Smart
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Overture—“Nabucodonosor” ........................................... Verdi
S. M. I. ORCHESTRA.

ACT I.

“Spring Song” ....................................................... Mendelssohn
Song “Hide Behind the Door” ...................................... Coe
Walter Heck, Bernard Keuping, Robert Sherry, Herbert Hook, Raymond
Ohmer, Joseph Weser, Clarence Howe, Eugene Rottermann, Joseph
Windbiel.

ACT II.

Tone Poem “Lilacs” .................................................. Roberts
S. M. I. ORCHESTRA.

ACT III.

German National Overture ......................................... Ascher
S. M. I. ORCHESTRA.

ACT IV.

March “Boccaccio” .................................................. Suppe
S. M. I. ORCHESTRA.

J. P. GEORGES, '09.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dickens' Literary Circle

On Friday, April 23, the Junior High School class held its regular meeting in order to read its class paper. This meeting proved to be a great success. Many very good essays and poems were read. A short story, entitled, “Murder Will Out,” by Edwin Robbins, was very well written. A sonnet, “The Resurrection,” written by Arnold Schneider, was by far the best piece of poetry. Many new subjects were discussed, and a secretary was elected to record the minutes of each meeting. A debate was then arranged for the next meeting. The subject will be, “Resolved, that country life is more advantageous than city life.” The contestants will be Fred Walsh and Edwin Robbins for the affirmative, while William Roemer and George Gonzalez will uphold the negative. The next meeting will be held May 13, '09.

ALBERT DORSTEN, ’14.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Holy Name Society

The monthly meeting of the officers of the Holy Name Society was held in Chaminade Hall, Saturday, April 24, 1909. It was announced that the semi-annual Holy Name Rally will take place Sunday, May 30, or Sunday, June 6, and that several very prominent speakers would be present. As has
been the custom in the past, one of the students will give a short address. It was suggested that the officers of the different Holy Name Societies in town be invited to attend this rally. The Society here is still laboring to introduce Holy Name work in the different parishes in the city; Father O'Reilly announced that committees would be sent to St. Mary's and Holy Trinity parishes for this purpose. Robert Sherry was appointed to speak to Rev. Frohmiller, of Holy Rosary Church, about starting a Holy Name Society in that parish. Rev. O'Reilly suggested that during the month of May each member should try to honor the Blessed Virgin in a special manner, and that this could be done in no better way than by receiving Holy Communion frequently and by abstaining from all profane and immodest language in honor of the Queen of Purity.

Reception of Sodalists

On Saturday, April 3, 1909, solemn services were held in the Institute Chapel on the occasion of the reception of candidates into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. The services opened with a hymn in honor of our Blessed Lady, after which Father O'Reilly gave the sermon. He told of the origin and history of the Sodality, how a professor in a Jesuit College, knowing the advantage of the protection of the Blessed Virgin, enrolled his students in a Sodality devoted to her honor; other colleges, noticing what a good effect it had upon the students, soon followed his example. Later on, the Holy Father, recognizing its value, established it as a confraternity and enriched the Sodality with many blessings and indulgences. Since then the Sodality has spread over the world, and now there is scarcely a Catholic college which has not organized one of these sodalities among the students. The reverend speaker then told of the honor and advantage of being a Sodalist, and encouraged all to be faithful members; and he declared that there was no better way of showing our devotion to the Mother of God than by imitating and putting into practice those virtues for which she was remarkable, especially holy purity. After the sermon the candidates proceeded to the sanctuary and there made their promises and Act of Consecration. Father O'Reilly then blessed the medals and received the candidates into the Sodality, after which all the Sodalists renewed the Act of Consecration. All present then joined in singing that beautiful hymn, the Magnificat, in thanksgiving for the great honor that had been conferred upon them, just as of old our Blessed Lady, in a transport of joy, exclaimed, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior." The Office of the Immaculate Conception was then said, and services closed with the recitation of the Angelus. Those who were received as Sodalists are as follows: J. Charles Hayes, Robert Solimano, Columbus Adams, Leon Deger, Emmett White, Michael A. Daugherty, Joseph Schlaudecker, Henry Meader, Henry Wickham, Thomas Fitzmaurice, Ralph Groff, Joseph Denzer.

W. Roddy, '10.
Peter's Pence Society

The boys of the Seventh Grade—A—are at the head of the list of donations given for the support of the Holy Father. They have an average of 18 cents. They did not receive due credit for their work in March because their money was handed in after the Exponent had gone to publication. The treasurer of the society feels happy to announce that their average, 21 cents, for said month was the highest in the college.

MUSEUM.

The following contributions for the Museum have been received, and for which acknowledgment is hereby made.

From the Bower Roller Bearing Co., of Dayton, Ohio, a sample showing the roller bearing adjustment to the axles of vehicles.


From Mr. Fred Grundtisch, an American silkworm moth (teba polyphemus) with crysalis.

From Mr. J. B. Forster, of Dayton, Ohio, samples of calcite and lead ore.

TO MY FATHER.

GEORGE GONZALEZ, '14.

Twelve long, long years
Art thou now dead;
Twelve years ago
Thy spirit fled,
Fled far away,
By angels led.

We oft since wept,
Though when you died
We wondered much
Why mamma cried.

We've prayed for thee
Through all these years;
But now, in bliss,
Behold our tears
In this sad vale,
And calm our fears.
THE TRACK TEAM.

Athletics at S. M. I. are on in full blast. Besides the daily practice of the baseball team, there are many other athletes who are burning the cinders with their great bursts of speed. That S. M. I. will be well represented on the track is shown by the speed which several members of this Division have shown in the work-outs. Outside of running, very little other work has been done, as it was rather cold. However, as soon as the weather warms up there will be many promising men out trying to put the shot and heave the discus so far that they won’t be found. Well! here’s luck to ’em.

Our other strong point will be in the hurdles, and its a cinch that in this branch we won’t run second to any one in our own class. We are weak in the pulevaut, but it is hoped that we may be able to develop several worthy representatives in that phase of the sport.

We wish the athletes who are working hard for the track-team the very best of luck and sincerely hope to see them break—not some bones—but a few records, before the season closes.

BASE BALL.

St. Mary’s—6 vs. Wittenberg—1

St. Mary’s made good use of the new campus on May 1, by winning the opening game of baseball. The ball team, accompanied by the Athletic Association, paraded to the grounds, headed by the Institute Band, which rendered some popular selections, and closed with, “Take Me Out to the Ball Game.” The band certainly put some enthusiasm into both players and rooters, and lent a zest to the occasion. We sincerely hope to hear them often during the coming season.

It was rather blustery weather for baseball, but the opening of our new campus was scheduled and naught but rain could prevent it. Mahoney was the twirler for St. Mary’s, and despite the cold, pitched an excellent game. Only two scratch hits were chalked up against him.

Wiedner pitched a fairly good game for Wittenburg outside of the third inning, when St. Mary’s rapped him hard for five runs. Wittenberg played a ragged game in the field, while the Saints played gilt-edged ball. Hart
made a double play at third, unassisted. Captain Schad caught a brilliant game, while Singer, Wissel, and Sutton were strong at the bat. The Saints infield and outfield accepted all chances without an error.

The game was called after seven innings at Wittenberg's request. The visitors found the weather too cool, and the difference in scores uninteresting. Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>St. Mary's</th>
<th>A.B. H. O. A. E.</th>
<th>Wittenberg</th>
<th>A.B. H. O. A. E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sutton, 2b</td>
<td>4 2 2 1 0</td>
<td>Ostott, c.</td>
<td>3 1 12 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singer, cf.</td>
<td>4 2 0 0 0</td>
<td>McDonald, 2b</td>
<td>3 0 6 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wissel, l.</td>
<td>3 3 0 0 0</td>
<td>Wiedner, p.</td>
<td>3 0 0 9 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKearney, ss.</td>
<td>2' 0 0 2 0</td>
<td>Ridge, 1b.</td>
<td>3 0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schad, c.</td>
<td>4 1 6 1 0</td>
<td>Cole, ss.</td>
<td>2 0 1 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tagge, rf.</td>
<td>3 0 0 0 0</td>
<td>F'd'berg, cf.</td>
<td>2 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederick, 1b</td>
<td>3 1 10 0 0</td>
<td>Mork, l.</td>
<td>2 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, 3b.</td>
<td>3 0 3 0 0</td>
<td>Patterson, 3b.</td>
<td>2 0 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mahoney, p.</td>
<td>3 1 0 8 0</td>
<td>Gower, rf.</td>
<td>2 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals ........... 29 10 21 12 0  
St. Mary's ........... 1 0 5 0 0 0 1—1  
Wittenberg .......... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—6  


SECOND DIVISION (RESIDENT STUDENTS).

Crescents—7 vs. Orioles—1  
On Friday, April 16, the Junior League opened its season by a game between the Crescents and Orioles. There was nothing doing until the fifth inning, when Raney went up in the air and allowed his opponents to cross the plate four times. The Orioles made their lone tally in the ninth. Score.

| Crescents | 0 0 0 0 4 2 0 0 1—7 | 10 | 2 |
| Orioles   | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1 | 3 | 5 |

Cubs—4 vs. Crescents—5  
The Crescents again proved themselves the goods when they beat the Cubs in a seventh inning rally by the score of 5 to 4. In the fatal seventh, McManamy was touched up for two homers which put the Crescents on top. T. Gunning, '11.

THIRD DIVISION (RESIDENT STUDENTS).

On April 24, the Third Division League was formed. It consists of the following four teams:
Hustlers—Roemer, Captain.
Rattlers—Dorsten, Captain.
Sprinters—Senn, Captain.
Strugglers—Klein, Captain.

Sprinters—3 vs. Hustlers—6

On April 29, the first game was played between the Sprinters and the Hustlers, and resulted in a victory for the Hustlers. Both Klos and Senn pitched fine games, but Klos was more effective with men on bases. Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>R. H.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hustlers</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0 3 1</td>
<td>6 4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprinters</td>
<td>0 0 0 1 0 2</td>
<td>3 4 1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

 Batteries—Klos and Kuntz; Senn, Neary, and Werder.

A. Dorsten, '14.

FOURTH DIVISION (RESIDENT STUDENTS).

In this Division enough good baseball material has been brought to light to form two leagues, known as Class A and Class B. In each league there are two equal teams, who will fight it out for the championship.

**CLASS A**

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Earlhams</td>
<td>Alpines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Neill (capt.)</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macklin</td>
<td>Second Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liddy</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dalan</td>
<td>Third Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eberle</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keazler</td>
<td>First Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudolph</td>
<td>S. S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klem</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utility—Fuerstein.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The Class B teams line up as follows:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shamrocks</td>
<td>All Stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Menninger (capt.)</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roth</td>
<td>First Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerper</td>
<td>Second Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burkhardt</td>
<td>Third Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gross</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Menninger</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Monning</td>
<td>S. S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Monning</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heck</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank</td>
<td>Utility</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BOOK REVIEW


The most beautiful sentence in the work by a well-known Paulist is near the beginning of the Preface: "Men must always write on this theme." It is the apology, though surely none is needed, for writing the book. Hardly less beautiful is the expression by which the author describes himself at the end of the Preface: "the least and latest messenger from Calvary." Father Elliott has given us a book of useful and attractive meditations, both as to choice of subject-matter and treatment. Evidently the outgrowth of fine meditations by one versed in the art of prayer, they furnish excellent material for all who desire to meditate on the Passion of our Blessed Redeemer. The considerations are constantly interspersed with the "personal application"—the part that each one individually bears in the bitter sufferings and death of Jesus. This is done in a manner that goes straight to the heart, devout affections and generous resolutions developing almost spontaneously. The "latest messenger from Calvary" has a message which we can never hear often enough, and he delivers it admirably.


The two Jesuit Fathers present a book which should meet with encouragement from every side. "Practicality" is not its least merit. The book is divided into four parts. The first treats of the priest's own sanctification. The chapters entitled, "Imitation of Christ, Rule of Life and Disposal of Time, are most valuable. In these days of "vie intense" it is well to bear in mind that "as to relaxation and amusement, not everything is conducive to health, as it is sometimes said to be." The second part goes on to suggest wise counsels that regulate the priest's dealings with housekeeper, curate,—(curate with pastor)—and neighboring priests. The third part lays down wholesome advices with regard to parish work, including the school, clubs, and dealings with civil authorities. In the fourth part the priest in sickness is encouraged "to embrace the cross with holy joy and resignation." A valuable index of ten pages follows. The book ought to be welcomed by all, especially by the junior clergy. It will direct the priest in the duties of his every-day life and in his relations with the world.


Liberty is a much used and much more abused term. This little publication of the Catholic Truth Society presents the subject under several interesting
heads, the best being "Liberty or License," and "True Liberty." A number of remarks in the treatise address themselves especially to non-Catholics.

The spiritual counsels of the celebrated and saintly Fénelon deserve to be more generally known, notably because of the trend of thought that runs unmistakably through them all—perfect happiness in perfect conformity.

They are full of inspiration of thoughts that "have helped"—of passages that the reader ought to mark and then read over and over. The convenient and substantial make-up of the book is also a commendable feature.


Perhaps more lives have been written of Christopher Columbus than of any other individual, but many of them fail to give the great discoverer the credit that is due him. In this book Lady Amabel Kerr has given us a fair and honest account of his life, told in a simple and charming way. Lady Kerr died before the manuscript was ready for publication, and it was prepared for the press by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. In order to make the book more attractive a number of illustrations have been added, taken mostly from the famous collection of Theodor de Bry, and engraved within a hundred years of Columbus' lifetime.

THE STUDY OF RELIGIONS. (1) Rev. L. de Grandmaison.

THE RELIGION OF CHINA. (2) Rev. L. Wieger, S.J.


AQUINAS. (22) Very Rev. V. McNabb, O.P.


THE RELIGION OF UNITARIANISM. (32) G. S. Hitchcock, B.A.

London Catholic Truth Society. 28 pages each. Price, one penny.

Some one has rightly said that faith and unfaith are now to fight their battles on the fields of Psychology and Comparative Religion. The fact that the Holy Father has established a new chair of Assyriology at the Apollinare, Rome, and that he has donated a large sum for the chair of the History of Religions at the Institut Catholique of Paris, where there is always a chair of Egyptology, is evident proof of the importance of the study of religions. The London Catholic Truth Society is to be felicitated for taking steps to supply an obvious necessity in the English language, for we have no Manual of Comparative Religion written by an English Catholic.

Thirty-two pamphlets are to be published at one penny each, or four volumes of one shilling each; all lectures on the History of Religions. Such names as De Grandmaison, Thurston, and Mallon are sufficient guarantee that the pamphlets are the results of careful studies of original sources. The pamphlets are very suitable for the upper classes of colleges and may very well serve as abridged though excellent manuals of Apologetics.


This little book speaks eloquently and truthfully of the sacrifice of love. It portrays most vividly the abuse existing in society, counselling the divorcée to remarry. How much greater such an evil becomes when a Catholic, bound by obligations, the most binding and far-reaching, seeks to contract such an obligation, the author has forcibly shown. The book throughout is one of charm and uplift; the interest of the reader at no time lags. We do not hesitate to pronounce this little volume the most caustic satire on the greatest of modern vices.

Mgr. Vaughan has added another interesting volume to the Catholic library. In the eight chapters of this volume he sets forth the danger-signals which point to the perils surrounding us in this life—perils which we cannot avoid in consequence of our very environment. The chapters entitled "Encroachments of the World," "Knowledge That 'Puffeth Up,'" and "Impurity, the Sovereign Seduction," are probably the most deserving of reading and thorough study; they will undoubtedly be of great profit to the reader, and force him to take care not to be misled by the over-confident frame of mind by which he may be sometimes silly enough to imagine that he can easily escape all dangers.


The first little volume does not pretend to convey information not already familiar to most fairly interested Christians. But it fulfills a genuine mission in recalling a number of truly helpful and consoling thoughts of a kind too easily lost sight of. It is an attempt, in the words of the author's preface, "to dispel a certain gloomy mist, darkening the minds of many, in regard to the adorable Person of our Blessed Lord."

The second book is, in a sense, a curiosity, being so "different." It certainly serves all the uses of the ordinary versions of Thomas á Kempis' world-famed book, besides appealing to not a few by its peculiar arrangement—an absolutely faithful reproduction of the original. The short instruction entitled, "How to Use the Imitation" adds much to the value of the book, especially for those who are not familiar with the principles of mental prayer.


The fact that these Answers have passed through 120 editions in France alone, and that they have been translated into other languages, is a commendation beyond that which words can give. The objections answered are such as "proceed from irreligion," as are the "consequences of ignorance," or are the "offspring of cowardice," and are often heard. The arguments, couched in a friendly conversational style, enlivened by anecdotes and the sayings of eminent men on the subjects treated are brief, convincing, and irresistible. The present edition is enhanced by beautiful illustrations. On the whole the book is a "good friend" to the prejudiced and a weapon of defence for Catholics. The Society of the Divine Word also publishes, among others, the following pamphlets: "Riches for Heaven," "The Parental Blessing," and "Remain Faithful."


The first is a very complete book, containing everything necessary for the Sodalists.
Fabiola needs no commentary, it always refreshes and encourages. This is a cheap and elegant edition. The idea is certainly novel and commendable when the publishers suggest that pastors present a copy of it as a gift to parishioners who pay their dues promptly.


In writing this interesting volume the authoress had two objects in view: To narrate the biography of the great martyr-president of Ecuador; and, secondly, to illustrate the necessity of religion in a country. As a biographer the authoress is authentic and gives evidence of much personal research. She also intersperses many thrilling incidents and characteristic anecdotes which make the treatise more than a mere collection of dry historical facts and dates. The necessity of religion has always been recognized by great statesmen, but few were called upon to champion its cause as Garcia Moreno. By introducing religion into Ecuador and encouraging it, the talented regenerator overcame anarchy and revolution, so predominant in South America countries and brought peace and prosperity back again to his country. The biographer deftly illustrates the political value of Catholicity by means of Moreno's success and by masterly treatment clothes the abstract political and social theme underlying the narrative, in more vivid and convincing ideas.

HOME GYMNASICS ACCORDING TO THE LING SYSTEM, by Prof. Anders Wide, M.D. New York and London, Funk and Wagnalls Co. 1908. 69 pp. $0.50.

The reader of the numerous magazines devoted to the propaganda of physical culture is almost invariably doomed to be lost in the mass of disconnected experiences and suggestions offered by physical culturists of extreme schools and tendencies. Lack of logical enchainment thus leads to heterogeneous and harmful results in practice. Viewed from this angle, the little volume offered by Professor Wise is ideal. The exposition of the underlying principles of physical culture, its moral benefits, the intelligent outlines of simple and telling exercises illustrated with clear cuts, go to make a text uncommonly well balanced and practical to a nicety. Let the desk-man adopt this booklet as a r
de m
eecum and his efficiency will at once be increased.
Exchanges

Now is the time when the spring poets busy themselves and we find it difficult indeed to decide which of the many verses in the "Angeline Quarterly" deserves the laurel, for they are all splendid. "Two Pages from a Life" are mighty fine stories, and keep the interest of the reader throughout, terminating very happily. Music affords a central topic for several excellent essays and "America's Noblemen," a treatise on the lives of Washington and Lincoln also deserves mention.

* * *

A very pretty story is "Easter Lilies" in the "St. Joseph's Collegian," in which sweet charity and the Easter spirit prevail. "Washington's Attitude to the Catholic Church" contains many decisive facts showing Washington's partiality toward Catholicism. The "Splendor Veri" and other, together with several poems on various subjects, tend to make the "Collegian" a very creditable publication.

* * *

"Joan of Arc" has been the topic of many articles appearing in the recent periodicals, the majority of which have been splendid, and the one in the Easter number of the "Xavier" was no exception. "That Trip Abroad" was very amusing and may perchance prove a suggestion as to ways and means for others to take a similar voyage. "For a Consideration" was as well written as it was interesting, but would have been more appropriate had it appeared in the fall. "Rustic Humor" is a novel subject well treated, while "The First Easter," "Fooled," and "Stick" are poems worthy of consideration.

* * *

The "College Spokesman" also contained a commendable tribute to "Jeanne D'Arc," both in prose and poetry, the latter of which is exceptional. Both of the two stories are good, "The Knight of the Black Initial" being a romance of rustic chivalry, while "The Madonna's Way" contained a deeper and nobler sentiment—a youth giving up his life for that of his brother. In both stories the villain proved to be the rejected lover of the heroine. Religious and literary essays, verse and convincing editorials are also to be found among the contents for March.
Adverse criticism of the "Labarum" is out of the question, but we suggest, however, that the date and month be placed upon the cover of the magazine. "Classicism and Romanticism" is worthy of occupying the first pages, the quotations are well chosen and all students of literature would find food for thought therein. The naturalness of the dialogues and originality of plot in "A Fair Socialist" classify it among the best of short stories, and "An Old Tale Ended" is also good. The poems on "Castle Hope" and "The White Merle" contain thoughts worthy of remembrance.

John F. Ohmer, Jr., '10.

MEMORIAL DAY.

'Twas from the barracks that he came,  
This olden soldier tried and true;  
And he was going to march again  
With all the boys that wore the blue.

Another soldier, battle-worn,  
From far had come to march that day,  
But he was like his hair, long, torn,  
A staunch supporter of the grey.

'Twas side by side, these two old men  
Did slowly march that day in May,  
United now; divided then  
When both were active in the fray.

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