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MADONNA.

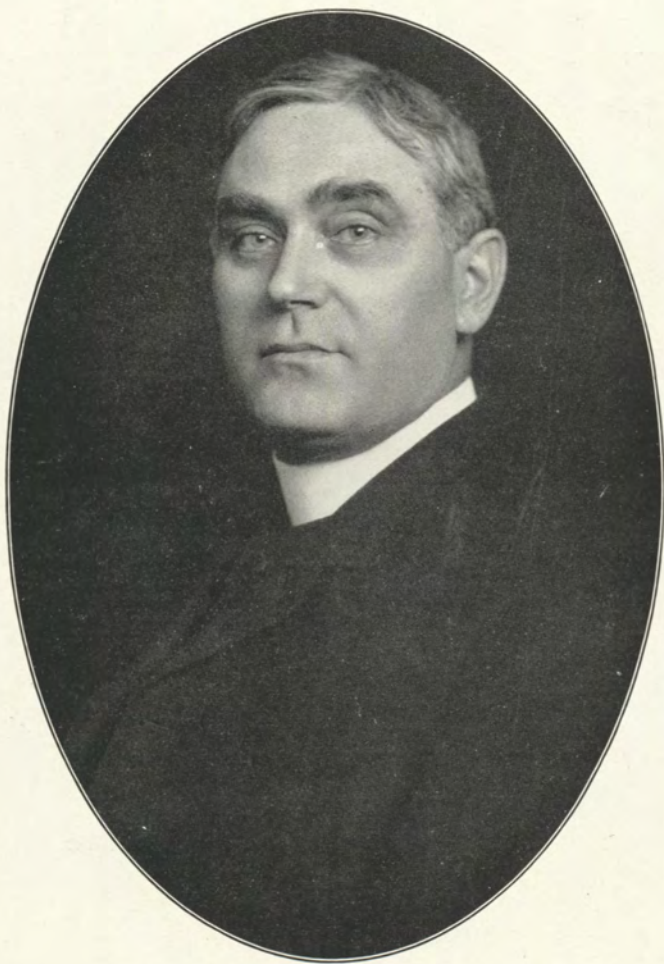
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Rev. Francis T. Moran, D.D.,

Of Cleveland, O., who delivered the Commencement Address.

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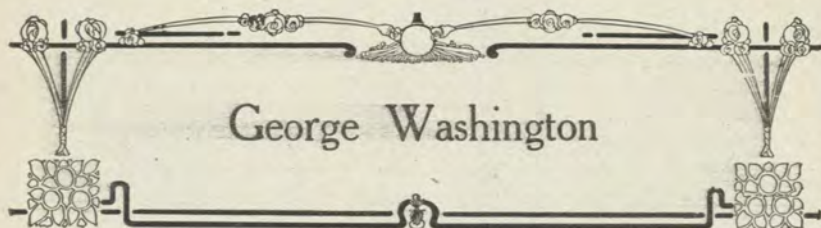
Summer

MICHAEL A. DAUGHERTY, JR. '09.

Farewell to Winter hoary, Fall and Spring;
 We welcome fairy Summer, wondrous gown'd,
 We hail her Queen of all the seasons crown'd,
 Who unto barren Earth her gifts doth bring:
 The songsters of the grobe her glories sing;
 She scatters lavish blessings all around,
 She fills the land with festivals of sound,
 All nature charmed doth with her praises ring.

Light zephyrs stirring softly through the trees,
 The busy bustling of the honey-bees,
 The babble of the little murm'ring brook,
 The lowing cattle in the shady nook,
 The gentle rustling of the golden grain,
 All these unite in one sweet, low refrain.





George Washington

FRANCIS C. CANNY, '09.

AS a towering mountain peak resplendent in the radiant morning's light, stands forth alone among its fellows, so does the character of Washington stand alone in all its grandeur in the mountain range of greatness. Search, if you will, in the Hall of Fame and you will find there conquerors who have mastered belligerent nations; founders of empires who have maintained dominions in the reign of law; reformers, crying death to repression; statesmen whose brains were weary with plans for the betterment of human society; brave sailors of the sea; mighty heroes of the land—great men all, and yet their greatness is not commensurate with that of Washington. He was all of these and more; he was Statesman, Patriot, Achiever, and Preserver of Liberty, the Founder and Savior of his Country. Father of his People.

Let us go back into the shadowy past; let us revert the current of Life's River and be borne on its bosom into the silent past. The vivid impressions of the present scarce fade away ere we see amidst its walks and groves and gardens the old colonial mansion of Washington. We behold the majestic river solemnly flowing along, imbued with a spirit of borrowed pride; we contemplate the ominous tomb silent save for the murmuring of the river or the dirge of some feathered pilgrim. We visit the mansion, and, wandering through its hallowed halls, we endeavor to conjure up the shades of men and days long since vanished.

Behold there evolves from the hazy shade a youth, a son of the people. No foreboding star is hitched to his career, but by the ingenuity of his early achievements he becomes his own augury of a brilliant future. He is a healthy boy who acts as a good boy should. He is just to his fellows in a marked degree; obedient to his mother even in her desires. He becomes a diligent and painstaking student, a conscientious moralist, an accurate surveyor, a willing recruit, the adjutant-general of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen. We see him still in all his manly beauty, tall, graceful, commanding, of regular features and eyes of piercing blue—young Washington stood on the threshold of a grand career.

Our young hero is now permitted to enter a wider field of action. He becomes an active campaigner in the Seven Years' War with the French,

and although his first engagement results in capitulation, nevertheless, by means of his indomitable will and warlike prowess, he succeeds in making his last encounter a victory. The success of Wolfe closes the Seven Years' War and America is made whole to the English. Thus even the early achievements of Washington had a direct bearing upon the future of the nascent nation.

The young soldier returns to his quiet home to enjoy the comforts of peaceful citizenship, but his sword is scarce thrown aside ere he is made a member of the House of Burgesses from Frederick County. Happily and quietly he attends to the duties of home and state.

Suddenly the air is charged with the electric currents of revolution. "Taxation without representation is treason," is the cry. The constrained spirits of liberty and justice burst their bounds and rush sympathetically from soul to soul. Washington is made member of the Colonial Congress. Lexington is fought and the people fly to arms. Grave Washington, his heart bleeding for his brothers, sighs, "Unhappy it is that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in fraternal blood or inhabited by slaves." Yet he continues: "How can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes commander-in-chief, and, struggling through seven years of subjection to adversity, to defeat, and even to despair, he finally strikes the successful blow and amidst the fair lilies of France, he flung to the free-born breeze the Stars and Stripes over the ramparts at Yorktown.

The nation is born; the constitution is framed and Washington, although loath to leave the pleasures of his home, to which he had retired, would not have it said of him that he refused to obey his country's call. Hence we find him the choice of the people as the first ruler of the land. Twice he is chosen and is forced to decline a third term on purely patriotic grounds. Ah, what hours of humiliation and sorrow he experienced in those dark and treacherous times! With a sigh of relief the world-crowned hero, escaping the odious praise of nations, retires to the shades of Mt. Vernon, hoping "to see the world in peace."

For a second time a threatening war cloud hangs imminent, and again the great Protector is made commander-in-chief. Happily, however, the cloud vanishes and the peace-bearing dove hovers over the trembling nation. Washington, seeing his fellow-men at peace, smiles at the sight and once more retires to quiet citizenship. Suddenly a mortal cold entwines him in its fatal grip; he hears the death angel call, and, murmuring, "It is well," he resignedly crosses the Bar. The great Washington is no more.

There beside the stately river they laid him, beside the river that was the source of his youthful inspirations. Nature received her own, but the spirit, the self-same spirit that still guides the destiny of his country, is done with things here below and has gone to reap its reward. Ah, now what praise is his! Bring together the languages of the universe, rob them

of all their tributes, and you will find your eulogy a work of poverty. Sum up his achievements and you will make the history of the nation, the history of man's endeavor to be free. But be it achievements of character that we consider, we find that an adequate medium for their expression is wanting. Other figures in history have elicited from us praise and amazement, but at the sight of the great Washington all mankind exclaims, "This is the man for nations to trust and honor and for heroes and rulers to copy."

The character of Washington, complex as it is in its greatness, is not difficult to understand. It was a simple character because it was in conformity with Nature. He made frankness a virtue and never acted a part. Though he possessed great power, he took pains to keep it stripped of mysterious surroundings. He never acted alone; he knew that power came from God and in perplexity he turned to providence for assistance. He was doubly gifted by nature, "possessing her noblest mould and brightest intelligence". His exterior was calm, grave, resolute, an exterior that might give one the impression of haughtiness and austerity, and yet he was as tender-hearted as a woman. It is said of him that he wept like a child when he saw his men slaughtered before his very eyes. On another occasion he is the hardened campaigner, tearfully bidding farewell to his faithful veterans. Ah, indeed such actions bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature.

His one purpose in life was to serve his country, the purpose of a true patriot. He proudly disdained to accept pay for his military service. What better proof of his patriotism can we offer than his very actions during the time when he was invested with the powers of a dictator? With all the means for tyrannical oppression at his command, he did not even countenance such a thought, but, decriing all thought of selfishness or personal ambition, he acted solely for his country. Uncompromising principle was his criterion of right action, and when this principle was once seized in his giant's grasp, he fought for it heart and soul, "accepting all responsibility, willing to suffer sacrifice without pretending martyrdom". Calumny and abuse rained on his head, but they found unwilling ears. He was no puny shell of a man to be broken by the slanders of his fellow-men. He scorned and despised all meanness and cowardice to such an extent that his anger burst forth in a tempestuous rage when he saw it in others. Ah, America, your truest patriotism is bodied forth in your noblest son, George Washington!

As a commander we cannot say of Washington as was said of Marlborough, "that he never fought a battle that he did not gain," but it can be said of him that with a poor ragged army of starved volunteers he defeated the disciplined troops and experienced generals of Europe. Now harassing and delaying, now flashing forth in expeditions of daring, he was a Fabius and a Marcellus combined. No, Washington was not a Marlborough, but, as Adams has aptly expressed it, "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and far more courage than fell to the

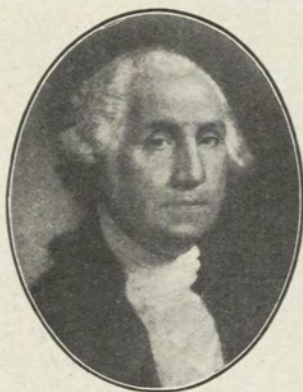
lot of Marlborough to ride on the whirlwind of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with." Commander Washington faced adversity and defeat with an indefatigable perseverance that in the end he snatched victory from stubborn fortune and crowned his heroic efforts with merited success.

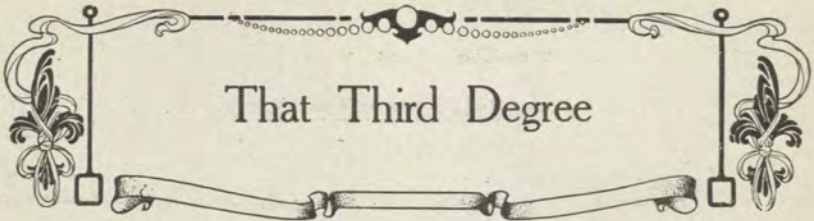
In such a phase of audacity, courageousness, and gallantry, Washington appears greatest to the popular mind, yet it was as statesman that he reached the summit of greatness. He was not of that astute and inventive order of statesmen, nor was he versed in the details of political science. No, he was a statesman in a larger sense. As there are sea captains who can bring their ships to port on mighty seas and nevertheless are unable to master the helm, so are there statesmen who can direct the ship of state in troublesome times, and yet be ignorant of the fine points of statecraft. Washington was such a statesman. His pen was not so quick and crafty as that of Hamilton and Jefferson, and yet his words were expressive of rigorous eloquence. Not so diplomatic was he, yet he possessed an insight into circumstances that commanded implicit confidence. In fact, his discrimination was so accurate as to be almost akin to infallible intuition. Living in a time of perilous political revolution, he knew and made others understand just where the line of demarcation existed between civil liberty and licentious abuse of political freedom. As in all his other conduct, he governed according to a fixed measure, and the established axioms and tenets that he thought would accomplish his end. While clinging to party tenets, he could nevertheless, in the magnanimity of his mind, act independently of parties. As John Daniel has said, "he walked the dizzy height of power in the perfect balance of every faculty and survived in that rarified atmosphere which lesser frames could only breathe to perish."

Just as firmly as he fought for independence, so strongly did he strive to preserve the Union. During all the passionate attacks of rival opinions at the close of the Revolution, Washington stood firm and immutable. It was in just such crises that his greatest constructive faculties and deepest heroism were called for. The bonds of Union were slowly and surely slipping apart, when Washington made his appeal to the people for the preservation of the ties that bound them together. "After gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain," he complained, "we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes." He stayed the storm for a time, but it soon burst forth again with a greater fury. The great Champion, however, his noble ideals, Right and Duty ever before him, remained unperturbed. He convened his officers and read to them an address. As he adjusted his spectacles to read the address, he remarked, "I have grown gray in your service and now I find myself growing blind." The magic words were spoken. The late agitators of rebellion gathered round their chief, and once again America was saved by the grand old Hero. Slowly the magnetism of his touching words spread over the land and resulted in the formation of a substantial Constitution.

Ah, Washington, your work is consummate. The glorious ensign of your beloved Union floats "full high advanced, its arms and trophies stream in their original luster." The grand United States of America sprung from your victories marches grandly on, proud of her noble lineage, proud of her achievements, marches on her stripes of purity unpolluted, her stars of achievement all aglow. Oh, ye Sons of Liberty, remember your sacred heritage, descended from the hand of Washington; protect from any stain of pollution the thirteen original stripes; keep emblazoned the existing stars so that forever the flag of America may be a source of pride and noble inspirations.

Ah, yes, the master's hand is motionless, but the master's work still lives. Over his tomb there is written an inscription silently eloquent and expressive, "Rome to America." Long live the memory of WASHINGTON, long live the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





That Third Degree

OLIVER SMITH, '09.



RAMVILLE COLLEGE, like every other reputable school, boasted of its studies, boasted of its alumni, boasted of its athletics; in fact, boasted of everything a college must, in order to maintain its proper standing. But its six hundred students were different. They swore by the gods of study that never did a better college than Kramville exist for hazing. From September to June it was their main study. For nine months out of the year the inhabitants of the village nearby were amazed, not only amazed but awed at the queer sights they so often beheld.

Even the wisest and the traveling salesmen in front of the village hotel would shake their heads and rub their eyes as they saw coming down the street a strange object indeed. It consisted of a huge perambulator in which sat one or two overgrown sophomores, and the miniature circus wagon itself pushed by two or more sweating freshmen.

In front of the hotel the strange procession would halt, according to custom, and the unwilling governesses would finally be made to crawl around the perambulator and bark and growl like fierce, watchful canines. Then the group would disband and the torture vehicle would be dragged off to a secure hiding place. Once a week these noble sophomores tied a freshie in the village fountain. Once a week a ducking was given as a bath to a first year student. Woe be it to any freshie caught wearing a cuff on his trousers, for he was given the third degree. Bitter was the life of a freshman, but in later years when he became an upper classman, he too would persecute as he was now being persecuted.

So now at the opening of this story we need not at all be surprised at the words of a certain group of sophs seated on a bench in the college gymnasium. Their heads were bent together, for the conversation was low. "Let's chuck him in the river," whispered one. "No! how about the fountain?" asked another. So they argued till finally one, a tall, freckled, red-headed youth who went by the name of Rabbit, assumed an air of authority. "That's all too good for the scamp; fellows, we'll have to give him the Third Degree." "That's the talk."—"That's right, Rabbit."—"Good for the Rabbit." Such were the exclamations on every side. "All right, fellows," he continued. "We get him to-night. 'I'll bring a tape. You know where to meet." Then the crowd broke up.

But who was the object of all this discourse? Only a freshman by the name of Billy Keenan. The morning before, he was seen to stroll to school with his hat turned up in front, a cuff in his trousers, and smoking a huge pipe, in open defiance of all the laws and dictates of the noble sophomore class. Billy himself was a stalwart boy who aspired for a place on the football team and did not care a rap for the whole sophomore class. Consequently he was made the subject of many of their hazings.

As soon as darkness came, a dozen dark forms could be seen stealing across the campus towards Billy's room. One carried a long rope, which was coiled upon his arm. Cautiously they stopped outside Billy's door; then, throwing it open, they rushed in, hoping to capture their victim without a struggle. But Billy was not to be so easily taken. He ran around a table, tipped it, upsetting a bottle of ink over the Rabbit's white shirt, thus turning it into a fast black. Finally he was overcome by force of numbers and led triumphantly away.

The band did not stop till they reached a tall bridge spanning the river. Here the prisoner tried to escape, but he was speedily recaptured, and the hazers commenced operations. A trial was held, the Rabbit acting as judge, prosecuting attorney, and chief witness. It is needless to say that their victim was found guilty of "conduct unbecoming a freshie," and sentenced to undergo the mysterious Third Degree. Then they fastened the rope around his waist, raised him to the top of the bridge railing, and lowered him down over the water. This done, they swung him to and fro with ever increasing velocity, a living pendulum.

Below, in the darkness, Billy's brain was reeling, but his mind was working. Suddenly he thought of a plan. His hands were free; he would cut the rope, dive into the river, and make those above believe he had drowned. With great effort he succeeded in opening his knife and started to work on the rope. Finally, after patient working, it parted and Billy, with an affected cry of distress, plunged into the river.

On the bridge above they felt a sudden quiver of the rope as it grew slack in their hands, followed by a wild cry and a splash. "The rope has broken," gasped the Rabbit. "Billy's in the river." Eagerly, with blanched faces, they peered below. All was dark and silent. Then another cry for help rang out. This time it was faint. "He's drowning," shrieked one. The Rabbit tried to jump from the bridge to the rescue, but his companions held him. Then they ran from the bridge and down to the river's edge. "Billy! Billy!" they called again and again, but all was still.

Six white, fear-sickened boys finally slunk back to their rooms. Terror of murder had so silenced them that they did not ask for help from outside sources. At every fence corner ghastly faces of fancy looked out upon them. A policeman on his beat wondered why a crowd of young fellows crossed the street in order to pass him. So they crept along till, by the time their rooms were reached, they were trembling like aspen leaves in a gale.

When the Rabbit retired, he could not sleep. Visions of dark rivers, of people drowning, of ghastly, haggard faces, of prison cells all came before him just as the same thoughts were arresting the sleep of five other students at the same time. As he lay awake, a low whisper, "Help! help!" came to his ears. "Help! help!" again came the sound. He heard it more distinctly now. It could not have been a human voice; it sounded more like the wind moaning through the trees. "Help! help!" again came the moaning summons. The Rabbit could stand it no longer. Jumping to his feet, he rushed to the door. With trembling fingers he unlocked it and sprang into the corridor, resolving to leave the room in the possession of his spirit visitor. But there in the hall a ghastly view met his sight. On the wall, burning with a sickly blue flame, was a rude sketch of a tombstone, and on it the simple words, "To Billy." With a cry of horror the Rabbit fled back into his room and fell prostrate across his bed. Similar scenes took place in the rooms of his five other accomplices, with more or less disaster to the inmates.

But what has become of our worthy freshman, Billy Keenan? When he took his dive to the fishes, Billy swam under water in the direction of the middle pier of the bridge, around which he knew was a little island. When his breath gave out, he floated with only his face above the water. Finally he came to the island, and as he reached to draw himself out, something slimy and snakelike slid across his hand. He could not help giving out another cry for help. Then Billy sat on a rock behind the bridge pier and listened to his persecutors shout themselves hoarse. When he was not shaking with laughter he was shivering with the cold, so he was glad to see the sophs leave.

Three-quarters of an hour later he was in his room dressing in other clothes. Finally, with a Sherlock Holmes smile, he placed in his pockets an old speaking trumpet and a bottle of phosphorus, which was the profit of his last chemistry lesson. Then he sallied forth into the night, crossed the campus, and made for the Sophomore Dormitory Building.

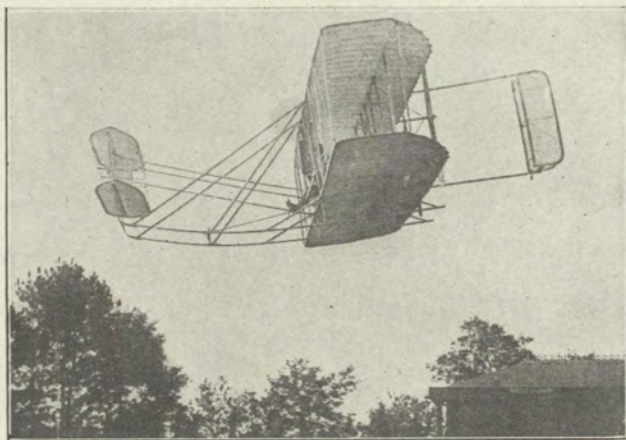
To find the Rabbit's room took but a moment. Opposite this, in the corridor, he quickly drew a rude tombstone on the wall with the phosphorus. Then, applying one end of the speaking trumpet, he moaned, "Help! help!" several times and ran down the hall. The results we already know. So he visited the entire six.

Next day a haggard bunch gathered in the Rabbit's room. They were the hazers. Any one would have been shocked to hear the solemn vows they took, promising never to tell of the cause of the disappearance of William Keenan. These over, they were standing mournfully before the window when suddenly there came before their view a familiar figure coming down the street. He wore his trousers cuffed, his hat turned up in front, and volumes of smoke poured from his chimney-like pipe. The sophomores stared, rubbed their eyes, and stared again. "It's Billy, not his ghost,"

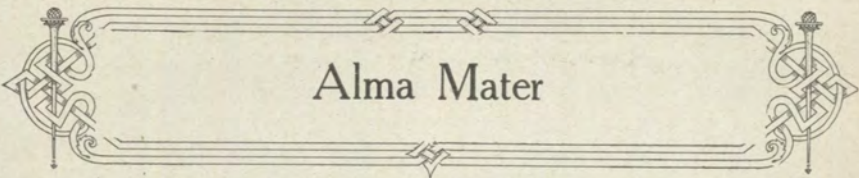
shouted one. Then pandemonium broke loose. The entire six dashed like mad down the steps and out upon the street. They swooped down upon Billy like hawks. They danced around him, they hoisted him on their shoulders, they cheered him—in fact, did everything to show their relief of mind.

Billy soon escaped from the bunch, much to the advantage of his clothes, for the six would-be murderers started celebrating the return of the drowned.

All through his freshman year Billy was no more bothered by hazers. But during the sophomore year he too turned hazer and tied many a poor freshman in the village fountain.



The Aeroplane in Full Flight at Pau, France



Alma Mater

W. C. MYERS, '09.

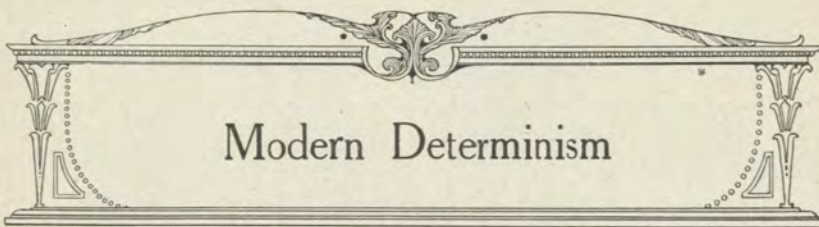
As the day of departure is dawning,
When classmates we fain would stay,
And cherish that friendship forever,
Which falters in life's rough way;

When the charms of past recollections,
Return with a tender appeal,
To kindle that fire of emotion,
With fellows as true as steel;

As we sit and ponder in silence,
Of those happy days we spent;
When the world and we were stranger
To please, our sole intent.

When we sail forth from the harbor,
Into life's uncertain ways,
Let us classmates, do it bravely;
With that cheer of bygone days.

If in after years, dear classmates,
Though we be scattered wide,
Let us stand by Alma Mater,
Our thoughts ere with her abide.



Modern Determinism

WM. P. RIORDAN, '09.



HE college career of a young man is drawing to a close and the important question of choosing some station in life presents itself. Riches and pleasures and perhaps even fame await him in the various professions that the world offers; but he is inclined to devote his time and energy to the service of God. * He forms a true estimate of the fleeting pomp of earthly glory, and resolves to cast his lot as a humble missionary with the poor of Christ. The stronger motive of eternal life undoubtedly determined his choice. Let us here ask the question whether such motives which bring about our free acts destroy moral liberty.

Maintaining such a doctrine, we fall in line with the Determinists, a school of modern philosophy, claiming that all our actions are the outcome of necessary and unchangeable laws. They base their theory on the principle of causation, rightly holding that nothing in the world is self-caused. The will of man is also subject to this universal law.

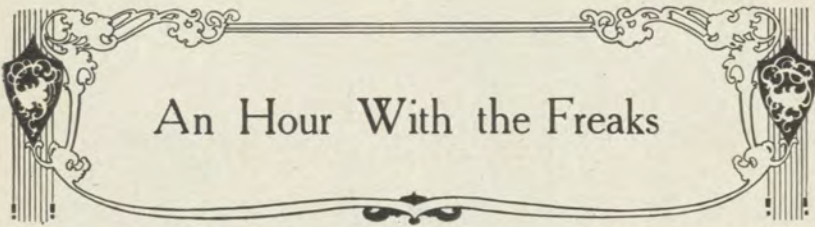
In olden times all effects were ascribed to nature, chance, necessity, and human action. But as knowledge advanced, causation became simplified, chance and necessity were discarded as unfounded hypotheses, human will is no longer universally accepted as a mainspring of man's acts, so that the only reliable and true cause left is nature. Nature, which governs all natural phenomena, must also in some manner account for human acts, for, according to Determinists, it is something unimaginable that the forces of nature, so regular and immutable in their action, should be rudely disturbed by the human will. In the acts of man it is the dominant, the strongest motive that rules and compels the will.

Nature deludes us to imagine that we are free agents. The shot and shell issuing from the mouth of a cannon cuts the air in a parabolic curve, rising higher and higher. Finally, when gravity prevails, its path tends downwards till it strikes the ground and performs its mission of destruction and death. Endowed with thought, the terrible projectile would believe that its very self sent it forth from the cannon's mouth, through the air to its destination. Thus are we also tricked by nature to believe that we accomplish certain actions freely, whereas they are the inevitable consequence of a motive which must be acted upon.

Philosophic systems, although false, are always presented in the light of some truth. Can any ray of this divine light be detected in the Determinist's explanation of the reasonable acts of man? Yes; they start from a correct and lawful premise, every fact must have a cause, but append something very unwarranted and erroneous. The principle of causality does not involve the destruction of moral liberty. The free acts of man being effects, must have a cause, and we cannot doubt, since man is a rational creature, that he will follow the course most preferred or the strongest motive. As long as I prefer to go to the theater, I will not stay at home and give my studies their proper attention. Should my preference be changed, and this is done by reconsidering the motives that would induce me to remain at my books, I will not seek the pleasure of a theatrical performance.

Here we see that the strongest motive, flowing from a deliberate judgment made by reason, determines the will to act in a definite way, without, however, compelling it to act thus. This moderate kind of Determinism, the teaching of the great St. Thomas Aquinas, agrees perfectly with the conception of moral liberty. The motives or the reasons of our actions are essentially the effects of free judgments perceived by the mind, and therefore the will that is determined to act according to these motives is also free.





An Hour With the Freaks

WALTER STEUER, '09.

ENEATH the flaring yellow light of the gasoline torch stood the side-show "barker." His large sombrero was perched jauntily on the side of his head, and the smile on his face gave evidence that business was good. The roll of green tickets in his left hand steadily decreased, and the money in his right correspondingly increased. Now and then, as some one stood hesitating whether to invest his dime or not, he would begin his long line of dope: "Here you are; right this way; tickets for the greatest side-show on earth; no fakes, no imitations. Inside you see those monstrosities, those freaks of nature, those wonderful beings represented there on the canvas—the wild and woolly man, the tattooed man, the vegetable carver, Kincaid, the Gulliver of the twentieth century, and last, but not least, the animal king, the tamer of wild beasts; also many trained birds and beasts, and countless other curiosities not seen in the ordinary walks of life. The show is just starting; the regular price is twenty-five cents, but, gentlemen, to-day is my birthday, and consequently all I ask is the small sum of one dime, or ten cents. A dime won't break, won't make you, won't set you up in business."

While I stood fingering my last dime, the "spiel" continued, the words now seeming to be directed towards me. I hesitated no longer, but, pushing and elbowing my way through the crowd, I had soon exchanged my ten cents for a piece of pasteboard which admitted to everything under the white folds of the tent.

Following the crowd, I entered the tent, along whose sides were ranged those curiosities mentioned above. The first one that came to my notice was "Molecule," the smallest man on earth. His exact height was fifty centimeters, which, expressed in inches, means about twenty. He recalled to me the fabled Lilliputians. After marveling over him for awhile, I passed on and came to his diametrical opposite, the tall man. He was about seven times the size of the "Molecule," and guaranteed not to be wearing stilts. His feet looked like two leather factories, and drew much merriment from the crowd.

Next in order came the fat lady, who, it was announced, covered an area of about 10 *II* ab, and needed "only" thirty yards of goods for one dress. In strong contrast to her was the Human Feather, on whose slight

figure our eyes next rest. The flaring poster at his back stated that he was twenty-eight years old and weighed the small, insignificant sum of seventy-nine pounds.

After craning my neck and straining my eyes, I was able to see the form of the "narrow feller," whose slight width did not allow him to cast a shadow. On the next elevated platform stood the king of magicians, whose marvelous sleight-of-hand feats caused me to place my hand on my pocket to see if my handkerchief was still there. Being assured that it was, I pass on and next stop before a Russian Cossack with a flowing beard. On gazing over the heads of those in front, I notice that the supposed Cossack wears a dress. Immediately it dawns on me that I have made a mistake and that the "bearded lady" is before. My surmise is soon verified, for a man with a pair of pincers makes his appearance. He pulls the beard in various places, an operation which establishes its genuineness, and also draws cries of pain from the victim. Learning that she had used no Herpicide or any other hair-grower on it, I continued observations and arrived before "Joe, the Dog-Faced Boy." His half-human, half-animal form aroused my pity and disgust, so with a shiver I passed on.

Now I gaze on what seems to be a human picture-gallery, but which is in reality the tattooed man. His entire body is covered with gay figures, done in gaudy colors. So covered is he that it would take a powerful microscope to discover an uncolored portion. He was the "Beau Brummel" of the freaks, and was constantly watching the "snake charmer," who next came under my notice. I will not attempt to describe her, as it would be useless, for every one knows how a snake charmer looks.

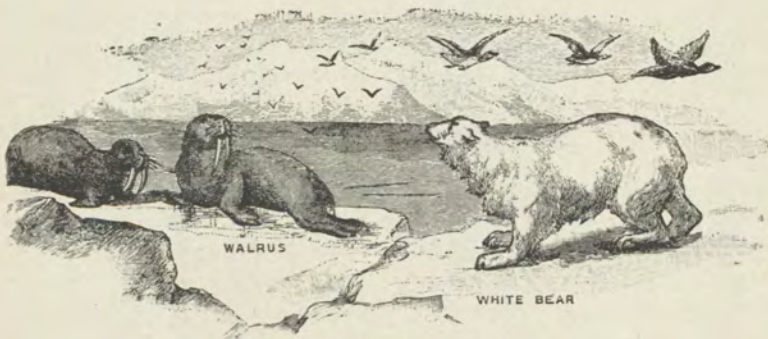
I next became aware of slight whirring noises, followed by dull thuds. Craning my neck to see what caused them, I saw a man trying to take his "pal's measure" with butcher knives. He braced himself with one foot, then, after a whirl and flourish of the knife over his head, it would go hurling through air and bury itself in a board, almost in contact with the man, who stood nonchalantly gazing at the audience. After staring in open-mouthed wonder for five minutes at the one's accuracy and the other's nerve, I moved on.

My hour with the freaks was nearly at an end, as only three more remained to be seen. The first of these was the "Vegetable King." He took any sort of vegetable, and with a few deft strokes of his knife, transformed them into figures of flowers, animals, men, and other wonderful shapes. The next one was the "animal king." Without a sign of fear he stepped into a cage of lions and put them through some marvelous stunts. Now and then one of the more fierce would make a spring at him, with open jaw, but the "King" would merely sidestep and the animal would light harmlessly on the opposite side of the cage. I watched the performance to its end, and then moved the last stage of my journey, and stood before a cage similar to the last.

Assembled before this cage is a dense but silent crowd. I bored my way through it and was soon in the front row of spectators. Growling and snarling, the "wild and woolly man" rages up and down the iron-barred cage. He is a combination of man and monkey, and resembles one of Professor Darwin's "missing links." A man now comes forward and addresses the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I take extreme pleasure in introducing myself to you as the proprietor of these curiosities. Before you is the "wild man," whose cage no one has ever entered and come out alive. To any one who attempts this hazardous feat and comes off unscathed I will give the sum of one hundred dollars. Who dares take this offer?" It seems as if no one does, till from the back of the crowd a voice is heard, saying, "Boss, I 'll take dat offah," and a huge negro pushes his way forward and confronts the manager. The latter calls forward a few attendants, who with long iron bars keep the "wild man" from the door till the negro enters. The crowd now expect to see a tragedy—the wild man rushing on the negro and tearing him to shreds, but the opposite happens. The negro advances on the wild man, who suddenly loses all his primeval habits, his growls and snarls, and cowers down in the corner of the cage. The negro steadily advances and is about to spring on the wild man, when the latter cries out, "Doan' hit me, niggah, doan' hit me. I ain't no wild man; I 'm jes' a plain niggah lak' yoself." With a few swift strokes he tore his wild attire off, and was transformed into an ordinary negro. Amid the cries of fraud and fake, I emerged from the tent.

The barker still stood beneath the gasoline torch, a new roll of tickets in his hand. He was still handing out the "dope," but the words "no fakes, no imitations," were conspicuous by their absence.



"Farewell"

MICHAEL A. DAUGHERTY, JR. '09.

Farewell, a long farewell to all,
To teachers e'er so true,
To guides and helpers of our youth,
A last farewell to you.

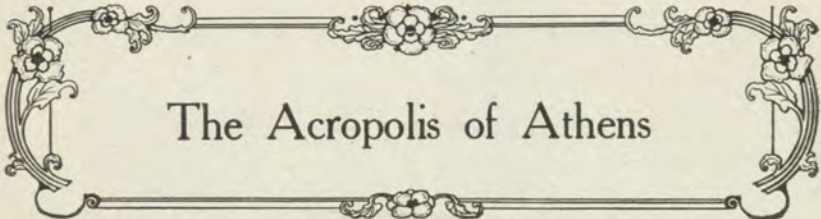
Farewell, to all our school-mates,
And chums to us so dear,
Who've sorrowed in our sadness,
And gladdened in our cheer.

Farewell to sports and pastimes,
Of the campus and the gym,
Their memory ne'er will leave us,
E'en when our eyes grow dim.

Farewell to you, O classmates,
Of our good old class so fine,
We may part perhaps forever,
But we'll never forget "Naught Nine."

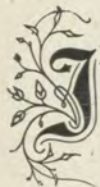
Farewell to all: how solemn
Those words to us do sound;
A knell they ring, our hearts they clothe,
As with a shroud around.

Farewell: "Naught Nine" will come no more,
To the class-room and the hall,
But forth in life they bravely fare,
To conquer, ne'er to fall.



The Acropolis of Athens

JOHN P. GEORGES, '09.

N the study of ancient monuments, the Acropolis of Athens is undoubtedly the most remarkable as well as the most picturesque remnant of the early history of Greece. For centuries it was the fortress, the sanctuary, the treasury, the repository of art and the residence of the rulers of Athens. Now it is a heap of crumbling ruins, but even as such it is the admiration of the world.

Nature appears to have designed this rock for the ruling castle and the center of national Greek history. It is accessible on only one side, hence its advantage as a fortress. The beauty of its location, however, is exquisite, as art and nature have combined in its embellishment. Picture this barren rock, rising precipitously from the Attic plain, surrounded by the flower-clad hills of sunny Greece. Its sides are pierced by numerous grottoes, with which are associated many mythological legends and cults. The grottoes are dedicated to Greek divinities, but the principal temples on the summit of the rock were dedicated to Athena, the Goddess of Greece.

The fortification of the rock was begun at a very early period, and later the temples and other magnificent structures were built. The name of Pericles is associated with the improvement of the Acropolis, though its founder was Cécrops, 1556 B. C. In the year 484 B. C. many buildings were destroyed by the Persians, but immediately rebuilt by the munificence of the populace. Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles were instrumental in bringing the Acropolis to a splendor hitherto unknown and never again equaled. Where the foe had wreaked his bitter vengeance and raised his sacrilegious hand, art now was to be glorified and religion to be exalted. From this age, numerous statues and architectural fragments have been unearthed. During the reign of Pericles, Athens attained the zenith of her power as well as a greater development of the arts. In fact, the Periclean age is synonymous with all that is beautiful in art, brilliant in letters, and remarkable in political history. The Acropolis attained its perfection at this time, marking the culminating point in Athenian history, politics, and literature.

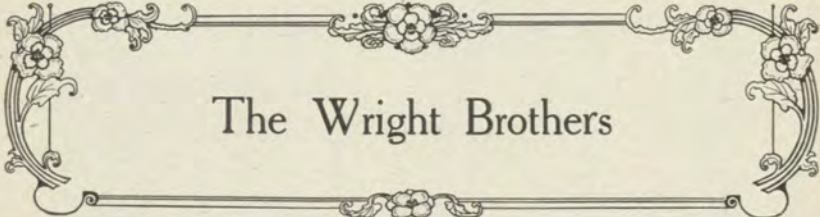
The largest and most beautiful structures on the Acropolis were the Propylæa, the Erechtheum, and the Parthenon. The Propylæa served as an architectural embellishment and a military defense, as it was the vestibule to the Acropolis. The Erechtheum stands opposite the Parthenon, and is

built in the most graceful forms of Ionic order and purposed, it seems, to contrast with the severe sublimity of the Parthenon. The temple was dedicated to Athena Spolias and Athena Pandrosus. The Parthenon was built in the age of Pericles, about 448 B. C. It was built in the Doric style and designed by Ictinus. The building was 228 feet in length and 100 feet broad, and was surrounded by forty-six great columns. The temple had successfully resisted the elements down to the seventeenth century. During the siege of Athens by the Venetians a shell exploded on the Acropolis and left the Parthenon a mass of blackened ruins. It was always regarded as the most exquisite and perfect example of Grecian architecture, and it still retains an air of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity. It would be tedious to mention in detail all the splendid buildings which were the pride of the ancient Greeks. It is sufficient to say that in no country of the globe were the divinities more superbly and lavishly honored. The Greek's enthusiastic love of the beautiful converted religion into art and made worship an education in æsthetics. Their sentiments are plainly chiselled into every ornament and statue of their temples. Every deity had a shrine, hence their mythological faith stood daily before their eyes in monumental splendor.

Greece will never regain her power and prestige among the nations of the earth. Art and literature, in which she excelled, either lie dormant or are totally extinct. The Acropolis marked the zenith of her preëminence in art and her decadence. Byron laments in the following extract:

Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,
Where are thy men of might—thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dreams of things that were
First in the race that led to Glory's goal
They won and passed away. Is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain; and o'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of Power.





The Wright Brothers

CHARLES WAGNER, '09.

OR two hundred years man has been engaged in an unintermittent struggle with the air; and although partially successful at times, still these efforts eventuated as failures, and man was forced to confess his utter powerlessness in the combat. Many were the valiant men who fought this battle: the artisan forsook his tools; the merchant fled from his business; the scientist quit his desk; yea, even the nobles contributed their mite towards vanquishing the subtle air. And yet, with such an aggregate of what humanity offered as its best, her forces were insufficient in her attempts to subjugate this powerful adversary. But at last our ranks are strengthened by two undemonstrative, quiet, and reserved individuals who appear on the scene in the persons of the Wright brothers. Victory is the reward of man's long struggle! He quits the battle-field in triumph! The Wright brothers have conquered the air!

Franklin with his kite discovered the phenomena of Electricity and thus paved the way for a motive power which is in an invaluable factor in the world of to-day. Robert Fulton with his "Clermont" succeeded in harnessing Neptune and bringing him under control. Stephenson with his "Rocket" began the railway systems which have bound the earth with bands of steel. Morse through his telegraph brought the world to the desk of the operator, and caused the globe to be enveloped in a tangle of wires—the nervous system of Mother Earth. But it was left to the Wright brothers to navigate at will the shoreless aerial seas. To them we are indebted for this extraordinary feat, the important results that are bound to follow in the world of to-morrow. Count von Zeppelin seems to have a prior claim to this great victory, but as the two brothers had achieved wonderful successes in their seclusion at Dayton two years before Zeppelin's marvelous flight, we may rightfully attribute the triumph to them.

Many people are laboring under a hallucination with regard to these two energetic men, thinking that their successes are the workings of chance. A certain writer was also subject to this fallacy, until he obtained an interview with the brothers who disillusioned him. Here he discovered that the evolution of their machine has covered a period of several years, during which time they were wholly engaged in discovering theoretically and ex-

perimentally facts concerning aeronautics, which would enable them to perfect their machine.

The main apparatus used in the perfection of their aeroplane consisted of little curved pieces of brass of different sizes. These they placed in a delicate balance enclosed in a long tube through which steady currents of air are blown. Then changing the angles and the speed of the air, they closely observed all phenomena which took place, and took note of these observations. The brothers continued to perfect their machine until it gave them identical results as often as they repeated the experiment. They acquired so much knowledge from this manner of experimentation that now they can plot a certain surface which they desire, and after trying it, find that it does exactly what they planned it for.

On entering the Wright brothers' shop, situated on Sprig Street, near Third Street, Dayton, Ohio, you may succeed in catching a glimpse of one of their aeroplanes in the last stages of completion. The machine consists of two horizontal, wing-like planes of cambric or canvas stretched over a light framework. The one plane is superposed a few feet over the other; they are fastened together by massive pieces of wood. Both wings have a decided curve, and the near edges are fluted and held in place by wires. An air-cooled engine supported by a heavy engine base is fastened to the lower wing at the right of the pilot's seat. A seat for two persons is placed in the middle of the lower wing, but slightly to the left so as to balance the engine. The levers for manipulating the machine are placed in front of the seats. The rudder, which has the form of a box-kite set edgewise, is in the rear of the aeroplane. Located close by are the sprocket wheels which are connected to the propellers. The outer sections of the double-decked wings work in opposite directions, so as to be able to tilt the machine, or cause it to fly horizontally. The flyer is set on skids, of the form of sled runners; these being held in place by strong pieces of wood and wires. All the curiosities of the air discovered in preliminary experimentation were partially applied in their aeroplane, so that although, as one writer says, "It appears as airy as a two-horse truck," still it has been constructed according to well-founded principles in order to give lift in the air and to speed through it with the least resistance. The brothers are the exponents of Professor Lilienthal's methods. They had a knowledge of some of Mr. Herring's improvements on Lilienthal's glider and copied him in the general design of their machine; but they worked out their own salvation in the evolution of their means of controlling the glider by bodily skill.

The art of flying was acquired by the Wright brothers in a manner similar to that of a child when it is taught to walk; but they had no one to guard and guide them in their first and awkward attempts in aviation. Their life was constantly in danger in this delicate mode of experimentation; and it requires a man with an indomitable and dauntless courage, to be continually in the atmosphere of death.

Their first crude tests in flying were with gliders—a means commonly employed by novices in the profession. Thus they gained the rudiments of their art, the principles of support and equilibrium, which are of paramount necessity. To comprehend the importance of these two factors in flying, observe the fate which befell Mr. Lilienthal, the father of aeroplanes. His machine required greater skill than he possessed, and as a consequence he met with his death. In these first trials they also obtained their first notions of the manner of shaping their planes correctly so as to procure the best results.

After a series of private performances of this nature, and only after they felt a confidence in their controlling powers, they began soaring. The peculiar mechanism of their aeroplane, and the perfection of every part of it enabled them to soar on lighter upper currents than those over which their feathery rivals, the buzzards, glided. When they commenced using power-driven machines, the brothers were rendered aware of the fact that such machines are entirely different from those employed in gliding and soaring. Furthermore, the manner of controlling the propelled machine needed new study and experiment. They, to use Mr. Wright's own words, "were compelled to unlearn all they had learned in soaring." After installing the engine on their aeroplane they improved it, bit by bit, learning their new lessons from the old.

Their flyer is balanced in the air by twisting or warping the planes—a process analagous to the action of a bird when it poises itself. On growing familiar with the use of the rudder in connection with warping the planes, the Wrights were able to control their machine more completely and guide it with greater ease than ever before. The twisting of the wing is also utilized in turning the machine in full flight, and throwing it at an angle to the wind. Formerly the aeronaut was forced to throw his body into a certain position when he wished to turn; this was one of the causes that made aeronautics such a highly dangerous pastime. The new method eliminates the danger and affords the pilot a means of guiding his machine with certainty and ease.

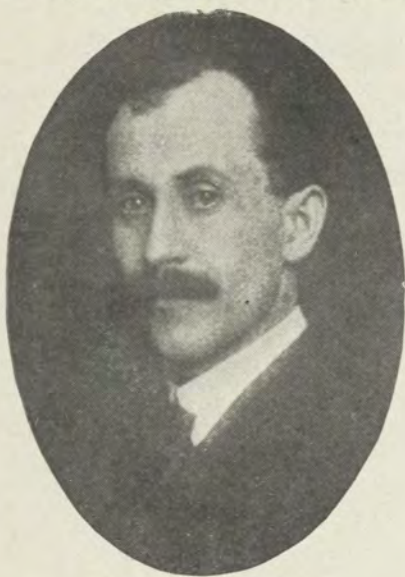
The Wrights pride themselves in being able to turn their flyer in a circle proportionate to its size, closely imitating the birds. They have reason to be proud of this since it is a triumph no other aeronaut has, as yet, obtained. Seven hundred feet is all the space they require to turn in. But in doing so the aeroplane meets with so much resistance from the air that it loses speed, and will sink if you are not careful. For this reason the brothers rise to a certain height and then circle in a descending spiral. Thus they attain what they desire without a material loss of momentum.

Messrs. Wright control their machine by a system of levers, of which there are three, and within proximity of the aviator's seat. The left-hand lever governs the front plane and causes the machine to ascend or descend. The other two are combined and situated within grasp of the right hand;

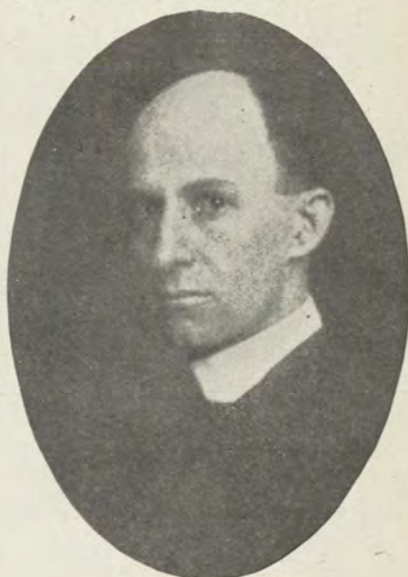
the one warps the wings and the other manages the rudder. When they must cross an air current their machine strikes it obliquely as seen from the ground; and when they wish to alight they shut off the power and glide to earth.

To judge from the successes that attended Wilbur Wright's flights abroad, his fame as an aeronaut, and the efficiency of the aeroplane are internationally established. The sad accident that befell Mr. Orville Wright at Fort Meyer, resulting in the death of Lieutenant Selfridge, cannot detract from the real value of the machine, or point to any defect in it. It was a mishap which may never again occur to an aeroplane built on the plan of that of the Wright brothers.

What has the future in store for our two famous Daytonians and their equally famous machine? At present, the prominent aero clubs of Europe are copying the general design of the Wright's flyer in the constructions of their own, and it is only a matter of time before all aviators will follow this plan. The reason is obvious—the efficiency and durability of this aeroplane has no equal. Painters and cartoonists with prognostic imaginations are picturing Wright machines as being employed in war on land and sea, for scouting purposes or casting projectiles upon fortified cities and belligerent vessels; as conveying persons to and from inaccessible mountain tops; or being used by burglars for reaching the upper stories of skyscrapers. But whether or not such things will actually occur remains for the future to unfold. One thing is certain: the conquest of the air has actually occurred, the Wright brothers are the conquerors, their aeroplane the instrument by which this astounding feat has been accomplished.



ORVILLE WRIGHT.



WILBUR WRIGHT.

Poets' Corner

JUNE.

Hark, how sweet the thrushes sing!

Hark, how clear the robins call!

Chorus of the happy spring,
Summer's madrigal.

SPRING.

Flood the world with joy and cheer,

O ye birds, and your song

Till the farthest distance hear

Notes so glad and strong.

Storm the earth with odors sweet,

O ye flowers, that blazon light!

Crowd about June's shining feet,

All ye blossoms bright.

Shout, ye waters, to the sun!

Back are winter's fetter hurled;

Summer's glory is begun:

Beauty holds the world.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

A SHOWER.

The fields were parched and the streams
were low,

And the clovers hung their heads;

The sunsets passed, but there was no
rain

In their pure exultant reds:

And the earth seemed tired, like a little
child,

All weary of the day;

And the blossoms were dry,

And the petals were dry

And were born by the winds away.

* * * *

The sky grew dark, and the world
breathed hard,

For a tempest hung in the air;

But the big drops came, and the earth
was glad,

With a freshness everywhere,

And the bow of peace, like a kiss of love,
Spanned the pastures of brightened
flowers.

And the earth rejoiced, and the skies re-
joiced.

And a happy land was ours.

—*B. F. M. Sours.*

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye unto the summer woods

There entereth no annoy;

All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,

And the earth is full of joy.

There come the little gentle birds,

Without a fear of ill,

Down the murmuring water's edge,

And freely drinks their fill;

And dash about and splash about

The merry, little things,

And look askance with bright black eyes

And flirt their dripping wings.

There's enough for every one,

And they lovingly agree:

We might learn a lesson all of us,

Beneath the greenwood tree.

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring
forth

Enough for great and small,

The oak tree and the cedar tree,

Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,

For every want of ours;

For luxury, medicine, and toil,

And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine

Requireth none to grow,

Nor doth it need the lotus-flower

To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,

The nightly dews might fall,

And the herb that keepeth life in man

Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they
made

All dyed with rainbow light,

All fashioned with supremest grace,

Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him.
—*Mary Howitt.*

A SUMMER LONGING.

I must away to the wooded hills and
vales,

Where broad, slow streams flow cool
and silently,

And idle barges flap their listless sails;
For me the summer sunset glows and
pales,

And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the
birds,

Twitter and chirp at noon from every
tree,

I long for blossomed leaves and lowing
herds,

And Nature's voices say in mystic words,
"Thy green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands where the primrose
shines,

And waves her yellow lamps above the
lea,

Of tangled copses swung with trailing
vines,

Of open vistas skirted with tall pines,
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,

Or hear the breezes in the reeds that
sigh,

Or insect voices chirping high and shrill
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me
find

The forest's shade, the wild bird's
melody,

While summer's rosy wreaths for me
are twined,

While summer's fragrance lingers on the
wind

And green fields wait for me.

—*George Arnold.*

THE FLAG.

O banner blazoned in the sky,
Fling out your royal red;
Each deeper hue of crimson dye,
Won by our sainted dead.

Ye bands of snowy whiteness clean,
That bar the waning day,
Stand as the prophecy of things unseen,
Toward which we hew our way.

Fair field of blue, a symbol tone
Of Right, of Faith, of God,
O'er reach us as we seek anew
The path our fathers trod.

The clustered stars that gleam above,
Our darkness turn to light,
Reveal to men heaven's law of love—
Then ends the world's long night.
—*Bishop Henry C. Potter.*

ROUND THE YEAR.

O beautiful world of green!
When bluebirds carol clear,
And rills outleap
And new buds peep,
And the soft sky seems more near;
With billowy green and leaves—what
then?
How soon we greet the red again!

O radiant world of red!
When roses blush so fair,
And winds blow sweet,
And lambskins bleat,
And the bees hum here and there;
With thrill of bobolinks—ah then,
Before we know the gold again!

O beautiful world of gold!
When waving grain is ripe,
And apples beam
Through the hazy gleam
And quails on the fence rails pipe;
With pattering nuts and winds—why
then,
How swiftly falls the white again!

O wonderful world of white!
When roses are hung with lace,
And the rough winds chide,
And the snowflakes hide
Each unsheltered place;
When birds and brooks are dumb—what
then?
Oh, round we go to the green again!
—*G. Cooper.*



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The Senior Number Well, "they've up and done it." The Seniors have united into one big family of litterateurs and gone into the publishing business. Their results are herewith produced in this number. If you like the number, it is representative of Senior talent; if otherwise—why, otherwise.

But whatever degree of merit this number may possess, the Seniors wish to dedicate it, every word, to the grand old college under whose protecting guidance they have plucked the fragrant fruit of knowledge at the tree of wisdom. We dedicate these poor efforts as a token of our love for St. Mary's, and of our esteem for her excellent and devoted faculty.

The Wright Brothers' Celebration The city of Dayton is famous for many things; her numerous and excellent commercial institutions, some of which enjoy the character of uniqueness; her picturesque settings and beautiful scenery; her contented and eupractic citizenship. Of all these things is the city of Dayton justly proud. To-day, however, her greatest boast is her two famous sons, Wilbur and Orville Wright, the two great geniuses of aviation, who have demonstrated to the world that the mind of man is infinitely superior to its surroundings.

Indeed, Dayton has a right to be proud of her two boys. The Wright brothers found themselves placed in moderate circumstances and straightway they began to adjust themselves to their environment and steadied down to practical, yet studious lives. When the problem of aerial navigation loomed up as a possibility, the Wrights recognized their chance and caught "the tide at its flood." Some have said that fortune favored them and that their great discovery was an accident. Maybe it was, who can tell? So, too, may all the great inventions of science be called favors of fortune. But this much is known: That the Wrights studied the question of aeronautics with the characteristic seriousness of true scientists and they are conscientious in their belief that their discovery will benefit humanity by diminishing the possibility of wars.

Dayton is indebted to the Wright Brothers for the fame they have given her name and Dayton is responding with a fitting celebration in which the nation, State, and city are proud to participate.

FRANCIS C. CANNY, '09.

Irreligious Principles Professed in Some Universities. Mr. Harold Bolce, writing in the May "Cosmopolitan," hurled a bomb into the educational circles of the country when he revealed the different philosophic teachings of our leading colleges and universities. Mr. Bolce has listened to all the prominent professors of philosophy, and the results of his investigations along this line, are, to say the least, simply surprising. The present solution of the moral and ethical problems he found to be the most astonishing. Such questions as democracy, marriage, divorce, the home, the decalogue, and religion are coolly examined and dissected by college professors with as much sangfroid as a pure-food inspector would examine a dairyman's milk supply. Prof. Earp, of Syracuse University, ridicules the idea that God ever gave His commandments to Moses. According to others, democracy, that greatest treasure of the American commonwealth, is a failure and, in fact, never really existed. The Declaration of Independence, that mighty declaration of a down-trodden people against a tyrannical oppressor, is merely a work of "spectacular rhetoric." The sanctity of marriage is destroyed and free-love advocated by Professor Zeublein, of Chicago University. In race suicide these pseudo-philosophers recognize a cure for the present evils of society. The home as an institution is doomed. The writ-

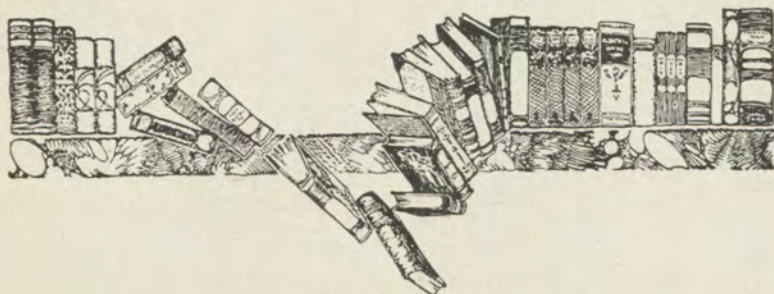
ing on the wall points to man's return to polygamy, patriarchal concubinage, and other similar barbarous customs. Religion is made light of and regarded as an institution subject to the fanciful whims of society. Conscience is a myth and the practice of virtue a compliance with the unstable customs of society.

These are the teachings and doctrines which are taught in such universities as Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, and Chicago. These false principles are absorbed by a large number of the two hundred and thirty thousand students who attend the five hundred colleges and universities of the country, and yearly, an army of graduates carry them into the world and spread them broadcast over the land.

The college of to-day is one of the most important factors that go to fashion our American life, and with such ruinous doctrines as the above advocated, what will be the results?

The decalogue will be relegated to the region of myths, and Christianity, that corner-stone of modern civilization, will crumble into ruin. Conscience will no longer be a God-sent voice to direct man to Heaven, but a mere metaphysical phantom, a figment of the imagination. Right and wrong will be left to the judgment of fickle society, whose moral code is as lax and unstable as the minds of the professors who teach these theories. That they should dare to spread their insane doctrines is almost incredible. By inculcating them into the minds of American youth they have sown the seeds of evil, the fruits of which time alone will show. But one fair-minded and unbiased glance at the principles of Christian ethics, attended by a little reason, would have convinced these professors of the gross errors into which they have fallen. When such theories as these are advanced in the name of modern science, we are led to exclaim with Cicero, "O tempora, o mores."

M. A. DAUGHERTY, JR., '09.



Alumni Notes

CHARLES WAGNER, '09.



Edward C. Schoen, B.A., '03
First Editor-in-Chief of the Exponent

Just as we go to press, we receive the information that another Old Boy and Alumnus is about to become a benedict. It is none other than EDWARD C. SCHOEN, '03, brother of Joseph '86, ALEX '04, and "BILL" SCHOEN, '07, and one of the most energetic members of the Chicago Alumni Association. Ed. was one of the prime movers of the EXPONENT, and, in fact, its first Editor-in-chief, when it began its journalistic career in 1903. On June 16, he will be married to Miss Mary Farnhurn, formerly of Chicago, now of Detroit, Mich., where the wedding will be solemnized at St. Mary's Church. Owing to a necessitated change, commencement this year falls on the identical date. The EXPONENT extends its best wishes to ED, and in the name of the faculty and students

asks God's blessing upon the new career he is to enter.

**Pendleton-
Tischbein**

We regret not to be able to give further details of the marriage of John Sanford Pendleton, '97, to Miss Alma Mae Tischbein, which took place Tuesday, May 25, at Cincinnati. At home, 3456 Liston Avenue, after June 5.

**Hanauer-
Zindert**

On Wednesday, May 26, Caryl Hanauer, '05, was married to Miss Margaret Zindorf. Eugene Zahn, '04, was best man. The ceremony was performed in St. Mary's Church, Dayton. Rev. Steinkamp sang the nuptial high mass and the Very Reverend Bernard O'Reilly was present in the sanctuary. In the afternoon the newly wedded made a brief call at the Institute to receive the good wishes

of several members of the faculty, including the Alumni Editor. Other Old Boys of the Gem City did not fail to call on them at their new home on Goodhue Avenue.

**Ship
Surgeon**

DR. A. J. MOORMAN, '00, is taking a trip through the Central American countries as ship surgeon for the Hamburg American Line. He sends greetings to all the faculty and to the EXPONENT family. Thanks for the view of San José Cathedral, Costa Rica.

**J. Edward
Noreckauer**

J. Edward Noreckauer, '03, then of Xenia, met with an untimely death in a railroad accident at Wilberton, Okla., on May 15. His remains were brought to Xenia, where they were laid to rest on May 19, after the high mass of Requiem sung in St. Brigid's Church by the pastor, Rev. Francis P. Quinn. Young Edward was much liked by his comrades and professors during his stay at St. Mary's from '01-'03, and the news of his accidental death came a painful surprise to all who knew him. Holy mass was offered for him on June 3, and the student-body prayed for the repose of his soul. We ask the EXPONENT readers to whisper a prayer for him. The faculty of St. Mary's and the EXPONENT extend their heartfelt sympathy to his afflicted parents.

**Board of
Public
Service**

We have at hand the sixty-ninth annual report of the Cincinnati Water Department, sent us by JOHN A. HILLER, '91, then of Dayton, Ohio. It will be remembered that he directed the excavations made for the tunnel dug under the Ohio River.

**Loyal Old
Boys**

On May 23, Alex Bernhard, '01, of Columbus, Ohio, paid a brief visit to S. M. I., in company with J. Siefert. On May 29, Will Duffy, '06, with his partner in business, Walter Z. Shafer, sought relaxation from strenuous work by a trip to the north in their automobile. It goes without saying that S. M. I. was their first halting place. Your visit, though brief, was appreciated. Call again, Duff.

Joseph J. Freiburger, '76, of Fort Wayne, Ind., demonstrated his loyalty for St. Mary's by frequent letters and queries. Let others fall in line. From a recent letter we quote the following: "May the sweet-scented breezes stimulate the energy of your graduating class as well as that of the Faculty.

With the Miners Vincent Kleine, who left S. M. I. in 1903, is interested in Mexican mines. He recently came up north in order to assist at the wedding of his brother Joseph, '96, which is to take place at Cincinnati, on June 16. At St. Louis he called upon Brother Michael Lurz, Rev. Father Frische, and Very Rev. Joseph Weckesser.

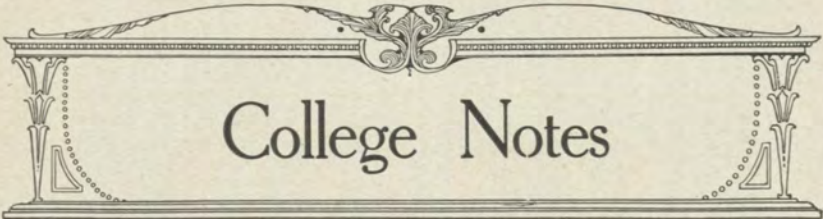
Kenrick Seminary Frank Weinig, who attended S. M. I. from 1900-04 is now in Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis. Frank says everything is going on nicely. During this month he will receive minor orders. CHARLES FREEMAN, '05, occasionally calls on him and their chats are most interesting and pleasant. Frank's class-mate, CHARLES ERTEL, '05, will be "minored" at Mt. St. Mary's. Our best wishes and prayers shall accompany both.

War Department Francis B. Heitman, '53, who hailed from Cincinnati, is employed in the War Department ever since 1863. He is always pleased with the EXPONENT and cannot do without it. "If a little late in coming," writes he, "I feel lost without its appearance. God bless St. Mary's."

Jacob J. Minke, '01 JACOB J. MINKE, '01, graduated at Chicago from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois. Best wishes for continued success, Doc.

A Jubilarian On Sunday, May 30, Rev. John M. Feldmann celebrated the 35th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the 25th of his appointment to the pastorate of Sacred Heart Church, Camp Washington, Cincinnati. Father Feldmann was born in Dayton in 1851, and attended St. Mary's during 1864. He was ordained priest May 30, 1874. During his stay at Camp Washington the Sacred Heart parish made rapid progress because he gives himself heart and soul to his work. Through the Alumni Editor the EXPONENT has sent its warmest congratulations to the Reverend Old Boy.

Exponent Family That the EXPONENT is relished by the boys is indicated by the renewed subscriptions of the following during the month of May: ALEX H. SCHOEN, ALBERT J. KEMPER, ALEX BLUMENTHAL, OSCAR MILLER, Fred Miller, EDWARD MILLER, JOHN M. BURGMEIER, J. A. PILON, Lawrence Butz, CHARLES FREEMAN, ALBERT J. MOORMAN, HARRY FINKE, Alphonse Janning, Ed C. HEGMAN, Charles J. Frohmiller, Wendel Kline, Frank Weinig, EUGENE SCHAEFER, J. Hinterschied, J. Freiburger, Henry Schwieters, F. B. Heitman, Joseph Hengeler, John Timmer, MARTIN SHERRY, LOUIS E. MOOSBRUGGER, Charles Hollencamp, Wm. Duffy, RUDOLPH SCHNEBLE.



College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR MAY.

Collegiate Department.

Senior Letters.....	J. Georges, 92; M. Daugherty, 89
Junior Letters.....	Walter Roddy, 96; Walter Roemer, 95
Sophomore Letters.....	John Kelly, 90; Anthony Tague, 88
Freshman Letters.....	Leo Schmitt, 92; Thomas Cobey, 91
Senior Science.....	Charles Wagner, 93; Edward Janszen, 89
Junior Science.....	John Ohmer, 94; Wilfried Walter, 91
Sophomore Science.....	W. Seidensticker, 90; L. Strattner, 87
Freshman Science.....	W. Howe, 91; Harry Ritter, 90

Business Department.

II. Business.....	E. Schroeder, 95; R. M. de Castro, 95
I. Business.....	J. Harrington, 96; H. Smith, 90

High School Department.

IV. Year.....	F. Mueller, 94; A. Mahrt, 94; R. Gray, 94
III. Year.....	Albert Dorsten, 92; Arnold Schneider, 92
II. Year—A.....	Leo Walsh, 96; W. Hughes, 92
II. Year—B.....	J. Schlaudecker, 96; M. Synett, 95
I. Year—A.....	H. Hook, 95; F. Feuerstein, 92; H. Holters, 92
I. Year—B.....	R. Sherry, 99; L. Bucher, 99; C. Zimmerman, 96

Preparatory Department.

Eighth Grade.....	V. Poeppelmeier, 98; C. Speegle, 97
Seventh Grade—A.....	M. Eberle, 95; J. Liddy, 94
Seventh Grade—B.....	W. Fries, 94; H. Keagler, 93
Sixth Grade.....	Leon Monning, 93; H. Hart, 81
Fifth Grade.....	Paul Ohmer, 89; John Armstrong, 86

CHRONICLE.

First Holy Communion

This event, which for some was the happiest moment of their lives, was celebrated in the Institute Chapel on Sunday, May 9. On this day seventeen pupils from the college received our Lord for the first time. The privileged ones were:



FIRST ROW—H. Anderton, H. Whalen, J. Seidensticker, U. Focke, J. Pflaum, W. Meyers.
 SECOND ROW—J. Costello, W. McDonald, F. Canny, M. Dougherty, E. Janszen.
 THIRD ROW—W. Steuer, J. Weis, C. Hayes, J. Georges, F. Koch, O. Smith, F. Foster.



View of the College Park at Commencement

R. Waldron Burkhardt, Carl A. Gladen, Albert V. Gress, Edward L. Gross, Albert J. Herres, Richard C. Kelly, Martin L. Koerper, Albert J. Krusling, William J. Kuntz, Bernard J. Losh, Philip V. McCafferty, Albert J. Menninger, Norbert J. Merkel, Ralph C. Neary, Carl A. Roth, George M. Skelton, and Raymond L. Taylor.

During breakfast the S. M. I. band rendered an interesting programme.

The renewal of Baptismal vows took place in the afternoon, and in the evening they received the Sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati.

Eleven other students besides the communicants also received this sacrament. They were: John F. Liddy, Edward T. Blommel, John J. Armstrong, Albin J. Cron, J. Leo Smith, Frank J. O'Neil, Clarence P. Bender, James A. McMahon, Harry J. Brockman, Gerard J. Werder, Jacob J. Schwalm, and Herbert H. Ruhlman.

LITERARY NOTES.

Junior Chronicle

We are glad to note that the members of the Junior Class, '10, have not lost interest in their class paper, but have, on the contrary, produced a May issue which challenges in literature and style any of their papers of the year. The articles are well written and well worthy to represent the best workmanship of the class.

The editorial on the life and works of Francis Marion Crawford, and the translation of Horace's Ode, by Walter Roddy, are of utmost interest, and written in a pleasing style. Much credit is likewise due to Marcellus Wagner for the excellent way in which he handles the essay on "The Use of Good English."

It is to be regretted, however, that the one department which should be of greatest interest, namely, the Class History, is not up to the standard. The editor of the joke department, likewise, seems to have entirely forgotten that

"A little humor now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

And as a consequence, he has neglected to prepare any witty remarks and jokes.

However, with these two exceptions the May issue of the Junior Chronicle has proven a great success, and although this is to be the last issue of that excellent paper this year, I hope that during the next, its editors will continue the work they have so well begun.

ED. J. JANSZEN, '09.

The "Alpha Epsilon Fraternity" The Non-resident students of St. Mary's have already made sufficient plans which will enable them to preserve fading memories. Shortly after the scholastic term had been satisfactorily launched, several members of the Senior Class were inspired with the idea of establishing a fraternity. Accordingly a constitution and by-laws were framed and the fraternity was baptized "Eternal Nine," or Delta Epsilon. At a later date it was decided to rename the fraternity, and it is now known as the "Alpha Epsilon." The membership is restricted to nine, all being members of the class '09, and the following are the fortunate ones: Francis C. Canny, Oliver B. Smith, Herbert E. Whalen, Edward S. Cowan, Leon J. Deger, J. Charles Hayes, Ferdinand J. Koch, and Emmet R. White. Meetings are held once a month at the homes of the members. The object of this fraternity is to advance, both intellectually and socially, all those concerned. The following are the officers: Francis C. Canny, '09, President; Oliver B. Smith, '09, Vice-President; Herbert E. Whalen, '09, Secretary and Treasurer, and Edward S. Cowan, '09, Sergeant-at-Arms.

HERBERT E. WHALEN, '09.

Dicken's Literary Circle. The Dickens' Literary Circle held its first meeting for the month of May on May 13. The class paper was considerably large and contained many good stories, essays, and poems. Those worthy of mention are: a story, "Just Absent-minded," written by Wm. Roemer; "A Golden Ledge," by George Gonzalez, and a poem entitled "In a Graveyard," written by Henry Klein. An essay, "Advantages of Emigration," by Edwin Robbins, and "A Summary of David Copperfield," by Arnold Schneider, were also very well written. Time did not permit the contesting of the debate, so this was postponed until the next meeting.

Second Meeting On Thursday, May 27, this flourishing literary circle held its second meeting. The class paper, in which many good essays and poems had been entered, was first read. A debate, "*Resolved*, That country life is more advantageous than city life," was next hotly contested. The contestants were: Edwin Robbins and Joseph Kaber on the affirmative side, and William Roemer and George Gonzalez upholding the negative side of the argument. The judges decided that the negatives had the best of the argument.

The program for the meeting was as follows:

I. Class Paper: Dicken's Record.
 Poem—"Memories of Home".....E. Robbins
 Essay—"Advancement of Military Science".....A. Schneider
 Essay—"How I Would Like to be a Farmer".....L. Fox
 Story—"The Runaway Train".....R. O'Brien
 Essay—"How I Would Like to be a Politician".....E. Robbins

Our Bardic Choir:

"A Boy's Mistake".....	H. Klein
"Memories of Home".....	T. Munchof
Story—"Unrecognized"	H. Klein
Essay—"How I Would Like to be an Undertaker".....	H. Engel
II. Editorials:	
"The Past Month."	
"The Circus."	
"The Wright Brothers."	
III. Class Notes.....	R. O'Brien
IV. Jokes.....	H. Klein
V. Debate—"Resolved, Country Life is more Advantageous than City Life."	
VI. Recitation—"Forgive and Forget".....	F. Munchof
VII. "A Talk on Reading".....	Moderator

Exponent   The most successful year of the EXPONENT closed with
Banquet   the annual banquet held in Chaminade Hall, the evening
                     of the 24th of May. The EXPONENT Staff were now to be
 seen in a new rôle, namely, that of tending to the wants of the inner man,
 and certainly knew what to do with the excellent meat set before them.
 Much credit must be given to the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. Canny,
 who by his manner in introducing the various speakers brought forth
 rounds of applause from all present. The toasts responded to were:

"Editorials"	Michael A. Daugherty
"Alumni"	Charles A. Wagner
"College Notes"	John P. Georges
"Exchanges"	John F. Ohmer, Jr.
"Athletics"	Ignatius A. Hart
"Advertisers"	Jeremiah Costello

After this, the Rev. President was called upon for a few words. He thanked all for their hearty coöperation during the past year, in trying to make the EXPONENT a success both from a financial and literary point of view, and also wished success to those who depart from this year's staff. Father O'Maley, the head of the EXPONENT Staff, after addressing a few well chosen words, announced that John F. Ohmer, Jr., and Ignatius Hart had been chosen Editor and Assistant Editor for next year. Great applause followed, and only subsided when the toastmaster called upon the visitors of the evening, Mr. Schneider and Mr. Henry Hollencamp and Mr. Frank Hollencamp for a few remarks.

The evening was enlivened by numerous piano solos by Joseph Schlaudecker.

S. M. A. A.**Banquet**

Well! Who would not have liked to belong to St. Mary's Athletic Association on the evening of June 1, for there in the spacious Senior club room, beautifully decorated for the occasion, was held the fourth annual banquet of this association. No pains were spared to make this banquet a grand success both from a culinary and oratorical standpoint, and those who left discouraged had themselves to blame. Not until he was sure that all had satisfied their appetites with the excellent menu, did the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. Daugherty, of "umpire fame," address a few well chosen words, and then, by throwing bouquets, introduced the different speakers of the evening. The toasts responded to were:

"The Outlook"	John P. Georges
"The Retrospect"	Jos. C. Seidensticker
"Athletes"	Wm. McDonald
"Gridiron Warriors"	Capt. Claude Frederick
"Gym. Nights"	Capt. Jos. Mahoney
"The National Game"	Capt. Paul Schad

Following this, James Harrington, of football fame, arose, and in the name of the football team of '08 presented its captain, Claude Frederick, with a beautiful meerschaum pipe.

When the Rev. President, Father O'Reilly, arose to say a few words, great applause followed. He congratulated the Association on its success during the past year, and also spoke of the efforts Bro. Ed. Gorman had contributed towards this success.

He closed by giving awards for football, bowling, pool, and billiards.

Captain Frederick, Capt. Maloney, and Jeremiah Costello were awarded sweaters, each possessing two monograms. S. Broomhall, Wm. McDonald, and Cornelius Quinlan captured the bowling honors, while the pool and billiards trophies were carried off by Leonard Poos and Henry Dietz.

During the evening the S. M. I. orchestra rendered an excellent programme, and a Senior quartet did much to enliven the evening. Here's hoping that many more such banquets be held.

**Peter's Pence
Society**

The Treasurer of the Peter's Pence Society is glad to be able to announce that the lads of Seventh Grade—A still hold the first place in generosity to the Holy Father. They have an average of .16.

However, we must do justice to Freshman Letters and state that for April the said class, by its average of twenty cents, set an excellent example to the college.

As yet the Treasurer is not prepared to make a statement upon the donations this year. Money may come in from some classes, later on, and he wishes to give all deservers their due mead of honor.



FIRST COMMUNION CLASS, MAY, 1909

FIRST ROW—N. Merkel, A. Krusling, A. Herres, E. Gross.

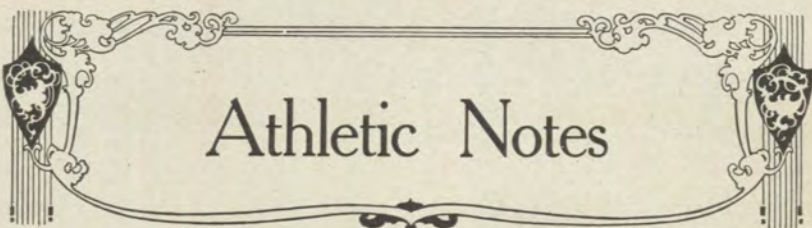
SECOND ROW—C. Roth, G. Skelton, W. Burkhardt, R. Kelly, M. Koerper, P. McCafferty, A. Menninger.

THIRD ROW—R. Taylor, A. Gress, B. Losh, R. Neary, C. Gladen, W. Kuntz.



The Base Ball Team.

FIRST ROW—Mahoney, p.; Hart, 3 b.; McDonald, Mgr.; Daugherty, Ump.; Wissel, p.
 SECOND ROW—Singer, c. f.; McKearney, s. s.; Gillespie, p.; Ruhlman, sub.; Sutton, 2 b.; Frederick, 1 b.
 THIRD ROW—Broomhall, r. f.; Schad, Capt. and c.; Clark, l. f.



Athletic Notes

WM. McDONALD, '09.

ST. MARY'S BASE BALL TEAM.

Paul O. Schad, As a catcher, "Bunny" is a wonder; he has a perfect
Capt. throw to the bases, and until the present very few men have
safely pilfered a sack. He knows the game, and handles
the team like a veteran. He is a hard hitter, a good runner, and his care-
ful study of the batsmen, and fine coaching of the pitchers has brought us
safely out of many a bad hole. He certainly looks good for the big league.

Joseph J. Ma- Joe is a brother of Bill Mahoney, and, like his brother
honey, '10. Bill, he is a pitcher. His wonderful "slow ball" is cer-
tainly the dope, and it is very amusing to see the opposing
batsmen breaking their backs trying to safely connect with his teasers.
Joe is a very cool pitcher and never loses his head. He bats well, is a splen-
did fielder, and a very hard loser. With a little more experience, he ought
to make good in faster company.

Linus A. Wis- "Heiny," so named probably because of his Irish descent,
sel, '10. is also one of our pitchers. He has plenty of speed and an
"underhand curve" that cannot be touched. He is a perfect
fielder, quick on his feet and has more extra base hits to his credit than
any other man on the team. He certainly is a slugger. He is steady as a
clock, cannot be rattled, and while on the field is as mute as a post. He
has not lost a game this season, and is being tried out for faster company.

Claude C. Fred- "Fritz," our all-round athlete, covers the initial sack. He
erick, '12. is a good fielder, covers an acre of ground, and has a splen-
did whip. His steady encouragement to the pitcher is a
great help. He is a very heady player, bats well, and takes long chances on
the bases. He is always grinning and he never kicks.

Joseph Sut- "Suds" is one of the three lads hailing from Cleveland.
ton, '14. Ohio, who go to make up the infield. He covers second like
a veteran and is a fine fielder. He secured the first home-
run of the season, against Springfield A. C. He is forever talking and
his witticisms cast from the side lines, in an imported "brogue," are cer-
tainly a hoodoo to the opposing players.

Thomas McKearney, '10. "Mick," also hailing from the city of the Naps, is without a doubt the fastest shortstop of any school in the State.

He covers more ground than any three men on the team. He bats like a fiend and steals more bases than a professional criminal. He is as silent as a wooden man, but he certainly delivers the goods. 'Tis rumored that Lajoie is carefully watching his work in view of giving him a try-out.

Ignatius Hart '11 Known throughout the Institute as "Bright Eyes," "Baby Face," and several other such endearing and effeminate names, Hart makes up the trio of infielders hailing from the "Forest City." He makes a very creditable showing both at the bat and on the field. He runs well but is rather heavy on his feet. He is forever talking but says very little. However, we could not do without him.

Anthony Tague '11 "Mother," who works in the right garden, is without a doubt the best batter we have. His bat looks like a huge post to the opposing pitchers. He fields in grand style, but owing to immense avoirdupois, he moves around like an elephant. He has never been put out on the bases, although called out by the umpire every time he tries to pilfer a sack. "Mother" swears he was safe by a "mile." He is continually arguing about nothing, always kicking, and is as graceful as a horse and cart.

Paul Singer '12 Paul, known by all his team-mates by the nickname of "Ut," has won a place in the hearts of all by his daring base-stealing. This demon to the catchers would not tarry long when reaching the initial sack, but soon would be seen making the dust fly under his feet, and when it passed away our "Ut" would be safely launched on another bag with a smile that won't wear off.

Herbert Rulman, '15. "Herb," the lad with the peculiar throw, but who got them there all the same, played a stellar game at that dreaded corner, third base. "This Despiser of Prohibition" was always to be found at the right spot at the right time, and one could hear the echo when he tagged a runner out with his strong right arm.

Louis Clark '11 "Louie," our Gem City Idol, or more popularly known as the man with the solid foundation, was always ready in case of necessity. He knows the ins and outs of both the fielding and catching departments, and if "Louie" continues at his gate he will no doubt find a berth on our Dayton team and go down in the annals of Dayton's ball-dom as "Immortal Louie."

Samuel Broomhall, Sammy has played a wonderful game in the field and at the bat. Although not belonging to the heavyweight class,

'14. he was sure to make a hit, if not at the bat, then with the fair sex in attendance. When Sammy was not in the game he was along the coaching lines showing the opposing teams "how coaching should be conducted."

John Gilles- "Gilly" is our latest addition to the team, and he has
pie '10 proved the find of the season. He was worked out in the Decoration Day game and his great "drop ball" was a sensation, and the closest the opposing batsmen came to it was a foul tip. He is weak at the bat, but a good fielder. His first appearance on the team won him the admiration of his fellow-students and a regular berth on the representative team.

Michael A. Daugherty '09 "Mike," the lad with the auburn hair, handles the indicator for St. Mary's. His work during all the season has been of the highest order and his decisions never bring forth a kick. He has a voice like a fog-horn, and can be heard all over the grounds. He bids fair of rivaling "Silk" O'Laughlin.

SCHEDULED GAMES.

St. Mary's 16 On Saturday, May 8, St. Mary's defeated Lebanon University by the score of 16-3. After the second inning the
vs
Lebanon U. 3. Lebanon boys did not have a look in, while the Saints clouted the ball to all corners of the lot. The game was lacking in interest, and enthusiasm on the part of both teams. However, Wissel pitched a good game, allowing the visitors but three singles. McKearney and Frederick were the stars at the bat, while the catching of Schad was superb, not a man stealing second. Score:

Lebanon	A.	B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	St. Mary's	A.	B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Stewart, 3b.	4	0	2	2	1		Sutton, 2b.	4	0	3	0	0	
Mecker, ss.	2	0	1	0	2		Broomhall, lf. ..	4	1	1	0	0	
Jorden, p.	4	0	0	10	1		Wissel, p.	3	1	0	11	1	
Tiger, 1b.	4	0	8	2	0		McKearney, ss. ..	4	3	4	0	0	
Hahn, lf.	4	1	0	0	0		Schad, c.	4	1	11	1	1	
Nixon, c.	3	1	12	1	0		Frederick, 1b. ..	3	2	5	0	0	
Weisman, rf. ...	4	0	0	0	0		Clark, cf.	3	1	0	0	1	
Sturges cf.	3	1	0	0	0		Hart, 3b.	5	1	1	0	0	
Zim'an, 2b.	1	0	1	2	1		Carolan, rf.	5	1	1	0	0	

Totals..... 29 3 24 17 5

Totals..... 35 11 26 12 3

Lebanon ..... 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3

St. Mary's ..... 2 0 3 1 2 0 1 7 x—16

Two-base hits—McKearney, 2. Three-base hits—Wissel. Stolen bases—Broomhall 4, Wissel 4; McKearney 3; Schad 3; Frederick 5; Clark 2; Hart, Carolan. Double play—Zimmerman to Tiger. Struck out—Jordan 9, Wissel 11. Umpire—Daugherty.

St. Mary's On Saturday, May 15, the Saints lined up against Antioch College. The game started well, but after four innings of play it was called on account of rain. Mahoney was given ragged support in the first two innings, and Wissel was called in from left field. The Saints braced up, found their batting eye, and played good ball behind him. Antioch had gathered in six runs to the Saints' two, due mainly to errors by the infield. The Saints began to find Heidy, the Antioch twirler, and were confident of overcoming the lead, but the rain coming down in torrents prevented the finishing of even five innings, necessary for a game. A game will be arranged with Antioch in June.

St. Mary's 6 On May 22, the Saints whitewashed the Springfield Athletic Club in an interesting game. Wissel was on the mound for the Saints and had the opposing batsmen at his mercy, causing nine to fan, and allowing but three bingles. Healy, the opposing heaver, was also there with the goods, causing eleven to whiff.

Sutton, the first man up in the first inning, put the ball over the left-field fence for the first home run of the season. Singles by Singer and Wissel followed, causing three runs to cross the pan. Clever hitting and base-running brought the score up to 6-0. Score:

St. Mary's	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Springfield	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sutton, 2b.	4	1	1	3	0	Carroll, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Singer, cf.	3	1	1	0	0	D. Healy, lf.	3	0	1	0	0
Wissel, p.	4	1	1	10	0	McManus, cf. ...	4	1	0	0	0
McKearney, ss. .	4	0	3	2	0	Sha'han, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1
Tague, rf.	4	3	0	0	0	Garitty, c.	4	0	12	1	0
Schad, c.	4	2	7	1	0	Shirey, ss.	4	0	0	1	2
Clarke, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	Nye, 1b.	4	2	3	1	0
Hart, 3b.	2	0	1	0	1	Schrodes, 2b. ...	3	0	1	1	0
Rulman, 3b.	1	0	0	2	0	C. Healy, p.	3	0	1	17	0
Frederick, 1b. ...	3	0	12	2	1						
Totals.....						Totals.....					
32						31					
8						3					
27						23					
20						22					
2						3					
Springfield						0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0					
St Mary's						3 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 x—6					

Two-base hits—Tague 2. Home run—Sutton. Sacrifice hit—Frederick. Stolen bases—Singer 2, Wissel, McKearney 2, Schad, Hart, Frederick. Double play—C. Healy to Nye to Garrity. Struck out—by Healy 11, by Wissel 9. Umpire—Daugherty.

St. Mary's 9 On Saturday, May 29, St. Mary's met and defeated Wil-
vs mington College 9-2. Wilmington started off with a good

Wilmington 2 display of professional ball, and it looked as if the twice
victors over Antioch would hand the Saints their first defeat of the season.
But after the first time up, and hitting the air, the heavy hitters found their
batting eyes, and they clouted the horse-hide for ten hits, scoring nine runs.

Mahoney pitched air-tight ball, allowing one hit in three innings. In the
third, however, he tripped on first base, spraining his wrist. Wissel was
called in from left field, and allowed but three hits during the remainder
of the game. Frederick played a good game at first and McKearney's work
at short was brilliant.

Wilmington was the first to score, on a hit and an error. Carey's delivery
had the Institute lads bronchoed for two innings, but he gave several ex-
hibitions of ballon ascensions, when the Saints solved his delivery. His
outfield gave him poor support in one or two innings, but it was the hard
line-drives on the air-line route that defeated Wilmington.

Score:

St. Mary's	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Wilmington	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sutton, 2b.	5	2	2	4	0	Sanders, lf.	4	0	0	0	0
Broomhall, lf. ..	3	0	0	0	0	Hiatt, ss, ...	4	1	3	1	1
Wissel, lf.-p.	3	1	1	4	0	Gray, cf.	2	0	0	0	3
McKearney, ss. .	3	3	2	5	1	Davis, c.	4	0	6	1	0
Tague, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	Doan, 1b.	4	1	7	1	0
Schad, c.	4	0	10	0	0	Bussey, rf.	4	0	2	0	0
Frederick, 1b. ...	3	1	11	1	0	Fordyce, 3b.-p. ..	3	0	2	0	1
Hart, 3b.	4	1	0	1	1	Doyle, 2b.	3	0	3	1	0
Mahoney, p.	1	0	0	4	0	Carey, p.-3b.	4	2	1	10	0
Singer	3	2	1	0	0						
Totals.....	32	10	27	21	2	Totals.....	32	4	24	14	4
Wilmington											
St. Mary's											

Wilmington ..... 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2

St. Mary's ..... 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 x—9

Two-base hits—Sutton, Doan. Three-base hits—Wissel. Sacrifice hits—
Wissel, Tague, Frederick, Doyle. Stolen bases—Wissel 2, McKearney 5,
Schad 4, Gray, Fordyce. Double play—McKearney to Sutton to Frederick.
Struck out—by Mahoney 3; by Wissel 4; by Carey 4; by Fordyce 2. Um-
pire—Daugherty.

St. Mary's 17 The undefeated Gridiron Club of Cincinnati, Ohio, lost
vs. its first game by the heavy score of 17 to 8 to the Saints on

Gridiron Cl. 8 Decoration Day, May 31. Outside of the third inning the
Saints put up a good game. In this frame the lads from the Queen City
scored four runs on one hit, errors, and poor throws.

Rotterman was taken out in the first inning after five runs had been scored and Griese, who replaced him, let in two more.

In the second inning, while batting, Griese was hit on his pitching arm and severely injured. He had to retire in favor of Janzen who had been catching. The latter pitched until the sixth when he was replaced by a fourth twirler, Paul, who pitched until the end of the eighth inning when the game was called by Cincinnati.

As seen from a local point of view, the game was the poorest exhibition of baseball played on the new campus this year. The long ride from Cincinnati evidently put the Club boys on the "bum," as they played ball like a "bunch of wooden men."

Wissel, for the Saints, was touched up in the first, but held the game until the third when errors let in four runs. The game looked dangerous and Wissel tightened up, and the Saints started bombarding the Cincy pitchers. When the game was safely stowed away, Wissel was shifted to left field and Gillespie, a young pitcher of promise, was given a "try-out." He pitched the last two innings and allowed but two hits. On account of his brilliant showing he will doubtless find a regular berth on the Varsity team. Score:

St. Mary's	A.	B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Gridiron	A.	B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sutton, 2b.	3	0	2	2	0		Rabe, lf.	6	1	0	1	3	
Singer, cf.	2	2	0	0	0		Struck, 2b.	3	0	4	2	2	
Wissel, p.-lf.	4	3	0	10	1		Stanton, cf.	3	2	0	0	0	
McKearney, ss. ...	4	2	1	2	2		Schiels, 3b.	4	1	3	1	1	
Tague, rf.	3	3	1	1	0		Moenike, 1b.	3	0	7	1	0	
Schad, c.	2	1	9	2	1		Janszen, c.-p. ...	4	1	6	2	1	
Frederick, 1b. ...	5	0	10	1	0		Paul, rf.-p.	4	0	0	0	2	
Rulman, 3b.	4	0	1	1	1		Brinker, ss.	3	0	0	2	5	
Clark, lf.	0	0	0	1	1		Rotterman, p. ...	0	0	0	0	0	
Gillespie, p.	1	0	0	0	0		Greise, p.	0	0	1	1	1	
							McCabe, c.	3	0	0	0	2	
Totals.....	30	11	24	19	4		Totals.....	33	5	21	16	17	
Gridiron Club	3	0	0	4	0	0	1	0	—	8			
St. Mary's	7	0	2	2	1	3	2	x	—	17			

Two-base hits—Stanton, Schiels, Singer, Tague, Schad. Three-base hits—Wissel. Sacrifice hits—Tague, Schad. Stolen bases—Stanton, Schiels, Sutton 3, Singer 4, Wissel 2, McKearny 4, Tague, Schad, Frederick 5, Rulman. Struck out by—Rotterman 0, Griese 0, Janszen 2, Paul 1; Wissel 8, Gillespie 3. Umpire—Daugherty.

THIRD DIVISION—RESIDENT STUDENTS.

**Base-Ball
League**

The Division League which was organized at the beginning of the season is progressing nicely, and some interesting games have been played. Not so many games have been played up to date on account of much rain and wet grounds. The Hustlers, through effective team-work, are leading the league at present, but are being followed by the sturdy "Sprinters," who have won their last two games. The official standing at the end of the last month is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per Cent.
Hustlers (W. Roemer, Capt.)	7	2	.778
Sprinters (F. Senn, Capt.)	4	4	.500
Strugglers (H. Klein, Capt.)	4	5	.445
Rattlers (A. Dorsten, Capt.)	2	6	.250

Brilliants, 4

vs.

All Stars, 3

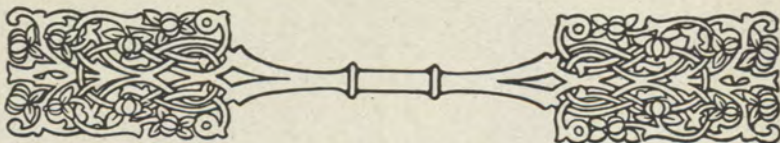
On Friday, June 4, the Brilliants and All-Stars played the first game of a newly-organized series. The game from the first inning developed into a pitcher's battle between Eberly and Senn. Both teams played grand ball in the field and gave their pitchers good support. The Brilliants won the game in the fifth inning on a slashing single by Clerkin, with two men on bases. Eberly pitched fine ball, allowing only five hits and striking out eight men.

The game by innings is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
All Stars	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	—3	7	4
Brilliants	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	*	—4	5	3

Batteries—Eberly and Dorsten; Senn and Kuntz. Three-base Hit—Eberly. Two-base Hits—Nugent and Eberly. Struck Out—By Senn, 5; by Eberly, 8. Bases on Balls—Off Senn, 2; off Eberly, 4. Umpires—H. Meader and M. Hickey.

ALBERT H. DORSTEN, '14.



BOOK REVIEW

THE APPARITIONS AND SHRINES OF HEAVEN'S BRIGHT QUEEN, by *WILLIAM J. WALSH*, with preface by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D. New York, Carey-Stafford Company. 4 vols., \$9.50.

This work, in four volumes, was published in the jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception. It contains over 1,500 pages, twenty-eight full-page illustrations specially selected from the old masters, which are closely associated with the subject of the work. It is a library which will be turned to again and again. The New York Herald fittingly said: "To the believer this book must bring comfort and consolation, and to the unbeliever it will prove a valuable compendium of data that have their quota of interest for the student of human nature." The accounts of the Apparitions and Shrines are arranged in a chronological order. Saragossa, Einsiedeln, Loretto, Our Lady of Victories, La Salette, Lourdes, are only a few of the many shrines brought to notice. In our own America we have Auriclesville and Guadalupe. It would be too long to name them all together with the apparitions. Complete and compact, ranging in its selections from the earliest recorded apparition and tribute down to those of the present day, the book manifests a long extended study and a fine literary discrimination. We find poems in honor of our Heavenly Queen from the pen of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Schiller, Bryant, Byron, Browning, and Longfellow. The praises of Cardinals Newman and Manning, Gerald Griffin, Maurice F. Egan, Brother Azarias, and many others, in honor of Mary, are an important and distinct feature of the work.

Evidently the object of the work is to bring before the faithful more clearly the maternal love of Mary for her children. "There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials, of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name."

This really monumental work is deserving of universal recognition. It should have a vast influence in promoting a greater devotion to our Blessed Lady. In short, it is beautiful in every respect; in its binding, subject and in the author's conception and treatment of the subject. The EXPONENT wishes a Godspeed on this work. May it be carried into every Catholic home, for it will help to strengthen the simple faith of the reader. Since "miracles are for the unbeliever," may this work, when put into non-Catholic hand, reward its reader by his conversion to the simple and enduring faith of the Child of Mary.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, by *PIERRE SUAUVAGE, S. J.* Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co. 132 pp., 25 cents.

GOLDEN SANDS. Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co. Small quarto. 50 cents.

The first book supplies the practical information, doctrinal and historical, that is usually looked for in a treatise of its kind, and does so not only in a clear and concise but also in an interesting manner. The reader will find in its

pages a real stimulus and inspiration. The book deserves to become what it aspires to be—a popular treatise on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The edition of the well-known "Golden Sands" is in a form that makes it a very suitable gift book for the young—a premium book, we might suggest. No new comment on the beautiful text is called for. The illustrations are well chosen and bid fair to serve their purpose, though making no pretense to high artistic excellence.

A TEXT-BOOK IN GENERAL ZOOLOGY, by LINVILLE AND KELLY. Ginn & Company, Boston, Mass. 12mo, cloth, 462 pp., \$1.50.

A GUIDE FOR LABORATORY AND FIELD WORK IN ZOOLOGY, by the same. 12mo, cloth, 104 pp., 35 cents.

This excellent text-book, to be used in connection with a laboratory guide, by the same authors, is evidently the outgrowth of many years of experience in the teaching of zoölogy. The book is in no way radical, either in the subject-matter treated or in the manner of the arrangement. The method of treatment is in harmony with the most recent developments both as regards theory and practice. At the close of the book we have a few sketches of some of the greatest zoölogists of the past. We note with intense interest the drawings illustrating the internal constructions of the different types of animals. Throughout the book is interspersed by a number of cuts and illustrations, which render it not only attractive, but highly interesting and instructive. The book is designed for use in high schools, and may also be found very useful in short college courses. We heartily endorse this book as unquestionably the best of recent zoölogical publications.

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What Even the Wisest Relish

TRUTHS OF '09.

In the hist'ry of all classes,
 None can boast of greater name
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 The '09 class of fame.
 There 's Wagner and there 's Steuer,
 And they 're both beyond defeat,
 But when it comes to calculus,
 Why Focke 's got them beat.
 There 's Foster and there 's Meyers,
 Both sick from overwork,
 For ev'ry night till after 10
 Their studies always shirk.
 There 's Weis and also Anderton,
 Both wise in History.
 At least they know their lesson
 At 5 instead of 3.
 There 's Mac and harmless Seidy,
 "Descriptive" is their pride.
 They know the book from first to last,
 And nothing will they hide.
 And last in name, but first in fame,
 There 's Janszen and there 's Smith,
 Who lead in all what e'er they aim,
 That men think them a myth.

E. J., '09.

* * *

"ANNEX CLUB."

On June —, 1909, a farewell banquet was held in Annex No. 2 by the club members. The banquet was well attended, many members bringing their friends. The spread was a sumptuous one, fit for a king. The officers all delivered eloquent speeches. But one sad incident marred the otherwise most enjoyable time of the season. Mr. W. H. MacDonald, the retiring president of the club, in delivering his farewell address, was so loudly applauded, and the ovation tendered him was so demonstrative as to cause the Prefect (of police) to swoop down upon the gay revelers and arrest the officers for disturbing the peace. Each member was fined "fifteen and consequences" and let off with a good lecture.

The officers of the Annex Club for the past year:

W. Hugh MacDonald, '09	President
J. Joseph Mahoney, '10	Treasurer
R. Marcellus Wagner, '10	Secretary
V. Paul Vail, '10	Food Inspector
S. Alfred Weaver, '10	Sergeant-at-Arms

The Annex Club has disbanded for the summer, but a meeting will be held the second week in September and new officers will be elected for the ensuing year. Much good has been done by this club in the past year, and many warm debates have been held in its auditorium. Several benefit 'vodevil' entertainments have been given by its members and a nice sum was realized. At the last track meet several local records were smashed. Every one interested in this club wish the officers of the coming year as much success as it has achieved in the past.

* * *

ANNEX CLUB (BRANCH NO. 1.)

This illustrious club was assembled for the first time last September in their spacious apartment, and officers elected:

Edward Janszen	Grand Knight
Joseph Seidensticker	I. Assistant
Michael A. Daugherty	Moderator
Jeremiah Costello	Porter
John P. Georges	Sergeant-at-Arms
Charles Wagner	Music Director

All are members of the famous 1909 class, hence the success achieved by the club. Meetings were called each evening at 9:00 P.M. and topics of general interest debated on. A complete course in Wireless Telegraphy was given by Mr. Marconi Seidensticker, experiments being conducted with Annex Club No. II. Mr. Beethoven Wagner gave extensive lectures on musical topics and frequently entertained the club with beautiful solos. Mr. Blackstone Daugherty gave an excellent course in Law, and several cases were tried before the club, the most remarkable being, "Who tied George's ——— in a Gordian knot?" Members trying for the B.S. degree were coached by Mr. Vulcan Costello, who is a veteran in the art. Mr. Cut-em-up Janszen, who is a medical student, on the night of June 1 performed a most successful operation on Mr. Seidensticker's diminutive toe. Mr. Caruso Georges lectured on "The Care and Development of the Voice," and assisted Mr. Wagner in his entertainments. Mr. Janszen is also an accomplished musician, performing on almost any wind instrument. These learned members of the club were banqueted on the night of June 4, 1909, in their Club Room in Chaminade Hall (third floor).

The retiring members wish their successors all possible success and hope they will uphold the spotless reputation of the club.

EXPONENT WANTS ADS.

Wanted: "Capt." Canny—A little more importance.
 "No. 74" Costello—A pull.
 "Red" Daugherty—A fire-extinguisher.
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 "Stell" Koch—Several hours in North Dayton.
 "Toby" Whalen—A partner for life.
 "Runt" Anderton—A chance in society.
 "Silent" Focke—Another trial for the B. S.
 "Jenkins" Foster—A new deck of cards.
 "Punk" Myers—Some toilet powder.
 "Fritz" Janszen—Another "Murphy."

* * *

IN SEPTEMBER.

Her lovely eyes were filled with tears
 And heavy was her heart.
 She loved him, did this maiden fair,
 How could he from her part?

Then at the waning of the light
 He rose and gently kissed her.
 Now do not blame him, reader—for
She was his little sister.

1
2

* * *

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Apieceortwoofpie;
Andgulpsacupofcolfeedown
Whileyoucanbatyoureye.

Then, later on, there comes to him
A very common question;
He wonders how it was that he
Contracted indigestion.

—Ex.

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clothe you in a
summer suit that
looks cool—is
cool; that looks
right—is right;
that will be a
constant source
of satisfaction
all summer.

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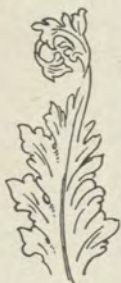
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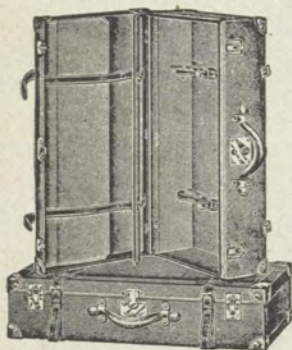
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