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VOL. IX.
No. 1.



THE EXPERIENT

Edited by

The STUDENTS of


ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE *

DAYTON, OHIO.

JANUARY, 1911

Shadows of Futurity

*Forecasting Events From January 15
to February 15.*



LECTURE COURSE

Under Auspices of Council 500, Knights of
Columbus, and St. Mary's Institute.

Jan. 16--C. E. W. Griffith, "Macbeth."

Jan. 17--C. E. W. Griffith, "Henry IV."

Feb. 14--James Francis O'Donnell,
Matinee--"The Living Word."
Evening--"The Rivals."

BASKET BALL

Jan. 13--Friars of Cincinnati.

Jan. 20--Defiance College.

Jan. 27--Antioch College.

Feb. 3--Capital University.

Feb. 10--Cincinnati University.

Feb. 17--Otterbein University.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS

Jan. 30, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1, are the days scheduled for the Semi-Annual Examinations.



THE EXPONENT

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

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THE INFANT SAVIOR (*Frontispiece*).

JOAN OF ARC.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WINTER SCENE AT ST. MARY'S.

CHAMINADE HALL.

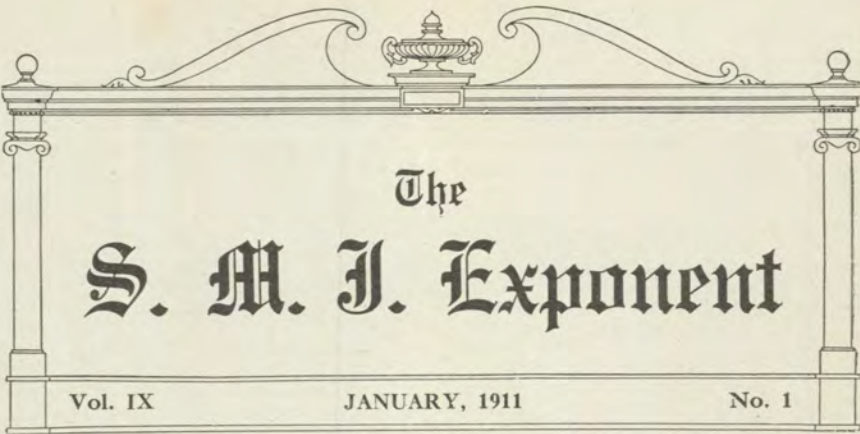
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The Infant Savior

*The child grew in wisdom, and age, and grace, before God
and men:—St. Luke II. 52.*



The S. M. J. Exponent

Vol. IX

JANUARY, 1911

No. 1

The Strenuous Life

JOHN F. DILLON, '14.



IN this modern age of ours man must struggle for his existence; no one can claim exemption from the divine decree that in the sweat of his brow man must earn his bread. Indeed, we are so situated that labor must compose the greater part of our daily life. All of us have a mission here on earth, certain rounds of daily duties to be performed, and we dare not shirk them if we would retain the respect of our fellow-man.

But how are these labors to be performed? What are to be our methods of application? Are we going to perform them in the quiet and unostentatious manner which we note in the workings of nature, or are we going to grind away at them in the characteristic, frenzied manner of the age? These are questions for every young man to answer before entering upon his career in life.

To those who feel an inclination towards a strenuous life, who yearn for the day when they can shy their castor into the ring and vie with their elders for success and fame, I desire to sound a word of warning. All who run in the race of strenuosity pay with broken nerves and weakened bodies for this license.

To those who doubt the statement that we are living in a period of unusual activity, I say, look about you! Behold a man floating through the air with the speed and grace of a bird, now ascending in a spiral to the clouds then dipping to the earth as the king-fisher swoops upon his prey. Look at yonder palatial automobile as it goes speeding on its course; observe the wide-pread use and application of the telegraph and telephone; note well the improved service of our street and traction cars, as well as the railroad trains; and above all, study the expression on the faces of the men you meet, or who rush by in the ever-hurrying multitude. All bear mute though weighty testimony to the strenuosity of the times.

In the legislative branches of our Government are men engaged in the difficult task of devising remedies for the ills of the Nation. Days, weeks, and months are spent in bitter struggles between the corporation hirelings and the champions of the people's cause. The effects of these strenuous and bitter struggles are bound to manifest themselves, and we see the sad spectacle of some of our brightest minds stilled forever in premature death. These men acquire their knowledge only after years of closest study, for the true nature of the public pulse cannot be determined in a day. When out of obscurity emerges some new, able legislator, there is great rejoicing; but it is equally sad to see such a one stricken in the prime of life, just when his constituents' hopes have been raised to the highest pitch.

'Twas but yesterday, it seems, that the nation was shocked by one of these sad deaths. From the far-a-way plains of Iowa came the sad intelligence that her most stalwart son, Jonathan P. Dolliver, was dead. His star had appeared on the political horizon but a few years before; but in that brief space of time he had shown unusual ability, a desire to fight the good fight for the common cause. A giant in stature, with a big heart that beat in unison with his fellow-men, and with a mind so sharp that it penetrated the masks and designs of the opposition he was well equipped to champion the people's cause. He entered into the fight with all his strength; strenuous were his endeavors, for unusual exertions were required to cope with his foes, but the terrific strain told upon this man of iron, his giant heart was weakened, and to-night—to-night, he lies cold and silent in the last embrace of the Iowa plains, and the winds of heaven are singing a requiem over his grave—a sad victim of the strenuous life.

In the business world we behold more hurry, more bustle, more breathlessness, a greater effort to increase sales. We see young men crowding out their elders in life's heartless race. Why is this? Our forefathers continued to carry on active business operations long after the wrinkled brow was crowned with the snowy-white locks. Is it because the world is becoming more cultured, more highly educated? No; it is due principally to the fact that these men whom we see giving away to their fast-pacing juniors and forced into premature retirement, were the institutors of our present mode of living.

The young man entered business buoyant with youth, exulting in his strength, and deeming his recuperative powers inexhaustible; he plunged into the work and was amazed at the output; he would improve upon primitive methods and at once set about the task. He unduly applied himself, strained his eyes, sacrificed his nerves and general health on the altar of strenuousness. To-day, his recuperative powers are gone, the shattered nerves are unable to cope with the increased activities, and he is brushed aside, even as he once supplanted his seniors. Thrust into the background, deserted by his friends of former days, he has much time for reflection. The pleasant memories of temporary successes are embittered by his afflict-

tions. What pleasure did he derive from his success? He had entered upon his career determined to succeed, to become famous, and to amass great wealth. Once he had acquired these three ends, then—he would enjoy life. Unfortunately for him, his business exerted a fascinating influence over him, and his whole life was spent in the strenuous battle for success. Recreation and relaxation had no place in his life. Some day he would travel—but not now. He lost sight of the fact that whatever impairs the worker's vitality impairs his work; that for the sake of productiveness it is of the highest importance that a man keep himself in the most highly vitalized condition; moreover, that this can best be done by taking proper recreation; and that relaxation is essential to creativeness. He continued the daily grind; his friends read the distress signals in the worn and haggard countenance, but their protests were unheeded. The distressed wife and children petitioned the family physician to intercede with the grinder, but the advice was scorned. Outraged nature may be put off for a time, but she punishes more severely for the delay. The over-worked eyes and nerves began vigorously to protest, the over-taxed constitution to give forth its final warnings, and then trips and recreations were planned.

Oh! but what a sad awakening. God instilled into every mind and heart a love and appreciation for what is beautiful, but the grinder's eyes were closed to all and his years of ceaseless strenuosity made even the beautiful works of nature uninteresting. It was unbearable to think of going away; the whole heart and soul was wrapped up in that business venture for which health and happiness were sacrificed, and it would not do to leave them behind. Plans are abandoned, and the grinding work is resumed. But the end is at hand. To-day you behold him a physical wreck, those nerves of iron shattered forever, the strained heart irregular in its beating. No wonder a gloom has spread over the household.

But how about this younger generation? Will they profit by the folly of their elders? Apparently they will not, for they are plunging at the work with increased endeavor, and seem destined to suffer the penalties of their rashness. Why is it that we find so many private sanitariums in such a flourishing condition, if this state of affairs does not exist? The truth is that they are filled with nervous wrecks.

What would you say or think of the man who would deliberately cast himself into the Niagara River, to be carried over the Falls, and to be buffeted in the treacherous whirlpools and rapids? You would say that he was insane; that his chances of coming out alive were not one in a thousand, and that death surely awaited him. And yet, this is just what the young business man does when he enters the present competitive field. He must experience soul-trying ups and downs, and brave the whirlpools and rapids of modern, frenzied finance. He cannot attain success without paying the exorbitant price demanded, and if he fail, he does not escape unscathed.

The spirit of the times has penetrated into our workshops and factories. An atmosphere of bustle pervades all. In the factories we find that the watchword is system. Now, what does "system" mean, and what is its purpose? It means the accurate determining of the exact time required for the production of the finished article. Then, using this as a basis for calculation, employers demand that this high rate of production be maintained throughout. It is the purpose of the "System" to safeguard against any let-down on the part of the producer. There is no peace for the worker, he must maintain high-speed even though the strain is telling on him, sapping his vitality, breaking down his nerves, and undermining his constitution.

When you read of a factory establishing a new record for output, do you permit your mind to roam through that plant and behold the human cogs of the smooth-running machine that produced the record? Do you feel a pang of pity for your weakened brother-laborers? No; it was enough for you that a record had been broken, a new mark established, the production increased. You gloried in the achievement, and commented on the improved methods of modern manufactures, but you forgot the men who were forced to strain every nerve to the utmost, and concentrate all their endeavors that this accomplishment might be made possible. It never occurred to you that the employee's store of vitality was diminished, his eyes and nerves strained, and his physique weakened. Poor unfortunate, he is only one of the millions of victims of the strenuous life.

In view of the ravages being made in the ranks of our professional men, financiers, statesmen, and mechanics by this monster strenuosity, it would be well to seek the means to kill the modern python.

Is all this hurry and bustle required? Is it necessary that a man should employ all modern means of transportation to hurry to and from his office, that he should eat at irregular hours, sacrifice his sleep,—all for the furtherance of business? You stand amazed at the audacity of a speed-demon who drives madly about the race course in a desperate endeavor to pilot his car home in front of his competitors, or smash a record; you are horrified when the accident occurs that dashes him into eternity, but you are unmoved at the sight of the business-demon who labors over the "Do It Now" placarded desk, in a nerve-destroying, life-shortening effort to grind out more work than his predecessor. He is inviting as sure a disaster as ever did a racing man. Mutilation and death await the driver; paralysis, weakened mentality and decrepid old age await the grinder.

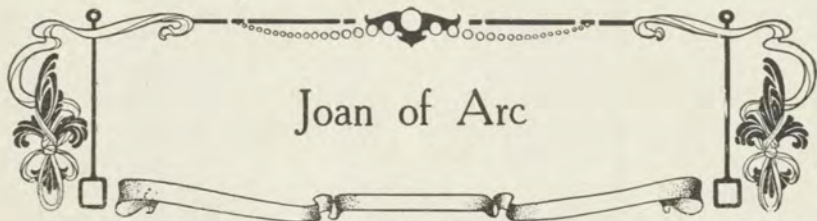
Statistics show that the average life of man is shorter than fifty years ago, that as a race we are on the decline, and that there must be a serious defect in our methods of living. Now, I am not an advocate of applying primitive methods to modern life; I have no small estimate of the value of the telegraph, telephone, the automobile, aeroplane, and all improved machinery; but each has its proper use, its own proper sphere. Moderation

in the application to work is what is needed. Let every man work, and work hard, but observe rules of relaxation and take the proper recreation.

Look about you and observe the beauties of nature, the flowers, the trees, and your fellow-man. There are other things worth striving for aside from wealth, fame and position. Acquire the wholesome habit of walking for recreation. Let the automobile stand in the garage; let not the clanging of the bell of the traction car penetrate your ears, lest you be unduly tempted; and go on foot in your excursions into nature's haunts, the woods. Seek your rest and recreation far from the glamor and turmoil of the city. Let your ramblings carry you along the shores of some quiet, babbling brook, whose rippling sound will soothe the nerves disturbed by the harsh and discordant sounds of a busy world; lend your ears to the sweet notes of the robin, and "bob-o-white," that you may forget the shrieking of factory whistles. The purring brook will exert a soothing influence, and the croaking of frogs will refresh the nerves wearied by the incessant honking of automobile horns; and the roar of the cars and trains will fade away as you pause at some fall and drink in the sweet sounds from the falling waters that glide foaming on their way, carrying along with them your business burdens and mental worries. This, in brief, is my antidote for the strenuous life.

There will always be those who find a bracing tonic in the hurried travel of the "extra-fare" limited to the New York markets, that acts as a narcotic to their riotous life, who find music in the myriads of lights and the clashing of wheels. To these I can but repeat the words of warning. Likewise there will be those who will seek pleasure in quietness and common things, who will strive to imitate nature's silent and effective method of work, and these, the true exponents of the simple life of our ancestors, shall find the greatest peace.





J. WAGNER MAYER, '13.

IN attempting to picture before your minds the marvelous history of Joan of Arc, I feel that I have assumed a most difficult task, for whilst depicting her brilliant military exploits, and especially the touching episodes of the last days of her earthly career, my mind is carried away with admiration for this heroic spirit and in my own heart I must hold back those emotions which I would rouse in your hearts. My sources of information are books only, and my language is not that of an orator or a poet, such as would be required to elaborate fittingly a life that borders on the heroic and the supernatural, the life of the gentle but fearless maiden who was unquestionably the ablest military leader and the greatest tactician of womankind in ancient or modern time.

Joan of Arc was about the age of the average high-school boy or girl of the present day at the time she first heard the voices of the heavenly messengers. Her country was in need of her assistance, and she left a life of peaceful retreat for a life of turmoil and sacrifice. Glorious era for France and for humanity! But, alas, for her, the poor shepherd girl, obedience to the call of God, and devotion to her country were to bring upon her, after a brief period of triumphs, disgrace, misery, and finally an ignominious death.

The remote village of Domremy, in the department of Vosges, on the forest-bound hills and evergreen meadows of this peasant country, was the birthplace of Joan of Arc. She was the daughter of poor, yet respectable country folk. Her girlhood was spent with her flocks, which she led daily to and from pasture. This was her only accomplishment, if such it may be called. The privilege of reading, writing, and ciphering were even denied her. But what need had she of learning? She who led a life of goodness, of implicit, and purity, who communicated with her Master, through His angels, what need had she for other attainments? Which one of us would not readily exchange places with her?

When she was fifteen years of age the Almighty sent his messengers to her for the first time; and, behold the gentle shepherdess becomes sternly earnest and having neither education, friend, nor patron, she elects for her lot to go forth and fight for her king, her countrymen, her God. At the

very time when Charles was led to make a treaty with Henry V. of England, uniting the two kingdoms, at the time when all seemed lost to him, she, the country maid, was told in a vision to go to the succor of her king, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to drive the oppressors from France. Saint Michael, Saint Margaret, and Saint Catherine appeared to her, revealing the will of the Most High.

At first Joan kept secret her revelations, but upon advice from the voices she communicated them to her family, who when they heard her plans doubted her sanity, and took her to Neuchatel. On her journey her anxiety increased, but her saints again and again appeared to her. She heard their voices, she heard their pleas urging her to act. But what could she, the poor shepherdess do? She was doubted by parents, mistrusted by brother and sisters, and her way to the Dauphin seemed almost an impossibility. Oh! if we only knew, if we only could for one moment realize what sufferings this poor girl underwent during those days and nights of trial, then perhaps, we would more fully appreciate the noble work she accomplished.

Let us follow her as she and her uncle, Durant Lappart, depart for the Governor Baudricourt, a knight of Vaucouleurs. She stands before him, intent on her own firm purpose. She commands him to warn Charles not to attack his enemies at Orleans, because, toward mid-Lent, 1492, God would send him aid. She was not ambitious for glory, but she was deeply solicitous for her king and her country. For herself she feared nothing; but she feared for him, and the ruin about to fall upon the kingdom. And how is she received? As a deliverer of her country, a friend to her king? No; behold the court sneers at her; she is adjudged a maniac, and ordered to be taken home.

Soon after, however, she again returns to the court, but now, at least, a small number of friends have been won over to her cause, and they go to Baudricourt, to tell him that he had erred. It was then that she assumed male attire and war-like equipments, and boldly preached her mission. She had returned to the governor since her first visit, and now we see her making her third visit to him.

This time she enters. We next find her detained in Vancouleurs. A priest is sent for, to discover if possible, what manner of woman she is. He found no fault in her. Have I not told you she was pure and holy, mild and gentle; in her there was no offence, no guile. Her generous hand and heart were open to her king, if he would only accept her aid. After three weeks, the priest, the governor, and the royal party entered her apartment. She then revealed to the governor the defeat that the French had sustained on the twelfth of February. His prejudice was somewhat weakened, and he appointed two honorable guards to attend her upon her highly daring adventure across France. The two gentlemen were Bertrand of Palengi and John de Novellemptot. Besides these noblemen we find four servants in her party.

She leaves her home, a peasant girl of eighteen, bids farewell to those haunts of childhood joys, and starts for the court of Charles with the good will of all Vaucauleurs. She and her little band pass over the province of Champagne, Burgundy, the Nivernois, Berri, and Touraine. At last she reaches the court of Charles. After a two-months' stay in the king's household she was admitted into the royal presence and at once identified the king, who had mingled in disguise among the courtiers. To him she revealed the secret which was uppermost in his mind and known only to himself.

Soon after her audience with Charles, she was given command of a small army. Let us follow the movements of this newly-appointed leader. Does she rush into battle at the first opportunity given her? Ah, no! She does not act with haste, but as an experienced leader, she reviewed her troops. Characters who were loose and weak in their religious duties were banished from the ranks. She asks her soldiers to receive the sacraments, so that fortified with God's grace they might become strengthened not only in soul, but in body as well. They obey her to a man.

Is it remarkable then, that a leader, animated with this zeal, possessing such control over her soldiers, was able to win such marvelous victories? By her courage, she inspired enthusiasm in her soldiers; by her zeal, she aroused the entire kingdom of France.

Ready for battle, we now behold her riding forth on a fiery steed, her army following; in her socket she carries a consecrated banner, bearing upon it the pictures of Jesus and His Holy Mother. In her hand she holds a sword, which by her direction was unearthed from a great depth behind the altar of Saint Catherine of Fiertos. She leads her army to Orleans. It is related that as she passed through Blois she formed the clergy into a sacred battalion and that they marched at the head of her army bearing her sacred banner. As they proceeded they sang sacred hymns, and the soldiers, filled with enthusiasm, joined in their song.

At this point we leave her, until on the fourth of May, we find her ready to raise the siege of Orleans. From the fourth until the eighth of May, she made successful sallies upon the English troops, which resulted in their being compelled to raise the siege. After this victory Joan became the idol of the French, and at the same time the dread of the previously triumphant English.

But our heroine had her missions to fulfill: one to raise the siege of Orleans, the other to crown the Dauphin king of France. She accomplished the first, the second she is about to perform. For behold, we see her leading Charles to Rheims. This city was prepared for his coming and it joyfully opened its gates to her. Joan entered amid the boom of cannon—the Maid, Heroine, Vanquisher, and Conqueror. In the cathedral of this city, in the greatest pomp and splendor of royal magnificence, with the most solemn ceremonies of Holy Church she crowned the Dauphin, Charles VII., with the crown of France.



Vision of Joan of Arc



The Flight Into Egypt

Her work is finished, her mission accomplished, her revelations fulfilled. Of the new king she asks but one favor,—to be allowed to return to her home in far away Domremy. Does he grant her her simple request? Has he not that which he desired? Ah! he has more than he expected to receive through her; but, being a man domineered by his passions, whose heart was set upon the riches of a kingdom, he refused her. Could she resist? Although she had made armies tremble, soldiers obey, and thrones totter, she was still a simple maid. Overcome by his deceitful flatteries she listened to his base solicitations, and consented to remain with his army.

Oh, fatal day! God's work had been accomplished, and now his servant began to have fearful forebodings. Her unearthly messengers no longer consoled her with their heavenly directions. She began to lose confidence in herself, in her army, and her king. She started to march her troops to Paris, and when she was about to enter the city she received an order from the king to turn her army back. After this order of the king the army was placed in winter quarters.

It was at this period that began the decline of Joan's successes and the beginning of her misfortunes. The maxim, "We rise to fall," can truly be applied to Joan of Arc. From the day when Charles recalled her, she met only misfortune and sorrow; her operations and plans were completely paralyzed; she became the object of jealousy to the courtiers, soldiers, and even the king of France.

Her last enterprise, which ended in her capture, took place on May 24, 1430. With a small number of troops, she threw herself into Compiegne, which the Burgundian forces besieged; she was driven back by them and finally taken prisoner, sold by the Burgundian officer to the Duke of Bedford for 10,000 francs of gold, and accompanied by an escort of English soldiers, taken to Rouen, not far from the English Channel.

The University of Paris demanded that she be delivered to the unworthy Bishop of Beauvais, whom she had desposed, and in whose diocese it was declared she was taken. A jury was appointed by the Church which consisted of five prelates of France, besides the deposed Cauchon, also some forty or more Doctors of Canon Law. The first session of the trial was held on February 21, 1431, at Rouen. She was accused of witchcraft and of heresy, since no other accusation could be brought against her. On the twenty-ninth of May a court of thirty-seven judges decided unanimously that the maid must be treated as a relapsed heretic, and this sentence was actually carried out the very next day amid circumstances of intense pathos.

To one who has read of the wonderful achievements of Joan of Arc, it would be painful for him to dwell upon the dreadful scenes attending her execution. Before she left her prison cell the consoling rites of the Church were administered to her. She was then placed upon the car and taken to the place of execution.

The procession arrives at the Old Market Square. A martyr to her country, a saint of God is about to give up her life. She is led to the pyre, a most beautiful figure, her slender form clothed in a dress of white; in her hands she clasps a crucifix; tightly pressing it to her lips, and with eyes lifted to heaven she is about to die. The fire is kindled, the smoke and flames rise around her, and hide her from the view of the spectators. Amid the crackling of the embers we hear her voice calling upon Jesus and Mary to help her. But her voice is soon stifled, and all is still—she is dead.

Her soul has departed, her labors are over, her reward has begun. She died a most ignominious death to begin a most glorious eternity. Her demeanor at the stake was such as to move her most bitter enemies to tears. The mob became dispirited, and many went away knowing that they had witnessed the martyrdom of a Saint. Lest a miracle should be performed through her ashes, her enemies caused them to be thrown in the Seine.

This tragic scene which closes the life of one who reflects eternal glory on womanhood, brings shame, dishonor, and disgrace on that age of chivalry, on those ignoble Frenchmen, who at the instigation of foreigners, committed one of the greatest moral wrongs recorded in the annals of humanity.

Still we have reason to rejoice. Twenty-four years after her death, Pope Calixtus III., ordered a new court to review the case. One hundred and twelve witnesses gave favorable testimonies in her behalf, so that the sentence of 1431 was publicly revoked and burned. The day on which the sentence was burned was one of rejoicing in France. It not only wiped away the stain of guilt which had been placed upon Joan's character, but it removed a cloud of shame that had been resting upon the French nation for twenty-four long years.

In recent years, the memory of the marvelous life of this girl has been revived. This youthful maiden, the heroine of all womankind, this saintly virgin and martyr to her country, has brought a greater honor on her nation than all the powers of earth can bestow. Already she has been beatified by Pope Pius X., and soon France shall have the honor of enrolling her in the calendar of her saints. From Rome itself comes the assurance that the cause of her canonization is to be re-opened by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It has under consideration several recent miracles attributed to the Blessed Joan's intercession.

May this sketch of her life interest many in the cause of Blessed Joan of Arc and induce them to pray to God that in His wisdom He may see fit to guide our Holy Father Pius X., to hasten the day when she shall be saluted as, "Saint Joan of Arc! Pray for us."

HOPE.


Ignatius Hart, '11.

Oh for a cup of gladness
To mingle with the sadness
Of my heart :
For the way is long and dreary,
And the struggle hard and weary,
With no helping hand to cheer me
On my way.

Oh for a word of kindness
To lead me in my blindness
Thro' the dark :
For my soul is filled with sorrow,
And I fear that each to-morrow
Will but bring new terrors for me
From afar.


Oh for the sweet assurance
That after such endurance
Heab'n be mine :
For I'd feel life's battle ceaseless,
And the joy of living peaceless,
If fair hope did not e'er bid me
Look ahobe.





That Bitter Day.

LOUIS ROTTERMAN, '14.

IRKPATRICK'S mammoth department store had just begun one of its busy holiday sales on a cold, blustery December morning, when Miss Langen, rapidly approaching the store, edged her way in among the crowds who were already pouring in eager haste to reach the many bargain counters. Miss Langen hurried down the aisles, casting eager glances to locate the eagle eyes of the boss, and at last reached the ribbon counter, where she proceeded to get busy for her daily routine of work. Just as she was stepping behind the counter the floorwalker reached her counter.

"Late again," he sarcastically bellowed under a withering look.

But there was no reply coming from his ribbon clerk, and he stood as though debating with himself how to scold this late comer who seemed to ignore his sneering remark.

"What excuse now?" he queried as several customers approached the counter. "And this week of all weeks, too. I am beginning to think that I'll have to look for a girl that can come on time and not keep the loyal patrons of the house waiting till it pleases a clerk to come to the store. I suppose it was a dance last night, and a big sleep-out this morning as usual. I'll think it over, but I guess it is up to me to get busy and advertise for another girl."

At these words Miss Langen looked deeply humiliated, and an expression of sadness swept across her face.

"Please, Mr. Armstrong," she tremulously replied, choking down a sob, "I could not help it. My only sister, all I have in this world is awful sick, and I had to see her as comfortable as possible before I left. She had a very bad night, and I could not leave her before I did."

"Oh, yes, try that on someone else. I get that handed out to me after every barn dance of the season. Save it for another time; I've been up early this morning, and am not that easy to swallow anything handed out by you girls." And the big floorwalker glanced about to see what effect his oratory had made on eager listeners round about.

"Believe me," pleaded the object of his unwarranted mean attack, "it was the best I could do, and you may be sure that it will never happen again. Do not discharge me. What would I do without my salary, and my sister Irene sick at home? And I did so want to get her a few things for Christmas. And what would I do for money to get her medicine?"

On reaching this part of her passionate appeal for herself and her suffering sister, she broke down completely and wept. But suddenly realizing where she was, she straightened up, heaved a sigh, and dried her eyes wet with tears.

"Oh, now," Miss Langen, "this is no funeral yet. I know what—"

"That will do, Mr. Armstrong," interjected a portly lady who had listened to the whole affair. Here's my card; perhaps this may tell you who I am. I always imagined that the girls in this store were treated in a humane manner. Mr. Kirkpatrick shall hear of this."

"Pardon me," said the floorwalker, as he glanced at the card and saw engraved the name, Mrs. Adelaide Kirkpatrick-Sherman, "I—believe—I have been rather—too harsh." And with this offer of an apology the abashed floorwalker went down the aisle.

"Thank you, madam," sobbed Miss Langen, "for your kindness in speaking for me. I do so fear losing my position."

"Don't worry, I'll speak to my brother and tell him just what I think of that uncouth specimen of humanity parading the aisles of this store. Goodbye!" And with a swish of her silk dress she was gone.

Miss Langen proceeded to lay aside her wraps and take up her work at the ribbon counter. Though she tried to put on a smile, she looked sad and disconsolate.

There she stood, a mere slip of a girl, only nineteen years of age, possessing beautiful childlike features, and a charming grace, the evidence of culture and refinement. She was dressed in black, and, though plain, her appearance was attractive.

Her soft blue eyes bespoke a noble soul, saddened by trials, troubles, and sorrows. Surely her heart that beat, sending its life-blood through her veins, was filled with a deep, abiding love for her sister, the only soul she had to love in this lonesome world.

As she was brooding over the cruel treatment of Mr. Armstrong a "shopper" approached. She appeared to be a little past middle age, one who had enjoyed the life of single blessedness, a type of the kind that do not intend to buy, but just to see what the store has and what the prices are.

Bolt after bolt of ribbon was handed over the counter. Colors, shades, tints, hues, of all widths, and from the topmost shelves, soon found their way before the eyes of this Moloch of the feminine "hand-me-down" shopper type.

"Is that all you have?" rasped that mass of femininity. "I always thought that Kirkpatrick's had better stuff than that. Guess I'll have to go somewhere else."

"I'm sorry we can not suit you, but that is the best I can do," placidly answered Miss Langen.

"Well, that isn't much," snapped the human turtle as she waddled out the store with an offended air.

Miss Langen took a survey of the counter with its many bolts of ribbon scattered in profusion. She began to put them together and set them back in their original places. She offered a smiling countenance as she stopped in her task of rearranging to wait on customers who made minor purchases. It was evident that she was endeavoring to master her feelings of sadness caused by the happenings of the morning.

She was awakened from her sad reverie by the heavy tread of Mr. Armstrong as he approached her counter.

"Miss Langen, take your dinner hour now, and mind, be sure to be back on time," spoke out the cousin-german of Old Grump himself.

Without a word, Miss Langen reached for her hat, fastened it before a small mirror on the wall, and, putting on her jacket as she went down the aisle, was soon out facing the cold wintry air.

She hurriedly sped to the end of the block, turned the corner, and climbed the rickety flight of stairs leading up from the first hallway directly over the wholesale commission house of Bilenkin & Co. After passing down the sombre corridor, she paused at the door of the room to the rear.

"Kitty, dear, why don't you come?" came in a piteous wail from the interior of the room. "I'm so cold and hungry, and afraid to be alone."

Opening the door of the room with a frenzied grasp, Miss Langen rushed to her sister's bedside and dropped on her knees.

"Irene, dear, don't you know me?" But her darling sister was delirious, and tossing upon her bed of pain failed to recognize her.

"'Rene, darling, don't you know your own Kitty?"

These words were uttered from her very soul in such pleading tones that could only reveal the infinite tenderness of her sisterly love that was nothing short of maternal. But, alas! Irene's blank stare spoke more truly than words of her pitiful condition.

"Irene, speak to me," cried her sister, and, in a paroxysm of grief, threw her arms around her sister's neck and sobbed bitterly.

"Kitty!" whispered the now conscious Irene.

At this one word, Miss Langen rose, kissed her sister with the affection of her very soul and wiped away her tears.

A knock at the door and a woman entered. Miss Langen, through her tear-bedimmed eyes, looked up at the unannounced visitor, who had so strangely come into this grief-stricken circle.

"Perhaps you do not remember me, my dear girl," said the visitor, who seemed encased in a mass of furs.

"Oh, yes, I do. You are the lady who spoke up so kindly this morning when the floorwalker threatened to discharge me."

"Yes, my dear girl, you are right. I have come to you to see what I could do for—"

"That will do," said Manager Wheeler of the Jewel. "We can *talk* that picture for the matinee to-day without any further rehearsal. But that blooming Jack will have to be more steady in running that film this afternoon. Good appetite for dinner, girls."

SNOW.

Raymond O'Brien, '14.

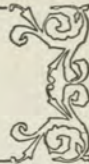
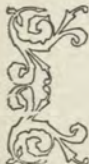
Snow: Snow: lovely snow:
Snow so pure and snow so white:
How you sparkle, how you glow,
On a moonlit wintry night.

Snow: Snow: joyful snow:
What a merriment you cause.
Up and down the hillside go
Bobs and sleds without a pause.


Snow: Snow: tender snow:
Warmly shrouding mother earth.
So the flowers sprout and grow,
At fair springtime's gladdening birth

Snow: Snow: heavenly snow:
White clad messengers of love,
Sent by God to men below,
From His star-strewn realms above.






Fads and Hobbies of Royalty



ROBERT GRAY, '14.



It is a subject of common knowledge that every one has some strange and eccentric traits of character, and royalty is no exception to this rule, the only difference in their case being that their fads and hobbies after their death become matters of history and subjects of general interest. In a field so broad it is but natural that the fads of the different monarchs should be widely divergent in character, and we would suppose the same to be true of hobbies, but this is not the case, as we find upon investigation that the general trend of royal hobbies was toward manual labor and mechanical pursuits, which shows that they realized the value of a change of occupation. The benefit of a hobby is incalculable. It is a rest, a recreation, a diversion which is necessary to our mental and physical development; and although the amusement may be of the most rough and arduous nature, its benefit is none the less real, for as Lord Brougham once remarked, "Blessed is the man who has a hobby horse"; and Cæsar wrote: "Under my tent, in the fiercest struggles of war, I have always found time to think of many other things."

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, illustrates in a vivid way the peculiar character of royal fads. Because of his precautions against sickness, he was known as the "Fool of his Health." Concerning this peculiar fad, Abbe Arnauld writes: "I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his chamber, between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed, unceasingly employed in putting on and taking off a variety of skull caps of different degrees of warmth."

Another curious whim was that of James I., who shuddered at the sight of a drawn sword. This peculiarity was the cause of many accidents, and upon one occasion the king narrowly escaped blinding a man on whom he was conferring knighthood. The cause of this aversion has been attributed to the fright given to his mother by the assassination of Rizzio in her presence.

Queen Elizabeth's strong aversion to crippled and deformed persons, and her desire to be surrounded by the young and handsome were well known at court. She exercised great care in selecting her courtiers and officers, and whenever she went abroad, the ugly and deformed were always thrust out of her way. In explanation of this whim she one day said to Lord

Bacon: "How can the magistrate retain his authority or the courtier his prestige, if the man be despised?"

Rather than derogate from his standard of dignity and move from in front of a fiercely burning fire, Philip III. endured intense heat for several hours. In consequence of his blood being heated to such a high degree, erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which was succeeded by a violent fever, carrying him off in the twenty-fourth year of his reign—a victim of royal etiquette.

The eccentricity of Frederick William of Prussia is illustrated by many amusing anecdotes of which the following is an example. He was taken ill with a severe attack of the gout, and to amuse him the courtiers began to sing a hymn. For a time Frederick listened patiently, but when they came to the passage, "naked shall I go hence," he interrupted the singers and said, "No; I shall be buried in my uniform."

Frederick II was one of the most notorious examples of royal indolence. He was too lazy, it is said, to turn the handle of a door, but kicked till some one came to open it or he burst it in. However he was justly punished for on one occasion he hurt his foot, and as blood-poisoning set in, the surgeons cut it off. "Ah, well!" said Frederick, "a healthy boot is better than a sick emperor." His exact opposite was Frederick the Great, who who exclaimed, "It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that while I live I be busy."

The restless character of Don Sebastian was the despair of his court. From one end of his little kingdom to the other there was a constant shifting of the royal quarters. It seemed as if he were immune from fatigue or hardships, for the day apparently afforded too scanty a scope for his activity, and midnight often found him pacing the shores of the Tagas or wandering in the dense gloom among the arcades of the forest of Cintra.

The above are only a few instances gleaned from the many which we could relate. Let us now consider royal hobbies, of which although there are not so many different species, their interesting character is worthy of comment.

One of the most prominent examples of a king inclined towards manual labor as a hobby, was Peter the Great of Russia, whose chief diversion was boat-building. The hobby manifested itself when Peter was sixteen years of age and was purely accidental. Wandering one day over his estate near Ismailovo, he found in an old store-house, an English boat, badly in need of repair, and was told that if it was fitted with masts and sails it would sail not only with the wind but also against it. Peter's interest was great, and accordingly, with the assistance of Corsten Brandt, a boatbuilder, whom the Czar Alexis brought to Russia, the boat was soon put in working order and launched on the river Yazua. Henceforth the mind of Peter was intent on boat-building, and in 1691 he went to Lake Plestcheief, where he

occupied himself in building a boat, and worked so zealously that he was unwilling to return to Moscow to attend to state business.

One of the most interesting and extraordinary circumstances in Peter's life was when, incognito, he travelled in the train of his own ambassador to Holland. On arriving there, Peter went to the village of Sardain, where he worked as a common carpenter and blacksmith under the name of Master Peter, and during this apprenticeship was clothed and fed as his fellow-workmen, wishing to be considered only as one of them. In the following year he spent four months in England, perfecting himself in the knowledge of ship-building. From this country he took with him to Russia several English carpenters shipbuilders whom he placed in his naval dockyards and treated with great liberality. Subsequently the emperor wrote several treatises on naval matters.

The boat which he found at Ismailovo, has ever since borne the name of "Grandsire of the Russian Fleet," and is carefully preserved within the fortress of St. Petersburg. On the two hundredth anniversary of Peter's death, in 1872, it was conveyed to Moscow where for a time it formed a part of the Polytechnic Exposition.

Alexander III., another Russian monarch, also took great delight in manual labor, his favorite diversion being to fell huge trees, saw them into planks, plane them and otherwise prepare them for the cabinet maker. He possessed unusual physical strength, some idea of which can be gathered from the fact that he could twist and break iron bars with his hand, shape pewter tankards into bouquet holders, and perform other marvelous and astonishing feats.

Many other monarchs were famous for their physical prowess. It is said of William the Conqueror that no one save himself could bend his bow, and that his aim was unerring, even when riding at full speed. Charlemagne is said to have been able to snap a horseshoe with his hands, while Augustus the Strong of Saxony was a man of herculean muscular powers. All exercises which required vigor and ability were prime favorites of Don Sebastian of Portugal. In the fiercest storms the inhabitants of Lisbon could see the vessel bearing the royal standard ploughing its way through the foaming waters toward the shore. This hobby was the cause of much anxiety to the people, but when the members of the royal council expostulated with him, he replied, "There is no bravery, nor merit, nor profit to be gained by going on board in a calm."

Louis XVI. had a passion for timepieces, and a taste and talent for mechanics. His liking for watches was well known, and on one occasion his steward, much perplexed as to the manner in which he could devise a new dish to please his royal master, told the king that he really did not know what he could do unless he was to serve his majesty a fricassee of watches.

Speaking of his taste for mechanics, we are told that Louis XVI. had a laboratory fitted up with all the necessary tools, and that here he *employed* himself, under the direction of an expert mechanic named Gamin, in contriving common locks as well as some of a secret and elaborate nature. According to Gamin, the king "was good, forbearing, timid, inquisitive, and addicted to sleep; he was fond of lockmaking, and he concealed himself from the queen and the court to file and forge with me." Louis also had a great liking for geographical study, which is proved by the collection of charts, instruments, spheres, and globes found in his private apartments.

The only hobby of Frederick the Great was his passion for collecting snuff-boxes, of which he possessed as many as one hundred and thirty, valued at one million, three hundred thousand dollars. It is said that one could hardly approach the king without sneezing, as he was an habitual user of snuff, and always kept a large supply on hand. Strange to relate, he was strongly opposed to smoking and would not tolerate it in his presence.

The credulity of Augustus the Strong of Saxony in the transmutation of metals resulted in the discovery of the famous Dresden ware. A lad of seventeen named Böttiger discovered a tincture which was supposed to be capable of being changed into gold. Hearing of this, Augustus had him placed under lock and key with a complete laboratory at his disposal. This strange confinement almost drove the boy mad, and accordingly, he was removed from Königstein to Dresden where he was allowed some liberty. It was while pursuing his experiments there that Böttiger discovered Dresden China, which was almost as welcome to Augustus as gold, for he was a great china fancier. The king conferred many favors on the discoverer, and granted him the profits of the china business. Böttiger, however, proved himself unequal to success and died of his excesses at the early age of thirty-four.

We could cite many instances of monarchs whose hobby was architecture and building, but the two most famous examples were Ludwig II. of Bavaria and Stanislaus Leczinski of Poland. The castle of Neuschwanstein and the palaces of Linderhof and Herrenchiemsee were the principal works of the former, whilst the results of the latter's labor are scattered over his entire country. To gratify his hobby, Stanislaus demolished many beautiful buildings, caring little for the rights of others, so long as his own passion for construction was satisfied. His best efforts is said to be the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, but concerning this Doctor Doran wrote: "Antiquaries see in this building his greatest crime; for in order to construct it, he demolished the famous old church of the same name, erected by René II., Duke of Lorraine, in gratitude for his victory over Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in 1477, won on the very spot."

Having glanced over the fads and hobbies of royalty in the past, it would not be out of place to add a few words concerning our present-day *monarchs*. Regarding fads, little needs to be said, for every one has eccentricities of character which are one with us when first we behold the light of day. They form a part of our nature and we cannot change them. Hobbies, however, are different because they can be developed, and because entirely distinct from the pleasure involved. They broaden the character and rest the mind. The beneficial effects of a hobby would be better appreciated by some of our modern "moneyed-royalists," if, instead of spending so much time on the golf links or at the rack track, they would devote a few moments to some useful occupation. I feel confident that it would prove a most profitable investment, physically, mentally, and morally. Their sons, born with a silver spoon in their mouth, would not grow up, as they do to-day, rank parasites of "elite" society, but would imitate the wholesome hobbies of their progenitors, reformed in this late age of ours.





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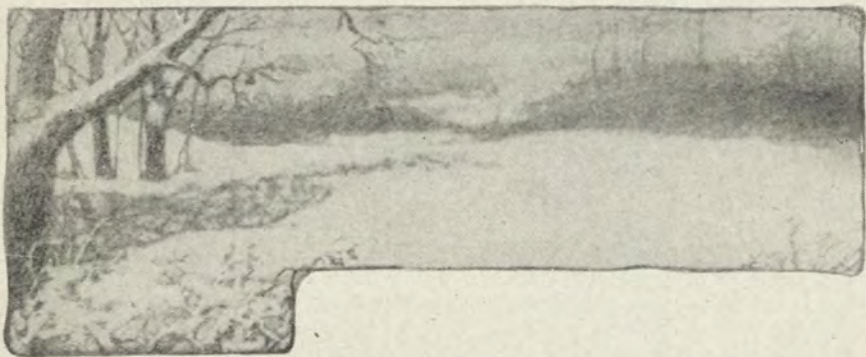
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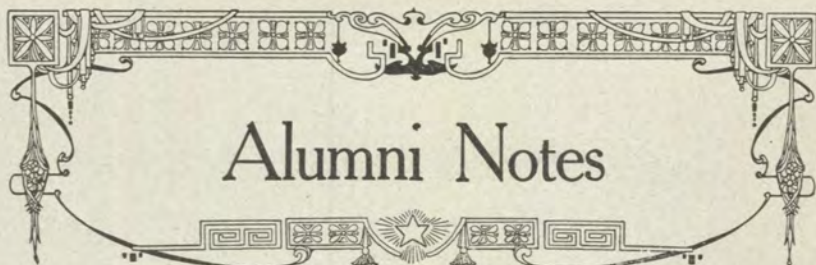
Christian Science

The passing away of Mrs. Eddy a short time ago gave occasion for the daily press to use many columns of biographical and editorial matter treating of that well known woman and the church of which she was the founder. As the Literary Digest states, and with a great deal of truthfulness, the "event serves the outside world as a fitting time for taking stock" of a religion which of all the sects of the present day is most untrue to what its name should imply; it is called Christian Science, but it is proved to be neither Christian nor Scientific.

When Mrs. Eddy founded her new church in 1876, she based herself upon the fact drawn from her own experience that the influence of mind over body was so far-reaching that mental healing was the only means to restore health to a sufferer. Had she stopped at this point and endeavored to develop this principle with the aid of capable and educated specialists there is no room to doubt but that immeasurable good would have been the result. But she was not satisfied to merely develop her principle; instead, she dressed it up in the garb of a new religion, and with a few fancy frills as an attraction she placed her new religion upon the market.

In the first three years of its existence it numbered four hundred and fifty members. Since then its growth was more rapid, and to-day it is estimated at one million adherents. It is this wonderful growth which has caused other sects to marvel. But on examining the theoretical beliefs of this religion we find that it actually embraces principles taken from all forms of faith, even the most contradictory, and that the cause of its success is due not to its religious teachings, but to the principles which governed Mrs. Eddy's life. It was Mrs. Eddy's ability for advertisement and not her religious teachings that brought her so many followers. Now that she is gone, it is pretty safe to assert that Christian Science, as a religion, will soon pass away, for, after all, she was really the religion itself. Her followers will, no doubt, drift about in search of the true faith as the great majority of our non-Catholic neighbors, always changing, never satisfied, until they have tasted the peace which Catholicism alone brings.





CHICAGO

Chicago Section EDWARD A. BLUMENTHAL, '03, Secretary of the Chicago
of S. M. I. Section of the S. M. I. Alumni Association, sends us the
Alumni Ass'n following report of the last meeting, at which election of
 officers for the year 1911 was held.

"The last business meeting of the year of the Chicago Section of the S. M. I. Alumni Association was held on Monday, December 5, 1910, at the Café Wimberg.

"Dinner was served at 7:15 p. m., and the strength of the Association was clearly shown by the presence of all the members.

"The sight of the elaborate decorations of the table added greatly to whet the appetite of all, which was satisfied by the exquisite spread that followed.

"MR. EDWARD C. SCHOEN presided, and with his usual grace and wit held the meeting in such a masterly manner as to elicit the admiration of all.

"A motion that 'The Secretary write to S. M. I., and that the college may designate some instrument or instruments for the new School of Engineering, the cost of which is not to exceed \$250, for which the Chicago Alumni will pay,' was carried among hearty cheers.

"The following officers were elected for the year 1911: President, THEODORE WIMBERG, '95; Vice President, ALEX. C. SCHOEN, '04; Secretary, EDWARD A. BLUMENTHAL, '03; Treasurer, ALBERT J. KEMPER, '94; Chairman of Entertainment Committee, ALEX. M. BLUMENTHAL, '94; Press Agent, EDWARD C. SCHOEN, '03.

"The meeting adjourned at 11:30 p. m.

"Respectfully submitted,

"(Signed) EDW. A. BLUMENTHAL, Secretary.

"P. S.—The Press Agent, MR. EDWARD C. SCHOEN, will make a detailed report to the appropriation for the School of Engineering."

"E. A. B."

Alma Mater thanks you sincerely for your generosity, and for your loyalty ever shown to S. M. I. She is pleased with the deep interest that the Chicago Section of the S. M. I. Alumni Association has always evidenced by their every word and action. Feeling younger than ever she wishes to extend her influence over the youth of the country, and she believes that the new College of Engineering clearly outlined before her is God's own work for her to carry out. Such loyal, enthusiastic, and generous support will give zest to her efforts for the year 1911. Greetings and best wishes for the year 1911 from the heart of Alma Mater to her loyal Chicago sons!

OLD BOY NUGGETS.

Louis Sonntag, '73 We received the "Season's Greetings" from Louis Sonntag, '73, the day before Xmas. Thanks, Old Boy. We believe we owe you a letter since some time and it will be enroute.

The Zehler Old Boys present at the Zehler Celebration last June will remember Louis Sonntag as the gentleman who unveiled the portrait of Brother Zehler, his own dear uncle. We appreciated very much Louis Sonntag's coming to the Celebration, for he had but recovered from a serious illness, and was scarcely in condition to make the trip to Dayton. Best wishes from Alma Mater!

John H. Finke, '64 John H. Finke, 64, one of S. M. I.'s Dayton Old Boys, who is a loyal enthusiast of the good old college, in recently renewing his subscription to the EXPONENT, enclosed an extra dollar for a subscription for some deserving student who would be unable to subscribe for the EXPONENT.

Thanks! and may your example of enthusiasm for the EXPONENT be imitated by others. It is surprising how many Old Boys *forget* to renew their subscriptions to their college magazine. Really, they do not know that they are missing news of the "doings" of the college of which they are justly proud. S. M. I. is growing, and I think we'll have to get a committee consisting of John H. Finke and other loyal subscribers to get after a *few* of the Dayton Old Boys who have taken a genuine Rip Van Winkle sleep these past years.

FROM THE MAYOR.

Mayor Burkhart Mayor Burkhart, Dayton's progressive and successful mayor, has always been a warm admirer of S. M. I. In a letter received recently, he writes: "I am in receipt of your very kind letter with your good wishes for the New Year, and I assure you that I appreciate the same very much. I have always appreciated the kindly feeling and friendship of you and your associates at St. Mary's,

and I assure you that I wish all prosperity and success during the coming year.

Yours sincerely,

“(Signed) EDW. E. BURKHART,
“Mayor, City of Dayton, Ohio.”

Mayor Burkhardt, we certainly appreciate the interest you take in S. M. I. THE EXPONENT, of which you are a loyal subscriber, has frequently referred to the new Engineering Department which was opened last September. We do not believe that we are presumptuous when we say that what S. M. I. does she does well. The same policy will be carried out in the completion of the Engineering Department. The Editors of the EXPONENT, as students of St. Mary's, have been happy to note from the daily papers that the business men and manufacturers of the Gem City have promised their influential backing as well as their financial assistance to this new project which will mean so much, especially to the Dayton college student of to-day. It will be another way to boost Dayton, for “Do it for St. Mary's” will mean “Do it for Dayton.”

OUR SENATORS.

Charles
Whalen, '07

CHARLES WHALEN, '07, has followed suit with FRANCIS CANNY, '09, and let us hear from him. These two chums are boarding together with ROBERT HAYES, '03, in Washington, D. C. “Bob,” you know, is secretary to our own James M. Cox, Congressman from our Gem City. Well, Charlie did give us some news. Among other things he writes: “Both Canny and myself are in the best of health and spirits. Law, despite preconceived notions of difficulty, dryness, etc., seems to suit us perfectly. While there are a great many college men here, quite a number of the fellows are out of high schools and other preparatory courses. In this respect we have a distinct advantage over the majority. Our training at St. Mary's, especially along the lines of philosophy, serves us in good stead, and enables us to solve those intricacies which only such a preparation can overcome.

“Canny and I placed our names on Georgetown's roll of honor by being chosen to represent our class. Canny was elected historian, and myself, treasurer.”

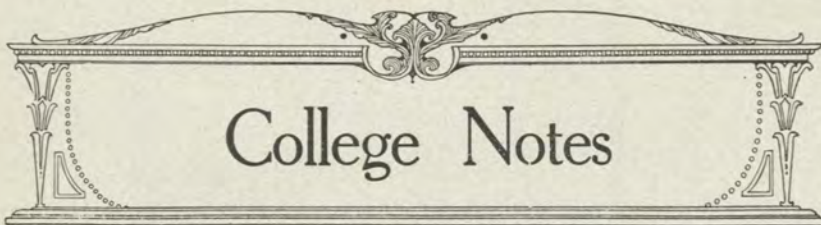
We are glad to hear from you, and to know that you are doing well. If more of the “boys” will “fess” up how they are *doing* the world, the Alumni Notes ought to be real live wires. Best to you and Francis.

A LOYAL FAN.

Clarence
Hochwalt, '06

If you should ever be asked to guess the Dayton Old Boy who is the most enthusiastic rooter and most faithful fan for S. M. I., as well the most regular attendant at anything doing at St. Mary's, just put your money up on CLARENCE HOCHWALT, '06. There is no game, no lecture, no contest, no entertainment scheduled at the

[Continued on Page 32.]



College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR DECEMBER.

Collegiate Department.

Senior Letters.....Anthony Tague, 88; Ignatius Hart, 86
 Senior Science.....Lawrence Strattner, 90; Wm. Seidensticker, 88
 Junior Letters.....Leo Schmitt, 88; Thomas Cobey, 81
 Sophomore Letters.....Francis Miller, 94; Alphonse Mahrt, 92
 Freshman Letters.....Leo Walsh, 91; Joseph Graham, 91
 Freshman Engineering.....Robert Gray, 91; Fred Sturm, 91

High School Department.

Fourth High.....Joseph Schlaudecker, 94; Edward Purpus, 93
 Third High.....R. Sherry, 98; Cl. Schmitt, 98; F. Thill, 98
 Second High—A.....Otto Krusling, 98; Albert Kuntz, 97
 Second High—B.....Wm. Schleinitz, 94; L. Swift, 94; A. Kinninger, 94
 First High—A.....John Hogan, 94; Charles Meyer, 94
 First High—B.....Theodore Oppenheim, 95; Alphonse Burgmeier, 94

Business Department.

Second Business.....L. Bucher 96; T. Fleming, 96; A. Janszen, 96
 First Business.....R. Scott, 86; Wm. Fries, 86; M. Kuntz, 86

Elementary Department.

Eighth Grade—A.....Joseph Schaefer, 86; Charles Schoenung, 81
 Eighth Grade—B.....P. Ohmer, 90; A. Schumacher, 90; E. Munch, 86
 Seventh Grade.....Victor Emanuel, 93; Fik. Kubkowski, 92
 Sixth Grade.....L. Seidl, 94; J. Wittmann, 94; A. Stoermer, 93
 Fifth Grade.....S. Wilson, 94; E. Madigan, 93; H. Fien, 93

Judge R. W. Baggott On Thursday, December 1, the student body had the pleasure of listening to a ninteresting address by Roland W. Baggott, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Montgomery County and prominent member of the Dayton bar. He dwelt on his work as Juvenile Judge and incidents connected therewith.

Bits of humor and practical advice scattered throughout his talk held the attention of the students, who showed their appreciation by giving the college yell for the judge.

Elocutionary Contest The eve of the students' departure for their homes to spend the holidays was fittingly celebrated by holding the Elocutionary Contest for the Griffith gold medal. The contest was open to the students of the High School and Business Department.

While the judges for the occasion were in session, George Mahoney and Leslie Warren, as black-face comedians, made their initial bow at S. M. I., and made a decided hit in their new stunt.

After due deliberation the judges awarded the medal to Frank Thill, of the III. High, and Honorable Mention to Edward Purpus and John Weigand.

This occasion was also chosen by the Athletic Association for publicly bestowing monograms and sweaters on those who had shown their prowess upon the gridiron during the past season.

A musical program, rendered by the S. M. I. Orchestra, and appropriate to the occasion, enhanced the evening's entertainment.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Overture—"The Contest".....Mueller
S. M. I. Orchestra.

Recitation—"Marco Bozzaris".....Charles Meyer

Recitation—"The Fishermen of Wexford".....George Donovan
Christmas Joys

"The Sleigh Ride".....Treloar

"Christmas Eve"Ferrazzi

S. M. I. Orchestra.

Recitation—"Independence Bell".....John Weigand

Cornet Solo—Grand Fantaisie, "The Old Folks at Home".....Casey
Cornet, Wm. Freund. Piano, J. Schlaudecker.

Recitation—"The Vulture of the Alps".....Ralph Wirshing

Violin Solo—"Polonaise de Concert" Op. 38.....Vieuxtemps
Violin, Robert Schenk. Piano, Joseph Schlaudecker.

Recitation—"The Deathbed of Benedict Arnold".....Edward Purpus

Recitation—"Count Candespina's Standard".....Frank Thill

Minstrel Sketch.....George Mahony and Leslie Warren

Awarding of the Monograms for the Foot-ball Season.

DR. GUSTAVE A. HOCHWALT, '89.

Decision of the Judges..... } EDWARD HEGMAN, '91.

} RICHARD P. BURKHARDT, '93.

March—"Don't Take Me Home".....Harry von Tilzer

S. M. I. Chorus and Orchestra.

John Kendrick The popularity of the K. C.-S. M. I. lecture course was again
Bangs attested on December 6, when a large and appreciative audience filled the S. M. I. auditorium to hear John Kendrick Bangs in "Salubrities I Have Met."

Winston Spencer Churchill forfeited the title of "salubrity" when, on a certain occasion, he turned his handsome British back upon Bangs for making a humorous remark concerning him. Richard Harding Davis, the humorist and story-writer, is ranked among the "salubrities" because annually, at Christmas tide, he would distribute, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, \$500 among the tenement poor. In the same class is George Ade, who could enjoy a story at his own expense.

One meeting with Rockefeller convinced Bangs that he had not that disposition of heart and mind to place him among the "stlubrities," although he

was a celebrity. Andrew Carnegie, with his Scotch humor, has found a place among Bangs' "salubrities."

The meeting of Mrs. Stanley, wife of the African explorer, with Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, told in a touching, a sympathetic, and heart-to-heart manner, exhibited Mrs. Stanley in the light of a salubrity."

Dr. Conon Doyle's unexpected visit at the home of Bangs was humorously told by him. On this occasion a "young" Bangs greeted the British author by swatting him with a rag doll. Doyle manifested the qualities of a "salubrity" by seeing only the humorous side of the affair and later on by showing Bangs the hospitality of his London home.

The story of Bangs and Judge Robert Grant playing golf at Newport, and the "numerical" system of replacing profane expressions provoked great laughter. Mark Twain's humor placed him on the list of "salubrities."

Mr. Bangs closed the evening by his highly humorous story, "A Strenuous Day at Oyster Bay," in which he detailed his experiences during an imaginary day spent with the strenuous Roosevelt.

The audience voted John Kendrick Bangs a master in the art of making humankind laugh, and accorded him his well-deserved title, "America's Greatest Humorist."

Business Pamphlet

The Christmas issue, or Volume 2, Number 2, of the "Business Pamphlet," is a breezy publication by the Senior Business students of S. M. I. It tells the readers of the happenings at school and incidentally what matters of personal interest occupy the students. The staff is composed of A. Janszen, editor; L. Kimmel, assistant editor; C. Sauerbrier, sporting editor; J. O'Leary, local editor, and T. Fleming, cartoonist. The illustrations are unique and appropriate, the reading matter is zestfully written, and its appearance periodical and when least expected.

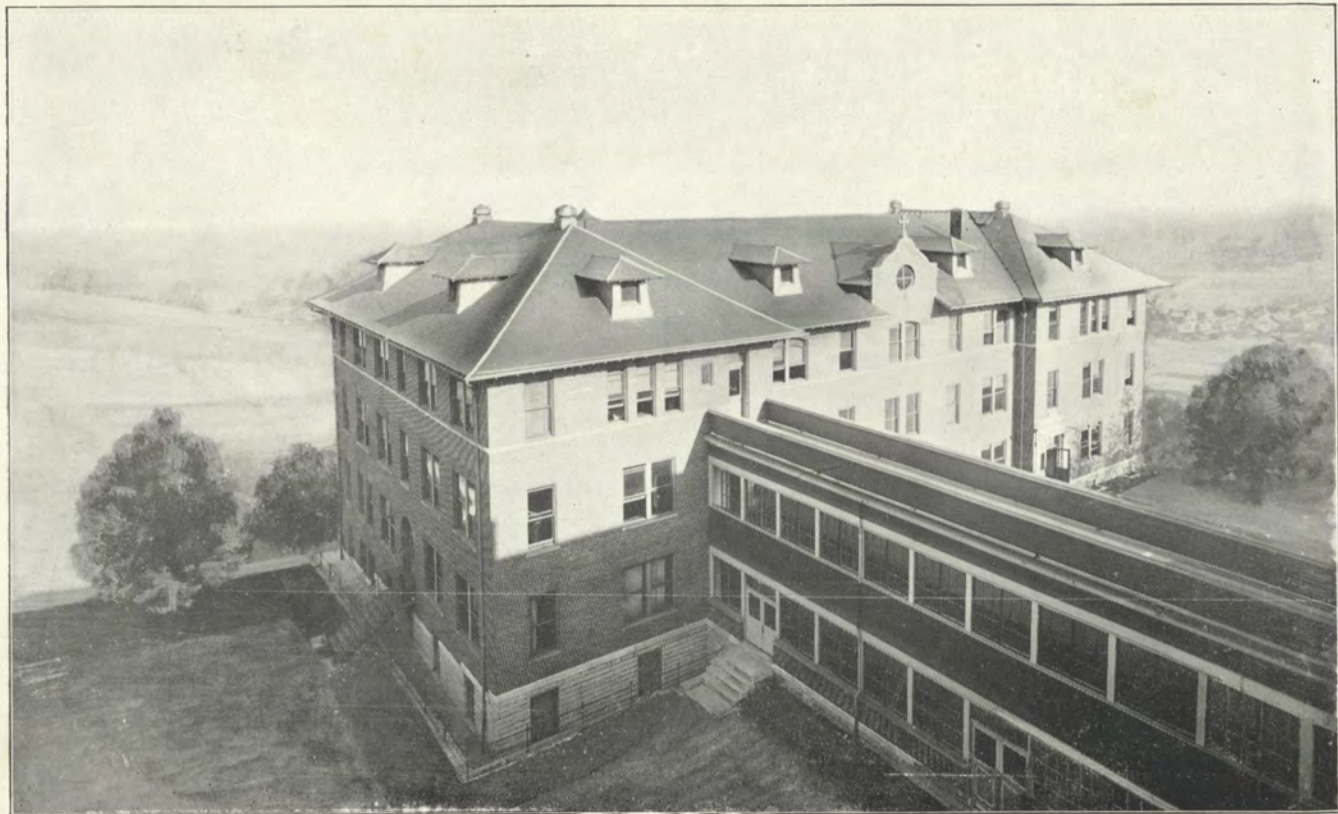
Mr. Edw. A. Moritz On December 1, Mr. Edward A. Moritz entertained the Business Classes with the very interesting subject, Campaigning, or, How It Happened." The many little incidents related, and the ways and means pointed out to make a successful campaign, as he did, made the afternoon a very pleasant one, indeed.

Mr. A. F. Siebert Through the kindness of Mr. Wm. F. Bippus, the services of Mr. A. F. Siebert, expert sales agent of the N. C. R., were secured on December 12. The four indispensable qualities of a sales agent, foremost, "honesty," formed the topic of his instructive talk. Owing to the vastness of his subject and the lack of time, the speaker offered to call again later on.

Mr. George Hudson On December 13, Mr. George Hudson explained in full the different types of ships known from the earliest time down to the present day. What he impressed most of all upon his young hearers was the fact that the great improvements in our sea-going craft are due to the immense growth and advancement of commerce.



Winter Scene at St. Mary's



Chaminade Hall

Mr. Carl Nachtigal Op. December 9, Mr. Carl Nachtigal made his third trip to the Senior Business Class to finish his talk on vertical filing.

If one could observe the several members of the class give off the information received, to their imaginary buyers, he would assuredly say, "There's a bright future."

Chief of Police Responding to the kind invitation of Chief of Police J. N. Allaback and Sergeant W. Hughes, the Senior Business Class visited the Police Office in the City Building, December 3, to view the "Rogues' Gallery," in charge of Bertillion Superintendent Wilcox, the "Gamewell System" of receiving reports of officers, in charge of Mr. Charles Spry, and the Auto Record and Pawnshop Record, in charge of Sergeant Walter Hughes.

To one and all "A Happy New Year."

Zehler Literary Circle The Christmas Number of the Zehler Literary Circle proved another grand success. The program, although somewhat lengthy, was most interesting. Although every number was well rendered, the two Kentucky Philosophers, G. Mahoney and L. Warren, deserve special mention. In their sketch, "Dat Scand'lus Liar," they proved themselves worthy the name of "Minstrels."

A vote of thanks was extended to Bro. Wm. Wohlleben for the very interesting talke he gave them. The work of the circle is taken very seriously by its members, thus assuring continued success.

Program.

1. Music Robert Schenk
2. Essay on Christmas..... R. Pflaum
3. The Bald-headed Man..... W. Kuntz
4. Essay on Shakespeare..... A. Burgmeier
5. Kentucky Philosophy..... L. Warren
6. "Der Faule"..... E. Lechleitner
8. "Shylock"..... Ch. Creedon
9. Quack Doctor A. Krusling
10. A Christmas Story..... W. Wintermeyer
11. Essay on Longfellow..... O. Krusling
12. "My Tummick Ache"..... G. Donovan
13. "Dat Scand'lus Liar"..... G. Mahoney and L. Warren
14. Some Practical Hints..... Bro. Wm. J. Wohlleben
15. Music R. Schenk

Longfellow Literary Circle On Tuesday afternoon, December 20, the Longfellow Literary Circle held its Christmas Session. The meeting was convened in Alumni Room, in Chaminade Hall. The invited guests present were the Rev. President, the Treasurer, the Librarian, and the professor of IV. High. To every one was given a tastily gotten-up, two-color program. The following numbers were rendered:

1. Address, C. Hochwalt. 2. Alma Redemptoris, A. Kinninger. 3. The Nativity, A. Keenan. 4. The First Christmas, J. Weigand. 5. Christmasse in Ye

Olden Tymes, A. Meininger. 6. Adeste Fidelis, Vocal Duet. 7. The Aviator's Return, L. Swift. 8. The First Christ-Mass, E. Weber. 9. Christmas in Many Lands, Wm. Schleinitz. 10. Engine No. 39, E. Cole. 11. Xmas Greetings, J. Burbridge. 12. Remarks, Reverend President. 13. Angels We Have Heard, Vocal Duet. 14. Remarks, Bro. Thomas Mooney, Librarian.

The Rev. President termed the session "most classy." The purchase of a large purple and white pennant, by the members of the circle, will be a happy reminder to the students of II. High—B of their Christmas Session of 1910.

Pennant Presentation On Thursday afternoon, December 15, the Pennant Presentation of the Third Division took place. The pennant was presented to the victorious Comanches, champions in the Association Foot-ball League. The program was opened by several well-rendered musical solos and recitations. Brother Fred, after presenting the pennant, complimented the champions on their excellent playing and magnificent team work, which made itself felt on all occasions and proved so helpful to their success in the race for honors. This was answered by Albert Krusling, captain of the Comanches, in a well-delivered address. The triumphal march was then made around the club-room to the tune of the S. M. I. march, the captain leading, bearing the pennant before him, and followed by his team, giving the warwhoop of the Comanches. Any chief of that fierce tribe would have been proud of these young representatives in the Third Division, who defended the title so gloriously in spite of all opposition.

Prizes were then awarded. Popularity prizes: J. Schlaudecker, first; R. Morin, second; J. Schwietermann, third. Lawn Tennis Tournament Singles, A. Kranz; Doubles, J. Schlaudecker and E. Purpus. Euchre Party; A. Kranz, first; K. Kranz and E. Hais, second; T. Oppenheim, booby prize. Pool Tournament: Singles, R. Hanley; Doubles, A. Kranz and H. Keagler.

The complete program was the following:

1. Piano Solo.....J. Hogan
2. a. Reading, "So Was I".....W. Wintermeyer
- b. "Budd Scott".....T. Cummings
3. SongE. Gross
4. Dialogue Reading—"Miss Sprigins and the Census Taker".....
.....H. Keagler and E. Purpus
5. Pennant Presentation.
 - a. Remarks by Prefect.
 - b. Presentation.
 - c. Speech of Acceptance.....A. Krusling
 - d. Triumphal March....."The Team"
6. Awarding of prizes.
7. Lunch.

We were pleased also to note the presence on this occasion of Bro. G. Binlein, coach of the Third Division foot-ball team, Bro. H. Strickroth, and also G. Mahoney, present coach of our basket-ball team.

On Sunday evening, December 19, the foot-ball teams of the Fourth Division, the Cubs, the Lions, and the Elks, were assembled in the Fourth Division Club

Room and carried out a very entertaining program to enhance the Pennant Presentation. The room was nicely decorated for the occasion. The program was as follows:

Song—"Merry Christmas".....	Glee Club
Recitation—"Christmas Eve Adventure".....	N. Emrie
Recitation—"The Magi".....	G. Klopp
Violin Solo—"The Flower Song".....	C. Ernst
Recitation—"My Stomach after Thanksgiving".....	G. Donovan
Recitation, "The Orphan's Prayer".....	M. Remelin
Essay—"The Old Farmer's Xmas Day".....	C. Meyer
Violin Solo—"Old Rusty Cannon".....	C. Ernst
Recitation—"New Year's Night".....	E. Menninger
Recitation—"The Two Little Stockings".....	F. Gaynor
Recitation—"Old Santa's Visit After Xmas".....	E. Meyer
Song—"Christmas Chimes".....	Glee Club

Then the pennant was presented to the Cubs by the Rev. President, Father O'Reilly. An appetizing lunch was the closing number of this successful program.

Musical Notes

The S. M. I. orchestra rendered the following selections before Mr. Bangs' lecture:

"March of the Nations".....	Pond
Overture—"The Diadem".....	Hermann
Sextette from "Lucia".....	Donizetti
March—"The Stars and Stripes".....	Sousa
Postlude—"America."	

The various pieces were well rendered and much appreciated. At the Postlude, "America," the entire audience arose and sang.

At the Elocutionary Contest, December 20, the S. M. I. orchestra and its soloists, certainly made things interesting. The first number on the program was a "Patrol" by A. Small. The music is heard but very faintly, increasing in volume with every new movement and becoming very pronounced as the patrol is supposed to have arrived.

The next musical number—Overture, "The Contest," by Mueller, was a very appropriate number, well adapted for the occasion. It contained a variety of selections and the opinions of the listeners were divided as to which selection was the best, for they were all gems.

The third musical number depicted the Christmas joys, first by a "Sleighride Galop," by Treloar, with jingling of sleigh-bells, whip, shouts of "Get-up," "Ha," "ha," "Whoa!" Next a galop named "Christmas Eve" by Ferrazzi. This was accompanied by the sounds of tin horns, rattles, and other toy instruments.

The fourth number was a cornet solo, "The Old Folks at Home," by Casey, accompanied by the orchestra. The cadenza and variations were difficult, but well rendered by Wm. Freund, a boy of sixteen.

The star number, however, was the violin solo by Robert Schenk, age fifteen, accompanied by Jos. Schlaudecker, age fifteen. The music was Vieuxtemps' Ballade et Polonaise de Concert, op. 38, arranged by Schradieck. As encore they played Mazurka "Obertass," by Wieniawski. The remarkable purity of intona-

tion, and the perfect ease with which our young virtuoso mastered the double stops, octaves, tenths, harmonics, etc., kept the audience spellbound.

The last musical number was the march, "Don't Take Me Home." The boys must have thought of the first number on the program ("The Patrol") for they sang "Don't take me home" most pleadingly until the strain, "Home, Sweet Home" seemed to soothe them, and the strain "We won't go home till morning" cheered them up, being assured that they would pass another night at the college in sweet dreams about home, Santa Claus, and —!!

On the fifth of December the orchestra members had the good fortune of hearing the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra at the new Memorial Hall. Again on the 12th of December they had the pleasure of hearing the Fishman Orchestra. Robert Schenk, who occupies the first chair, as in the S. M. I. Orchestra, was one of the soloists. Joseph Schlaudecker was the accompanist. The pieces played were: (a) "Melodie," by Tschalkowsky; (b) "The Bee," by Schubert. As encore he played "Kuiawiak" (2d Mazourka) by Wieniawski.

Peter's The contribution for the month of November for the support
Pence of the Holy Father amounted to \$15.00. First High A has an
 average of nine cents; and Seventh Grade, of twelve cents.

The students who have shown good will in their charitable work in favor of the Father of the poor will not be without their reward.

[Continued from page 25.]

college, but Clarence is on hand with his ever loyal friend, whom some day we hope to be able to announce in our "society columns." Their smiling faces greet our athletes and they certainly have brought good luck to our teams; their presence at all our events show their live interest in the doings of the college. We are thinking of appointing them as a Committee of Two to drum up a few of the *slow ones*, and to stir up interest by giving a lecture on the subject entitled "What We Have Seen at S. M. I."

Thanks for your loyal patronage, friends! It makes Alma Mater feel as young as you do when you come out to see the good old Dame.

Japanese Scholarship Fund

Cash on hand for the Third Endowment Fund, \$170.80.

List of contributors since March, 1910:

Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. Chas. A. Weser, \$11; Mr. Isidore Goetz, \$1; Mrs. Jacob Michel, \$1; Mrs. Adam Deger, \$2; Mrs. Frank Bucher, \$2; Mrs. Weigand, 50 cents; Mr. Leo. Goetz, \$1; A. Hirsch, \$2; Mr. H. S., \$2; Mr. J. B. Moorman, 50 cents; Mr. George Hudson, \$10.

Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Thos. K. Lynch, \$1.

Cash on hand for the Third Endowment Fund, \$193.80.

Athletic Notes

FRED W. STURM, '14, Athletic Editor.

Association Meeting

The Athletic Association held a general meeting, December 15, and, owing to the absence of President Ignatius Hart, was presided over by Vice-President Leo Schmitt. The minutes of a meeting held by the Board of Directors, Wednesday night, December 14, were read, and the names of those athletes entitled to monograms were mentioned: Messrs. G. Werder, S. Quinlan, E. Welch, W. Blaire, Wm. Seidensticker, E. Glockner, A. Janszen, H. Sacksteder, G. McKinney. Messrs. McKinney, Welsh, and Werder were voted monogrammed sweaters for having excelled in two branches of athletics.

Owing to the resignations tendered by two prominent officers, President Hart and Secretary Summers, elections had to be held to fill the vacancies. The popular vote was given to Mr. Leo Walsh, who will henceforth devote his services to the presidency, and to Mr. John Dillon to take care of the secretary's work.

Next Football Chief

Before leaving for home to spend Christmas vacation, the members of '10 eleven and the officers of the Association gathered together and elected Mr. Edward Welch, popular athlete at St. Mary's, captain for the next football eleven. Mr. W. Blair, a noted pig-skin artist, will assist Mr. Welch in aggregating a first-class crew to represent St. Mary's next fall.

Basket-Ball Dope

Nearly thirty aspirants appeared on the court for a trying-out, but as time was limited, Coach Solimano had to do some rapid weeding in order to establish a practicing crew. The final list reads: Sacksteder, Janszen, Boll, Hart, Mahoney, McKinney, Neary, and Schweers. These men buckled down to hard and consistent floor work under Solly's careful tutoring and were fully prepared for the initial struggle of the season.

A dispute, concerning the eligibility of Boll as a player on St. Mary's quintet, waged for some time between the management of St. Mary's and Lebanon at the local court, December 9, and it seemed that the loyal followers of the college sport were doomed to go away disappointed. Boll, it was claimed, is a professional and not a fully-chartered student; but the accusation is entirely unwarranted. He played with the Turner aggregation, but that never was a professional team. Moreover, Boll is a bonafide student of St. Mary's, carrying more than the required number of studies and is eligible to any sport in the college. Meanwhile the famous Cadets, the fastest amateur team of its

age and size in Ohio, offered to stack up against the St. Mary's bunch, and the game was certainly fast. After fifteen minutes of playing Lebanon decided to enter, and the game was on.

St. Mary's-48 On December 9, the Saints romped in merry fashion on the local court with the Lebanon quintet and gobbled an easy victory. The playing, although it was not the best the famous old court ever experienced, was remarkably good and the large crowd enjoyed it. With the little time he had, "Solly" licked his proteges into fine shape for the occasion, as their rapid and accurate pass work, splendid basket-throwing, and general all around floor-work clearly showed. Lebanon was completely outclassed. Although they made heroic efforts repeatedly to stem the tide of the rising score, they could do nothing against the Saints' close guards, "Big Boll" and the foxy forwards. They were good in breaking up passwork but lacked the efficiency of getting rid of the ball fast enough. The Saints profiting by this and their good coaching, succeeded in salting down 48 points while their opponents managed to make but 14. The line-up:

<i>St. Mary's</i>		<i>Lebanon</i>	
Sacksteder, Neary	L. F.	Sturgeon	
Janszen	R. F.	Jordan	
Boll	C.	Quicksall	
McKinney, Schweers	L. G.	Latta	
Hart, Mahoney	R. G.	Gillespie	
Referees: Pflaum and Tiger, alternating.			

St. Mary's-55 The Saints hit the high places when they stacked up against the Cedarville five on the local court, Friday, December 16, and continued to soar throughout the game. That the team is hitting a fast pace will be readily admitted by all who witnessed the game; and it is a good portrayal of the scientific coaching of Solimano and the hard floor practice of the team. The pass-work was clean and swift and the basket-shooting phenomenal—a decided improvement over that displayed in the last game. Cedarville put up a close guard game for the first five minutes of play, but once St. Mary's got their signals working right and their passing trimmed down to clock-form, they were left behind and the score piled up. There was something erratically wrong with the visitors' pass-work; it was short and hacking and clearly showed lack of practice and team-work. Markley, center, made all their points, throwing six fouls and tossing the pill in once on a long shot. When the whistle blew announcing the close of the game the score stood 55—8. The line-up:

<i>St. Mary's</i>		<i>Cedarville</i>	
Janszen, Neary	R. F.	McClellan	
Sacksteder	L. F.	Clemens	
Boll	C.	Markley	
Hart, McKinney	R. G.	Yoho	
Mahoney, Schweers	L. G.	McGaffie	
Referees: Pflaum and Foster, alternating.			

Strikes and Spares The S. M. I. Bowling League contains some of the best amateur skill in the vicinity, and many are the thrills produced by their clever and dexterous shooting. Each of the six teams have played four games; there are eight more to come. The following is the standing of the league:

<i>Clubs</i>	<i>Chief</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Per. Cent.</i>	<i>Pins</i>	<i>Average</i>
Sioux	Howalt.....	3	1	.750	2835	142
Apaches	Quinlan.....	3	1	.750	2680	134
Haskells	Janszen.....	3	1	.750	2613	130
Mohicans	Seidy.....	2	2	.500	2515	125
Shawnees	Blaire.....	2	2	.500	2508	125
Miamis	Gerlach.....	0	4	.000	2430	121

The Standing of the Basket-ball League of the I. Division is as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Per Cent.</i>
Scouts	Welch.....	4	0	1.000
Trojans	Walsh.....	3	1	.750
Wolverines	Gerlach.....	1	2	.500
Gems	Blaire.....	1	2	.333
Pirates	Werder.....	1	3	.250
Colonels	Senn.....	0	3	.000

THE CADETS.

S. M. C.-45 The St. Mary's Cadets opened their basket-ball season in a blaze of glory at Turner Hall, Thursday, December 15, by **vs.** defeating the strong quintet from Medway to the tune of 45—4. **Medway-4** Here, ranged against a team, their superiors in weight and age, the Cadets demonstrated to an enthusiastic audience that they are the same fast team as in former years, and had lost none of their snap and spirit. Their playing was fast at all stages, and at times verged upon the sensational. In pass-work and basket-shooting they were perfect, and if possible, better than in previous seasons.

The Cadets, coached by a man rated among the best of the country in the famous indoor game, feel sure that with the assistance of Harry Solimano, the crack guard of the Turners, they will again sport themselves in the championship class. From amongst a large number of basket-ball aspirants, "Solly" chose the same team that has represented the Cadets for the past three years, namely, Schumacher and Zimmerman as forwards, Mahrt and Baker as guards, Sacksteder and Rottermann as centers, and O'Connell as general utility man. Solimano feels confident as the season progresses, that he made no mistake in his choice.

S. M. C.-42 As a fitting tribute to the old year, the St. Mary's Cadets **vs.** defeated the famous Y. M. C. A. Crescents of Cincinnati, on **Crescents-18** Wednesday, December 28, on the S. M. I. court. and thereby gained the right to lay claim to the championship of southern Ohio. The game was replete with sensational features on both sides, and by eminent basket-ball critics it was declared to have been the best, fastest, and most interesting game

that has been played on any local court this season. The following is an extract from the *Cincinnati Post*:

"Which is the fastest basket-ball team in southern Ohio? According to Amor Hogrebe, the great goal thrower of the Christ Church team, that honor belongs to no Cincinnati team, but to the team known as the St. Mary's Cadets of Dayton, Ohio. Hogrebe, Wednesday night, refereed the game between the Cincinnati Y. M. C. A. Crescents and the St. Mary's Cadets in Dayton, and says that 'never in his career has he seen the equal of the St. Mary's team. The Cadets play a whirlwind game. Every member of the team is in splendid physical condition and the pace they set is something terrific. The Crescents have the reputation of being one of the best trained and strongest teams in Cincinnati, but long before the game was finished, members of the team were hanging to the ropes.'

"The most remarkable thing about the team,' said Hogrebe, 'is that the oldest player is but 17. I never saw basket-ball players play so fast, and despite their speed, they play a remarkably clean game. Only one foul was called during the entire game. The Crescents were defeated 42 to 18, but the score does not tell of the stubborn battle the Cincinnati boys put up.'"

L. ROTTERMANN, '14.

II. DIVISION.

S. M. A.-84 On Thursday, December 15, the S. M. A. quintet defeated the Elites of Bomberger Park in a one-sided game, the score being

vs.

Elites-9

84—9. In the first half the Elites got but one point from the

foul line, while the Juniors caged the pill 20 times. Although the Elites had perfect pass work, their inability to throw the baskets, and the superb guarding of the Juniors was the cause of their defeat. Our team had perfect pass work and their basket throwing featured the game. The line-up:

S. M. A.—Braun, Wickham, r. f.; Neary, l. f.; Fr. Mahoney, c.; Campbell, Kuntz, r. g.; Shafer, l. g.

Elites—Bendig, r. f.; Woessner, l. f.; Shultz, c.; Rourk, r. g.; Maltby, l. g.

Standing of League The various teams of the Division leagues are in splendid condition and will put forth every ounce of exertion to land the pennant.

The following is Class A standing:

WON LOST PCT.

Hawks (Shafer, Capt.)	...	3	1	.750
Eagles (Mahoney, Capt.)	...	3	2	.600
Orioles (McCourt, Capt.)	...	2	2	.500
Ravens (Neary, Capt.)	...	1	3	.250

The following is Class B standing:

WON LOST PCT.

Jaguars (Grogan, Capt.)	...	2	1	.667
Lions (Oppenheim, Cap.)	...	2	2	.500
Panthers (Norckauer, Cap.)	...	2	2	.500
Tigers (Warren, Capt.)	...	1	2	.333

C. BROWN.

III. DIVISION.

Cadets, Jr.-0 The III. Division Regulars closed their rugby season with a flourish by winning the final game against the fast Cadet

vs.

III. Division-10 Juniors. They relied mostly on the old style of foot-ball, but whenever opportunity was had or a large gain was needed, they startled their

wary opponents by their famous forward pass and other numerous trick plays. Touchdowns were made by Purpus and George Bair. Goal-kicking failed on account of the strong wind. The line-up:

III. Division—Ochs, r. e.; A. Kranz, r. t.; Sheehan, r. g.; Nugent, c.; Menninger, Hogan, l. g.; Farrell, Voss, l. t.; Reitemeier, Ott, l. e.; Hartke, q. b.; Purpus, r. h.; Bair, f. b.; Stegmeier, l. h.

Cadet Juniors—Kelly, r. e.; Stidd, r. t.; Sherry, r. g.; Parker, c.; Burgmeier, l. g.; Schleipick, Molick, l. t.; Van Horn, l. e.; O'Leary, q. b.; Kuntz, r. h.; Sacksteder, f. b.; Bergman, l. h.

By this time basket-ball has received our complete attention.

Basket-Ball Teams have been formed in the Division and an interesting struggle will ensue to determine the champions. So far the standing in the leagues is:

Class A.

Farmans (Krusling)	2	1	.667
Paulhaus (Ochs)	2	2	.500
Dumonds (Kranz)	2	2	.500
Moissants (Reitemeier) . . .	1	2	.333

Class B.

Team	Captain	Won	Lost	Pct.
Orville (Ott)		2	1	.667
Grahams (Krusling)		2	2	.500
Lathams (Wintermeyer) . . .		0	3	.000
Wilburs (Voss)		3	0	1.000

IV. DIVISION.

IV. Div.-30 Coach Neary entered his proteges in fine style for the initial vs. struggle of the season and his good coaching resulted in a **Day Scholars-10** defeat to the day scholars. The game was nip and tuck during the first half, but in the second the IV. Division broke away from their opponents, piling up 30 to the latter's 10. The line-up:

IV. Division—Kovacic (capt.), l. f.; Neary, r. f.; H. Monning, c.; N. Monning, l. g.; Pohlman, r. g.

Day Scholars—Hochwalt (capt.), l. f.; Duffy, Howard, r. f.; Hahne, c.; Kelley, l. g.; Schumacher, r. g.

IV. Div.-12 On December 15, the fast Freshman quintet suffered a smarting vs. defeat at the hands of the Regulars. The rapid passwork

First High-9 and exciting but clever basket-shooting featured the contest. The game was tie until the last minute when Captain Kovacic, by throwing a field basket won the game for the Regulars. The line-up:

IV. Division—Kovacic (capt.), l. f.; Neary, r. f.; H. Monning, c.; Pohlman, l. g.; Gaynor, N. Monning, r. g.

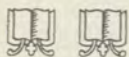
First Hi—O'Hearn, l. f.; Reynolds, r. f.; Farley, c.; O'Leary, l. g.; Bleicher, r. g.

IV. Div.-10 Between the halves of the Cedarville game, the Regulars vs. defeated the Day Scholars in a well-played game. Kovacic **Day Scholars-1** starred for the Regulars, throwing two field baskets. Lineup:

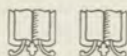
IV. Division—Kovacic (capt.), l. f.; Neary, r. f.; H. Monning, Mac Donald, c.; N. Monning, l. g.; Pohlman, r. g.

Day Scholars—Richter (capt.), l. f.; N. Hochwalt, r. f.; Hahne, c.; Hausfeld, r. g.; Cooper, l. g.

C. MEYER, '17.



BOOK REVIEWS



Character Glimpses of Most Reverend William Henry Elder, Second Archbishop of Cincinnati, with Epigraph of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and Preface by the Most Reverend Henry Moeller, Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York, Frederick Pustet & Co. 1911. 180 pp., \$1.25.

The "Character Glimpses" will do much toward keeping fresh the memory of "the most loving and the most lovable of all the hierarchy, with those who knew him, and they will know best how to appreciate the book. It will, moreover, introduce him to many more who were not favored to meet him during his earthly career, and to them it will show that the Church is ever the Mother of saints—of men who by the lustre of their virtues testify to the life-giving power of Christ's doctrine and example.

The author (whose name has been rather too modestly withheld from the title page) has succeeded admirably in portraying the character of the illustrious prelate. He has succeeded, particularly, in impressing the idea that the foundation of Archbishop Elder's beautiful character was his uncommon virtue, his unfeigned holiness of life. And if a special trait of his holiness were to be singled out, the book shows this also, and quite unmistakably—his deep faith. The numerous letters of the Archbishop, scattered all through the book, reveal him constantly as a true "man of faith"—one to whom the supernatural aspect of things was a simple matter of course, one who habitually saw the relation of the most ordinary events of this life to the life beyond the grave.

All the leading events of Archbishop Elder's life are treated in the "Character Glimpses"—his early youth, his first years of priestly life, his career as Bishop of Natchez, with the Civil War and yellow fever as incidents, his later career as Archbishop of Cincinnati, darkened by the Purcell failure, and cheered by his golden jubilee, finally his saintly death, and the incidents of the magnificent obsequies.

The mechanical details of the book are of the highest order. Four fine full page illustrations add much to its value and interest.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *The Story of His Life.* From the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the REV. J. M. TOOHEY, C. S. C. Notre Dame, Indiana, The Ave Maria Press. 1910. 302 pp., \$1.25.

The reviewer remembers reading a translation of Franz von Seeburg's "Joseph Haydn" years ago when it appeared in serial form in the "Ave Maria." It was most delightful reading then, and in the book before him he has enjoyed it all over again. In fact, the impression is that the serial of years ago has

been put into a fine handy volume, well worthy of the book lover's attention. The book gives a very fair idea of the great composer's career—his early hardships, his first successes, his later triumphs, and, through all, his steadfastly religious God-fearing character. His matrimonial failure is neither forgotten nor made too much of. His position among the great composers is indicated with sufficient accuracy for the average non-professional reader. All in all, a fine readable book—one that, in addition to present entertainment and instruction, makes the reader curious for more information. The style is both idiomatic and pleasing, and does not betray the fact that the work is a translation.

MYSTICISM; Its True Nature and Value, by A. B. SHARPE, M. A. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1910. 229 pp., \$1.35.

At all times there have been found in the bosom of the Catholic Church souls who asserted that they had an actual experimental vision or knowledge of God. Now a Catholic priest in the discharge of his sacerdotal function may have to deal with such a soul. To decide whether the mysticism of that soul is real or imaginary, and delusive will not be an easy task for him if he is not well grounded in the principles of true mysticism. A careful study, therefore, of Sharpe's work (*Mysticism*), its true nature and value, will be of great help to every spiritual director, and in consequence it should find a place aside of moral and dogmatic theology in every priest's library.

At the present day, owing to the spread of spirit mediums and spiritualistic seances, and to the labors of the Society for Psychical Research, a new impulse has been given to the study of Mysticism. The works of Catholic mystics, as Tauler, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, and of Pagan and Protestant mystics as Plotinus and Swedenborg, are being studied with avidity by psychologists of note, foremost among whom, for instance, was the late Professor William James. This present work on Mysticism, by A. B. Sharpe, should therefore be received with the greatest satisfaction by all those who try to penetrate into these still insufficiently unexplored regions of psychic activity.

A MEDIEVAL MYSTIC. A Short Account of the Life and Writings of Blessed John Ruysbroeck, Canon Regular of Groenendaal, A. D. 1293-1381, by DOM VINCENT SCULLY, C. R. L. London, Thomas Baker. 1910. 131 pp., 2s. 6d., net.

The object of this little book is to give "a simple and readable account in English of the life and writings of a remarkable Flemish Mystic of the fourteenth century." The very name of John Ruysbroeck is unfamiliar to English readers, though in his native Belgium and in France and Germany he has been held in high honor from time immemorial. To us who know little enough of mystics and mysticism, Blessed John Ruysbroeck "looks" very much like "the other" mystics. Something like this must have been in the author's mind when he wrote near the end of the book: "For the moment there may seem to be but little in common between this Medieval Mystic and the bustling modern world—so little as to suggest the thought that Blessed Ruysbroeck can have no message to deliver to our day." Yet the little book before us makes interesting and delightful reading. That old time—medieval, if you will—familiarity with God

seems largely to have gone from among us, and any literature that helps to recall it and the solid doctrine and virtue that follow in its train must be reckoned among spiritual reading of the best kind. Such a work is "A Medieval Mystic."

MODERNISM, by *CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines*. Translated from the French by Marian Lindsay. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1910. 56 pp., 50 cents.

This little volume is an answer to the question often asked: What is really meant by Modernism? It is not an exhaustive and erudite study of this insidious error, but a clear and simple explanation of it that will appeal to the average reader. According to Cardinal Mercier, Agnosticism and the Philosophy of Kant are at the bottom of this erroneous doctrine. In the domain of metaphysical inquiry Kant had replaced scientific demonstration by rational faith. Faith for him possessed absolute certitude, whereas scientific demonstration being subject to the laws of the mind did not. Since Kant's days faith and science for a great number of men have turned tables. To-day scientific certitude alone is considered perfect certitude, and hence the truth that refer to God, duty, immortality of the soul can afford us no certitude since they cannot be scientifically demonstrated. To reach men holding such views, modernists basing themselves on the principles of Immanence have excogitated the system called Modernism. It consists essentially in affirming that the religious soul must draw from itself, from nothing but itself, the object and motive of its faith. Hence it rejects all revelation imposed on conscience, and thus as a necessary consequence becomes the negation of the doctrinal authority of the Church, and it denies, moreover, to the divinely constituted hierarchy the right to govern Christian society. The issue of these pernicious doctrines is neo-Protestantism—the religious instincts of a Catholic soul mingled with the intellectual errors of Protestantism. A more profound study of their holy religion, vigilance, and prayer will preserve Catholics from the baneful contagion of Modernism.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER, by *CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON*. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910. 324 pp., \$1.50.

A powerful dramatic tale, epitomizing our fair country in its uplifting power for the alien nations that seek refuge within its confines, and at the same time describing the crushing effects of monopoly. The book is somewhat anarchistic in tone, yet the power of a united brotherhood for the sake of protection from the greed and avarice of trusts is a desirable condition among the laboring classes. A strange egotistic, eloquent, and strong character is depicted in the person of Hereford Rand, who is regarded by the others in the tale as a criminal, actor, madman, devil, and demigod. By persistent enunciation of the truths of life, he stabs at the flagrant bubbles of society's moral code, thereby proving himself a veritable surgeon, and through his operations he attempts the cure of the moral wound of such who are slaves to the fashions and foibles of a degenerate upper class. A magnetic sway pervades the sayings and doings of the hero.

BY INHERITANCE, by OCTAVE THANET. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910. 394 pp., \$1.50.

"Slow is the pageant of a climbing race," is the fact which this quaint and interesting novel illustrates. The negro question has ever been a difficult one for the legislative body of this country. The question, What to do with a race we may not, can not exterminate, nor dare to assimilate, will ever remain a sphinx's riddle, and only then when Christianity lives again in its pristine purity and in the charity of the Savior, who redeemed all souls, will it reap the fruits of its labors of love for the colored race. The gifted author, in her pathetic, vivid, and powerful description of the present conditions among them, adds her mite for the furtherance of measures for the amelioration of the colored people. The book is a powerful appeal to the spirit of justice and charity of the American people.

THE CENTURION, by A. B. ROUTHIER. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1910. 388 pp., \$1.50.

This work is an historical romance, in which are recounted and described the principal events of the Messianic epoch in Palestine, with the religious, social, and domestic conflicts which they excited there at that time.

Along the golden background of the gospel narrative there runs, like a silver thread, the charming relationship between the Roman maiden, Camilla, and her suitors, the scholar Onkelos, and the centurion Caius. That "love is the law," and that "faith is stronger than love, and that love without faith has no right to exist" are amply illustrated. The book is a translation from the French, by Lucille P. Borden. The aim of the story is to inspire a desire for the study of the gospels.

ANDROS OF EPHEBUS, by REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J. Milwaukee and New York, The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1910. 277 pp., \$1.25.

Father Copus has traced the scene of this, his latest and most mature work, amid the vineyards and villas of Ephesus—the city of the world-famous temple of Diana. The plot is laid in the times succeeding the glorious Ascension of our Lord.

The story brings out in sharp contrast the strength and simplicity of early Christianity and the empty glitter and magnificence of the worship of Diana, goddess of the Ephesians, with its riotous festivals and ceremonies. The future greatness of the Church of Christ, foretold in prophetic vision by St. John, is an inspiring chapter.

Through the novel runs a story of the love of the rich young Ephesian, Andros, for the beautiful Lydda, the daughter of a wealthy Roman general. The death of Aratus, the rival of Andros, caused by the dwarf Mitros, finally solves a perplexing problem. Love, hate, and rivalry, Christianity and paganism clash to a happy and satisfactory ending.

LES ORIGINES DE LA THEOLOGIE MODERNE I., by L'ABBE AUGUSTE HUMBERT. Paris, Librairie Victor Lecoffre, J. Gabalda & Cie. 1911. 358 pp., 3fr. 50.

This book is one of the volumes of la Bibliothèque Théologique, and in a first volume undertakes the study of the "Renaissance of Christian Antiquity (1450-1521). The disaffection for Medieval theology—the trend of Italian, French, English, and German Humanism to "remake" a new synthesis of Catholic doctrine, the secret germination of the Reformation theories, and the transformation which the "Evangelical" ideas underwent, together with their interpretations by the Father of the Church—these are the topics treated by the author from original sources. Copious citations help us to realize the progress of the ideas. The book is intended not only for theologians, but for all those that should wish to comprehend something of the great religious revolution of the fifteenth century.

LA RESURRECTION DE JESUS CHRIST—LES MIRACLES EVANGELIQUES, by MM. JACQUIER ET BOURCHANY. Paris. Librairie Victor Lecoffre, J. Gabalda. 1911. 312 pp., 3 fr. 50.

The Reverend Fathers Jacquier and Bouchany, professors at the University of Lyons, published their *Conférences Apologétiques* in this volume. Father Jacquier clearly exposes the question of the Resurrection of Jesus with its attending circumstances, and gives a death blow to all rationalistic interpretations. Father Bouchany demonstrates the historical reality of the various miracles, their supernatural character, and shows how they confirm the Messiahship and divine Filiation of Jesus.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS, edited by MAURICE W. MATHER, Ph.D., and JOSEPH WILLIAM HEWITT, Ph.D. Cincinnati, American Book Co. 1910. 516 pp., \$1.50.

Xenophon's Anabasis of the Greek Series for Colleges and Schools is to be recommended as a satisfactory class manual for the many good features that it has in its favor. Limiting itself to four books out of seven, it is neither too short nor too long. Moreover, these four books describe the most interesting part of the expedition of Cyrus. The type, the vocabulary, and grammatical references leave nothing to be desired, and the paragraphing is exceptionally good. The introduction is certainly calculated to take away the terrors of the unknown from pupils and to serve as a guiding thread through the labyrinth of the Greek text. The legends subjoined to the illustrations is a unique feature that cannot but increase the student's interest. All in all, this manual will appeal to pupil and teacher alike.

BEUCHESNE & CIE.

The Parisian firm, Gabriel Beauchesne & Cie, publishes a Bibliothèque apologétique which has been enriched with two new volumes. In *La Doctrine Morale de l'Evolution*, Rev. Emil Bruneteau methodically refutes the system of Spencer, Guyau, and Heckel. He proves that in the moral order it rests on unproven postulates, that it cannot explain the genesis of our moral ideas, and that it is amoral instead of moral. (95 pp., 1 fr. 25.)

Henry de Pully, in a neat volume, *Dieu Existe*, proves the necessity of God's existence in a living concrete manner, and shows how His master hand is visible through all the works of creation. (64 pp., 50 centimes.)

In *L'Eglise et l'Enfant*, Rev. Jules Grivet, S. J., shows that there can be no education unless it is directed and regulated by the doctrine concerning the

end of man. Without this latter there is no moral obligation. The Church teaches man his end; therefore, true education must be under the guidance of the Church. (47 pp., 50 centimes.)

BLOUD & CIE.

Henri Colas publishes in book form his songs and poems so often applauded in his tours through France. The Bishop of Versailles, Mgr. Gibier, writes a flattering preface to it. If the mere reading of the words of the songs sends a thrill into our beings, what an inspiration must seize us should we hear the simple but majestic music of the singer! (240 pp., 3 fr. 50.)

It is not every day that we can page through a manual of Church History neither too bulky nor too epitomized to serve as a text book. Fathers David and Lorette have very well succeeded in arranging such a manual in French. (285 pp., 3 fr. 50.)

We had several occasions to commend the firm Bloud & Cie for the series, "*Science et Religion*." Fifteen volumes have been added to it (573-588). *La Psychologie Dramatique du Mystère de la Passion à Oberanmergau* (594), by Maurice Blondel. *Le Clergé Gallo Romain à la fin du IV^e Siècle*, by Henri Couget. *Art et Parnographie* (576), by George Fonsegrives. *Civisme et Catholicisme* (579), by E. Julien. *La Soeur Rosalie* (581), by Fernand Laudet. *Buchez* (Philosophe) (582), by G. Castella. *Saint Pie V.* (585), by Paul Deslanders.

We seldom hear that *Léonard de Vinci* (573) was a philosopher besides being a painter. Baron Carra de Vaux tells us he was, but he also tells us that he was a better painter than philosopher.

The Abbé Béry is to be complimented for bringing *St. Justin. Sa Vie et sa Doctrine* (580), to our attention in a masterly, concise, and documented fashion. The little volume is an exact summary of Apologetic literature of the fourth century.

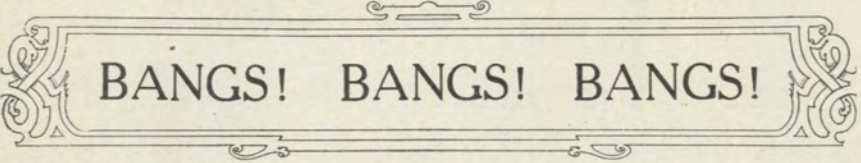
Le Martyrologe (577), by Dom Jules Baudot, of Farnborough, gives us a general idea of the origin of martyrologies and the liturgy with which they are connected.

Father Charles, in *Le Dogme* (578), clearly refutes Le Roy, who maintained that dogma was to be viewed from a moral and pragmatic standpoint. In a second part, he mercilessly opposes Loisy and proves how we can admit a certain "development" without falling into relativism.

Clearly and strongly, Mgr. Rouais, Bishop of Beauvais, in *l'Apologétique* determines the exact object of Apologetics, its method, how it differs from Theology, properly so called, and how serviceable it can be for preaching and conversion.

Thomassin, 1619-1695 (586-87), was one of the great theologians of the seventeenth century. It would, however, be very tedious to page through his many folios. Father Martin has spared us the trouble, for he has given us an exact idea of the work of one, who was intimately acquainted with Catholic doctrine and its history.

Frederick Pustet & Co. recently published a prayer-book, *Kleines Meßbuch der katholischen Kirche (lateinisch und deutsch) zugleich Einführung in den Geist der heiligen Liturgie. Bearbeitet von Christian Kunz* (808 and 136 pp., \$1.25.)



BANGS! BANGS! BANGS!

Oh, you Muncie!

Who said "William Jennings" was a dead one?

"Put that down hyeah, this instep."

1400 strong! Oh, you summer time!

Did you hear that "Meddlesome" tune?

Home again! back again! I wonder who's boss home this time.

Oh, you smokers! How do you like the "burning tobacco ordinance" in Dayton. And they say the "college boys" were stung January 6.

"Spooks! Beware of the butchers!"

"Augie" and "*Deer Hart's*" fame has spread to the Keystone State. Detailed news given at the Infirmary Bureau. Pittsburg papers please copy. Who said "what's in a name?"

How did you like the "isinglass" dress at the Bingham lecture?

I wonder if Bingham got enough money to pay for those marcel puffs and those two dangling pretty curls.

How did you like our "football captain's speech" in S. M. I. Hall, December 20? Brevity is the source of *wit*, eh?

There's class to the Cadet's playing. Did you read that Cincy "spread" on the sport sheet?

Ask Werder to tell you of his smoke on the Oakwood car. See poem dedicated to him.

There are only three things in Springfield—"Morning, Noon, and Night."

Henry Walsh takes the "*inter-ruban*" to Harshman every night.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Tague—"I shall avoid all argumentation."

Strattner—"I am resolved to be a bachelor."

Hart—"I shall win back my name of *Deer Hart*."

Murphy (Sr.)—"I shall lower the price of coal."

Grundtisch—"I am resolved to see the groundhog in February."

Solimano—"No more lost credits for mine. I shall nevermore miss courses in 1911."

Seidensticker—"I promise to become a schedule compiler to tone my nervous system."

Winters

"Augie"

Blair & Co.

{—"We do firmly resolve not to 'blaze' the cinder-path at 10:15 a.m. during 1911."

Senn—"I shall cheerfully take all 'roasting' in *this* life."

Hall, Ed.—"I am resolved to keep 'earlier' hours."

Rotterman—"I promise to appreciate 'home' products."

Connelly—"Be it resolved that I hereby shall be Rosalinde; all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

Gerlach—"I do firmly purpose to instruct others in the use of Pink Blush."

Shooey—"My resolution for 1911 shall be to hand in written work on schedule time."

Mayer—"I am determined to quit wearing loud vests."

Foos—"I shall try to cultivate a 'gum shoe walk.'"

Sturm—"I shall no more be guilty of 'cradle robbery.'"

Braddy—"I resolve to cut out 'joyriding.'"

Saxey—"I firmly resolve to lead my class henceforth."

ANSWER TO PERSONAL INQUIRIES.

Braddy—"No, you are too young to be out without a chaperon, and too old to *toddle* along with an infant."

Hart—"Yes, that poem was good. Hope holidays blew the 'blues' over."

Braman—"Yes, I should think that you must love S. M. I. if you come back ahead of time."

Schooey—"No, it is not a case of luck. You must be a good card player to win first prizes."

Sturm—"No, you had better go home *late* at night, not *early* in the morning. Owl cars are not heated."

Winters—"No, you had no reason to take offense at the advice given last month. It was meant for your good."

Ruhl—"No, a pouting face might look attractive on some, but not on you. Don't try it."

Murphy (II. D.)—"Yes, the Lyric was good that day (January 4) after all. But, honest, you wanted to see that National show badly, didn't you? Ask Sheehan and Braman what they wanted."

Senn—"No, it is not hard to learn to smile. Try to look pleasant for a change. In a few months you'll be able to smile."

S. M. I.'S HERO.

The following letter was written to John Dillon, a member of the Exponent Staff. A newspaper clipping containing an account of the "doing of the deed" was enclosed. This letter entitled the writer to take full charge of our "department of mirth," beginning with the February number:

Mr. John F. Dillon, Successor to Carl Hagenbeck.

DEAR SIR: Whereas we have learned from the columns of the Dayton Journal (no breakfast complete without it) of your daring and spectacular exploit near Library Park, when you gallantly and courageously met, coped with, and brought under subjection a fiery, maddened, and altogether frenzied and unmanageable equine, the same being the means of locomotion by which a consignment of priceless inflammables of sable hue was in process of being conveyed to its destination; and likewise having been informed that by your noble, heroic, and entirely praiseworthy and commendable action, you doubtless saved, preserved, and prolonged the lives of countless defenceless women and children, and e'en, mayhaps, those of men, who, although more advanced in age and stature, nevertheless have not attained your degree of heroism. Having learned all this, we repeat, we take pleasure in informing you that your glorious deed has not gone unnoticed, and that it is now our welcome task to reward you to the best of our ability; therefore,

Resolved, That a *cross maltese* of the Legion of Famous has-beens be conferred upon you, and that a sum of twenty-three thousand pounds sterling coin, current of the realm of Britain and Great Ireland, be set aside for the erection and maintenance (and all graft connected with the project) of an heroic statue of a youth of eighteen autumns, curbing a foaming charger—said charger to be unincumbered by any vehicle, however—the group to be called, "Get Your Coal at Murphy's." This monument will be placed at the junction of the Brahmapootra and Wall Street, on an eminence which commands a view of the fertile and barren wastes of the flourishing kingdom of Patagonia. Thus we trust that your fame will go resounding down the corridors of time, hand in hand with that of Booker T. Washington, and that unrivaled general and statesman, Cornelius G. McGillicuddy, who raised the flag of our glorious country over the conquered nations of the Punjab.

Resolved, also, That we do all in our power to make your name known and honored in all parts of the world and Muncie; and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Dayton Fly Paper.

And to this document do we officially set our hand and seal.

W. J. BRYAN,
SHERLOCK HOLMES,
CARRIE NATION,
XERXES,
BUFFALO BILL,

HANNIBAL,
JIM JEFFRIES,
DR. FRED A. COOK,
Spondulick Committee.
L. of F. H. B.

[SEAL.]

O

NO SMOKING!

The clouds of smoke were blowing far,
As on the platform of a car
A boarder puffed his pipe so red,
Unconscious of the sign that said,
"No smoking!"

His face soon blushed, his down-cast eyes
Spoke more than words or forceful sighs,
As from conductor's voice there rang
The warning voice to one of the gang,
"No smoking!"

"Cut out that smoke!" conductor said,
"Or I'll toss thee in the street instead.
The mud is deep and jucified,"
Rang out the voice that loudly cried,
"No smoking!"

"I'll cut it out," the boarder said,
With saddened heart and sunken head.
A tear splashed in his pipe below
As he read the sign that caused his woe—
"No smoking!"

Oh, things have changed o'er holidays,
And gone are pipes of meerchaum haze
From Oakwood cars when southward bound
As signs speak out the mournful sound—
"No smoking!"



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