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THE EXPONENT

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ASCENDIT—*Frontispiece.*

S. M. I. EIGHT YEARS AGO.

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Ascendit

The
S. M. J. Exponent

Vol. X

MAY, 1912

No. 5

Commencement June 18, 1912

ADDRESS

Hon. Maurice H. Donahue

Judge of the Supreme Court

PROGRAM OF COMMENCEMENT DAY

9:00 A. M.—Reception to the Hon. Maurice H. Donahue at the Union Station.

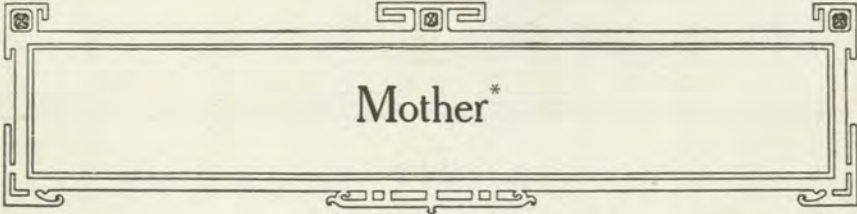
10:30 A. M.—Awarding of Honors to Elementary Department.

12:00 M. —Dinner.

2:00 P. M.—Commencement.

7:15 P. M.—Business Meeting of Alumni at Phillips House.

8:00 P. M.—Alumni Banquet at Phillips House.



Mother*

ROBERT GRAY, '14.



AS we look back over the years of life which it has pleased God to grant us, there stands forth midst that maze of faces and fancies the dear image of one whose influence has predominated, yea, fashioned our life and character. After we have battled with the world, and in its mill have lost some of our youthful illusions, after we have passed through its dirt and grime and sordidness, there will still remain one niche in our mind unsullied, unaffected by these influences—a dim-lit sanctuary sacred to our memory—for there enshrined is that dear picture of sweetness and gentleness and all but infinite self-sacrifice, the embodiment of all that is beautiful and true and good—the memory of our Mother.

From the very first instant of our being, mother's sacrifice began. From the time when she went into the Valley of the Shadow and returned with the tiny mite which was afterwards to become a man, we were her constant care. But she revelled in that care, rejoiced that we had been sent to her. Many a time when crooning a lullaby in the evening twilight, she planned our future—dreamt of what we might one day be. The trouble we caused, the sacrifices we called for, were not considered. She might dream a mother's golden dream, which always surrounds us with a halo of glory, and in so doing she was content to suffer everything—to give to the world a man.

Throughout the dear, dim, distant period called childhood, when childish troubles discouraged the little spirit, and pain and sickness racked the fragile body, it was mother's dear lips that kissed away the pain, mother's untiring hands that cooled the fevered brow. When we looked into those dear, kind, sympathetic eyes, somehow it seemed the burn did not hurt so much, and dispelled by the magic of mother's touch the pain was wafted away as fog by morning's sunlight. Mother

* This oration was awarded the Griffith Gold Medal for Oratory, April 30, 1912.

always knew just where the trouble was and a way to remedy it, so it grew to be our habit, when we found ourselves in trouble, to consult mother, for she always understood, and never could we say that she failed us.

As we grew older, the influence which pervaded our childhood broadened with the years. It was our delight to lay at mother's feet the prizes of our youth, and to receive her words of commendation, besides which those of others paled into insignificance. We may not always have listened to her advice, and in our heedlessness may have often disobeyed her, but never without regret. The result always showed that mother's judgment was the best.

Whenever a questionable act presented itself, and we were inclined to yield to the temptation, there would arise before our eyes the picture of that kind face, now serene and happy, and we would imagine vividly the reproachful expression in those gentle eyes, slowly filling with tears, when she heard of our misdeeds. There we stood irresolute. Our better impulses would then finally master us, and the memory of mother would lead us safely over the shoals of sin and sorrow.

Where is the love that is as constant as hers? Who in the face of scorn and condemnation will stand by us like mother? Her spirit anguishes under the load of denunciation it is forced to bear, but the maternal love is stronger, the virtue of self-immolation is developed to such a degree, that never does her faith and love grow dim. With unbounded admiration we read of the soldier who led the forlorn hope into the mouth of death; of the captain who unflinchingly went down with his ship. But when compared to the heroism of a mother's love, how little of the heroic do they embody?

Mother is with us in joy, in happiness, in success. But it is not on these occasions that we see the true depth of her love or feel the help of her presence. It is in trouble, when deserted, shunned, despised, when the world turns coldly away, that we know the real worth of her whom we call by the sweet name of "Mother." This is the final, the supreme test of love, and from the beginning of time the result has always been the same—mother against the world, with the odds overwhelmingly in favor of the world.

What is the plea which is heard from the lips of the youthful criminal when his misdemeanors have been detected? "For God's sake, don't tell Mother. It will break her heart." He sees behind him that period of Mother's trust, and worse than any penalty the law can inflict is her disillusion. The look of reproach in those saddened eyes is enough to

unman him; it is unbearable. She says not a word, but her eyes express the awful reproach of violated trust which the lips are loath to utter. That the world should condemn his crime matters not, but to reveal to Mother, who has always looked up to him as a model, that he is but a hypocrite, a pretender, a sham, ah! what more terrible punishment can justice exact?

To some of us Mother is only a memory. But what a memory! It haunts us ever as a chord of the most exquisite music, as the never-to-be-forgotten fragrance of the rarest of flowers, as a sunset whose colors are undying. Although deprived of her living presence, we can see Mother before us today even as she was at the time of our parting. In our mind we picture her smiling serenely at our success, consoling us in our troubles. When we depart from the way of righteousness her look of reproach is ever before us. Mother's influence is one that never dies, and from above she watches over us even as she was accustomed to do when we still basked in the sunshine of her earthly presence.

Mother! What a world of meaning is embodied in that simple word whose synonym is undying sacrifice on the altar of kindness, gentleness and all encompassing love. We can never appreciate what Mother has done for us, and no matter how great our devotion, we must always feel that we still owe her an infinite debt of love. We may be an outcast, a vagabond, a criminal—deserted, despised, hunted; but in trouble and despair, in joy and sunshine, in hope and gladness, in the darkest depths of gloom, at the moment of our greatest success, if Mother is still with us she will be there to cheer and comfort us, to love and care for us, to rejoice and be glad with us, for hers is a devotion that does not vary with our fortune.

But do we ever think of the day of parting—that day when for the last time we shall hear that gentle voice, when the light of those kindly eyes is forever engulfed in eternity—that day of gloom when we face the world alone, deprived of the one friend ever true? On that day of sorrow there will come to our mind the remembrance of our past conduct—a remembrance which our present acts determine—a memory of the sweetest consolation or a memory of the most bitter regret. If we would have it be a consolation, a joy to us, then let our acts be so directed that for Mother the Ship of Life glides over only the smoothest channels, far removed from the Sea of Trouble. Never let it be said that because of us was the sunshine of her earthly happiness obscured by the clouds of gloom and sorrow. And having rendered her life happy, we shall have repaid her in some measure for the wealth of love lavished

upon us, and we shall be better prepared for that day of separation, that day of which the poet so beautifully speaks when he says:

"Some day the angels will come
For this beautiful Mother of ours,
And will bear her away to their home
That is close by the amaranth bowers;
And there in her radiant youth,
Where the ransomed aye flourish and bloom,
In the region of sunlight and truth
She will wait for her children to come."

Nature

EDWARD RUHL, '12

I love to lie beneath the fresh, cool shade
Of woodlands green, upon the far off hills,
Where all the day a merry torrent spills
Its silvery spray in fairy-like cascade.
There in the midst of a rich palisade
Of fragrant flowers lined with daffodils,
I hear the evening hymn which Nature fills
Just as the sunbeams into twilight fade.

There would I wish forever to abide,
And close to Nature's heart commune alone
With all the master minds that were the pride
Of each succeeding age in history known—
For deathless deeds and epoch-making thought
On Nature's breast in solitude are wrought.



A College Bred Man is Not a Four Year Loaf

FRANCIS M. MUELLER, '12.



IN our day of modern educational institutions, the question is often asked, "Of what purpose is college training? You never hear of a college-bred man obtaining the highest positions of trust, or as leaders in the commercial and financial world." There seems to be much truth in this statement, but the truth goes only as far as the statement. It is a statement made by people who depend only on what they hear, be it fact or fancy.

That there are young men who leave college with less common sense than they possessed when they entered, I admit; but the number is insignificantly small compared to the good results obtained. A college does not assert its ability to turn out men ready to step into the leading positions of our great commercial institutions, nor will she ever assert it. But she does maintain that she sends forth men with a firm foundation upon which to build a commercial training, and in this the college is fulfilling her purpose. Go into the business world and see who holds the subordinate positions of trust and responsibility. You will invariably find that the greatest percentage are college-bred men. This fact may not be apparent to the average person, but ask the man who knows—the business man, the college authorities. They will point out to you an assistant cashier, a reporter, a salesman, an office clerk, an assistant in public office, all preparing themselves for the higher positions as managers, presidents, editors, and the like.

You may ask, "Why is it that such men are seldom heard of?" The reason is simple. These men are thinkers, men capable of applying their mind and thought to their business. They are not the failures who go about the streets displaying their few grains of knowledge by rattling off a few stereotyped facts, that may astonish the average person. They are not the snobs standing about the street corners proclaiming to everyone with an air of superiority of empty-headed pride, that they are "college graduates." And, lastly, they are not the walking fashion

plates that parade our city streets. Men of brains have no time for fads and fancies; they have no time to try to place themselves in the public limelight. Their minds are intent on more serious matters.

The old proverb, "Empty barrels make the most noise," can be fittingly applied to the "failures." "Boneheads" are always in the limelight, boasting of one thing or another, of achievements that they never accomplished, displaying everywhere and at all times the little knowledge that may have accidentally remained sticking somewhere in the dark recesses of an empty cranium. The man of brains, on the other hand, is the quiet, serious man of business, applying his knowledge at the right time and place. He gladly takes subordinate positions in order to get acquainted with the intricacies of business, which, by the way, not even the best school can teach, and when once he has mastered them his rise will be gradual and steady.

The fact that you do not hear of college men in high positions is not because there are none in those positions, but because they do not publish it broadcast when they do obtain such a place of importance. The so-called self-made man seems to fascinate our reporters, for the man who has started at the bottom and has risen to prominence has his entire history published. I do not say that he is not deserving of honor. On the contrary, he deserves the highest praise. Yet how few think what his success would have been had he had all the advantages of a present-day education—that firm, intellectual foundation which develops the mind, quickens the intellect, and helps to logical and sound reasoning.

The purpose of a college training is to aid men to grasp at a moment the intricacies of business, to prepare their minds for that strain which modern business imposes on every man in its ranks, and well have our institutions of learning accomplished their work.

Get next to the college students of S. M. I.; cease gazing listlessly at them when they have a stray hour "off"; join the classes and you will find that the four years' college course is a strenuous life and not a four years' loaf. One thing it will do for all pessimists—teach them that God's mission for man to carry out is to build up and not to tear down, to show how the world can be made brighter and not how dark some corners are. The four years' college course, although you may not see it, will broaden that little pygmy brain of yours till the very sutures in your cranium strain with the pressure of the knowledge that uplifts, that teaches you to help your fellow-men, that opens the door to the

belief that happiness comes from knowing a "little more," to help one another, and to love one another.

FRED STURM, '14.

As we gaze mentally over the vastness of the States we are awed into mute joy on beholding the prosperous reign of education today. Colleges and universities seem to flourish at the whim of Dame Fortune, and prosperous men with ideas, and the same backed by yellow coin, send their chaps through high school and college in order that they may obtain an education. Their ideas frequently "fall through" at the end, and their money likewise. They mean well by giving their sons such grand opportunities, but the foundation on which they lodge their hopes are often dissipated rascals, the spendthrifts of a father's hard-earned money, and profligates at parents' own expense, though the fond parent sees it not.

I do not condemn the college career; I only mean to sound a note of warning to generous parents and to careless youths, and to the latter more urgently, for with them does life run roughest, for they are the inexperienced, the guileless.

Let the college man take a serious view of the four years' course, which comes and goes but once, and leaves the graduated young man either on a grand foundation, the result of ardent labor, or leaves the same destitute on treacherous sands, unable even to start anew. Not only this, but let the college man study daily over the subject, and ask himself what he really means by taking a course in college. A careless one will say: "Oh, I'm studying to be a chemist or a lawyer, an engineer, and so forth." In reality he only thinks he is, and other than accomplishing some good, is doing very little to further his ambitious desires of a later-day dream.

Ponder over the immensity of the subject—to be an engineer, which means one who is capable of building a bridge or erecting a ten-story office building. Ask yourself: "Could I accomplish this by taking a four years' course?" The answer would shortly be forthcoming: "No." "Could I, a lawyer, ably withhold my own against the gray-haired of the bench?" Folly would not even suggest a "yes," much less a college-bred man deeming it possible. Yes, it is only by understanding the gravity of the subject that the truth is finally and firmly brought home to us.

No matter how hard we strive for mastery of the text book, no matter how studiously and diligently we memorize the lesson, the ultimate success cannot be assured by these means alone, but by others vastly more important to a successful graduate. "Plod! plod!" is the word; exertion and untiring labor done elsewhere than in the class room. It is acquired by plodding after knowledge found in some hidden treasure in a library; it is acquired by a character study of the great men whom we wish to imitate, in the study of our neighbor whom we will meet on professional basis, in a true study of ourselves. Keep picking! The weak spots will reveal themselves. Keep plugging! The holes in the fortress will be rendered impenetrable.

When he who ardently desires to become a great man, or one of value to his country, his neighbor, and himself, studiously ponders over the immensity of the subject, and learns that the way to knowledge, to fame, to glory, is rough, he will grasp the subject rightly and prove a success. Then his equipment for life will be complete, because he has tested the details. The plunge may be taken without fear of sinking.

Ah! then the ideal spirit of the age, manifested by the generous father, would dispel the careless thinker from the life seemingly blissful to one of ardent study and ardent longing for advancement, and the four years' course, instead of a four years' loaf, would become profitable for the students and a never-ceasing joy to the aged parents who are deserving of it all.

EUGENE C. GERLACH, '12.

Since the fall of Adam man has always been struggling to loose himself from the shackles of ignorance and of barbarism and to approach nearer that wisdom and knowledge with which he was endowed in Paradise. The Renaissance started the great system of education and learning which we possess today. After the cloud of war and conflict had disappeared from the sky of the Middle Ages, seats of learning were established and men gathered in the university towns in order to partake of the knowledge which was cast broadside by those good monks of old.

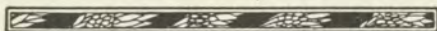
But today the sciences and arts have suffered a blow by this predominating spirit of our time—commercialism. The college man seems to be ridiculed and mocked by some of the followers of this business movement. The public schools are sufficient, universities and colleges are not necessary, so they declare; but are they correct in this statement? By no means. If all education were to cease with eighth grade

or the high school, whence would we be able to draw our men for public office? Whence would come our statesmen and our rulers? Men forget that not every man is to follow the figures of Wall Street; that some are called to be lawyers, others physicians, some teachers, others clergymen.

The present education received in public schools is sufficient for the wage-earner and the day laborer, but not for men who would wish to better this world, for men who would wish to fight a successful battle against vice and crime, against the corrupting evils of the day.

It is often stated that a man, after spending four years at college pursuing the studies of the arts and sciences, is unable to fill a position in an office or in another department of life. I ask you to prove this. Take a graduate of our public schools and place him side by side with a college graduate, and watch the result. The narrow-mindedness and undevelopment of the former's brain will soon be contrasted with broad and enlightened views of the college man. The man with his college education to back him is soon promoted; he continues to rise, while the man with the ordinary learning drags along at his same position throughout life. And yet some people declare four years at college to be a loaf of so many years, and a waste of money.

No! Four years spent in earnest study and in acquiring useful knowledge are not years of loafing and idleness. If no man were educated more than another, all would be equally *unfit* to teach, all would be equally *unfitted* for professions. But this is not so. The physician and the lawyer, the teacher and the clergyman—all must pursue studies further than the course of four years at college. They must apply themselves to studies and to tasks which vary widely with those of the ordinary collegian. The college course, therefore, does not hinder man, but it broadens his mind and his understanding and makes him more capable to fulfill his life's work. Therefore, the accusations and charges against higher education, against the further development of the faculties of the mind, are false and outrageous and should be strongly refuted by college men themselves—not only refuted, but proven to be false by the successes achieved by men who have spent four years at college.





The Destiny of America



JOSEPH GRAHAM, '13.



TIME rolls on; like a vast flood it rushes on, sweeping everything before it with a mighty and irresistible force. Who or what can stay it for a moment? Learned and ignorant, king and slave, saint and sinner—all sing beneath it as the grain under the keen edge of the mower. And it is not individuals alone that disappear; cities, empires, yea, and even whole races disappear as the last majestic snow of winter before the conquering son of spring. We can scarcely trace in the peasantry of Egypt or in the villages of Persia a single vestige of the mighty men of pre-Christian ages. Is it not difficult to discover in the modern Greek, the heroes of Athens and Sparta? or to recognize in the familiar organ grinder the noble Roman? The monuments of these bygone empires consist of broken statues, marred inscriptions, and curious relics, over which archaeologists argue and speculate as they finger fast-fading, musty old folios.

Rome has passed, Greece has passed, and the tide of prestige seems to flow from east to west. It is not among the ruins of the old, but in the fruitful new soil of the western world that mighty nations have arisen. America is the youngest of these, and at present seems to be the most formidable. Yet, there are those who say that the knell of dissolution has been heard, that the waves of night will soon encompass us, and we will fall as others before us. Is there that vitality in the blood and hearts of this dominant nation that will keep it from decay and from the fate of others? Will America pass into oblivion as the mighty eastern empires have done?

It is true our coasts are amply guarded, and a foreign army, even if on our soil, could not work much evil. Our navy is one of the best in the world, and our internal resources are practically inexhaustible; but we must remember our seemingly great power is not everything. The Romans were the wealthiest and most powerful nation of their time, and yet they fell into decay. How are we internally? How do

we live? Are our morals what they should be? Are we living as a Christian nation should, or are we imitating the ancient pagans and slowly but surely nearing destruction and ruin? These, indeed, are questions well worth considering, and I fear we shall find ourselves not so firmly established morally as commercially. With vice rampant in our large cities, it is not surprising to note its increase in the last few years. At the present time there is almost as much vice in America as in ancient Rome. True, it is not brazenly flaunted as it was in Rome, but nevertheless it exists. Let us hope that we have not fallen into the depth of sewage into which decaying Rome fell, when men lived under such a crushing sense of degradation, when sensuality was so regularly and methodically practical, when calumny was so abundant, so gross, so readily believed. Those, indeed, were days of lust, blood, and libel. But let us take care lest Socialism, with its cry for equality and free love, lead us to this. The creedless church, the cradleless nursery, the lax divorce court, the sensuous dance, and the salacious drama, are catering to a class—yea, soon to the very nation decaying in the depths of vice and immorality.

Let us compare the sumptuous, licentious feasts of the wealthy Romans and the sufferings of the plebeians with our own grand banquets and the bread lines of our large cities, and we shall see that we are riding to a Roman fall. The rurals rushed into Rome to live, leaving the soil uncultivated, and increasing the cost of living. And is it not the same today? Desiring to enrich themselves, the inhabitants of our fields are crowding into the city, increasing the demand for food-stuffs and lessening the supply. What does all this mean? It means that the people of today tire of the simple life; they seek the lighted city of hurry and bustle, in search of pleasures and wealth. This amassing of fortunes is fast becoming one of the causes of our downfall. It is becoming a canker in the bosom of the nation which is beginning to rot from the top downward. Those who by birth and education should be the sternest protectors of the nation, abandon all and worship at the shrine of the golden god. Our wealth and prosperity, those two factors in the existence of every nation which should prove to be the uplift of its people, will be our ruin. We find even our public officials encouraging and enriching themselves by the very evils they were put in office to eradicate. Why so many strikes and so much unrest all over the country, which outbreaks cost the government so much to quiet? Because a few of our American citizens and advocates of freedom have in their pursuit of riches tried to make slaves out of their

fellow-men. Why do we find so much poverty and suffering, and so many workingmen fighting for their very livelihood? Because a "Triumvirate" (Morgan, Rockefeller and Ryan) more tyrannical than any ancient slave drivers, has been formed to rob them of their just dues.

We wonder why Socialism has gained so many followers in the last few years. Yet, we fail to note that the struggling wage earners are tired of their hard-driving task masters, and are looking about for a Moses to lead them into the Land of Promise. But there is no need of Socialism. What we really need is Social Reform, if we wish to save this grand republic which we call "the land of the free and home of the brave." And yet, are not these words a mockery in this age of "Bossism" and "Gangism," in this age when the modern octopus, the trust, sucks the life blood of the poor?

We find the government investigating these evils, and beginning to take steps towards their eradication. But does it not look as though, in their haste for reforming these, they are forgetting to look into another very important question—our education? We hear authorities say, "Give us educated masses and we will be a great nation." This is, indeed, very true if we get the right kind of education. To have the right kind of education, we must develop our morals as well as our intellect. But is not this the one thing our large state universities and schools are *not* doing? Their scholars are taught nothing of God. They are taught that there is no hereafter; that hell and eternity are myths. It looks as though their golden rule is, "Do unto others as you *think* they would do unto you, but do it first." Yet our professors at these institutions, which turn out well-trained brutes, tell us that the only safe citizens are the educated. Yet the education they advocate is the kind that breeds a Robespierre, a Marat, a Danton, and such fiends of the French Revolution. Intelligent citizens? What would America be if we had only *intelligent* citizens? We would need one hundred detectives of the Burns type, instead of one, to bring dynamiters to justice. Some of our worst criminals are types of this kind of intelligence. Had our states modeled their system of making men intelligent after our Catholic colleges and institutions, we could safely agree with them, but not otherwise. Thus, to maintain our supremacy we must make over our educational institutions or come to grief, as did France.

There is no immediate danger, but the rumblings of the coming storm have been heard. The people are tiring of their serfdom and corrupt legislation. The plutocrat is gaining in power and crushing the democrat under the heel of a worse tyrant than ever wore the purple. Beauty

is the slave of gold, and Intellect led by Beauty unknowingly dances to the strings which are pulled by Plutocracy. The scourge which threatens to overwhelm us is not that of our envious rivals, but the cankering worm in the heart of the nation, the sloth, the indolence, the luxurious immorality, the loss of manliness and moral courage. It was these which overthrew Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Athens and Rome, and now threaten us. We are all patriots, ready to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, in defending our country against a foreign foe. Let us then be up and doing. Let us remember we are Americans and love justice and freedom. The masses are crying for freedom and justice. Let us not leave unheeded their cry, for they are beginning to resent this continued playing with their moral sentiments and the ignoring of their pleas for capable leaders. The mob begins by asking for right and justice, and ends by demanding a scape-goat and a martyr.

Once democracy overflows, it becomes a scourge and an evil, going farther than is right or just. Let us heed its cry by putting men of moral courage in our public offices who will guide us safely through all storms. We are a practical, common sense people. We have held our own because of our cool, calm, almost phlegmatic and critical way of regarding all questions, but it is well to have our enthusiasm aroused. Let us remember that it is the spice of enthusiasm that has kept us steadily striking out in fresh directions, ever increasing the world's knowledge and our own importance. We cannot stand still; the law of life is motion. We must either go forward or backward. Let us then wipe out our moral decay, political corruption, graft, bribery and greed, for these are the rising causes of our retrogression. Let us break up the centralization of wealth, that deadliest menace to our liberties and civilization. Our civilization has made mistakes, but let us not make the worst of all mistakes, by turning a deaf ear to the lesson of the ruin of Rome.

The eternal law of cause and effect operates with deadly precision, whether in the days of Caesar or of Morgan. What were vices, faults, defective inclinations of the will seventeen hundred years ago remain such today. What destroyed Rome will destroy us. If rivalry between classes and professions brought ruin to Rome, it will bring the same to us; if irreligion and licentiousness menaced Rome's civilization, it is menacing ours; if opulence destroyed that mighty nation, it will destroy another. Yes, let us pause in our mad rush towards wealth and power; let us take up again the lofty ideals of our forefathers, to conquer the world—yea, tyrannize over it—yet, not by force of arms or wealth, but

by our ideals. Spread them broadcast and we will then become the beacon light for our sister nations, pointing out to them the paths of freedom, honesty and bravery which are so dear to the heart of every true Christian. Let that be the aim of the American people; let that be our country's destiny.

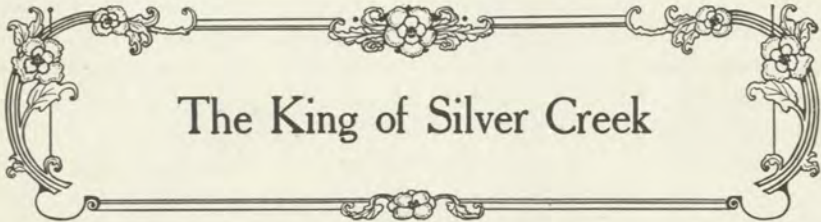
Life

ROBERT E. GRAY, '14

Is it not strange that those who went before
Us thro' this vale of darkness did not leave
A lamp, our credulous eyes to undeceive
Ere too, we passed thro' death's Plutonian door?
A guide to warn us 'gainst the greed and store
Of gold to which our hearts with harm might cleave,
Whose consequence we never might retrieve
Ere life's frail thread be cut forevermore.

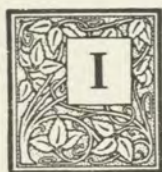
So tho' we husband well the golden grain
What counts it when we reach the journey's end?
Before the Judge, our merit, not our gain,
Our deeds of good, will all the gold transcend;
And if not favored, we cannot complain.
We chose the gold, we reap the dividend.





The King of Silver Creek

LYMAN HILL, '16.



SEE you're acquainted with the hook and line yourself, sir. It's only your kind that care for more than the little type-written cards give;" and he shortly handed me a book of local information, much of which was manuscript. Half an hour later I questioned the driver of the rickety dog-cart that carried me to the Cedar Forks station and the homeward-bound train. The little story I thus picked up on my short pleasure trip is the following.

The customary group of loiterers and village news retailers were lounging around the front of Mark Wetherby's General Store, under the old but wide and serviceable awning, which afforded a welcome shade from the rays of the sun on a particularly hot and drowsy May afternoon.

"By the way, boys," old Hank Clark was saying, "have ye heerd the latest?"

Receiving a few negative grunts, Hank treated himself to a new and very large piece of his favorite plug, and having adjusted it favorably in the side of his mouth where it would be ready for instant use, finally rewarded his audience with the intelligence that "the smart folks up to the Country Club had decided, as a sportin' proposition, to give to the one who could ketch old 'Red Fin' a cash prize of fifty bucks." And, swelling with the importance of his mission in making this announcement, Hank chewed on complacently, watching the effect of his words.

"Bub" Jones sat up so suddenly, that in the effort to adjust his overalls to the rising situation of his fat body, he broke a strap; "Ebe" Snell, "the laziest man in the village," did the announcement the honor of pushing back his hat, opening his eyes, and asking for further particulars; while the others in various ways signified their interest. All of them had at some time or other tried unsuccessfully to catch the great trout, which for two seasons past had been to anglers, near and

far, the greatest attraction, and had about decided that he was invincible. But fifty dollars was certainly an added incentive, and most of them, after extracting all the information Hank had to give about it, went home to overhaul their fishing tackle or to get new reels, lines, hooks, or flies from the General Store. And so in the next couple of weeks Mark Wetherby made many sales, and "Red Fin" had many callers, all of whom he sent away dejected. All kinds of tempting bait, from hog-flesh and red flannel to the most gaily colored and rare flies, were unavailing. The trout would rise up to inspect the cheat and to "show off" his strong, flashing, vermillion-dotted body, and the ridiculous red fin which no one could account for, then insolently and contemptuously slap the surface of the water with his tail and seek the cool waters far down in the bottom of the pool.

Silver Creek is a winding ribbon of water, threading its way through the fields and woods around Cedar Forks, generally as a benignant and passive stream, but sometimes in rushing, turbulent rapids, tumbling in its precipitate haste over rocks and waterfalls. The bed of the creek is very white, shining sand, which, seen through the clear, transparent waters, is the origin of the stream's name. There is one point just beyond Turner's Woods much deeper than any other part of the stream, overhung and cooled by the shadows of the bank and a giant oak which has strayed outside the boundaries of the woods, and here the King of Silver Creek had taken up his abode, requiring heavy toll of all who through ignorance or audacity dared infringe upon his domain.

Among these unfortunates were stray minnows whose frantic darts were powerless against the locomotive rushes of the big trout; bugs, grubs, and worms, washed down by the current; and Red Fin could have accounted for the disappearance of many a chub, sucker, or small trout, who came to as precipitate an end as any misguided minnows. Then there were the inhabitants of the great world above his pool—May flies, butterflies, and others who would accidentally fall into the waters and frantically endeavor to extricate themselves with their heavy, wet wings; occasional bees and hornets whose stings the bony plates of his mouth ignored; frogs and voyaging wood mice were very rare delicacies, since they soon learned to give the trouts' lair a wide berth.

After the first enthusiasm of the rustics caused by the offer of the prize for "Red Fin" had died out, and even after the older and more experienced fishermen, both from the fishing club which had offered the prize and from among the natives themselves, had been day after day

bested in the trial of skill with the trout, and reluctantly acknowledged themselves defeated, "Red Fin" had still a regular visitor. This strange shadow which he saw early every morning when the world above was gray and dim, made him frightened and suspicious at first, but he finally grew accustomed to it. It never did him any harm, and he therefore finally went on unconcernedly about the first and most important duty of all the wild folk—that of supporting himself.

The originator of the shadow could scarcely have been over sixteen years old, nor was he particularly large for his age, yet he was wiry and well knit—the kind of person men call deceptive; in other words, Archie Macklin looked strong, but was in reality stronger than he looked. And for all his short sixteen years, Archie had an enviable reputation as a fisherman, acquired on numerous fishing trips with his father and uncle. Visiting at the time his cousins in Cedar Forks, he had determined at least to make an attempt to catch the famous trout, and was convinced that "Red Fin" could in some way be caught notwithstanding his reputation. He had gained the first point in being able to come and go as he pleased without arousing the trout's suspicions, and he became completely familiar with Red Fin's ways.

"The trouble with all you fellows," he said to the group around the General Store one evening, "is that you use all these different fancy baits and make the trout suspicious, and I'll prove it to you before I go home."

Early next morning Archie, as usual, left his uncle's home for the creek half a mile away. He carried a short steel trout-rod under his arm and a reel in his pocket. When he drew near he became aware that someone was already in possession of the field of conflict, and, concealed in the bushes near the edge of the creek, he watched him. The man tried first a fly and made a fine cast, but "Red Fin," having never seen such a variety before, decided to investigate first. The awakening morning light was reflected for just a second on a fine, white line above the fly. A previous narrow escape had taught him what that cord meant; the red fin cut the surface and he sought again the waters of the pool. All the other artificial bait was just as unsuccessful, and the angler finally went away in disgust.

The fate of a frog which Archie had witnessed several days ago, had decided him as to what bait to use, and he went a little farther up stream to a swampy field, where he caught a few small frogs, and then took up his accustomed station. After a while, when the trout turned again to feeding as if nothing had disturbed his equanimity, Archie de-

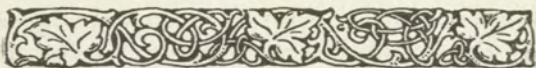
cided to make the attempt which would determine whether all his trouble of the last two weeks had been a useless undertaking.

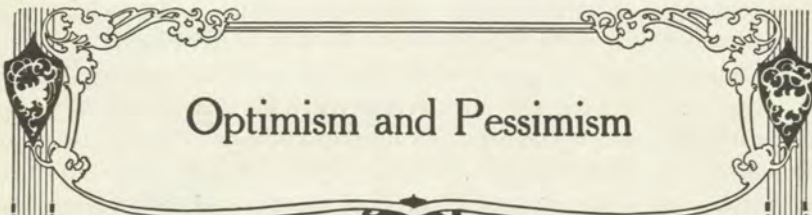
He selected a very lively young frog, and carefully hooking him, let him drop as if accidentally into the water. The frog must have been well instructed as to who was the lord of the pool, for he struck out terrified for the closest bank. Frog, as has been said, was one of "Red Fin's" tidbits, and even if he had stopped to examine this one he would have had trouble seeing the dull grey fish-line Archie used, for it was not wet and shiny, and the sun's light only imperfectly pierced through the foggy covering of the earth. When "Red Fin" saw the frog flop awkwardly into the water and then make off in prodigious, terrified jumps for the shore, he shot out of his den and up toward him like a stone from a catapult, and before long the frog had disappeared in the trout's bony mouth.

* * *

The club house near Cedar Forks is long and low, mission furnished, with walls covered with different trophies. The club was first organized by a number of fishermen, and hence many of them are aquatic trophies. Most conspicuous among these is a beautiful specimen of brook trout, finely mounted and set up. The fish is at least twenty-two inches in length from the ferocious bull-mouth to the tip of the powerful tail. Its beauty is as remarkable as its size, the deep brown of the back gently papling to the silver of the belly, the sides dotted with intense vermillion. A peculiarity of this trout is its red dorsal fin. The type-written card posted beneath reads thus:

Salmo Fontinalis, Mitch.,
Brook or Speckled Trout,
New England States.
Caught by Mr. Archibald Macklin
in Silver Creek, June 2, 1898.





Optimism and Pessimism

EUGENE C. GERLACH, '12.

T the present time there seems to be a predominating spirit of pessimism among the American public. Nothing but long faces and dissatisfied countenances can be seen on all sides; narrow-mindedness is evident among every social class, whilst the envious eyes of one man are continually and stealthily observing the successes of his neighbor. To be successful nowadays is synonymous with creating numerous enemies. No longer does one man rejoice at the success of his fellowman, but rather is delighted to learn of his fall. It is this ever-increasing spirit of envy, this repeated violation of the tenth commandment which has today caused so much misery and hatred among men.

The pessimist can see no enjoyment or pleasure in the most amusing incident. Even sunlight itself appears as blackest night to him. Every little misfortune is a huge curse upon him. He has been created only to be a misery to himself and to his associates. This abominable evil, for such it must be termed, is every day increasing. No longer is the golden rule of King Arthur known; no more do men gather together to feast and to make merry without this dreadful plague being among them.

Consider the real arguments which the pessimists advance. Do they not agree with the Socialists in many of their statements as regards social standing? They bring forth numerous causes why this man should hold a lower position than they; they can explain in a hundred different ways the direful effects of actions which in the eyes of the optimist are beneficial to men. Not being content with possessing this sour disposition themselves, they strive incessantly to gain over others and to spread broadcast this infectious sin.

Truly, there are no grounds to justify or sustain the theory of pessimism. Misfortunes and adverse results may happen, but that gives

the unfortunate man no cause to become a pessimist. Because one investment has failed is not a sufficient reason to look upon all things in life with an aching eye; nor is concentration of a great amount of wealth among a certain few a source from which thousands of "grumps" should spring forth. This is no fault of the pessimist that one man has more money than he can dispose of, while thousands of others are in want; but the pessimist, while claiming to be a philanthropist, only imbeds himself deeper in the ruts of his hated doctrine.

Directly opposed to the almost incurable malady of pessimism is optimism. The radiant traits of optimism affect all coming in contact with the possessor of the genial character. The optimist sees the silver lining to every cloud; has faith in mankind, and a cheery, cheerful way of seeing things. It is sad, indeed, that some young ideal exponents of optimism so soon forget the spirit of contentment and happiness, and thrust themselves among envious men and women, and in a short time become victims of this same disease—pessimism.

Many people have a wrong interpretation of the word optimism, understanding it as a word which means lack of all seriousness, with no cares nor duties, embracing frivolity and a care-free habit. This is by far not the meaning of optimism. The true optimist accepts all cares, duties and troubles in a joyful spirit, not considering them as punishments or chastisements, but looking upon them as easy trials coming from God to cause more joy and happiness among His creatures.

Let us, therefore, flee from this false and wailing doctrine of pessimism and resolve to belong to this latter class of men, to a class whose doctrine we can prove by logical and sensible arguments, a class which gives joy and happiness to its members and bring mirth and pleasure to those about us, a class which eliminates narrow-mindedness and makes better citizens and fitter and more genial companionship.

HENRY J. KLEIN, '13.

We often hear the words, optimism and pessimism, but do we ever stop to consider what are the meanings of these words?

The dictionary defines optimism as "a doctrine that everything in nature being the work of God is ordered for the best, or to produce the highest good." Again, optimism is defined as a "disposition to take a hopeful view."

Directly opposed to optimism is pessimism, defined as "the opinion

that everything in nature is ordered for the worst, and that the world is wholly evil."

Thus, we see that being of a directly opposite nature, it is impossible for any person simultaneously to possess both optimism and pessimism. It would be very difficult, moreover, for two persons possessing the spirit of optimism and pessimism, respectively, to be very friendly toward each other.

The optimist is of more value to society than the ordinary person, for he possesses that "never give up" spirit which is so characteristic of success in the present prosperous age. When things seem to go wrong, the optimist is ever ready with words of encouragement and enthusiastic hope, and many an enterprise has been successful, simply owing to the supreme efforts of the optimist.

Take, for example, the prospector leaving home and all that is dear to him, who sets out for unexplored regions with the hope of discovering wealth. Time and time again he meets with signal failure, but that indomitable optimistic spirit keeps urging him on with the hope that he cannot always fail, and that he must eventually reap the harvest of his trials and struggles by making a "big find."

The inventor, especially, must possess the spirit of optimism, for how seldom are his first efforts crowned with success! Is there not always something found to be wanting to make the invention succeed? The greatest inventions have been achieved only after years of labor and repeated failures.

The greatest example of optimism is displayed in our own great national game—baseball. The real "heart and soul" fan of this, the world's greatest game, can safely be said to be an optimist, for when did ever a true fan give up hope until the last man was out? With certain defeat staring them in the face, do not the players hope against hope that by one of those lucky ninth-inning batting rallies they will yet be victorious?

Optimism is one of the chief factors of success in life, and rarely is a pessimist successful in any undertaking requiring determination and effort, for the slightest reverse will discourage him, and he will immediately give up all hope of ever attaining success.

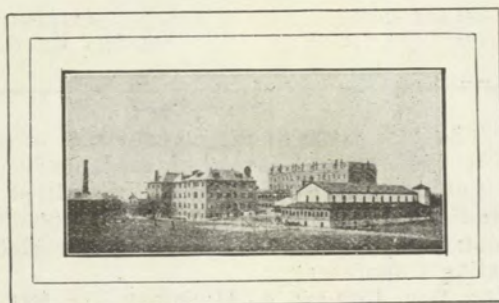
Both optimism and pessimism can be compared to fatalism in this sense, that the optimist hopes that no matter what he does or what happens his action will always have a good result. Should anything happen contrary to his expectations, he smiles and says: "One unlucky day gone. My luck will soon be due."

Pessimism is more directly related to fatalism than optimism, for the pessimist entertains the idea that no matter how much good he strives to accomplish it will always have an evil result; no matter how hard success, or fame, or fortune is striven for, the result will surely be a complete failure.

The characteristic difference, however, between optimism and pessimism, and that of fatalism, is that the former merely hope for good or evil results, while the fatalist is convinced of the result.

The optimist is the man who does good for himself and for others as a result of his views, and owing to the good results obtained from optimism, we should all strive to cultivate it in our youth and do all we can to promote it among those younger than ourselves.

The world at large hates a pessimist and we should guard ourselves against it as we would against poison, for pessimism usually gives a sour temper and a gloomy, unsociable disposition, causing a man to be shunned and despised by those who would otherwise be his friends and companions.





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\$300.00
 Donation of

The May issue of the Exponent is to be no exception to the numbers issued since January, each of which published a gift in favor of the College. We have the pleasure of announcing that our Chicago Alumni donated an Absorption Dynamometer—value \$300.00—to occupy a place in the new Mechanical Testing Laboratory.

Our loyal Old Boy, Edward A. Hochwalt, '72, has also added his name to the list of our benefactors with a donation of \$100.00 to the Chemical Laboratory.

The President, Faculty and Students join to extend their most sincere thanks to the Chicago Alumni and to Edward A. Hochwalt for the substantial assistance they have given to the Engineering Department.

And now we ask who is the Alumnus, Old Boy or friend of the College, whose gift will be recorded in the June issue of the Exponent?

The Study of English   The value of the study of English is not understood by the majority of students. Because they have grown up with the language, and can speak it, they fail to see the necessity of devoting much time and effort to acquire perfection.

To speak and write well, in the opinion of many, is a natural gift, a mark of genius. They see the completed works of the master, but not a moment's thought is given to the constant practice, the persistent effort that is required to reach perfection, to make the master.

"Genius is the art of taking pains," and nowhere can we see this better illustrated than in every walk of life. What makes the skilled mechanic, the shrewd business man, the proficient athlete, if not constant practice, continual striving to attain perfection? Apply this same principle to the study of English, and you have the master of prose.

Proficiency in English is not an inborn quality, but the constant speaking and writing as well as we know how. Only then will we become adept in the handling of words, more critical and exact in their choice, and better able to marshal thoughts and ideas into a clear, correct, and consistent whole. Vigor of feeling, breadth of thought, sublimity and beauty do not come spontaneously, but only by constant and unceasing effort.

Students, as a rule, are prone to neglect their English studies, because they require such persistent effort. They do not recognize the value of English composition in later life. Yet our business, social and political life demands of every man a good command of English. And who of us knows whether or not we will ever be called upon to express our opinions, to address meetings and assemblies, to write for the papers and magazines? Picture the business man, the agent, the society man, the public speaker, the politician, who is not proficient in English, and you have the failures.

As college men, we will be expected to know, and the greater will be our shame if we fail. The sooner, therefore, that a student will realize that English is as essential as any other branch of study, the more he will benefit by it. He will then recognize that genius in writing and speaking is not so much an innate ability as the constant and persistent writing of essays with much time set aside to "cut and polish." Ability to express ideas and opinions with correctness, force, and elegance of style, will then be ever present as the copious vocabulary supplies just the right word at the right place.

FRANCIS M. MUELLER, '12.

The Graduate
of the
Small College

The complaint is often made that the college man does not render service commensurate with the advantages that have been accorded him, that it would be far better for him, as well as for his parents' purse, had he been set up in business, or busied in at some mercantile pursuit when he had completed his high school course. There are those who regard the years at college as so many years spent in idleness and pleasure seeking.

But the truth of the matter is, that the graduate of a small college invariably proves to be an efficient workman and renders service to the community in which he makes his abode. As a rule, the students found at the smaller colleges are seekers for knowledge and learning, and not for social position and advantages. The lad setting out for a small college goes away with the determination to make good, and hence he is prepared to labor earnestly and diligently, to patiently endure all the trials that beset the path of the wooers of wisdom.

Arrived at the small college, he soon finds that he is surrounded with many advantages that would not be his were he enrolled at one of the larger colleges whose name appeals only to the uninitiated. There are no "frats" to disturb his thoughts, steal his time, or supply baneful distractions. The classes are not overcrowded, hence he receives almost individual attention. The small classes have this advantage, also, that the slothfully inclined student cannot successfully evade attendance, for his absence is quickly noted and he is compelled to account for it. Therefore, he soon learns to overcome whatever tendencies he may have in this respect, and is thus prepared for manfully facing the perplexing duties that will surely confront him later on in life. Discipline at the small college is always rigidly enforced, hence the moral results are better. So it is not strange that the student at the smaller colleges applies himself more assiduously to his study than his brother in the larger and more notable colleges; and when he finally graduates, he is equipped to begin a stern battle with the skeptical world which must always be *shown* before it will believe.

As to the charge that the years at college are but so many years' vacation, it is useless to argue with those who have never had the advantage of attending a college, but the man who has been there is aware that the curriculum of the colleges, the requirements laid down by the prefect of study, are such that only those who work can achieve the required results. The student at the small college knows that many an hour is put in at study when the nerves, overworked eyes, and the weary brain are flashing the "S. O. S." all in vain. Lectures and classes are

held true to schedule, and cannot be changed to conform to the whims of nature. The perseverance and grit thus engendered to fight the forces of nature give the young man necessary training that will be of so much advantage later on in life.

And so we see that the college graduate, especially the graduate from the small college, is not a failure. His training fits him for a position in life, and not only is his own life the brighter and more useful as a result of his studies, but the world at large is better because of his highly developed mentality, enabling him to be both efficient and serviceable to all.

JOHN F. DILLON, '13.

Athletics
Today

With the every-day murmurings of the fault finder we often hear the complaint that too much time is given to athletics in our colleges and universities. It is said that time which should be given to serious study is devoted to "childish play" or to "worthless sports." Now, we do not assert that athletics cannot be overdone. We acknowledge this, and will agree that it really is overdone in some of our modern universities. However, we do say and we maintain that athletics, which includes the development of the physical man, is not only important, but is absolutely essential to a complete education.

There are those who tell us that when they went to college they did not engage in sports, and still they were physically developed. This may indeed be true, but we would ask these same men, if after sitting for hours over a text book, they were not accustomed to wend their way home through miles of turning lanes and sloping hills, and were they not accustomed to go down to the barn, "chop some kindling," bring up a few buckets of coal and perform a few other such duties? Were such their lives, or were they accustomed to meet their chauffeurs at the toot of the horn and spin through the busy streets to their home where the steam heat warms their cozy den?

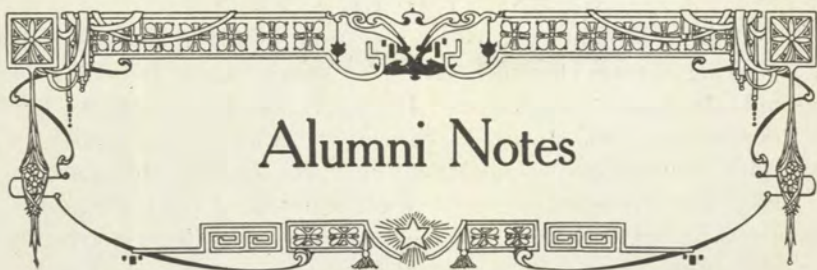
There is, indeed, a contrast in such modes of life, and especially from the viewpoint of physical exercise. We may be told, however, that a young man should not seek luxury. In response, we must realize that with time we also must change. When Lincoln was quite a man, he considered one dollar a very good salary for one day's work, and was delighted when he was able to earn such wages, but before he died one dollar would not make an installment on a ticket for Ford's Theater, which he attended occasionally.

Now, we do not look upon sports in the same way as our western

neighbors who assert that "*credits* should be given for sports;" but that degree of athletics which gives grace to the carriage, which develops the body together with the mind, that degree should be upheld in all institutions, for it is the only manner in which one can acquire "*mens sana in corpore sano.*"

LEO M. WALSH, '13.





Commencement June 18, 1912

ADDRESS

Hon. Maurice H. Donahue

Judge of the Supreme Court

PROGRAM OF COMMENCEMENT DAY

- 9:00 A. M.—Reception to the Hon. Maurice H. Donahue at the Union Station.
- 10:30 A. M.—Awarding of Honors to Elementary Department.
- 12:00 M. —Dinner.
- 2:00 P. M.—Commencement.
- 7:15 P. M.—Business Meeting of Alumni at Phillips House.
- 8:00 P. M.—Alumni Banquet at Phillips House.

**Commencement
Speaker**

The Hon. Maurice H. Donahue, Judge of the Supreme Court, has accepted the invitation to speak at the Commencement. He will be accompanied to Dayton by the Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, our live Attorney General, and Hon. H. L. Ferneding, '89. We expect the Alumni and Old Boys to turn out in full numbers to greet our honorable guests when they reach the Gem City, at 9 a. m., on the Pennsylvania, June 18. We want to make the 1912 Commencement the most successful in the history of the college, and we want every Alumnus and Old Boy to share in the honor of making it a success.

ALUMNI BANQUET, JUNE 18

The Alumni Banquet will be held on June 18 at the Phillips House. At a meeting of class chairmen called for March 24, the following were present: RICHARD P. BURKHARDT, JR., '92, HARRY F. CAPPEL, '98, LOUIS E. MOOSBRUGGER, '00, HARRY F. FINKE, '08, EDWARD A. MORITZ, '05, EDWARD V. STOECKLEIN, '05, and ARTHUR V. REGAN, '07. Rev. Lawrence A. Yeske, Vice-President of the College, represented the College in the absence of Father O'Reilly. The meeting was called to get active work started in preparation for the Annual Banquet, June 18. The following committees were announced by President Harry Finke:

Committees   HARRY FINKE, '02, Chairman; FRANK J. MCCORMICK, '88, Vice Chairman. Program Committee: FRANK J. MCCORMICK, '88; EDW. C. HEGMAN, '91. Banquet Committee: R. P. BURKHARDT, '92; LOUIS MOOSBRUGGER, '00. Publicity Committee: EDW. A. MORITZ, '05; EDW. STOECKLEIN, '05. Finance Committee: L. EDGAR ORENDORF, '99; Financial Secretary, ARTHUR V. REGAN, '07, Secretary; HARRY F. CAPPEL, '98.

It was suggested that each class chairman call as many of his class as possible over the telephone and thus personally urge them to attend the banquet.

It was also suggested in connection with the "dues proposition" that an effort be made to establish an endowment fund of \$500, which, at 5 per cent. interest, would provide for the cost of the Alumni Medal each year.

The Gymnasium Fund proposition came up for some consideration, but, having no definite report from the committee, no definite steps were taken.

ARTHUR V. REGAN, '07, Secretary.

The following class-chairmen were appointed by President HARRY F. FINKE to assist the Banquet Committee in making the banquet of June 18, 1912, the most representative in the history of the Association:

Class	Collegiate Dept.—RUDOLPH SCHNEBLE, '88; ALBERT J.
Chairmen	DWYER, '89; H. L. FERNEDING, '90; EDW. C. HEGMAN, '91; R. P. BURKHARDT, JR., '92; JOS. J. ABEL, '93; LOUIS BUCHER, '94; ANDREW HELLMUTH, '95; CHAS. GROSS, '96; MATT. BLUMENTHAL, '97; HARRY CAPPEL, '98; JOS. W. CLEMENS, '99; LEO WILL, '00; CLARENCE ROEMER, '01; THOS. P. KAHOE, '02; CHAS. J. WETZEL, '03; LEO KRAMER, '04; ALBERT J. TIMMER, '05; CARL SHERER, '06; HARRY

SOLIMANO, '07; CLARENCE STOECKLEIN, '08; HARRY ANDERTON, '09; HANS AMANN, '10; LAWRENCE STRATTNER, '11.

High School Dept.—Robert Gray, '09; Louis Rottermann, '10; James E. Hall, '11.

H. Angel, '02   One of the pleasant surprises of the month of April
Rev. Ferdinand   was the visit of The Rev. Father FERDINAND H. ANGEL,
brother of Rev. JOHN C., '02, and Rev. ALOYS C., '04.
Father Angel was accompanied by his brother George, and spent several
days at his Alma Mater, where now his cousin, Henry Klein, is a mem-
ber of the Sophomore class. He assisted at the second performance of
Hermigild, April 23, the first time it was produced since April, 1899,
when he still attended college. Since his ordination he is the popular
assistant pastor at St. Kieran Church, Pittsburgh. He reports that his
brother John is now pastor of the Church of St. Mary and Ann at
Marianna.

As the Exponent was going to press we received the following com-
plimentary letter, which will interest those Alumni and Old Boys who
have not called at the college for some time:

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 1, 1912.

Editor of Exponent, Dayton, Ohio:

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find the renewal of my subscription.
The Exponent is always a welcome visitor and it will be more heartily
received in the future.

Only last week I spent a few days at dear old S. M. I., meeting my
classmates and professors, going over the places where I spent many
happy days, ten years ago. But, oh, the changes since then. It is a
new St. Mary's now, and the Chemical Department is a wonder.

My sincere thanks for the kindness shown me during my short visit,
and may success continue to crown the efforts of St. Mary's.

Sincerely yours,

F. H. ANGEL, '02.

NUGGETS

Rev. Charles Leo   The many friends of C. Leo Brown will be pleased to
Brown, '06   learn that, on May 11, he was ordained to the Sacred
Priesthood by Rt. Rev. John P. Farrelly, D. D., in the
Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, Cleveland, Ohio, and that he cele-

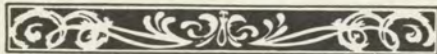
brated his first Holy Mass on Sunday, May 12, in St. Joseph's Church, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Our sincere congratulations to you, Rev. Father, and to your family. We are proud of you, too; proud to know that another St. Mary's Old Boy has entered the sacred ranks of the priesthood. Our best wishes ad multos annos.

Rev. J. J. Slattery, '91 On April 24, Rev. J. J. Slattery paid a visit to the college. He was pleased to note the improvements made since his last visit, and we were pleased to renew acquaintance with our loyal Old Boy, who never misses an opportunity to recommend St. Mary's. His visit was a pleasant surprise to Andrew Kaegler and Leo Hornung, two Steubenville boys who were directed to St. Mary's through his advice.

Vonderhoya, '07 On May 2, Francis J. Vonderhoya, who attended St. Mary's from 1902 to 1907, called upon his friends, Rev. Francis J. Lawrence Yeske and Bro. John Hallameyer. As a little surprise, he was accompanied by Mrs. Vonderhoya, formerly Miss Stallo of Cincinnati. The Alumni editor is a little late in telling the Exponent readers that they were married last October 4, at a solemn high mass in St. Joseph Church, Cincinnati. We take this opportunity to extend them our heartiest wishes and pray God to grant them blessings plentiful at 3542 Zumstein Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Obermeier, '07 The class of '07 will be interested to know that one of Wm. G. their number will soon enter the ranks of the benedicts. Wm. G. Obermeier and Miss Flora Elizabeth Zehnder will be united in marriage on Wednesday, May 22, at St. Boniface Church, Louisville, Ky. Will and his bride will be at home after June 5, at 1028 E. Breckinridge street. We hope that the wedding trip will include a stopover at Dayton, when we will extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes to the "newlyweds."



College Notes

ROBERT E. GRAY, EDITOR.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR APRIL

Collegiate Department

Senior Arts.....	Francis Mueller, 91; Eugene Gerlach, 84
Senior Letters.....	Alphonse Mahrt, 89; Edward Connelly, 85
Sophomore Letters.....	Joseph Graham, 87; Leo Walsh, 87
Sophomore Engineering.....	R. Gray, 92; E. Bradmiller, 90; F. Sturm, 90
Freshman Letters.....	Emil Edmondson, 86; Edward Welch, 81
Freshman Engineering.....	Leon Anderson, 88; Edward Purpus, 84

High School Department

Fourth High.....	Aloys Schmedinghoff, 98; Robert Sherry, 93
Third High—A.....	Otto Krusling, 97; Walter Williams, 97
Third High—B.....	Lyman Hill, 97; John Burbridge, 97
Second High—A.....	H. McEntee, 97; E. Lechleitner, 95; R. Morin, 95
Second High—B.....	Waldemar Schmidt, 97; Joseph Kuhn, 96
Second High—C.....	Charles Meyer, 97; John Roth, 95
First High—A.....	Edward Winters, 99; Joseph Schaefer, 94
First High—B.....	Paul Ohmer, 97; Joseph Hook, 96

Business Department

Second Business.....	Martin Kuntz, 94; Allan Ochs, 94
First Business.....	Edward Weber, 94; Albert Menninger, 91

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—A.....	James Dwyer, 91; Frank Kubkowski, 91
Eighth Grade—B.....	R. Carey, 94; P. Garcia, 93; E. Menninger, 93
Seventh Grade.....	Hayden Hill, 95; Richard Grote, 92
Sixth Grade.....	Henry Weinert, 94; Adalbert Bubolz, 93
Fifth Grade.....	Julian Greiwe, 96; Herbert Bohnert, 95

Hermigild That the classical drama has not lost its interest for Daytonians was demonstrated conclusively on April 20, 21 and 23, when the dramatic society of the college presented *Hermigild*, a five-act tragedy. The Saturday matinee was attended by a large number of children from the various parochial schools of Dayton, and at both the Sunday and Tuesday evening performances the hall was crowded.

The story of *Hermigild* portrays the faith of a gallant Christian youth fighting the intrigues of an Arian court. Through the scheming of Goswin, a high court officer, *Hermigild* is deposed from the governorship of Seville and banished from his native land, chiefly on the pretext that he will not renounce Christianity and embrace Arianism. Angered at the removal of the man they loved and whose government was just, the Sevillians murder Agilian, one of the king's messengers and thus precipitate a war in which Seville is besieged and captured. *Hermigild* escapes to the open country, fleeing from the city only at the earnest pleadings of his friends. Wandering in the forests with a price on his head, *Hermigild* is met by his brother, Recared, who pleads with him to seek the king's pardon, and at last, influenced by his love for his brother, *Hermigild* consents to appear before the king, his father, and seek his forgiveness. But Leovigild, misinformed by false counsellors and angered by what he considers his son's perfidy, the king condemns him to death, but afterward commutes the sentence to life imprisonment. Goswin, however, is not content that *Hermigild* should live, and by means of a forged document he proves to Leovigild that his son is conspiring with the Greek emperor to seize the kingdom. The old king then signs the death warrant, but before it can be carried out he learns of *Hermigild*'s innocence, and despatches a messenger to countermand the order. However, before its arrival *Hermigild* is killed by Count Sisbert in revenge for the murder of Agilan by the Sevillians. The play holds the interest of the audience to the very end and the sad death of the hero forcibly illustrates the inscrutable workings of Fate.

Although it is difficult to allot to each actor his meed of praise for the dramatic ability displayed, we cannot help commenting upon the brilliant rendering of *Hermigild* by Edward Purpus and of Recared by Matthias Louse, while Eugene Gerlach as Leovigild and Frank Thill as the scheming Count Goswin maintained their rôles in masterful fashion.

While each one participating deserve to be commented for the good work he did, it is to be remembered that Bro. George Binlein did no small part in contributing to the successful rendition of the play, as he had charge of the selection and training of all the participants. The result was certainly a credit to his judgment and ability.

The musical entertainment by the S. M. I. choir was up to the high standard which they have established, while the soldiers' chorus from "*Faust*" was well rendered by the S. M. I. choir.

PROGRAMME

1. March—"The Victorious Phalanx"-----Morse
S. M. I. Orchestra
2. Chorus—Soldiers' Chorus from "*Faust*"-----Ch. Gounod
S. M. I. Choir and Orchestra
3. March—"Majestic" -----Allen
S. M. I. Orchestra

4.	Act. I.	
5.	Overture—"Dramatic" -----	Keler Bela
6.	Act II.	
7.	Meditation—"The Hermit" -----	Gruenwald
	S. M. I. Orchestra	
8.	Act III.	
9.	Andante—Religioso "Crucifix" -----	Faure
10.	Act IV.	
11.	March—"The Military Hero" -----	Kenneth
	S. M. I. Orchestra	
12.	Act V.	
13.	March—"In Royal Favor" -----	Potter
	S. M. I. Orchestra	

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leovigild, King of the Visigoths-----	Eugene Gerlach
Sons of Leovigild—	
Hermigild-----	Edward Purpus
Recared-----	Mathias Lause
Count Goswin, Chancellor of the Realm-----	Frank Thill
Argimund, Duke and Commander-in-Chief-----	John Weigand
Ambassadors of the King—	
Count Sisbert-----	Ralph Wirsching
Count Agilan-----	Joseph Graham
Roderic, son of Goswin-----	Walter Wintermeyer
Boso, Royal Officer and former Tutor of Hermigild-----	Joseph Windbiel
Utoif, friend of Hermigild-----	Edward Gross
Claudius, Sevillian Officer-----	Martin Kuntz
Fredegisel, Peddler and Traitor-----	Harry Taif
Beoulf, Blacksmith in Seville-----	Frank Mahoney
Greek Ambassador-----	George Kuntz
Lieutenant -----	Joseph Windbiel
Servant -----	George Kuntz
Jailer -----	Frank Mahoney
Officers of the Visigoths—	
Otulf -----	Frank Farrell
Teias -----	William Avery
Soldiers of the Visigoths—	
Earl Sourd, Fred Hillery, Fred Avery, Doyle De Maro.	
Citizens of Seville—	
Alphonse Schumacher, Stephan Gulinski, Edward Hall, Hugo Sacksteder, James McMahon.	
Property Men—George Mahoney, Frank Mahoney, Walter McCourt, George Shanahan.	
Furniture for the play furnished by The Cappel Furniture Co.	

MEMBERS S. M. I. CHOIR

- Soprano**—Ed. Busch, Eugene Busch, J. Boesch, H. Bohnert, L. Bohnert, J. Connolly, L. Dabbeolt, G. Edmondson, R. Eilerman, H. Fien, C. Gloecker, J. Greive, R. Grote, Wm. Grote, M. Heile, C. Hill, H. Hill, R. Hieber, L. Hornung, A. Keagler, J. Kelly, A. Kelble, J. Keuping, A. Kuntz, G. Klenke, E. Koors, J. Ledger, E. Menninger, C. Melke, R. Muth, Th. Neutzling, L. Paulich, G. Rigney, E. Robbeloth, E. Roth, Is. Schell, A. Schoening, R. Wasmuth, E. Wentstrup, E. Winters, L. Wolf, Harold Weed.
- Alto**—M. Belanich, J. Berning, R. Busch, J. Casey, J. Emanuel, E. Ernst, Fr. Gaynor, L. Gorman, C. Hickey, W. Hickey, G. Klopp, E. Kuntz, G. Long, C. Menninger, L. McGarry, Wm. Moran, J. Ott, Wm. OBrien, W. Werner.
- Tenor and Bass**—Wm. Avery, R. Cullen, D. DeMaro, F. Farrell, V. Farrell, A. Geiger, C. Greiwe, S. Gulinski, F. Hillery, J. Oberlander, C. Oelrich, J. Oppenheim, E. Schenk, E. Sourd, A. Stowell, H. Wynne.

Oratorical Contest One of the most enjoyable events of the scholastic year was the occasion of the annual oratorical contest for the Griffith gold medal, which was held on Tuesday evening, April 30. Eight student orators appeared as contestants for the coveted medal, and it was only after the most careful consideration that the judges were able to select the successful candidate.

Robert Gray, of Dayton, Ohio, a sophomore, was declared the winner, and the decision met with the unanimous approval of the large audience present. The winner had as his subject the always appealing title, "Mother," and his composition, a gem in prose, fairly scintillated with rare sentiment expressed in the most beautiful language. His excellent composition, coupled with a clear, flexible voice and an admirable stage presence, were the factors that made him the unanimous choice of the judges for the medal.

Joseph Graham, of Springfield, Ohio, a sophomore, was awarded second honors, his subject being "The Destiny of America"; Eugene Gerlach, of Sidney, Ohio, a senior, was awarded third place for his oration, which was entitled "Peace."

Rev. B. G. Kuhlman, D. D., who acted as spokesman for the judges, stated that he was sure that St. Mary's was harboring quite a few future Demosthenes, Ciceros, as well as a few Vaughns within her precincts. He supplemented this with a few words of practical advice upon the utility of public speaking.

The judges who so kindly officiated were: Rev. B. G. Kuhlman, D. D., Albert Moorman, M. D., and Melrose Kopf, Ph. D.

JOHN F. DILLON, '13.

PROGRAM

1. March—"U. S. Cadets" (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----H. A. Hale, Jr.
2. "Mother" (Oration)-----Raymond J. O'Brien
3. "Theodore Roosevelt" (Oration)-----John Dillon
4. "When Teddy Comes Marching Home" (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----Sabel
5. "Religion in Education" (Oration)-----Francis M. Mueller
6. "Daniel Webster" (Oration)-----Emil Edmondson



S. M. I. Eight Years Ago



St. Mary's at the N. C. R., April 22, 1912

N. C. R. Photographer



The Faculty and Students of St. Mary's visited the N. C. R. on Monday morning, April 22, and attended an interesting and instructive entertainment in the new N. C. R. Hall for Industrial Education. Mr. John H. Patterson, President of the Company, cordially welcomed them, and throughout the entertainment gave the students excellent advice, the result of his many years' experience along business, social, and educational lines.

To induce the students to derive greater benefit from their visit, Mr. Patterson generously offered \$75 to be awarded in prizes for the best compositions written on the subject, "What I Learned from My Visit to the N. C. R. on April 22."



7. "Spanish Dance," No. 8, Op. 26 (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----Sarasate
Violin, Robert Schenk, '16.
8. "The Destiny of America" (Oration)-----Joseph Graham
9. "Peace" (Oration)-----Eugene Gerlach
10. "Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea" (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----Logan
11. "Mother" (Oration)-----Robert E. Gray
12. "Ireland and the Irish People" (Oration)-----Leo Walsh
13. "Toy Symphony" (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----J. Haydn
14. Awarding of Monograms.
15. Decision of Judges.
16. March—"America" (S. M. I. Orchestra)-----Tellam

Visit To N. C. R.

On Monday, April 22, the entire college, at the invitation of Mr. John H. Patterson, attended an interesting and instructive lecture delivered in the Hall of Industrial Education at the N. C. R.

There, before the eyes of the students, were pictured the first building in which the Cash Register was made, the crude machines first produced, their gradual improvement and the growth of the business to its present immense proportions.

The pictures showing the change brought about by the N. C. R. in the neighborhood surrounding it, called for the admiration and applause of everyone present. When the company erected its first buildings the neighborhood was dirty, neglected and commonplace looking, receiving the name of "Slidertown" because it was said everything evil "slid" out there. Now, through the instrumentality of the N. C. R., this is all changed. South Park (no more Slidertown) has been transformed into one of the best residential districts of the city, the beauty of whose well tended lawns and houses is unsurpassed. The transformation was accomplished by means of the judicious distribution of flowers and vines, and the removal of unsightly fences and billboards, thus rendering artistic a place before utterly devoid of beauty. In some cases there was such a contrast between the views before and after flowers had been planted, that it was scarcely credible that they were the same places.

Next we were shown kinemacolor motion pictures, portraying the beauties of Nature in their natural colors. The opening of various flowers was shown in a most beautiful manner, and the process was so natural that one was almost tempted to reach forth and pluck them as they appeared upon the screen. In the same manner, the birth, life and death of various plants were shown thirty-two times faster than the process occurs in nature, and we were enabled to see the drama of life for a plant requiring several months enacted before our eyes in a few minutes.

Mr. Patterson himself supplemented these lectures by an interesting talk on various subjects, in the course of which he answered by means of graphic methods questions asked by some of the students. He announced that he would give \$75 in prizes for the best essays on "What I Learned Through My Visit to the N. C. R.," At the close of his remarks, the President of the college, Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M., thanked him for his kindness in the name of the college, and presented him with a large St. Mary's pennant.

The little talk on "Self-Restraint," by Mr. Arthur E. Dilks, one of the officers of the N. C. R., was most interesting and its lessons were not lost on the students.

It strengthened the resolve of everyone to keep better control of his temper and to exercise that restraint which is the mark of a "man" as well as of a "gentleman."

After the N. C. R. photographer took the picture of the students in one group, all returned to St. Mary's, voting that they had never spent a more interesting two hours and a half. And now it is up to some of us to win some prize money; so get busy, for remember besides winning prizes the successful will take supper at the N. C. R.

Varsity Basket-Ball Banquet—On Tuesday evening, March 19, Father O'Reilly tendered a complimentary banquet to the Varsity Basket-ball team, as an especial mark of appreciation for the wonderful success of the past season. Coach Harry Solimano, '07, and Referee William Pflaum, '07, were the guests of honor. Each was presented with a purse of gold by the members of the Athletic Association as a mark of esteem for the invaluable services rendered throughout the season. "Solly" was also the recipient of a beautiful gold medal, presented to him by the members of the team.

A most bountiful dinner was served, after which short addresses were made by all present. During the evening the topic of conversation drifted on to future prospects, and it was soon discovered that all of this year's team would return to St. Mary's next year to resume their studies, which insured another successful season on the court. In virtue of his marked ability and the splendid way in which he led his team on to the championship of Ohio, Captain George Mahoney was re-elected to pilot the red and blue athletes through the season of 1912-13. Henry Klein, the stellar guard of the late season, was elected as his able assistant. Those present were: Rev. Vice-President Lawrence Yeske, Rev. Moderator Bro. Fred Paff, Coach Harry Solimano, Referee William Pflaum, Manager Eugene Gerlach, Captain George Mahoney, Press Agent Carlisle Howald, Al. Schumacher, Frank Mahoney, Clarence Braun, Hugh Sacksteder, Henry Klein, Martin Kuntz and Al. Mahrt.

JAPANESE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The Exponent is in receipt of a letter written by the students of the Apostolic School, situated in "the garden of the Blessed Virgin" at Urakami. The letter is written in English and tells of their rapid progress in that language. The delightful naivete of the narrative of their daily lives makes us exclaim in the words of their own language: "Kirei da ne," which, translated, reads: "How beautiful." Twenty-six students now attend the Apostolic School of Urakami. The letter sent us is followed by the autographs of twenty of the students. Their names are:

Peter Yamashita
 Peter Misue
 John Tkuta
 John Hisatsugu
 Michael Makyama
 Paul Havvauchi
 Michael Hirayama
 Anthony Yamaguchi
 Paul Yamaguchi
 Michael Makiyama

Peter Nagahama
 John Tagawa
 Peter Fukushima
 Ambrose Motomura
 Joseph Asada
 Matthias Umeki
 John B. Okawa
 Andrew Hisada
 Dominic Hamazato
 Michael Ivashita

Dayton, O.—St. Patrick's Scholarship for 1912----- \$60 00

Given by Barry S. Murphy.

This scholarship has been forwarded directly to the Apostolic School of Urakami.

THIRD ENDOWMENT

Cash on hand, January 1, 1912----- \$534 48

Contributions received since the January issue of the Exponent:

Chicago—Mr. John Muno, \$5.00; Mrs. Renke, \$2.00; Mr. M. Lauer, \$2.00----- 9 00

Dayton—Mr. John E. Sherer, \$1.00; Mrs. A. J. Shartz, \$5.00; Mrs. Louis Goetz,
\$5.00; Mr. Leo Goetz, \$1.00; Mr. Geo. Hudson, \$10.00----- 22 00

The Notre Dame Scholarship----- 60 00

Contributed by the Notre Dame Academy

Kokomo, Ind.—Mrs. E. T. Raney----- 1 00

San Antonio, Texas—Mrs. Clara Umscheid----- 1 00

Total cash on hand, May 1, 1912----- \$627 48

Peter's Pence

The contributions for the support of the Holy Father amount to \$17.00 for the month of April. First High-A has an average of 14 cents. The following deserve an honorable mention: Seventh

Grade, Sixth Grade, and Fourth High.

Athletic Notes

LOUIS ROTTERMANN, '14, EDITOR.

VARSITY BASEBALL

The Saints did not meet with very favorable weather for baseball practice after their return from the Easter vacation. Cold continued for quite a while and then came rain in torrents. However, every spare moment of decent weather was utilized by Brother Nickol to put his hopefuls through vigorous batting and fielding practice, and he succeeded in almost entirely eliminating the 'kinks' that infest the players' arms at this early season. As the time until the season's opening was brief and as rain continually interfered with work, the weeding-out process was necessarily rapid, and when April 21 dawned and Antioch College appeared on the horizon the wearers of the "Red and Blue" were not at all in the best of condition.

St. Mary's—6 vs. Antioch—13 The Varsity nine got off on its 1912 season with a bad start, for they suffered defeat at the hands of Antioch College, 13—6. No excuses were offered except that the time for getting into condition was too short. Our rivals from Yellow Springs put up a fine article of ball, and the way they connected with our pitchers' slants was a pity. Three of our slabsmen faced their batters and vainly essayed to stem the tide of defeat, which in the very first inning appeared inevitable. However, costly errors at critical stages of the game materially aided our opponents, but at the same time revealed to our coach the weak spots. Wunderlich, our new second basemen, and formerly of Stivers, played brilliant bail, while Hart starred both in the outfield and with the stick, besides twirling great ball in the closing innings. Eddington, the one-armed wonder, again amazed the spectators by his work in the outfield for the Antioch team, while the rest of his colleagues played consistent ball.

The box score follows:

St. Mary's							Antioch						
	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kuntz, ss.-----	4	1	1	2	1	1	Dixon, c.-----	5	2	0	3	4	0
Wunderlich, 2b.---	3	1	1	1	2	0	Poike, 1b.-----	5	3	0	12	0	1
Robin, rf.-----	3	0	0	1	0	0	Hidy, p.-----	6	2	3	1	5	0
Hart, lf. and p.---	4	2	2	2	2	0	Lingrel, 3b.-----	5	1	2	4	1	0
Mahrt, c.-----	3	1	0	1	1	1	Eddington, rf.---	5	0	2	1	0	0
Shiels, 3b.-----	4	0	0	1	0	3	Hunter, ss.-----	5	0	1	0	0	1
Braun, 1b.-----	4	1	1	7	0	1	Carlisle, lf.-----	4	1	0	2	0	0
Klein, cf.-----	4	0	0	3	0	0	Mensforth, cf.---	3	2	1	0	0	0
Smirnoff, p.-----	2	0	0	0	3	0	Fess, 3b.-----	3	2	1	0	0	1
Welch, p.-----	1	0	0	0	2	0							
Werder, lf.-----	1	0	0	0	0	0	Totals.-----	41	13	10	23	10	3
Totals.-----	33	6	5	18	1	5							

Two-base Hits—Wunderlich, Hidy, Eddington, Mensforth. Three-base Hit—Hidy. Home Run—Hart. Struck Out—By Smirnoff 4, by Hart 3, by Hidy 5. Bases on Balls—Off Smirnoff 3, off Welch 2, off Hidy 3. Double Play—Hart to Kuntz. Left on Bases—Antioch 8, St. Mary's 5. Hit by Pitched Ball—By Hart 1, by Welch 1, by Hidy 2. Time—1:40.

The game scheduled with Ohio Medical College of Columbus, on Saturday, April 28, was called off on account of wet grounds.

VARSITY TRACK TEAM

With the limited time allotted to him, Coach Emil Hocke used every available minute in priming his athletes for the dual track meet with Wittenberg College on Saturday, May 4. That his efforts were not in vain, and that his optimistic prediction found in our previous issue was not without foundation, is nowhere better shown than in the record of the meet which took place on the scheduled day. The hopes of St. Mary's enthusiasts were realized when for the second time in as many years their favorites romped away with the meet, this time totaling 72 points to their opponents' 59.

DUAL TRACK MEET

St. Mary's—72 vs. Wittenberg—59 In the first track meet of this year, and the second in the history of the college, St. Mary's emerged the victors, piling up 72 points, while their worthy rivals, hailing from Wittenberg College, had to be content with 59. Although no records were broken, the meet brought forth promising track athletes from both teams, who are bound to be heard from in the future. The number of entrants of the two teams competing for honors was larger than the preceding year, and their well-directed efforts were heartily appreciated and applauded by the enthusiastic crowd. Captain Blaire of St. Mary's can well be proud of his team, and he, as well as Coach Hocke, Manager Graham and the other officials and participants who realized the hopes placed in them, are to be congratulated on their excellent showing and on the success attained.

The following is a summary of the meet:

TRACK EVENTS

- 50-Yard dash—Shafer (W.), first; McNutt (W.), second; Braun, (S. M.), third. Time, 6 seconds.
- 440-Yard dash—Wilson (W.), first; Gulinski (S. M.), second; Miller (W.), third. Time, 53 1-5 seconds.
- 100-Yard dash—Blaire (S. M.), first; McNutt (W.), second; Shafer (W.), third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.
- 120-Yard high hurdles—Braun (S. M.), first; Hall (S. M.), second; Swoyer (W.), third. Time, 18 3-5 seconds.
- One mile run—Ryan (S. M.), first; Dunkle (W.), second; C. Portz (W.), third. Time, 5 minutes, 4 seconds.
- 220-Yard low hurdles—Stowell (S. M.), first; Swoyer (W.), second; McNutt (W.), third. Time, 29 seconds.
- 880-Yard dash—Farrell (S. M.), first; H. Portz (W.), second; Dunkle (W.), third. Time, 2 minutes, 25 3-5 seconds.
- 220-Yard dash—Wilson (W.), first; Gulinski (S. M.), second; McNutt (W.), third. Time, 24 2-5 seconds.
- Mile Relay—St. Mary's: Blair, Stowell, Gulinski, Ryan. Wittenberg: H. Portz, Miller, McNutt, Swoyer. Won by St. Mary's. Time, 3 minutes, 50 seconds.

FIELD EVENTS

- Running high jump—Braun (S. M.), first; Hall (S. M.), second; Creager (W.), third. Distance, 5 feet, 2 inches.
- 16-Pound shot-put—Kline (S. M.), first; Wilson (W.), second; Creager (W.), third. Distance, 32 feet, 4½ inches.
- Running broad jump—Braun (S. M.), first; Wilson (W.), second; Shafer (W.), third. Distance, 18 feet, 6 inches.
- 16-Pound hammer—Ferguson (W.), first; Kline (S. M.), second; Creager (W.), third. Distance, 88 feet, 3 inches.
- Pole Vault—Shafer (W.), first; Synnett (S. M.), second; Creager (W.), third. Height, 8 feet, 10 inches.
- Discus—Kline (S. M.), first; Dick (S. M.), second; Creager (W.), third. Distance, 91 feet, 10½ inches.

THIRD DIVISION

With the advent of warm weather, Coach Bro. Alex of the III Division got his candidates upon the diamond, and after numerous workouts and careful judgment picked his nine, a difficult task due to the keen competition. However, now he is well satisfied with his proteges and is confident that the III Division Regulars will enjoy a most successful season.

III Division—6 April 21, they auspiciously inaugurated their season of 1912 by
vs. defeating the fast Riverdale All Stars by a double score. The game
Riverdales—3 was replete with thrills, Kovacic enacting the rôle of star by his clever pitching and timely hitting.

III Division—9 The next team to fall victim to their onslaught was that of the
vs. Dayscholars, who, on Thursday, April 25, left the field with a 9—1
Dayscholars—1 score standing against them. Larry Warren in this victory earned for himself the name of "Speed Demon," striking out fourteen men and holding his opponents to a few hits.

III Division—12 III Division continued its march to victory on Sunday, April 28,
vs. when they forced the Tigers to bow in defeat before them. The
Tigers—3 game was fast, but was frequently marred by arguing. As usual, Kovacic proved the stellar article by his excellent work on the slab and by his heavy hitting.

H. O'LEARY, '14.



PRIMARY ELECTION

Tuesday, May 21, 1912

Hugo F. Schneider

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
 FOR

COUNTY AUDITOR

Kindly Solicits Your Support

Book Reviews

ST. TERESA OF JESUS, of the Order of Carmel. Embracing The Life, Relations, Maxims and Foundations written by the Saint, also a History of St. Teresa's Journeys and Foundations, with Maps and Illustrations. Introduction by Walter Elliott, C. S. P. Edited by John J. Burke, C. S. P. New York, The Columbus Press. 1911. 727 pp., \$3.50. Postage extra.

This is a veritable compendium of "Teresan" lore. Principal and foremost in the volume are three works written by the Saint herself, viz., her "Life," the "Relations," and the "Book of the Foundations." The Spanish originals of these "written in the golden age of her native tongue," are genuine classics. Hardly less notable, even from a literary point of view, are the translations followed here. They are from the pen of the gifted Tractarian convert, Mr. David Lewis, who, not content with merely translating the Saint's writings, has enriched his translations with copious and interesting foot-notes bearing evidence of great learning and research. He has also written a "Preface to the Life" and a "Preface to the Foundations," each an exhaustive historical and critical essay. These two "Prefaces" appear in their proper place in the volume, serving as an introduction to the Saint's own writings. The "Book of the Foundations,"—the third of Saint Teresa's works embodied in this volume,—is followed by a short chapter entitled "Last Days and Death of the Saint," and another entitled "Maxims of St. Teresa." An "Appendix" of twenty-eight "Notes," containing much minor information relative to the Saint, is added. Twenty-seven double-page illustrations from the drawings of Mr. Hye Hoys are distributed through the volume, contributing much to its interest and value. A really fascinating "Introduction" by Father Elliott puts forth the claims of the great "Mystic of Carmel" to present-day consideration and study. The following, culled from various portions of the "Introduction," will be appropriate here: "Teresa of Jesus, truest and soundest of mystics, rich in subjective experiences, yet richer in self-effacement before the glory of the most High God; most independent yet most submissive of women, untiring in labors, exalted in prayer—the message of such a one to our times is too obvious to need comment. . . . The pages of St. Teresa's works have ever been and are still the trysting place of the Holy Spirit with His more ardent lovers in all conditions of Christian society. . . . Even to distant on-lookers like the present writer and the average reader the higher ways of God are curiously interesting. Although we may have scant comprehension of the heights of holiness, yet the saints are our brethren. We are proud of their greatness." Much more that is interesting might be quoted, but the above will satisfy "Teresians." A spiritual and intellectual treat awaits those who take up "St. Teresa of Jesus" as presented in the volume before us.

SPIRITISTIC PHENOMENA AND THEIR INTERPRETATION, by J. GODFREY RAUPERT. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1911. 67 pp.

The best concise statement of the purpose of this little book is found in the author's own "Introduction." He says: "It has seemed to me that a volume of small dimensions, but stating all the facts of the case, as the most recent research has disclosed them, and drawing from these facts the obvious and only possible inference, would meet a deep and long-felt want." It can be added that the author has certainly produced a notable and authoritative "statement of the case," and that those who take the trouble to follow his arguments will have acquired a knowledge of the subject which they could otherwise have attained only by much laborious research.

THE ANGELUS SERIES: ON CHARACTER (170 pp.); **ON KINDNESS** (150 pp.); **ON THANKSGIVING** (149 pp.). New York, Benziger Brothers. 1911. \$0.50 each.

Three little volumes full of precious teaching.

The first one is entitled "On Character," by the Very Rev. Joseph Guibert, S. S. It shows the importance and possibility of character-building—a work that devolves upon every man for himself. In six chapters, entitled respectively, "The Definition of Character," "The Ideal Character," "The Origin of Character," "Kinds of Character," and "The Cultivation of Character," the author treats the subject in a capable and interesting manner. The reader on finishing the little volume feels with the author that "there would be no lack of men if, instead of carelessly following the bent of their inclinations, they would resolutely take in hand the direction of their lives, and temper their characters to hardness by means of methodical endeavor."

The second volume of the series is entitled "On Kindness," by the Very Rev. Joseph Guibert, in which the author urges us "to stir up in ourselves the instinctive kindness which God has implanted in the depths of every human soul, but which too often is stifled out of life by selfishness." The book contains the following four chapters: "On the Exceeding Worth of Kindness," "On the Nature of True Kindness," "On the Way to Become Kind," and "On the Counterfeits of Kindness."

The third volume is composed of selections from Father Faber, and is entitled "On Thanksgiving." Father Faber needs no introduction to those who read spiritual books. The compiler is to be congratulated upon the fine selection he has made from the "embarrassment of riches" by which he was confronted. A finer treatise on "Thanksgiving" cannot be found. The following titles of chapters will give an idea of the plan pursued: "Neglect of Thanksgiving," "The Spirit of the Saints or Spirit of Thanksgiving," "Various Subjects for Thanksgiving," "Thanksgiving for the Gift of Faith," "Thanksgiving after Mass and Communion," and "Practical Reflections on the Subject." The little volume is brought to a close by a kind of supplementary chapter entitled "An Altar-Flower."

WIE KANN DIE ANSTALTSERZIEHUNG ZUR SITTEUREINHEIT HERANBILDEN, VON DR. FRANZ KRUS, S. J. New York, Frederick Pustet & Co. 1911. 42 pp., \$0.10.

This is an extract from a "Kurs für Anstaltspädagogie" held at Donauwörth in 1910, and is published in pamphlet form for the convenience of those heads of institu-

tions who are not directly interested in the entire report of the "Kurs," but would like to have ready access to the matter treated in the pamphlet, as a supplement to the well-known little treatise entitled "Erziehung zur Keuschheit," by Gatterer-Krus. It will be sufficient to state that the supplement is in the same reverent spirit as the earlier treatise, and that both ought to be in every pedagogical library.

IM RUHESTANDE. Gedanken für den Feierabend des Lebens von Max Steigenberger. New York, Frederick Pustet & Co. 1911. 1912 pp., \$0.50.

A little book which is welcome for more reasons than the one modestly advanced in the "Vorwort,"—that literature of this nature is not over-abundant. The "old folks" who are fortunate enough to read Father Steigenberger's book will have no reason for passing the days "that yet remain" in regrets and inactivity, not to say fear and dread of the summons that cannot be far distant in their case. The counsels given in the little book will effectually aid them to make the most of the time that still remains, to make up for much that may have been neglected, and to look forward with confidence, and even joy, to the great moment that much decide eternity. While the spiritual element predominates, as it should, the aesthetics and intellectual element is not lost sight of, and the result of the little book's teaching cannot but be a "beautiful old age" in the best sense.

THE LIGHT OF THE VISION, by CHRISTIAN REID. Notre Dame, Indiana, The Ave Maria. 1912. 363 pp., \$1.25.

The heroine of this excellent novel is "Madeleine," a divorced woman, who goes abroad with Nina, an interesting creature. She is led into the Catholic Church by a study of the Symbolism of the Cathedral of Chartres. Huysman's "La Cathédrale" is the grace that impels the step to conversion. She meets John Maitland, a Catholic, who intends to renounce his faith to marry her. "Madeleine" points out to him his duty. Soon after she returns to her worthless, unbelieving husband, who is brought to his death-bed by an auto accident. She nurses him devotedly till his edifying death. "Madeleine," affected by the conversion of her husband, turns her eyes to the heroic life of the convent. At this time Maitland, bound to win, returns from Switzerland to ask her hand, but finds that the Eternal King has won. The book paints the beautiful lesson of sacrifice and the warning to many Catholics of America, who are essentially lacking in spiritual perception.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR, by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1912. 367 pp., \$1.25 net.

A story by the author of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" series and of the same order. Johnny Gamble determines to win the charming Constance Joy by making a million dollars in two hundred hours—five thousand an hour. He thereupon plunges into a series of colossal financial ventures, and although he has to deal with a cunning enemy in the person of Paul Gresham, and although he meets with reverses, Johnny's business ventures finally prove successful and he wins the girl. The book is well written, the plot is rapid in development, and the dialogue is of the crispy, catchy kind. The moral tone of the book is superior to that of the Wallingford stories, for Johnny Gamble is always honest and upright and in his ventures does not circumvent his fellows by deceit and shady business dealings.

THROUGH THE POSTERN GATE, by FLORENCE BARCLAY. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912. 269 pp., \$1.35.

We welcome each new book that comes from the pen of the gifted Florence Barclay, for we hope to find in it that sweetness and wholesomeness that characterize her other works. And we are not disappointed in this her latest book. "Through the Postern Gate" is truly beautiful, replete with noble ideas, throbbing with life and pure love. The burden of the tale is that "under no conditions whatever can it be right for a woman to marry one man while with her whole being she loves another;" that "Love is Lord of all. Love reigns paramount. No expectations, past or present, based on friendship or gratitude; no sense of duty or obligations of any kind, could make marriage right if in view of that marriage Love had to stand by with broken wings." The book has an old-fashioned garden for its setting, and extends over a period of seven days.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT, by MOTHER SALOME. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1912. 235 pp., \$0.85.

Again Mother M. Salome has given us a volume of short stories under the title, "Told in the Twilight." Mystery and charm linger in the pages of her book with the freshness of an unaffected and simple style. In this volume we find stories told in an interesting and humane manner. "The Red Thread" is original and impressive, and although it is difficult to decide on choice of merit in a collection of nearly fifty stories, "Blue Roses," with which the volume begins, "The Artist's Return," and the "Spanish Parrot" may be mentioned among the best. Although a juvenile publication, it is sure to meet with the consideration and the approval of those who, as "children of a larger growth," may find in these excellent tales more than a passing diversion or a momentary sentimental interest in adolescence.

THE PERIL OF DIONYSIO, by MARY E. MANNIX. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1912. 183 pp., \$0.45.

This latest volume in the "Cupa" series by Mary E. Mannix is a faithful delineation of the American Indian character and conditions as they appear to one who understands and fully appreciates the California aborigines as change and persecution have left them today. This story, like all volumes of this series, abounds in dramatic incidents, sustaining interest of the reader from beginning to end. We venture to say it is the best of the series of tales beginning with "As True as Gold" and completing with the "Peril of Dionysio."

THE LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES, by HENRIETTE E. DELAMARE. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1912. 165 pp., \$0.45.

This little volume is equally as interesting as "Poverina," and has a mission to perform, that will be quickly recognized by religious and educators of Catholic youth. Miss Delamare tells in a charming manner the unselfish devotion of a little crippled lad, in honor of the Sacred Heart. He is made a promoter of the League and becomes a Lay Apostle of Jesus Christ. The book is intended for children, to lead them on to a still greater and more generous love of God and a closer union with him, Who already loves them with a tender love.

A PERSONAL RECORD, by JOSEPH CONRAD. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1912. 220 pp., \$1.25 net.

It is told that the author's friends have remonstrated with him because he has touched upon too many subjects in this volume of personal reminiscences. The reader will probably agree with this observation. There is too much of a "good thing." We all will find the story of the author's incipient efforts at writing and the accompanying record of his unique voyages more than ordinarily interesting. And we feel thankful to Mr. Conrad that he should have permitted the reading public to get a glimpse at his inner-self and at his struggles to attain a permanent high place in contemporaneous fiction.

FRAN, by JOHN BRECKINRIDGE ELLIS. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1912. 380 pp., \$1.25.

There is a sprightly girl—"Fran"—who is in the limelight of this, what we may aptly call, summer novel. The story is delicately written, even whimsically so. As an undercurrent, the struggle of Fran to find recognition as the daughter of him who does not know that he is the father, there is a drift of tragedy which, at the culminating point of the story, threatens to permanently part father and daughter. But the dominating personality of Fran triumphs in the critical hour and leaves us rejoicing with Fran that she finally "belongs to somebody."

THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN SHIELD, by LOUISE M. STACPOOLE-KENNY. New York, Benziger Brothers. 911. 230 pp., \$1.50.

The age of Louis IX, the Saint-King, was an age of chivalry and of true heroes. It was an age when Faith still had its mighty hold on all classes, upon the rich and poor, upon the serf as well as the lord. The country was in a certain measure unsettled, and marauders and gypsy bands roved about at will, checked in their nefarious occupation only by noble knights, who devoted their lives to the protection of the maidens, the widows and the orphans. In "A Knight of the Green Shield," we have a faithful portrait of these times. Raoul de Chatillon is the Knight of the Green Shield, a knight without fear and without reproach. The plot, though simple and perhaps a trifle hurried, is most beautiful. It is a story, as we love to read them; one that refreshes the mind and the heart with its simple tale of love and heroism.



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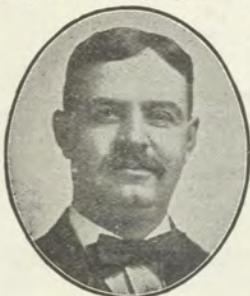
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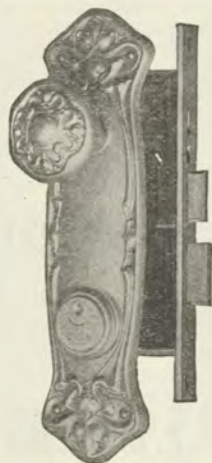
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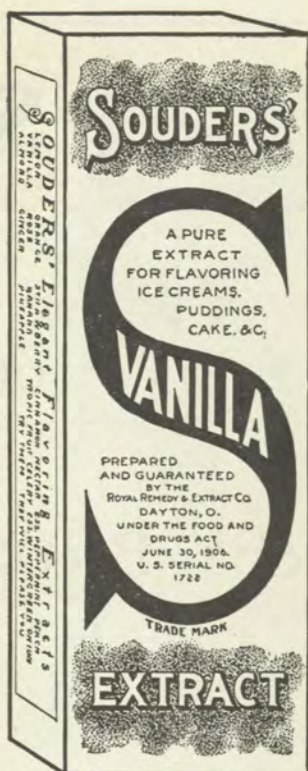
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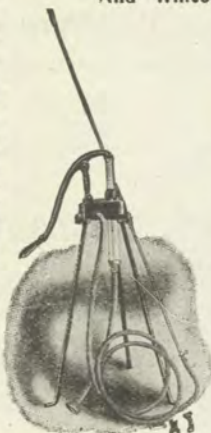
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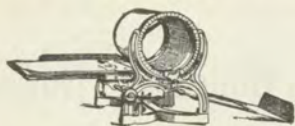
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