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# THE EXPONENT

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ST. MARY'S COLLEGE RELIEF STATION



The  
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XI

APRIL-MAY, 1913

No. 4 and 5

## The Voice of the Flood

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*Lo, I am come again, O puny man,  
To mock with mud and slime your paltry plain,  
And claim what was my own when time began.*

*For ye are brothers all and of one clay;  
And if ye will not learn it while ye may,  
Thus are ye taught when dawns my fateful day.*

*Boldly I sweep your vaunted barriers down,  
I bind as one—rogue, ruler, priest and clown,  
While potentate and pauper clasp—and drown.*

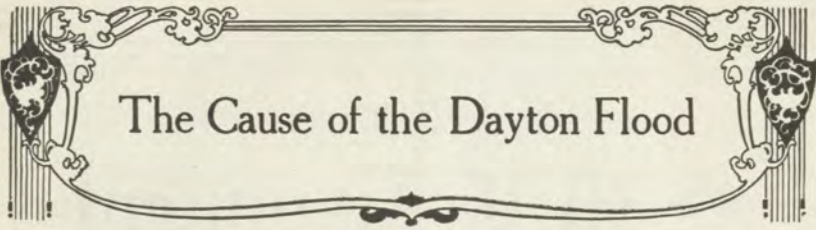
*I set my seal and symbol everywhere—  
On church and dive—and with ironic care  
I fling the hovel on the palace stair.*

*Your airy bridges of frail cobwebs spun,  
Your solid levees built to check the current's run—  
My yellow waters laugh—and there are none.*

*Your pretty cities decked with flowers and trees,  
Your panting mills and puffing factories,  
I toss and rend and tear—my playthings these.*

N. C. R.

—The Flood.



## The Cause of the Dayton Flood



It is extremely difficult to get an authentic story of a catastrophe. It comes so suddenly that the idea of preserving facts for history is never thought of. Even those men on the scene, as local reporters, whose life-work is to get "stories," fail, either because they themselves are imperiled in buildings that narrow their vision, or because the greatness of the calamity makes it an impossibility to get at the facts that caused the disaster, or to tell even a fractional part of the history after the calamity is over.

So, too, with the awful flood that visited Dayton, Ohio, the Gem City of the West. Newspapers throughout the country told weird stories of the catastrophe, the loss of life, and the damage to property. But when the flood had abated, and the loss of life was found not to reach 150, these same papers minimized the greatness of the calamity. True, the San Francisco earthquake tolled fully three times as many deaths as occurred in Dayton, and the Johnstown flood with a mad rush of waters swept into eternity still more; but in both instances, that of San Francisco and Johnstown, the loss of life and the destruction of property was over in a comparatively short time. In Dayton, however, two and three days passed with fully 93,000 people marooned in buildings and houses, and fire and water threatening to end all, should the men and women and children bravely bear up under the pangs of hunger and thirst and the keen suffering of exposure.

But to get to the story. Easter Sunday had come and gone with its gloomy sky and steady downpour of rain. But nothing was thought of until Monday morning, when the hearts of the Dayton people went out in sympathy to the people of Omaha, who had suffered the ravages of the tornado. But while they shuddered as they felt themselves secure in the Gem City, it rained that Monday morning as though the floodgates of heaven had been opened. At times, however, the sky would lighten, and the sun would peer faintly through. But another

mass of clouds—dark, ominous clouds—gathered, lightnings flashed, and the rain poured in torrents.

The river rose, but it had done so in the past. Those living on the hills could see the muddy waters over broader areas than usual, but no one thought of a flood. The weather forecaster, perhaps, was fearful as he watched the river gauge. But the city employes, at the noon hour, as they rode about shutting off the storm water sewers, started the electric pumps that keep the lowlands dry when the river level is above them, but seemed not to be fearful. Even the evening dailies, although they knew the river gauge had risen from 7 feet at 7 a. m., Monday, to 12.2 feet at 4 p. m., dismissed the idea of an "extra," and closed for the day.

It was known that there would be no danger before the river would reach 17 or 18 feet, and why alarm the people who had no thought of a flood. Dayton had more severe rains in the past, and no one believed that the water would rise much higher. As the city retired to rest at 10 p. m. it was ignorant that the river gauge registered 15.3 feet, with the waters ever rising. Only those living near the river feared the rush of waters as the danger line steadily encroached on the line of levees.

But why this rise of waters, if not from the steady downpour of rain? If Dayton had heavier rainfalls in the past, why was the city on the verge of a catastrophe? The question is easier answered today than it was for many days after the flood. Heavy rains throughout the watershed that the Miami River drains, poured down in torrents for a distance of 93 miles to the north, swelling the Great Miami, the Mad, and the usually placid Stillwater. It was not such a wonder, then, that the river rose till at 7 a. m. Tuesday morning, as it lapped the tops of the levees, it registered 24 feet. And yet faith in the Gem City did not waver, for while the highest previous mark attained by the Miami in 1866 was 21 feet, few thought that the water would rise higher, and no one dreamed that at midnight the gauge would register a height of 29 feet, with the City Beautiful submerged in surging waters six feet above the levees.

It was, then, the heavy rainfall throughout the whole basin, together with other artificial causes, that precipitated the terrible catastrophe that befell Dayton. Rumors that reservoirs had broken were current, but three government engineers who reported to the local forecaster, Henry F. Alps, state that the banks of the reservoirs did not give way, but that water dashed over the banks, blown by the heavy winds. The gates of the reservoirs were opened, but it is not believed that this fact added to the flood to any extent, as the same amount of water poured

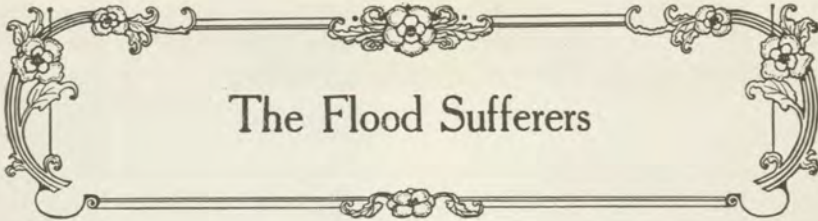
into the reservoir from the inlet as escaped from the spillways. But that is not all. Years ago, before the white man trod the forests of Ohio, flood waters were held back by the swamps and the bogs, but the white man cleared the forests, trespassed upon the natural channels of rivers, and today we have the results.

The Miami River, in 1866, when the river rose to a height of 21 feet, was better able to take care of its water without the aid of levees, because it traveled in its natural channel. But today, the Miami River is dangerous, for the curves in the river, put in by the hand of man, are too great to care for a flood of water that is forced to pass through a course that narrows the further it nears the mouth. Bridges have been built across natural and artificial channels fully fifteen feet too low, acting as dams that hold back the water.

After getting a fair idea of the real condition of things, is it to be wondered at that Dayton was visited by such an awful catastrophe? Located, as more than half of the city is, on the flood plain level, behind levees that are built to care for a 23-foot stage in the river, what else could have happened when the waters rose to the height of 6 feet above the tops of the levees, sweeping over the city over 17,000,000,000 cubic feet of water in 48 hours?

It is comparatively easy to give data today and tell why it all happened. Yet Dayton has not been sleeping, and in slumber waited for the calamity to come. John H. Patterson, Dayton's savior, well expressed the need of the day when he said "The Government should take care of its rivers." "We did not know the danger of the rivers," said Mr. Patterson. "We have not the scientific information on all these things the government has."

So, for the time being, Dayton is in sore straits, without being secure from the danger of another flood, for weather forecasters assert that the meteorological conditions which led to the general rainfall may occur again. A public hearing will be held May 6, as the Exponent comes from the press, in the city of Cincinnati, at which federal government engineers will discuss ways and means for flood protection and stream improvement. Let us hope that Dayton will receive federal aid that her citizens may rest secure from all fear of such a disaster as visited us, March 25, 1913.



## The Flood Sufferers

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DAYTON is so laid out, with its highlands and lowlands, that Tuesday, March 25, dawned, and some knew that there was a flood, and others were unaware that such a thing had happened. Early that morning whistles blew, and screeched their notes of warning. Those who remembered the worse seasons of high water fifteen or twenty years ago understood, but there were others who heard nothing as they slept on, little dreaming of the impending danger. Telephones rang, warning those along levees to leave their homes. Some heeded the warning, but others refused to believe that there was danger.

While some sections did have water shortly after 5 a. m., at which time breaks in the levee occurred in North Dayton, the rest of the city was ignorant of the serious aspect of the river. Those who went to work early that morning, crossing the river bridges, were astounded at the rushing of the waters as they reached the level of the levees at 7 a. m. Even when the water overflowed, people stood and watched it as it crept past the Old Log Cabin near Main street bridge, and flowed down the streets. They little thought that the thin sheet of water would grow to a height of ten feet where they stood, and that they would be forced to run for shelter and be marooned for days in hotels and factories and public buildings.

And the water rose as the river swelled to a height of six feet above the top of the levees. Break after break along the lines of the levees swept currents of water until in the low resident sections in the afternoon small houses were toppling over here and there, stables were floating away, outbuilding were lifted from their foundations, carried on the surging waters, crashing into frame houses, until nothing seemed safe from the angry waters. As people were driven to roofs and to the upper floors of houses, that seemed either in danger of being entirely submerged or toppled over into the seething flood, distressing cries of alarm rent the air.

As the day drew to a close, these unhappy victims redoubled their cries for help that could not come. Here and there in some portions of the city, where canoes and boats had been hurried to the scene, or the flat-bottomed crafts, improvised by the National Cash Register Company, were rushed, there were boatmen who took their lives in their own hands and braved the flood. Some lost their lives in crossing raging currents made more dangerous by driftwood, but others more fortunate rescued a small part of those imperiled on roofs of houses or endangered by the flames. Pistol shots continued till close on the midnight hour, but as the water rose to heights of 18 and 20 feet, and currents became raging torrents, the rescuers were worn out with their work and could do no more.

And then, as though the elements had broken loose, fire in different parts of the city was fanned into a blaze, and those marooned in the tall buildings in the city, as well as those crouching together in attics and on roofs of cottages, were filled with terror. But dawn came, and with it the waters fell in some parts of the city. Where currents were not too swift, rescuers worked again in boats and brought the cold and hungry sufferers to safety.

But, alas! the greater number of the marooned people had to pass Wednesday night amid fire and flood. To those who watched the flames from high ground, it seemed that the entire city was doomed, as the sky became lurid with the glare of the flames, and the luminous, rolling clouds of smoke. Those marooned in the business district, some just a block away from the raging fire, saw no hope of escape as the wind blew the flames down and across streets as if playing with the fiery element. Flaming torches flew across the town, blazing bits of wood threatened to ignite every house on which they fell. Men and women crawled to their housetops, and with brooms swept the fiery embers into the water. And then they prayed. They prayed that God might spare them from being burned alive; they begged that the wind would calm, and their prayers were heard, and the wind did go down, and the flames burnt down to the water's edge.

And morning again dawned, and with it the brave sufferers took on renewed hope. Provisions had been brought into the city and were being sent about in boats to houses in flooded districts. Many, of course, were not reached until Friday, but that was no fault of those who worked, or those who directed it, but was due to the fact that the problem of reaching fully 93,000 famished people was a gigantic one. Those who were taken from their flooded homes, after they had recovered from their fright, marveled at the system that had been evolved

at the National Cash Register Company under the active head of John H. Patterson. They found themselves located as boarders and roomers at that great industrial plant, or whirled in automobiles to St. Mary's College, which had opened wide its doors to the refugees. And then they learned as the days wore on, and they regained their self-composure, that the great N. C. R. plant had organized the relief work so completely in the city that a visitor would believe that it was a charitable organization engaged in relief work for years, a Red Cross organization at its best. True, it was an enormous task, yet so thoroughly and so effectively organized, that within seven days its head, John H. Patterson, was able to leave the city, consult the governor in Columbus, accompany the latter the next day on an inspection trip through the Miami Valley, while the machine he had set in motion moved ahead smoothly and effectively.

To tell the story of the many fed at the 49 relief stations and the hundreds of homes that welcomed the refugees, is too great a task. The story of the North Dayton Relief Station, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Notre Dame Academy, and St. Mary's College, as taken from the Dayton Evening Herald, in this number of the Exponent, will give a fair idea of the gigantic problem that confronted Dayton, and how Dayton solved it. Cities from far and near, towns and villages, prelates and laymen from all walks of life, all contributed to relieve the situation of feeding the 93,000 refugees that suffered in the flood.



## John H. Patterson and the N. C. R.



JOHN H. PATTERSON, Dayton's savior in the Great Flood, was the man of the hour in the recent catastrophe that visited Dayton. Words cannot tell the gigantic problem he undertook when the first note of warning came. A not overstrong municipal government of partisan politics seemed to have gone with the flood, or have been marooned, or to have lost heart. But at this crisis, one man, with a giant mind, rose and successfully coped with the situation. With a wave of his hand, he changed his N. C. R. organization into an active and effective relief corps to take immediate control of the chaotic situation of flood and fire and famine.

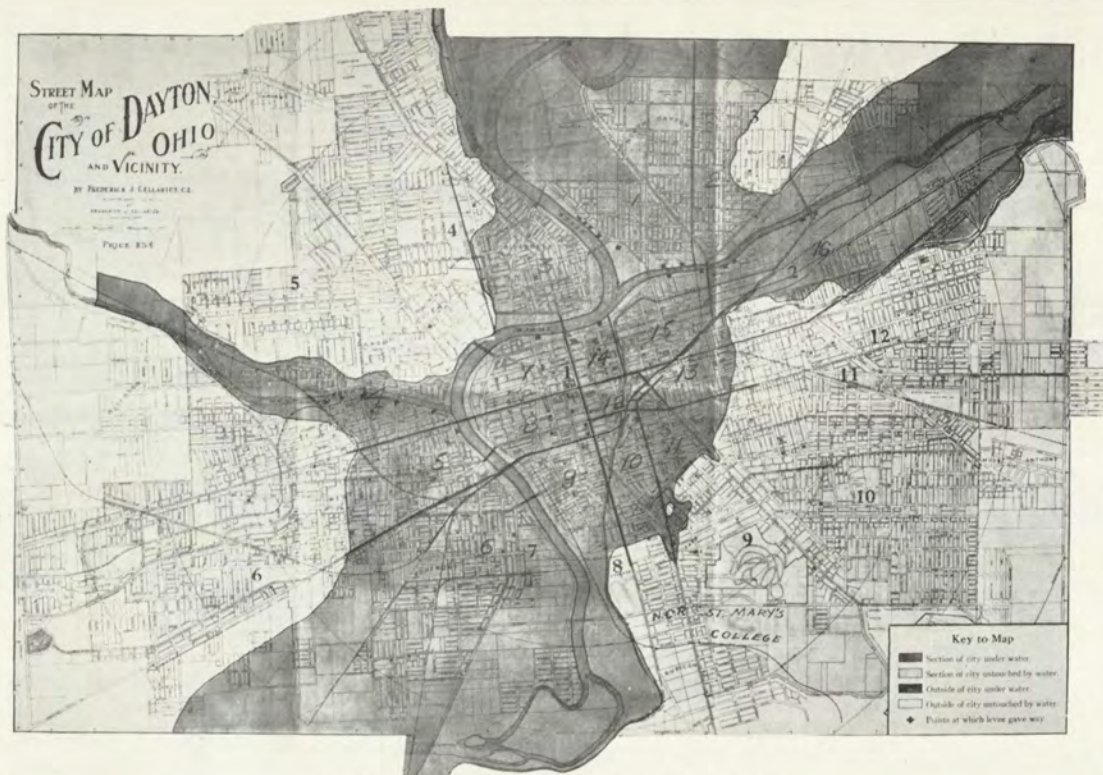
What would have happened to the flood sufferers of Dayton had not Mr. Patterson handled the situation, no one knows. Hopeless, helpless confusion, and untold suffering would have resulted. The city would have lapsed into despondency. But it was all otherwise. His mammoth organization of relief work, his personal direction of life-saving in boats and crafts turned out at the N. C. R., all combined to keep up hope in the spirits of the sufferers, and to kindle in the hearts of the more fortunate charity and co-operation to relieve materially the wants of the refugees.

Associated Press reporters stood in wonderment as they watched the operations of that master mind, the real executive personal force, operating a machine of keen minds and thousand hands that ran the bulk and detail of relief work as though it had been engaged in this work of philanthropy for years. Truly has it been said that John H. Patterson worked "with a thousand-fingered efficiency that reached everywhere."

The grand work carried out at the plant of the National Cash Register Company deserves to be heralded to the ends of the earth. The writer firmly believes that only those directly connected with the relief work have any idea of the mammoth undertaking successfully carried out in the relief of suffering humanity. Bread lines daily, squares in length, were given boxes of provisions filled over night by N. C. R. employes; gasoline stoves and blankets without number were given to deserving persons who had lost heavily in the flood; 16,000



**N. C. R. CENTRAL RELIEF STATION**



CITY MAP OUTLINING THE GREAT FLOOD

sandwiches, and meals for over 2,000 hungry people, were prepared daily in the N. C. R. kitchen by the regular force, assisted by 100 girls. But that was merely one little part of the mammoth undertaking. Forty-nine relief stations were sent their wholesale supplies from the central station at the N. C. R. Motor cars met the boats as they landed refugees from marooned houses, and rushed them to the N. C. R. or St. Mary's College for shelter, while medical attention for nearly 10,000 refugees was given by a corps of doctors and nurses during the first week of the flood. No one knows how much this work of philanthropy cost the N. C. R. Estimates are conservatively set at half a million dollars, not to mention the interruption to business pouring in from the four cardinal points of the world.

And the work of Mr. Patterson is not yet done. No one realizes more than he what the city of Dayton faces today. "I never had anything so discouraging," said he, "so hard, or a subject that required so much thought in all my life as the ways and means by which we can make Dayton a safer, more beautiful and more prosperous city."

It is to be hoped that John H. Patterson will be spared for many years. While we realize that Mr. Patterson is a man whose time is well taken up with the management of the great industrial plant, the model factory of the world, we trust that we shall have his inspiration in the rehabilitation necessary today for the making of a Greater Dayton, a resurrection of the Gem City of the United States.

## Rescue Work in South Park

FRED STROOP, '18.



DIFFERENT people at various hours of the 25th of March awoke to the reality that there was such a thing as a flood in the Gem City. Some in the flood district were aware of the truth only at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. Others, however, peculiarly situated, became conscious of the awful truth at a later hour.

It was about 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon that I was called to the phone and requested to go to the Five Span Bridge. I put my boat on a truck and started for the scene. I found a man and his wife, practically marooned, and took them to a place of safety in my boat. There

being no more lives to rescue, I became active in saving horses, hogs, and chickens, when I was suddenly accosted by a man who drove frantically up the levee in a racing machine. He demanded of me what I meant by saving hogs when there were human lives to rescue in Dayton. This was news to me, as I was not aware that the streets of Dayton were flooded, living as I do in Hills and Dales.

However, while I was not pleased with the uncomplimentary manner of my new acquaintance, I loaded my boat into my truck and started for Dayton. I reached it at 3:30, and my boat was manned immediately by two men already on the scene. Pistol shots on all sides from people marooned in the flooded section near the Fairgrounds, told the story more graphically than words that one boat could not rescue all those endangered by the flood and the fire that was raging.

On looking around, I met Brother O'Reilly, who proposed manning one of the big, flat-bottomed boats that the National Cash Register Company was turning out every seven minutes. Together with Russel Young, we started out east on Apple street, turned over Brady street to Burns avenue. The current was treacherous as we crossed streets, slapping us against houses on the one hand, or turning our course down stream on the other. In the latter case, it was only the good fortune of being able to grasp tops of high porches, or gutters of small houses, that saved us from being swept by the current directly into the burning buildings but a few hundred feet below us. Our boat leaked so badly that one of our party had to bail water all the time to keep pace with the water coming into the improvised flat-bottomed craft. We made several trips this way, taking from three to six women and children a trip from houses bordering on the fire district.

The current increased, however, towards night and we succeeded in finding a steel boat, thus making better progress across the current, which was estimated from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The other party of rescuers, who had been using my boat all afternoon, worked indefatigably with us, but it was evident from the number of frantic cries on all sides, and the pistol shots ringing out, that it was well nigh impossible for the two boats to rescue all those unfortunates in danger of their lives from drowning on the one hand or from the fire which was rapidly spreading. Brother O'Reilly appealed to Mr. Patterson, who was directing the rescue work all day in that section of the city, and the latter called for volunteers. While fully one hundred and fifty were crowded in the streets and around a lone campfire, but one responded—Fred Patterson, the son of the president of the National Cash Register Company.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **RESCUE WORK NEAR BOMBERGER PARK**

The flat-bottomed boat pictured here is one of the 200 turned out at the N. C. R., one every 7 minutes. They were of great service in localities where the current did not necessitate the use of a steel boat.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **RESCUE WORK AT CAROLINE AND BURNS AVENUE**

The destruction of property in this section was heavy, as it is situated in the old bed of the Mad River. The water mark below the window sills of the second story can be seen in the picture.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **VIEW FROM MIAMI VALLEY HOSPITAL**

Cottages in this section of the city were totally submerged, the water rising to a height of 18 and 20 feet. This picture and the one below are scenes referred to in the sketch, "Rescue Work in South Park."



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **APPLE STREET EAST OF THE FAIRGROUNDS**

This scene represents the southern edge of the flood after the water had gone down. Swift currents swept houses away, leaving the open space in the center. A conflagration on Main street threatened to wipe out this section.

Leaving Russel Young on the shore for one trip, Fred Patterson, Brother O'Reilly and myself started out together at 7 p. m. We took lanterns to help us pick our way through yards in which debris was fast piling up, blocking our path. The water had risen to such a height that we were able to relight a lantern within a second-story window while remaining seated in our boat. The water continued to rise in these last trips until near 10 o'clock it was fully eighteen or twenty feet deep.

While we never learned the names of the two middle-aged men who rowed the other boat all afternoon, we were grieved to learn on landing after one of our trips late in the evening, that they had lost control of their boat and were swept down stream, past Main street, with the on-lookers helpless to save them from death in the river beyond.

By this time, the lightning that played in the heavens while the rain continued to fall in torrents, was almost blinding. We had heard from refugees that we had taken out, that the Gette family of women and children, on the corner of Burns avenue and Main street, were in immediate danger of the big conflagration that was burning houses down to the water's edge. So we decided that we would take chances and get them out. Not knowing just how many there were imperiled, we looked for another steel boat, a very large one, and were soon ready for our twelfth and last trip of the night. Fred Patterson and myself led off in the first boat, and Brother O'Reilly, Russel Young and an old employee of the N. C. R., followed in the large steel boat.

We found that the current had become swifter and the debris thicker as we went along. The light of the flames from the burning houses guided us safely, but just as we neared Burns avenue and Main street, a contrary current swung our boat, and but for some clever work of Fred Patterson we would never have reached the imperiled family, but would have gone down into the surging waters of Main street.

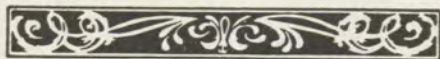
With a blow that threatened to crush our boat, we landed on a slanting roof, where two women and three girls patiently waited to be rescued. The current, however, was against us, and we could not get away without help. After fifteen minutes waiting, Brother O'Reilly's boat, which had troubles of its own, came along cautiously. He fastened his boat to a tree, and then learned of our serious predicament. Fortunately, he had plenty of rope, while we had none, so rope was thrown to us, which we passed through the ring of our boat, the one end being made secure to the house and the other to the tree where the big steel boat was fastened. We put the two women into our boat;


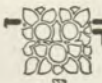
another rope was thrown to us, enabling us to pull ourselves over our improvised cable and leave the two women to be taken to shore in the large steel boat.

Our boat was then filled with the three girls, Fred Patterson and myself, from the slanting roof on which the water was steadily rising. We were pulled over by means of the rope to a position near the large steel boat, and we started for shore. We proceeded slowly, but had not gone more than five hundred feet when we heard a scream, and looking back we saw the large steel boat upset, and the two women and three men float down the current on Vine street headed for the fire. Fred Patterson and I hesitated whether we should go to their rescue immediately, or land the three girls first. We decided quickly that the load in our boat was already too much, so we rowed to shore. We were so exhausted that we had to be taken out of the boat, too stiff to walk. We told the bystanders of the fate of the five upset out of the other boat, and volunteers were called for. One man answered the call, saying: "Come on, Kid. Tell the Cincinnati bunch Shorty and the Kid are out in a boat."

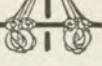

The rest of the story I learned from others. "Shorty" and the "Kid" soon got under way, but with no one to tell them where the five had drifted, their work to find them was no easy task. At about 11 o'clock, nearly an hour after the boat had upset, "Shorty" found the five hanging to trees, some in water to their shoulders. Taking them two by two from their perilous positions, for the water was still rising, and the flames of the burning houses scarcely two hundred feet below, "Shorty" and the "Kid" went back for the last man, who refused to enter the boat, as he had taken a chance and had drifted into a house lower down.

So "Shorty" and the "Kid" rowed to shore, but when within one hundred and fifty feet from safety, the current caught their boat, and they were swept down past Main street before the eyes of hundreds of bystanders. "Shorty," ever thoughtful of others, cried out, "Jump, Kid, we can't both go." The "Kid" jumped, caught a rope and was dragged in half drowned, muttering, "Shorty had the nerve, but he wasn't strong enough. I guess he's cashed in his chips."






## Marooned in the City



\* JOSEPH H. PFLAUM, '09.

 WAS sleeping soundly Tuesday morning at 4:45 when the telephone bell rang and rang. "Hello," I said. "Is this Riverdale?" asked the phone girl. "Yes." "Is this Emmett street?" "Yes." "Well, you must leave now, for the water is coming." "Come, mother, the river is rising and we will have to get out of here in pretty short order." Naturally, mother was extremely excited and wanted to take up druggets, and get this and that, and move our things upstairs, and live up there, but I persuaded her to just throw a couple of things into a suitcase and leave. A little look outside showed us that many were then hurrying for higher ground with all haste.

Off we started, then, with two suitcases and made our way to the post office without any trouble. There I called up a friend, asking him to kindly send down some sort of a conveyance in which to take my mother and little brother out to friends on Huffman Hill. However, as he was slow in coming I hailed a Union Station cab and saw them safely started for high ground.

Then I went up to the Main street bridge to get better knowledge of the situation, and while walking along the levee near the Log Cabin, the water started over the levee into the business part of the town. I then hurried back to the office, called up Mr. Giele to see if there was anything special I could do for him; but though I tried time and again, I could not reach him by phone.

### EVERYTHING SEEMED AFLOAT.

I started piling things of my own on the counter, thinking they would certainly be safe. The water by that time, however, was at the door of the office before I quit working. By wading I made my way around to the Beckel building and there helped Mr. Pretzinger, the druggist, pile some of his goods up high. After a while the water became so high that we had to abandon the work and force our way into

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\* Managing Editor of "The Young Catholic Messenger."

the hotel, the lobby of which was then entirely under water. We located ourselves on the fire escape and watched the waters as they became alarmingly dangerous. Asphalt was rooted up from the streets in huge blocks; men were wading waist deep desperately making their way to safety. Overturned wagons, outside store cases, and hundreds of things which we could not distinguish, were carried pell-mell in the rush of these angry waters like so many toothpicks. Horses, many of them still harnessed, presented heartrending sights: some almost exhausted drifted with the current hardly able to keep their heads above water; others less worn out vainly tried to breast that angry and ever increasing current to get back to their stables. But the fight was an uneven one and they were soon lost to our sight; while others went under from the wounds they received from being hurled up against lamp-posts and buildings and half-submerged furniture.

The water soon took an awful rise, and one after another of the large windows on the south side of Third street gave way. Every window which was broken by the terrific rushing of the water sounded like an explosion of some huge boiler, and the water swished and roared as it engulfed the stores. This scene struck terror into the hearts of the bravest. Women were crying and moaning on all sides; brave men were standing with features set in grim determination to face whatever must come. Everybody was tense.

Suddenly a loud crash was heard. All hearts were stilled with fear. The floor on the Jefferson street side of the Beckel House sank a little and the doors were torn away. Immediately everybody made haste to gain the right wing of the building. Husband was separated from wife, and friend from friend. Confusion reigned in all the corridors for a few minutes.

The principal cause of fear at this time was the awful thought, "How long will the foundation hold?" No one could say. Perhaps the next minute we would all be crushed in a mass of wreckage from which there would be no escape. The awful tenseness of the situation could not be imagined; it would have to be experienced to be realized.

Then came the thought, "Which is the safest building in this vicinity?" "The City Savings and Trust Bank building," of course, for it had been just completed, and has a deep foundation. But even though we might cross many roofs, there is still an alley separating us from that building. However, it was worth a trial; anything was a trial in this situation. Out of the fire escapes and over the roofs, three of us made our way to the Bijou Dream building. There was the alley, with the water swirling and rushing two stories below. On the other side



**RIKE-KUMLER BUILDING, SECOND AND MAIN STREETS**

This typical picture of the business district shows clearly how the flood affected the business men of Dayton. All stores had their basements submerged, and at least ten feet of water on the first floors.



*N. C. R. Photo*

**LUDLOW AND FOURTH STREETS LOOKING EAST**

While the levees overflowed at an early hour, many clerks were marooned in stores and obliged to remain there at least 60 hours with scarcely any food. The water rose 9 feet higher than represented in this picture.



*N. G. R. Photo*

#### **RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS MIAMI RIVER**

This bridge, until washed out, acted as a dam and held back the flood waters. A construction gang of 400 men from Syracuse built 1200 feet of temporary bridge in one week, strong enough to last several years.



*Hermes*

#### **BUILDINGS ON MAIN STREET THAT COLLAPSED**

With practically no warning, these three buildings collapsed before the water had risen to any height. Louis E. Moosbrugger, '00, had a narrow escape, having left his Cafe but five minutes before the catastrophe occurred.

the window was closed. A friend brought a ladder and with a bang we forced the glass through. I was the first to try to cross the alley on the ladder, and I must confess that it was a trifle unsteady.

How the time passed I do not know. At 3 o'clock I was on the roof of the new building. By this time there were at least seventy-five people transferred to this building from adjacent ones. Looking to the south, we see the water extending to the hills on the far south side of the town where the traction car winds its way around the bluffs. The water is almost to the ceiling of all the stores, and all the windows being broken, the water has washed out all the stock. Toward South Franklin street we see a fire raging fiercely. There is no help for those caught in or near it, for there is not a boat to be seen, and because of the dreadful force of the water it would be foolhardy to attempt to use them.

#### BUILDINGS COLLAPSE.

But what is the awful, crashing noise? It is over. In two seconds, three small buildings, the Leonard Leather Store, the Grand Leader, and Moosbrugger's Cafe, have collapsed and fallen into the water below. In two seconds these buildings have collapsed and fallen as one, and taken with them the precious lives they harbored. People are running on adjacent buildings to their edges and looking into the mass of debris which has not yet floated away. Women sob and cry hysterically, and men brush the tears from their eyes. We can see water—water—water as far south as Carremonte. Turning to the west, we can see a roaring fire being fanned higher and higher every minute, and we think where will that fire end? Will it reach us? Smaller fires can be noted around us everywhere. The river has no shore. Everywhere is water. Many horses are swimming south on Main street from above. The men on the old court house steps call to them, and the horses try desperately to reach the men. A few of them succeed, but most of them fail and are swept away from our sight. The man who owns many of them is standing near us, and names each one as it goes by. Those that were saved were taken into the court house.

Turning to the north, we see a body of water as far as the eye will reach in this sort of a mist and haze. A street car is forced hard up against the Soldiers' Monument. Houses in Riverdale have water in the second stories, and some of them are submerged to the eaves of the roof. And looking a little more to the east, we see a massive area of water and housetops. Some houses are submerged just to the second story and some almost to the eaves. We ask ourselves, what became of those people who thought the water would not rise so high, whose homes

they almost cover? We are afraid to imagine, for we know there are no boats and that the rush of the waters sweeping over the levees is destructive.

Looking a little more towards the east, we see the Herman avenue bridge. The water is covering the flooring of the bridge in most places. Houses which have floated down are banked against it. Another terrible crash resounds, and looking up East Third street we see a mass of wreckage where Burkhardt & Rottermann's drug store once was. On the building next to it men are running with ropes. They throw out the rope, and with the aid of a field glass we see them rescue a man and a woman and a child from the wreckage. Again we wonder how long this building will last. In North Dayton, formerly called Texas, hundreds of houses are submerged to the roofs. The Stoddard-Dayton plant appears to be about two-thirds submerged.

Food is at a great premium. Lunches are brought for the women from the Beckel Hotel, but is very scarce. Darkness is coming on, so a few friends and myself make our way on the roof from this building to the Callahan Bank Building, on the northeast corner of Third and Main streets. Darkness is upon us, and the women adjourn to one room and the men to another. Five fires are raging in different parts of the city, and the sky is lighted very brightly at times. How slow the minutes drag on in the darkness. We think it must be about a quarter of eleven and we find it to be ten after eight. How the entire night passed you can well imagine. About 3:30 a. m. another loud crash is heard; another building collapses. How many lives are lost in it we can only imagine.

Little difference can be noted from the top of the building Wednesday morning, except that there are but few fires. This is probably due because of the heavy rain which lasted throughout the night. Away out East Third street, at the edge of the water, can be seen hundreds of people and many militiamen. Another pleasant sight for us is a train coming over the D. L. & C., which is no doubt a relief train. In another hour word is received that the militiamen will soon arrive in boats with plenty of provisions for all.

However, no militia or boats arrived Wednesday afternoon, so we knew that we were doomed to stay here for another night of horror. To the east of us about a square and a half, where the drug store collapsed, there is a small but very fierce fire raging. At 3 o'clock I went down on the fire escape of the City National Bank, and by leaning forward I could see a little of the awful blast which is being blown to the south by a brisk northern breeze. The adjacent buildings and those

on the south side of Third street are in immediate danger, and we can see the people in all of those buildings hurriedly making their way across the roofs in order to get as far away from the fire as possible. By 3:30 the fire was terrible, and by 4 o'clock is almost beyond description in its horror and alarming proportions. Hundreds of burning spars are floating down the current into the lower rooms of other buildings.

#### ANOTHER NIGHT AMID FIRE AND FLOOD.

Because of the alarming proportions this fire was assuming, I thought it best for my personal safety and for the safety of certain valuable books in the building which we occupied on Second street to make my way to that thoroughfare, if possible. Seeing that the darkness of night would be soon upon us, I knew it would be better, if possible, to try to secure them before the fire would reach that point.

Again I started off over the roofs, through windows, up and down stairways, over alleys, and up and down ladders, until I had finally reached the Knecht Hotel on Second street. This, however, was half a square from the building which I wished to reach, so off again I started over the roofs for my destination. I was hardly half way there, however, when some man, learning the point which I was trying for, gently but firmly detained me and allowed me to go no further.

The Wednesday night of horror which followed beggars description. The fire continued to grow in volume each minute and the flames at times seemed to reach to the skies. We stood on the back veranda of the Knecht Hotel watching, ever watching this fiery furnace, wondering, wondering where it all would end; wondering if our building would be a mass of ruins by break of day. But if the fire should reach this building, where would we go? There is nothing but water, water everywhere. We dreaded to think, as we could but hope and pray. There must have been a cloudburst, for never have I seen rain pour down in such torrents. Instead of smothering the raging fires, it seemed to feed it, for it was light enough at all times to read the finest print in a newspaper. About midnight the water began to recede, and the joy upon finding this out can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. The portrayal of the rest of that eventful night's suffering, I will leave to your own imagination. You will not picture it worse than it really was.

#### ANOTHER DAY OF EXCITEMENT.

The next morning, thanks to my big boots, I was able to make my way three blocks to the north to the Main street bridge, and then across to the Bellevue Apartments, which is on its north bank, where a relief

station had already been established. There I received a hearty welcome by relatives and friends, some crying, some laughing, some hysterical, some silent. I appeased my appetite with steaming hot coffee and sandwiches.

Here and everywhere, "work" was the order of the day for those who were able to do it. Being accustomed to canoes and boats, I soon secured a position in one, and we were then busy for several hours seizing groceries under military orders, and taking provisions and water to starving people who were marooned in the second stories and attics of their homes, many refusing to leave and be taken to places of greater safety. In this part of town the water in many places was still in the second stories. It was necessary to make a detour of three squares in order to pass wreckage of houses and barns.

Two friends who were working with me, and myself, intended to stay over night in a house which was just below the flooded zone, a mile and a quarter north in Riverdale. About 4 o'clock we started for that point in our little canoe, but before we had passed six blocks we were hailed by men in a passing boat who warned us to go no farther, told us that the Lewiston Reservoir had broken and that a wall of water was on its way toward us. This, I can say, with all honesty, was anything but comforting news, and we did not feel so foolish about it at the time. Then and there the three of us held counsel, and decided that if the report was really true we were safer in the canoe on the top of the water than we would be in any building in Riverdale. So, on, on we went, and we paddled that canoe for our lives. Our haste must have lessened our caution, for we soon hit some wreckage and we thought for a second that we would overturn. After another narrow escape, in which our canoe was caught in a treacherous current and nearly smashed to pieces against a house, we reached dry land on North Main street, just opposite White City Amusement Park. I know that you will agree with me when I say that the sight of some good, high, dry land was certainly a sight which was appreciated after one had seen water, water, water, until one doubted there was dry land in Dayton.

But it is all over now, and while I have read and heard stories of others, their experiences and sufferings, learned of the loss of life and property throughout the city, I am firmly convinced that the complete story of the Dayton flood can never be told. While I was in the center of the business section of the city, and saw hundreds of marooned people in stores and office buildings, I can but picture the agony and suffering of men, women and children in resident sections, as the water rose, filled the first stories, half-filled, and in some cases



*Mayfield*

#### DISASTROUS FIRE IN THE DOWN TOWN DISTRICT

While fires occurred during the flood in all parts of Dayton, the most disastrous, financially, is that shown in the above illustration. The fire losses over the insurance amounted to nearly \$1,000,000.

Thirty-eight people were marooned in the building to the extreme left in the picture. The Burkhardt & Rottermann Building, at the other end of the same block, collapsed Tuesday afternoon, and the ruins took fire the next morning. The Finke Building, adjoining the drug store, then collapsed, and the fire became a big conflagration, spreading rapidly. The 38 people were driven from building to building, at times being obliged to crawl through transoms of doors.

The fire threatened to cross to the Beckel House, but a shift of wind caused it to leap to the south side of Third street, wiping out that side, and half a block on Jefferson, as shown in the center and right of the picture. This conflagration added terror to the flood, and hundreds of men and women marooned in that vicinity feared for their safety for two days and two nights. Had a strong breeze kept up, undoubtedly the whole business district would have been destroyed, and the loss of life would have been appalling.



**"CLEANING UP." EAST FIRST STREET**

*Mayfield*

Fully 93,000 people, 15,000 homes, and the entire business district of Dayton was under water, which left a heavy deposit of mud in basements and first floors, ruining furniture and stock.

The above picture shows a house blocking the street, a common sight the early days after the flood. The streets presented the appearance of another flood, as nearly every store had gasoline engines pumping out water from basements. Mud, damaged stock, and discarded furniture were later piled high on both sides of the streets. After two weeks' strenuous work of removing rubbish on wagons and flat cars, it was estimated that fully 40,000 tons were still to be removed, and \$1,000,000 expended, before the streets can be properly cleaned and the houses disinfected.

The loss to Dayton due to the flood, aggregates to \$128,000,000, divided as follows: Buildings, \$15,200,000; furniture, \$9,440,000; merchandise, \$18,000,000; live stock and autos, \$1,000,000; fire losses over insurance, \$975,236; pianos in homes, \$800,000; leaf tobacco in warehouses, \$900,000. Dayton business men, headed by John H. Patterson, are determined to have the National Government take care of its "navigable" river, and prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe. Should nothing be done, real estate will depreciate to the extent of \$55,000,000.

submerged, the second stories, forcing families to break holes in ceilings, take refuge in blind attics or risk the danger of passing debris on improvised rafts as the rain and exposure brought untold suffering.

But Dayton will rise; her people will take heart, and again Dayton will be made worthy of the title of the Gem City of the United States.

**STUDENTS, RETURNING TO CITY,  
SAY DAYTON WORST HIT OF ALL**

Many of Those Reporting to St. Mary's College, Came From Flooded Sections, But Are Astonished at Damage Here—Almost Entire Register Back Again.

Dayton Evening Herald, April 17, 1913.

St. Mary's College reopened Tuesday with practically its full quota of students. The circular sent out by President Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, representing the sanitary condition of Dayton as most satisfactory, resulted in the return of the 225 boarding students from all parts of the country. Almost the entire register of Dayton students reported.

Many of the boarding students arriving at the union station met scenes similar to those in their home towns, as a number hailed from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and New York. Students from Columbus, Fort Wayne, Logansport, Kankakee, Rochester, etc., were unanimous in their statements that the devastation in Dayton far exceeded that in their home towns. Practically all the boarding students experienced great difficulty in reaching the city, as they were forced to travel to Dayton by circuitous routes.

Classes were resumed Tuesday morning, and the routine of college went smoothly on as though unbroken for weeks. The college presented a marked contrast to its appearance three weeks previous, when it was a relief station for refugees of the flood. The buildings had been fumigated, relief supplies had been turned over to other relief stations,

and no trace, except a few posters, gave any evidence of former relief work carried out in the college halls.

#### OPEN COLLEGE TO REFUGEES.

St. Mary's was fortunate in having its large student body of 450 away on Easter vacation. On the day of the catastrophe, Tuesday, March 25, the college was prepared to receive its students, who were to return two days later. Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, S. M., newly appointed vice president, was in charge of the college, the president and vice president being out of the city. News of the calamity was sent to Father O'Reilly, who returned to the college early Wednesday morning, the provincial of the order, Very Rev. George Meyer, S. M., arriving at the college the evening before. The college authorities immediately arranged with John H. Patterson to receive an unlimited number of flood sufferers, and by Wednesday night 400 refugees were given accommodations at the college, the number increasing to 600 within the next 24 hours. Before the close of the week, fully 800 refugees were registered.

Fortunately, St. Mary's was well supplied with provisions laid in for the boarding students who were to arrive Thursday, and they proved to be invaluable to feed the large number of refugees housed the early days of the flood when food supplies had not yet reached Dayton. The college was extremely fortunate in having its own spring water supply, infirmary, electric light and heating plant, and laundry, which enabled it to give sanitary and comfortable accommodations throughout the two weeks the college was dedicated to relief work.

#### REGULAR COLLEGE MEALS SERVED.

The faculty was divided into committees to care for different departments of relief work. When food supplies arrived in the city, the college provisions were almost exhausted. Brother Rappel, S. M., in conjunction with Mr. Grant, Mr. Van Horn and Mr. Finrock, of the N. C. R., arranged to obtain consignments of food for the 600 refugees fed three times daily at the college.

Other faculty members were assigned direct work at North Dayton, Hungarian Club, Emanuel's, St. Elizabeth's Hospital and other parts of the city, where they worked in conjunction with the N. C. R. The college kitchen was a busy place, for while the cooks were rushed to prepare meals for the 600 refugees, they found time to cook the provisions for the Miami Valley Hospital, brought on Cappel trucks during the few days that the hospital kitchen was crippled with lack of facilities for cooking.

Throughout the two weeks of relief work, those suffering from exposure were given individual attention from the college infirmary by doctors who volunteered from Toledo, Columbus and Xenia, aided by local nurses and Red Cross nurses from Washington, Ann Arbor and Detroit. In spite of many cases of illness incident to the flood, there were no fatalities at the college.

Reading rooms with literature of all kinds were opened the second day of the flood, and were well patronized, as the flood sufferers quickly recovered from the nervous shocks occasioned by their sad experiences. In fact, a visitor at the college could scarcely believe, as little boys and girls romped through the halls, that the hundreds of men and women housed at the college had suffered in a flood. After the first few days, when members of families had been reunited, optimism seemed to be the feeling that was uppermost in the hearts of all. College discipline prevailed, for during the two weeks the college was a relief station, militia were conspicuous for their absence. All retired at 8 p. m., rose at 6 a. m., and regular college meals were served in the college dining rooms on scheduled time.

There was ever present an air of cheerfulness, and it was with feelings of regret that the refugees bade farewell when they left for their homes in the city. The college authorities and faculty had a strenuous two weeks' siege of work to carry for their refugees, but all seemed happy that they were in position to care for so many destitute who were welcomed to the college halls.



# SISTERS AND PATIENTS SUBSIST THREE DAYS ON SOUR MILK AND COFFEE

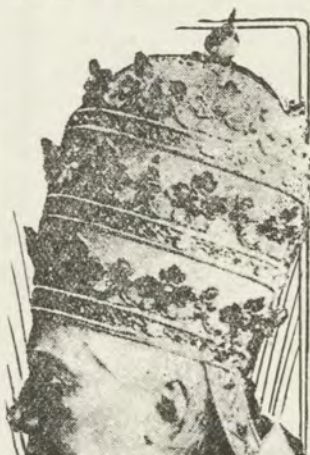
## TERRIBLE PLIGHT ENDURED IN FLOOD AT ST. ELIZABETH'S

Cows and Horses Taken to  
Upper Floors at Hospital  
to Save Their Lives

## BROTHERS HURRY TO GIVE RELIEF

Take Desperate Chances to  
Aid Suffering Ones Who  
Are Marooned.

POPE IS ILL



Dayton Evening Herald, Tuesday, April 8, 1913.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital, with its 400 patients and 300 refugees, was completely marooned the first three days of the flood. Motorcyclermen reported on Thursday that it was absolutely impossible to reach the hospital. Brother Rappel and Brother Wohleben, of St. Mary's College, engaged the services of an expert motorboat man in the effort to find some way to reach the hospital. The expert declared, however, that it was impossible to cross the river in small motorboats, and late Thursday high-bodied wagons were secured to carry provisions, as motor trucks could not be used in the four feet of water that was met a great part of the way. Eight thousand pounds of provisions which arrived on motor trucks from Cincinnati, sent by St. Mary's Hospital, Betts street, Cincinnati, were placed on these high-bodied wagons at St. Mary's College, and double teams carried relief provisions by a cir-

cuitous way to Bomberger Park, down Third street, and thence to the hospital, the water frequently rising to the height of four feet in the path of the wagons.

#### LIVE ON SOUR MILK.

These provisions reached St. Elizabeth's Hospital Friday morning, and the Sisters and patients were crowded together, covered with shawls, endeavoring to keep warm. The water had sufficiently receded to build a fire in the kitchen range at that time. Tuesday and Wednesday the basement was completely flooded with water, and there was no heat, light or facilities to warm food. For three days the Sisters, patients and refugees lived on coffee and sour milk. In the effort to save all, the cows and horses were brought through the Hopeland street tunnel into the second story of the laundry, directly connected with the hospital. Carpets were put on the tiled floor to prevent the animals from slipping, and for three days the mooing of the cows and the neighing of horses were heard through the hospital.

On the return trip from the hospital, the two faculty men from St. Mary's College brought groceries and provisions and warm coffee made at the hospital, and left them as the first aid to the Notre Dame Sisters, 60 in number, and to the Dominican Sisters from the Loretto Guild who had been taken in boats to the Academy.

The second trip to the hospital Friday afternoon with 4,000 pounds of provisions, the remainder of the consignment from Cincinnati for these Sisters, placed the hospital in a position to properly feed the hundreds there, as well as practically 1,000 people who came to obtain the necessities to keep them from starving.

#### BROTHERS TO RESCUE.

Late that night, at 9 o'clock, Brother Reimboldt and Brother Wohleben, of St. Mary's College, obtained a consignment of provisions from the N. C. R. relief station for Notre Dame Academy, and in the darkness of night picked their way to Bomberger Park, where a permit was obtained to pass through the lines without being harassed at every step as in the early part of their journey. The trip took fully one and one-half hours to cover the distance from the college to the academy, on account of the circuitous way taken and the stopping by militia.

Sunday morning, St. Elizabeth's Hospital received its first meat supply through the efforts of the college relief committee. Anthony Gallagher, of Springfield, a brother of Father Gallagher, of this city, gave the services of two of the eighteen Kelly motor trucks loaned to this city, and a trip to the Dayton Abattoir Company was made Sunday

morning. The management of this company generously donated 24 quarters of beef to be given to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and the Olt Brewing Company donated a ton of ice, which was taken on the second truck.

Three more trips were made Sunday afternoon with provisions from the N. C. R. relief station, and the hospital was put in a position to properly feed the hundreds stricken with sickness and the countless numbers who came in one continuous stream to ask for food. From Sunday, the hospital was well taken care of by this college relief committee, which daily made trips to the hospital to find its needs and to supply them to the best of their ability.



## NUNS CLOTHE MALE REFUGEES IN GREEK AND ROMAN ROBES

Sisters at Notre Dame Join With Heroic Chaplain in  
Furnishing Relief, Under Most Trying Cir-  
stances, to Hundreds of Flood Victims.

Dayton Evening Herald, April 12, 1913.

Notre Dame Academy, Ludlow and Franklin streets, was a remarkable center of rescue and relief work from the early hours of the flood disaster. The 60 Sisters who conduct the academy and parochial schools of the city, together with their chaplain, Rev. Joseph Kassmann, realizing the serious aspect of the flood early Tuesday morning, began to rescue people from neighboring houses.

The brave and energetic young chaplain threw out ropes, and 17 people, men and women, were rescued from the raging waters that played havoc with the frail houses near the academy. As these refugees badly needed dry clothing, a strange problem presented itself.

While the nuns generously gave of their own wardrobes, they were helpless for a time to aid the men. But at last, the strange situation of clothing men in a girls' academy was coped with successfully. The dramatic wardrobe was ransacked, and later there strutted about men, white and colored, clad in Greek and Roman costumes. Incongruous

as the scene really was, no one seemed to notice the ludicrous appearance these refugees presented as they walked the corridors for the next three days.

#### LIVE ON RICE AND SUGAR.

Wednesday, the 60 nuns and 18 refugees lived on raw puffed rice and sugar, but it must be said in justice to these women that their faith never faltered, nor did they show signs of despair, in spite of the flames that could be seen from the top floor of their large building. Wednesday night, however, their faith was sorely tried. The cry of "put out lights" created terror in the neighborhood, as people on all sides called to the Sisters for help as if panic-stricken. Father Kassmann rose to the emergency, and from the four sides of the building in turn, calmed their fears, and bid them be brave as he called the hours of the night as they slowly and interminably passed on. Neighbors say they shall never forget his words of encouragement, nor the prayers and hymns of petition that the pious nuns poured forth to God that all might be spared.

Wednesday night, Sister Helen, who has been in temporary charge of the academy, hailed a man passing in a boat, and begged him to take a message to the president of St. Mary's College, Father O'Reilly, asking for food. Relief was prompt, for Brother Reimboldt arrived in a boat at 6:30 the next morning, bringing coffee and sandwiches to the marooned Sisters and their refugees. At 8 o'clock the Louisville life-saving crew reached the academy, and on learning the large number at that institution, obtained water and food for them at a later hour.

The same morning four Dominican Sisters in charge of the Loretto Guild and 25 other refugees were hailed as they passed in boats and welcomed into the academy. Friday morning 11 more refugees were taken in from boats, some suffering from exposure on roofs of houses. These were given special attention and made as comfortable as possible. The same morning Dr. King, of Cincinnati, accompanied by Brother O'Reilly of St. Mary's College, ministered to the wants of the sick refugees.

Up to this time, the food supply for the large number at the academy was sadly inadequate. Late Friday night, Brother Reimboldt and Brother Wohleben of St. Mary's College, obtained a consignment of provisions from the N. C. R. relief station for Notre Dame Academy, and in the darkness of night picked their way to Bomberger Park, where a permit was obtained to pass through the lines without being harrassed at every step as in the early part of the journey. The trip took fully one and a half hours to cover the distance from the college

to the academy on account of the circuitous way taken to avoid the water, and the frequent stopping by militia.

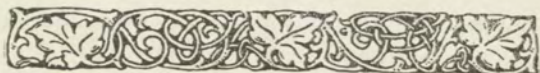
#### SISTERS' GREAT SACRIFICES.

As fast as the food and clothing arrived, the refugees were looked after by the kind Sisters who seemed not to think of themselves. Food was sent to neighboring houses by ropes, and baskets were let down to guards, who in turn succeeded in passing up to people in the second story of neighboring houses. Fully 600 refugees were given food for the first ten days of the flood.

As fully 20 of the older nuns were sick and infirm, arrangements were made to send them to Cincinnati to a home of the Sisters of Notre Dame in that city. The remaining 40 welcomed refugees up to April 6, when the water having subsided, the neighboring houses were in a condition to enter. Class rooms and music rooms were used as dormitories, and the nuns ministered to the wants of all, men and women, without distinction of color or creed.

The nuns at the Academy are making rapid strides in endeavoring to get the rooms in the first floor and basement into a fit condition to live in. The damage done to both floors has been considerable, and the clean, waxed floors that graced the halls and rooms of Notre Dame Academy are no more. Instead, there is evidence of destruction on all sides, from the walls that gave these devoted Sisters their privacy of enclosure in their picturesque park to the rooms that have been made untenable through the heavy mud deposits on all sides.

When it comes to count the heroes and heroines of the flood, the devoted chaplain, Rev. Joseph Kassman, and the Sisters of Notre Dame, headed by Sister Helen, will merit a high place among them.





*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **EDGEWATER AND WILLIAMS STREET**

Many automobiles were swept away by the flood. The above illustration has an interesting story connected with it. This auto of Supt. E. J. Brown was left practically uninjured, while the garage was carried to the rear of the lot.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **A FREAK OF THE FLOOD**

The big 12x12 beam in the picture, 75 feet long, was originally located 100 feet to the rear of these houses on Monument avenue. The flood carried it and swung it in place as shown in the illustration.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **DESTRUCTION NEAR HERMAN AVENUE**

The levee in North Dayton broke at 5:30 the morning of the flood. Houses were swept from their foundations, while others were destroyed. Many lives were saved by the prompt action of rescue parties, who took people from cottages on rafts.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **REAR OF HERBERT STREET**

Another scene in North Dayton, showing the force of the waters as they piled up and jammed barns and sheds in the oddest positions. Practically all the back yards in some sections were cleared of frame buildings.

# SEIZE A CARLOAD OF CHICKENS TO FEED STARVING REFUGEES

Real Feasts Finally Enjoyed at North Dayton Relief Station After Long Period of Suffering—Soldiers Forced to Confiscate Quantity of Supplies

Dayton Evening Herald, April 14, 1913.

North Dayton, while practically marooned from the rest of the city for three days, was the first relief station to cope successfully with the food supply during the early days of the flood.

Brother Bernard Reckert, S. M., principal of the Holy Rosary School, deserves unstinted praise for the methods he used in solving the difficult situation North Dayton faced in the early days of the flood. His experience at the head of a committee in the San Francisco earthquake proved to be of practical value. Major Smith, who resides in that section of the city, swore in a committee of two, Brother Reckert and William Durkin, a graduate of St. Mary's College of the class of '96, on the first day of the flood. Supplies of groceries and clothing stores were confiscated to the value of \$20,000 during these days, and thus the committee was in a position to cope successfully with a situation that was undoubtedly the most difficult to be handled in the city.

Immediate action saved many lives in North Dayton. While the currents were not swift, the back waters of Mad river almost totally covered the small houses of that section. Telegraph poles were cut down and fences taken apart to make rafts to rescue the marooned people from tops of houses. There were but three boats available the early days of the flood. Motorboats reached North Dayton only on Friday.

The provisions confiscated on Tuesday and Wednesday were exhausted by Friday, the day on which the militia arrived from Spencerville, walking the entire distance from Troy. Colonel Vollrath immediately joined forces with the relief committee, approved of their methods, and endeavored to solve the problem of further food supplies.

Carloads of goods on the Leo street crossing were seized, among which were 4,000 live chickens, which proved to be quite a delicacy as

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they were daily distributed at the relief station. This action on the part of Colonel Vollrath proved to be timely, for while North Dayton got in touch with the citizens' committee on Friday, it was not assigned a zone from which to get supplies. Colonel Vollrath, realizing the seriousness of the situation, sent out and obtained four traction carloads of food supplies from Springfield and New Carlisle from farmers who generously gave in large quantities. This uncertain situation kept up until Thursday, April 3, when Rev. Mr. Corley, of the Huffman school relief committee, sent a load of supplies obtained from the Pennsylvania railroad.

#### GIVE UP CLUB HOUSE.

Friday, April 4, Fred Fansher was appointed by Mr. Grant, of the N. C. R., to look after the North Dayton situation. Mr. Fansher made St. Michael's Club the center relief station of North Dayton. The young men of Holy Rosary parish generously surrendered the use of their remodeled club house, opened the day before the flood, and worked industriously with the relief committee. The card system and records used from the very first day of the flood were approved by Mr. Fansher, who did not insist on the introduction of the new system recommended for use at relief stations. Thanks to Mr. Fansher, the relief work was carried on without any further obstacles.

The remarkable attention given to the records of supplies for every family is worthy of notice. Besides tickets given for supplies, ledger accounts were kept for each family and note taken for number of people to be fed. But ten cases of over supplies occurred, which were given over to the militia to handle. On Monday, March 31, 8,389 persons were on the records, 1,371 tickets for food were issued which entailed the filling of 1,371 baskets. At the end of the same week, on Saturday, April 5, 13,163 were on the records, 2,161 tickets had been issued up to that date, and but 1,155 baskets were filled.

It must be said to the credit of the people of North Dayton that the first day the cash register was put at the station, that nearly \$100 was paid for supplies, which amount rose in the course of a few days to nearly \$200 daily. Furthermore, as families moved away and the people found themselves in a position to take care of themselves, the relief station fed the destitute people of the entire North Dayton with but 842 baskets of provisions on Saturday, April 12, to tide them over Saturday and Sunday.

#### BROTHERS RENDER AID.

The remarkable success of the relief committee of North Dayton is due to the indefatigable labors of the relief committee of that section,

aided materially by Brother William Beck, S. M., of St. Mary's College, who replaced Brother Bernard Reckert, who suffered a nervous collapse after the first week's work, as he had been in poor health for some time. The young men of St. Michael's Club and the Brothers of Holy Rosary school co-operated in handling the situation with the militia under Colonel Vollrath, who worked harmoniously with the relief committee at all times.

Rev. Father Frohmiller, who was reported in the early days of the flood as drowned, was ever active in administering to the wants of his parishioners, while his assistant, Rev. Leonard Redelberger, assumed charge of the emergency hospital at Holy Rosary School. Springfield doctors and nurses were untiring in the attention given to the many suffering from exposure at this hospital station. No deaths occurred, although many were seriously ill.

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## Dayton's Benefactors

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WITH truth has it been said that trials for individuals and calamities for nations bring out the best traits of character, and give a true status of the people at large. This has been exemplified in the Dayton Great Flood. The work of the American Red Cross Society, the Ohio National Guard, the Life Saving Crews, the generous contribution of food and supplies from all over the country, together with the untiring and devoted labors of those in a position to aid the flood sufferers, all go to make us believe that the world is getting better, that all it needs is more leaders among the laity, and the proper preaching of the doctrine of right living from all men of the cloth.

To even outline the great work done by the Red Cross Society in Dayton would be difficult. Local nurses and Red Cross nurses from Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Ann Arbor and other cities worked hand in hand with the doctors who volunteered their services from New York, Toledo, Columbus, Detroit, Cincinnati,

Xenia and other places too numerous to mention. They took active control of the hospital stations, relief supplies, and made house to house canvases in the detail work to establish sanitation. In spite of the flood conditions which lowered the vitality of 93,000 citizens and put houses and buildings in a state directly leading to contagion, the State Board of Health reported after the first three weeks that the health conditions of Dayton were better than they have been for a long time. This was certainly excellent praise and endorsement for the great work done by these ministering angels to the afflicted. Weather conditions for weeks made their work anything but pleasant, ordinarily speaking, but it was evident from the devoted and cheerful manner in which they set about their work as they co-operated with local committees of doctors and laymen on sanitation, that they had ever uppermost in their minds the betterment of Dayton flood sufferers, and little or no thought of themselves.

The Ohio National Guard, under the leadership of General Wood, took care of the situation in Dayton admirably. Merchants and citizens in general felt safe with their lives and property while militia patrolled the streets day and night. There has been much talk in the past unfavorable to the existence of the O. N. G.; the legislature, even, has been anything but enthusiastic about them, but it can be safely said that Dayton will ever boost the interests of the O. N. G. The public service employe or the citizen moving homeward in the dark with an emergency pass knew that the city was well guarded as he was stopped every square with the calls of "Halt!" "Who goes there?" "Advance and be recognized!" And their work, as they guarded the city day after day, and night after night, when it seemed as though the rain never would stop, was anything but the dress parade that some of us are wont to picture the life of soldiers and militia. So, here's to the Ohio National Guard, and may they be all the better appreciated!

Louisville and Toledo, as soon as they learned of the calamity that befell Dayton, sent their life savers. And gallant men they were. No one knows what lives could have been saved the first few days had they not been delayed by railroad service in arriving in the city. But as it was, they set to work, taking marooned people from homes, bringing food to such as refused to leave their homesteads, and doing grand work in general for the comfort of the flood sufferers. The Toledo organization came without funds, paying their own transportation, and their rescue work cost them sixteen row boats and two launches. They underwent considerable hardship, spending days and nights in wet clothing, yet they were cheerful as they took a few hours' rest in

chairs before returning to their work. More of their type are needed, and it is believed that Dayton today can add to the number. The crisis through which we passed brought out traits of character in individuals that we were ignorant of. Men came to the front, not only submitting to inconvenience or discomfort, but forgetting themselves and their love of life; they left all behind, fared forth into surging waters, unmindful of their own safety, eager to save women and children from fire and water, women and children who were total strangers to them.

But there is one body of individuals that should not be forgotten on Dayton's roll of honor. True, Dayton's citizenship of men has come out nobly, whether in exhibiting daring and courage, or untiring devotion and strenuous activity in relief work, or in the effort to bring order out of the depths of mud and water in their places of business. It is no exaggeration to say that but for the brave, patient, and unselfish share in the relief work shouldered by the women of Dayton, the story of Dayton's rise from the depths would be far different. The state realized their worth, when it hesitated, and then refused to turn over the distribution of supplies to the militia, after these brave women to the number of fully 500 had worked day and night at 49 relief stations, for the state authorities confessed that to endeavor to do without them would cripple the relief force fatally.

And of the devoted girls and women, one character stands out most nobly, that of Miss Dorothy Patterson, daughter of John H. Patterson. She proved herself to possess remarkable executive ability when she took charge of the commissary department of the N. C. R.; organized a system among the men and 150 girls assisting, that successfully served meals to 2,000 refugees daily; prepared 2,000 baskets of food every 24 hours; and distributed thousands of sandwiches to the countless hundreds of relief workers and flood sufferers that looked to the N. C. R. for food. She never seemed to tire, as she remained at her post daily to all hours of the night, and steadily for two weeks. Then, when Mr. Patterson was ordered by physicians to go South for his health, this brave and devoted girl remained in the city, looked after the "Welfare Work" at the N. C. R.; took active and practical interest in the Day Nursery established since the flood; and, in a word, continues to devote her time and energy to the betterment of conditions among the flood sufferers. Mr. Patterson has two children, children that he may well be proud of: a son whose fearless and untiring work in rescuing lives endangered by the flood and fire proclaim him to be a modest hero; and a daughter, whose love for suffering humanity is equalled only by

an executive ability to organize relief work, not to be dreamed of in a girl or young lady of her years.

And then, let us not forget the grand work of the women in their homes. Families without number took in refugees and housed and fed them, and without asking questions. One instance might be cited as characteristic of the generosity shown by Dayton women. Mrs. Leopold Rauh took into her home, not a select coterie of friends, but a large number of Hungarians of the working class, with their baggage and soaked bundles and troops of children. She gave them quarters in her magnificent ball room, one of the finest in the state, gave them cots and warm clothing and beds, and to the number of fully 100.

So, here's to the women of Dayton, who through the hours of darkness and danger and privation took care of refugees besides their own; here's to the women of Dayton who untiringly worked day and night at the relief stations! With truth has it been said, "Dayton owes much to its manly men. It owes more to its womanly women!"

But a word to the generosity of the country at large that responded generously to the relief of Dayton. Towns like Fayette, Eaton, New Paris, West Alexandria, Lewisburg, Arcanum, New Lebanon, New Carlisle, Wilmington, Hillsboro, Xenia, Osborn, Greenville, Brookville, Shiloh and Springfield sent us provisions as soon as they heard of our misfortune. National Cash Register agents in New York City sent a relief train of 14 cars loaded with supplies, twenty hours after the flood hit Dayton. They followed this train with another on Thursday and another on Friday, which likewise carried Red Cross doctors and volunteer nurses. New York newspapers were loud in their praise for the generosity of Mr. Patterson, who made it possible for all this relief work by paying all expenses for these special trains. Detroit, too, through H. G. Shockey, formerly of Dayton, came to Dayton's relief with a train of twelve cars of provisions; and even far distant Yakima Valley, Washington, sent nineteen carloads of food supplies, ten of which were rushed to Dayton. All parts of the country went out in sympathy to the flood sufferers, and individuals, parishes, lodges, and clubs, sent food and money to relieve the wants of suffering humanity of Dayton.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### OFFICIALS ON INSPECTION TOUR

Colonel John H. Patterson and Governor Cox are seated in the rear. General Wood of the O. N. G. is standing in the front of the car. The party traveled over the city to obtain accurate information of the flood situation.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### N. C. R. BREADLINE

A daily occurrence at 49 relief stations was the morning "breadline." The above picture shows a small portion of the hundreds of people that lined up daily to receive boxes of food filled by the N. C. R. over night.



*Mayfield*

#### **THE FLOOD IN RIVERDALE**

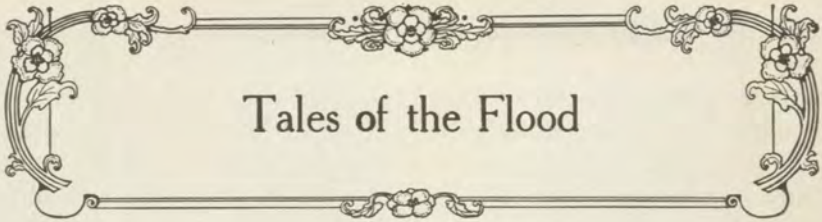
The flood afflicted all alike, rich and poor. These houses, with the first floors entirely submerged, are the homes of the well-to-do people of Dayton, who were forced by necessity to get food at relief stations.



*N. C. R. Photo*

#### **CATHERINE STREET FROM THE FAIRGROUNDS**

The people who lived in these houses were taken out early the morning of the flood. The water rose and completely covered the tops of the houses located in the foreground. Several houses were swept down the river.



## Tales of the Flood

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**T**HE writer feels in compiling this last article of flood stories that he has attempted too much, for it has been his experience during the last few weeks to hear so many stories of suffering that surpass all others, that to choose just a few as typical examples seems a rash problem. However, this number of the Exponent, named the Flood Number, would certainly be incomplete without them.

The experience of the Rottermann family of Sycamore street exemplifies through what marooned families passed during the days of the flood. Louis, Eugene and Walter attend college at the present time, while their brothers, Old Boys of the college, are well known to the Alumni of St. Mary's. At their home they noted the water coming down the street at 5:30 Tuesday morning. Besides taking care of eight members of their own family, the Rottermanns invited ten neighbors, residing in a cottage near them, to take refuge in their two-story home. With the problem of feeding eighteen people before them, supplies were taken up from the cellar and then to the second floor, for the waters reached the first floor at 7:30 a. m., and the second floor at 5 p. m. As the water continued to rise till it reached a height of four feet on the second floor, without any indication that it would stop at that height, the eighteen were moved into a triangular attic, never used before, measuring five feet at its highest point. Entrance to the attic was made through a hole in the ceiling measuring one and a half feet square; the only light and ventilation possible coming from one window of the same dimensions. Nothing, save the joists, served as a floor, until the boys of the family came down to the second story, waded through the water, and caught a floating fence which was passing by, the boards of which were passed up to the attic to serve as flooring.

Food was scarce, and Louis Rottermann, who assumed charge of the situation, was obliged to keep rations to one piece of bread and a few cherries for a meal, until late Thursday afternoon, when some of the

party were rescued. Gas, which escaped from broken pipes, threatened to suffocate them all, but fortunately the boys of the family, who waded through all the rooms of the second story, prevented this catastrophe by opening wide all the windows.

And yet, one would think an experience of this kind would be the worst, except when death intervened. But the following story, which is fully authenticated, was witnessed, not by one, but by many and in different parts of the city. A house almost submerged, from which, apparently, the inmates had fled, would resound in a noise of pounding and a shattering of wood. Presently shingles would splinter and an opening appear between the rafters. A human head and shoulders would rise, those of some poor, imprisoned, tortured victim of the flood, making his last stand against death, climbing to his last available height before he should be engulfed in the flood. As one writer expressed himself, the scene appeared as nothing less vivid than the gruesome pictures painted of the poor wretches clinging to the tree-tops and mountain pinnacles in the Deluge, with their terror-stricken faces and the mark of death upon them.

A number of the student body had harrowing tales to tell of the flood. William Faigle related the story of a family residing in a district where fire was raging and burning embers were alighting on roofs of neighboring houses. One man, in the desperate effort to save his home, looked in vain for a hatchet, and as a last resort cut his way through the roof with a penknife, only to find that his roof was already on fire. However, with water on all sides, he readily extinguished the fire and saved himself and family from being burned alive.

Clarence Hochwalt, a graduate of St. Mary's of the class of '06, together with his wife and members of her family, had been moved in boats the morning of the flood to a large brick house that was considered safe from the strong currents of the flood. When fires started throughout different parts of the city, and it looked that the city was doomed, his little party was taken out in boats to safety. Directly in their path lay Burns avenue with its swift currents. To cross it successfully, a strange expedient was resorted to. The men in the boat held on to the trolley wires just above them, and by moving carefully along, avoided being treacherously left to the swift currents that the oarsmen could not have fought alone. Shore was reached in safety, and all were later lodged at Alma Mater.

Frank Garrity tells an interesting story of the Shepherd family of Hamilton and how they were saved. Their house had already showed signs of being unsafe. They folded a big carpet four times, threw one

end to the neighboring house. Both ends being securely nailed down on window sills, the Shepherds walked securely over the carpet to safety to the larger house, just in time to escape from their own, which in a few minutes floated away.

William Schleinitz recounts the experience of Miss Flossie Lester, a stenographer, who was marooned on top of a moving van. Eventually the van upset, and Miss Lester, grasping a dangling strap of one of the horses which had broken loose, climbed astride the back of the animal, and reached dry land by clinging to the horse's neck through the mile and a half that the animal swam to shore.

John Weigand relates the brave and successful efforts of a young woman, who attired herself in men's clothing, leaped from a window, swam to a telegraph pole, climbed it, and holding to wires overhead, walked the cables for several squares to safety. Mr. and Mrs. Osborn of South Park had a similar experience. She and her husband with a four-months-old baby fastened in a sheet to his back, crowded on floating timbers to a telegraph pole, mounted the pole, step by step, and over the swift currents below them, traveled over the cables for nearly an hour, while their home was being slowly eaten up by the flames.

Alas, there are tales that did not end so happily. George Donovan of Hamilton relates a sad story of a family whose house floated away. A tree in its path stopped its progress, and the members of the family sought refuge in its branches. There they hung all night during a blizzard. Towards morning, the mother sank into the waters, followed by one of her daughters. The others desperately clung to the tree until the afternoon of the next day, when the father, unable to hold out longer, dropped out of the tree, carrying along his son, who tried to save him. One girl was still left, and she was rescued the next day, more dead than alive.

But of all the pathetic stories, the following are undoubtedly the most pitiful. The scene of the stories lay on Main and Vine streets, just below the Fairgrounds. The current was so swift on Vine street that houses, garages, barns and sheds were swept down as mere drift wood, so that it was impossible to attempt to reach the building on the corner by means of boats.

Fire originated on this corner from a gas explosion after the water had reached its crest. Seven persons were in the building at the time of the explosion, and by what appears to be a miracle, five of these unfortunates were literally blown by the force of the explosion on to the tops of porches and the roofs of houses, from which they were rescued

by means of ropes thrown from the building of the Dayton Ice Cream Company.

H. W. Linsey, an eye witness, dramatically recounts the tragedies that occurred. "Mr. Saettel, an aged gentleman and a favorite in the neighborhood, was tossed by the concussion onto a shingled roof held in the raging current by the trolley wires. His plight was pitiful, and our very helplessness nearly drove us to distraction. As each bit of driftwood shot by with terrific force, it would break off a small piece of his frail raft as if it possessed a mind bent on evil. Eventually the remnants of the roof were insufficient to keep the old man afloat. The lower he sank into the water and the nearer the hand of death approached, the more ghastly grew the horror-stricken face of the man we could but pray for. Finally he sank below the surface to know pain no more, but who of us who witnessed that scene will forget the death look on his face or the dreadful screams for help which filled us with a sickening feeling and made us realize in our utter helplessness our lack of power to rule the elements.

"The death of a woman resulting from the explosion is even more difficult to relate, as it was so heart-rendering. The awful tragedy will make those who saw it shudder with horror whenever they think of that fateful day. Torn, lacerated and mutilated beyond recognition, she clung, chest deep in the water, to a spike in the telegraph pole in front of the building. Being not over fifty feet from the distressed woman, we could see her wet one hand and pass it over her face that she might be somewhat relieved of pain as her face was fairly charred by fire. Crying for help only in the way in which one cries when they know that an awful death awaits them, she looked beseechingly from one group of helpless persons to another, while we stood fairly shaking with pity. We watched the terrible struggle against certain death for nearly an hour, until only the waters silenced the screams, the moaning, the wailing and the distressed calls for help which still seem to be ringing in my ears."

But it is impossible to tell even a fractional part of the sad stories that belong to the history of the Great Flood. Our hearts go out to those who have suffered the loss of those near and dear to them. We feel for the thousands marooned in homes and buildings for days who passed through long hours of fear and hunger and thirst. Let those of us who are in a position to do so, continue to shelter those without a home, and help substantially God's own poor who lost everything in the flood.



### The Dayton Flood

We remember history, sacred or profane, and the passing of nations, by connecting links of wars, and famines, and catastrophes. In this modern age, an age of boasted civilization, we have felt secure from the destroyers that visited nations centuries ago.

Even, in spite of the fact that there have been isolated cases affecting communities of our fellow-beings, calamities that have come without warning and swept into eternity hundreds of souls, we have failed to take heed. The lesson of the Iroquois Theatre holocaust has been all but forgotten; the Titanic Disaster, the anniversary of which has just passed, brought forth a clamor for protection for those who travel at sea. And yet, Dayton has been content to live behind levees, although we have been reading yearly the story of the waters lapping over the banks of the great Mississippi. Dayton has been wrapt in a political and commercial slumber. It has left partisan politics neglect its interests and safety; levees have been constructed that the flood waters mocked at; bridges have been built so low that they acted as dams in high water; the channels of the river have been narrowed in the interests of personal enterprises; and while officials were elected in good faith, and trust was put in them, they failed, and failed ignobly.

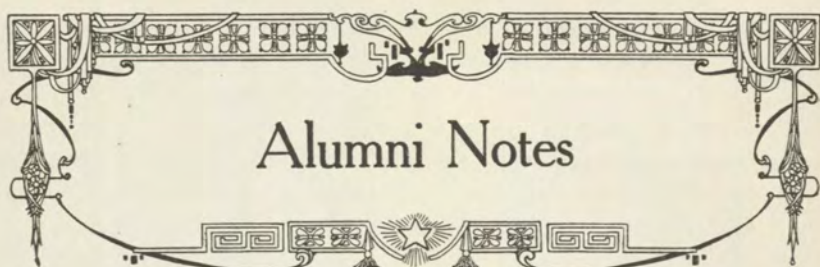
It was not the business of individuals to grasp the situation; but it was certainly an abnormal thing that existed for years, to trust a river to care for its swelling waters in a channel that narrowed as it approached its mouth. True, the river has been declared navigable by the national government, and should, therefore, be looked after by that body. But we fear that Congress, even though admitting that it is its business to take care of all navigable rivers, can come back at Dayton and ask why we did not make known our needs. Things have gone so far, that the conditions have become so complex and far embracing,

that only the national government can handle the situation that extends over the Great Miami basin.

The people of Dayton have reason to be sadly disappointed with the showing of partisan politics. Men have held office in the past who either were too ignorant to discharge the onerous duties they attempted to fulfill, or too remiss through love of ease to discharge the trust put in them. Office holding should not be a mere political game with the lives of the citizens at stake. It is not rash to say, while it may not be pleasant to hear, that part of the responsibility for this dreadful catastrophe can be laid at the doors of the officials who have failed to perform their duties in the past. The relief map, which has been made possible by the expenditure of a great sum of money, shows clearly to the unscientific mind, to even the child, that this city with its levees, and the greater part depending on their stability, has been unsafe for years. And what this relief map shows, Dayton's city officials who built the levees knew, or should have known technically, or not have dared to occupy their offices of trust.

It is necessary at times to say things that are unpleasant in order to awaken the public conscience. We have suffered, but we shall spend no time in further weeping or slumber. We have greater reason to be proud of Dayton's citizenship than ever before. The flood has made stronger the bonds that have held us together in the past. The unbounded charity shown on all sides, by rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and non-Catholic, without any distinction of color or creed, bespeaks of even a better era of good feeling. Optimism in the business world is heard and seen everywhere, and those who suffered much and those who lost all, are manfully and courageously setting about beginning life over.

But let us learn our lesson. Let the organized relief work under the active head of John H. Patterson, whose name deserves to be made immortal in the hearts of the people of Dayton, urge us to discard partisan politics, and to install as soon as possible a form of government that will be guided by and looked after by the keenest minds and the most disinterested men of this municipality.



*To All Alumni, Old Boys and Friends  
of Alma Mater*

*Be Present at*

**COMMENCEMENT**

*Tuesday, June 17, 1913*

*Governor James M. Cox of Ohio*

*Will Preside and Deliver the Commencement Address*

**Our Alumni  
in the Flood**

Many inquiries came to the College from Alumni and Old Boys regarding the safety of their friends of College days. Many of our former students lived in the flood district and lost heavily.

Friends of Joseph J. Abel, '93, will sympathize with him when they learn that his good mother was a victim of the flood. She was being rescued in a boat from her home on Burns avenue, when she fell into the water. Her body was almost immediately recovered, but when the boatmen arrived at a landing she had already passed away. We desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to our friend and alumnus.

Louis E.  
Moosbrugger, '00

Louis E. Moosbrugger was a victim of an accident that occurred to him after the flood. He was returning from his place of business which had completely collapsed whilst the water was at its height. While walking on Main street his foot was badly injured by an automobile that skidded, causing the chauffeur to lose control of the machine. Louis has been able to get around on crutches and is attending to business, although seriously handicapped by his injury.

John Schulte,  
'06

In a letter received recently from John Schulte, '06, of St. Louis, Mo., we were informed that John was ordained deacon on March 7, and will be ordained to the priesthood on June 12 of this year. John recommends himself to the prayers of his friends and, particularly, to the members of the Junior Sodality, of which he was prefect during his last year at St. Mary's.

We wish to extend our greetings and best wishes to you, John, and thank you for your subscription to the Exponent.

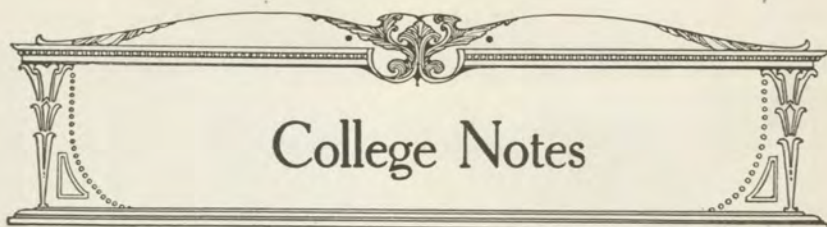
Edward Greiwe

During the period in which St. Mary's was opened to the flood sufferers, we received assistance from a large number of friends in Cincinnati. Amongst the first letters to reach us offering assistance was one from Edward Greiwe. A report had been spread in Cincinnati that the College was greatly in need of supplies, and our loyal Old Boy immediately requested that we let him know the kind and quantity of supplies wanted. As he received no reply to his telegram, he wrote a letter asking us to wire or telephone to him.

We desire to thank Mr. Greiwe for kindly offering his assistance and express our deep gratitude also to all other friends in Cincinnati who assisted us in caring for the refugees during the flood.

In the Next  
Number

As the present issue of the Exponent is devoted almost exclusively to details referring to the Dayton flood, we have held back for the next issue several items that would otherwise appear in the May issue. We trust that our friends will pardon the delay.



## HIGHEST HONORS FOR MARCH

### Collegiate Department

Senior Letters .....	Raymond O'Brien, 89; Alphonse Schumacher, 87
Sophomore Letters .....	Robert Sherry, 96; Emil Edmondson 92
Sophomore Engineering.....	Clement Yamashiro, 92; Leon Anderson, 89
Freshman Letters .....	Roy Grimmer, 91; Ray Grimmer, 91
Freshman Engineering .....	Aloys Schmedinghoff, 96; Ralph Wirshing, 90

### High School Department

Fourth High .....	Lyman Hill, 97; Joseph Windbiel, 96
Third High—A.....	Charles Meyers, 97; John Roth, 95
Third High—B.....	Joseph Kuhn, 97; Clifford Stuhlmuehler, 96
Second High—A .....	Edward Schnorr, 94; Ambrose Schumacher, 96
Second High—B .....	Joseph Schaefer, 90; Herbert Haily, 86
First High—A.....	John Ledger, 93; C. Hochwalt, 93
First High—B.....	Clement Hartshorn, 91; Demofilo Ferrero, 91
First High—C .....	Arthur Grace, 95; Emil Kessler, 92

### Business Department

Second Business .....	Edward Weber, 97; Lawrence Slattery, 96
First Business .....	Harry O'Leary, 97; Jno. Schleipeck, 95

### Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—A.....	Thomas Reynolds, 93; Henry Weinert, 92
Eighth Grade—B.....	Charles Smith, 89; Franklin Berning, 87
Seventh Grade .....	Eugene Greiwe, 88; George Grills, 85
Sixth Grade .....	Ray Helmig, 95; Lawrence Menninger, 91
Fifth Grade .....	Matthew Kovacic, 93; Joseph Donahue, 90

### Vacation and Return

On Wednesday before Easter, the boys bade good-bye to their alma mater in order to spend a week's vacation at home. Little did they think at the time that this one week would be protracted into nearly a month. That they were sighing more than once during that time for alma mater, needs no proof. At last a circular letter came, announcing that they were to return April 14. In coming to the College many of the boys made

most unusual trips. For instance, what Cincinnati boy ever dreamt that he would travel on the "dinky" D. L. & C.? But that was at the time the only train running to Dayton from Cincinnati. Of course there were some desolate sights to see and thrilling experiences to relate at Dayton, but these things are given elsewhere in this issue of the Exponent. Strange to say, the attendance after Easter holidays was excellent and surpassed the most sanguine estimates.

### **Holy Name Officers Meet**

There was a meeting of the officers of the Holy Name Society held Saturday, April 26. The reports from the several branches were edifying. After the minutes of the last general meeting had been read the reverend President, Father O'Reilly, rose to speak. He referred to the flood as being an event that ought powerfully to affect the language of the people of Dayton. Not that we should consider the flood as a punishment sent by God, but, having witnessed the awful power of God, we ought to fear to offend His Divine Majesty by using irreverent and blasphemous language. He then spoke of the month of May, upon which we were soon to enter, as being another powerful incentive for keeping our pledge, since during this month we honor the Virgin of immaculate purity and of deep reverential love of God. Father O'Reilly also suggested that the customary rally at the end of the school year be settled for fall, when the city has its annual Holy Name rally. The meeting closed with the act of reparation.

### **Edifying**

The students passed the Lenten season in a most edifying manner. Holy Communion was more frequently received, the Way of the Cross was made each Friday afternoon with great devotion, and many were the little acts of salutary mortification that sent their sweet and unadulterated fragrance to the Heavenly Throne.

### **Irving Literary Circle**

The Irving Literary Circle held its second meeting on March 12, 1913. Before proceeding with the program, a new vice-president, John Kelly, was elected. All members showed an active interest in the program and, judging from first efforts, we are certain to have some future great orators in our midst. The program, a choice selection of recitations, essays, and readings, was as follows: Piano Solo, Leroy Couchot; March, Carl Glaser; A Winter Evening with Uncle John, Harry Kennedy; When Early March seems Middle May, Russell Jones; Duet (Piano), Leo and Louis Kriker; St. Patrick, Walter Shea; Erin's Martyrs, R. Trimbrack; Violin Solo, Ivo Breig; Holy Week in Mexico, Emil Kessler; Easter, Clement Hartshorn; An Easter Story, Walter Rotterman; The Song Road, Dan McCarty; The Editor's Guests, Victor Bucher; Spring, Richard Mayl.

## The Apostolic School

### JAPANESE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

In the March issue of the Exponent was recorded the death of Mr. Christopher Frische. By his death, the Apostolic School of Japan has lost an active and generous promoter. Desirous of the spread of God's kingdom on earth, he interested his numerous friends in Chicago in this apostolic work. Several times each year he sent in his offering with the offerings of his friends. We desire to recommend him and his faithful wife, who departed from this life one month before her husband, to the prayers of all contributors.

### Third Endowment

Cash on hand, February, 1913, \$739.23.


Contributions received since February 1, 1913: St. Patrick Scholarship, contributed by Mr. Barry S. Murphy of Dayton, Ohio, forwarded to the Apostolic School, \$60.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.: Mr. Peter Dress, \$30.00; N. N., \$1.00; F. Bosolt, \$1.00; E. Metz, \$3.00; N. Wernand, .50; Mrs. Nicholson, \$1.00; Mrs. Margaret Palmer, \$1.00; Mrs. Thersa Stumpf, \$1.00; N. W. Resch, \$1.00; Mrs. Angela Schuh, \$1.00; Mrs. Angela Neifing, \$1.00; Mr. Lauer, Sr., .50; Mr. Lauer, Jr., .25; Mrs. Hedin, .25; Mrs. Catherine Hambrecht, .25; Mrs. Anna Osterkorn, .25; Miss L. Merfeld, .10; Mrs. Spitznagel, .50; Mrs. Weiss, .50; Mrs. Kuhn, \$1.00; Mrs. Mamoser, .25; Mr. Aloysius Resch, .10; Miss Anna Resch, .05; Mrs. Gertrude Eberthaeuser, \$2.00; Mrs. Mary Hahn, \$1.00; Mrs. Huber, \$1.00; Mrs. Mueller, .50; Mrs. Thersa Baier, \$3.00; Joseph Spitznagel, \$1.00; Mrs. Jacobs, .15; Cecilia Schmitz, \$1.00; Frank Weiss, .25; Mary Schille, Sr., .50; Mary Schille, Jr., .25; Barbara Schoner, \$1.00; Mary Ruck, .50; Mary Wallner, .25; Elenore Bott, .25; Mrs. Moritz Zeller, .50; Theresa Wagner, .50; Aloysius Resch, .05; Miss Anna Resch, .10; Mrs. Mary Schutz, \$1.00; Mr. Andrew Ernst, .50; Mrs. Josephine Jurg, .25; Mrs. Bermes, .25; Anna Schneider, .25; Anna Miller, .20; Catharine Geller, .25; Susan Neuser, .50; N. W. Resch, \$1.00; Mrs. Rosa Rauen, \$1.00; Mrs. Clara Haefer, \$1.00; Elizabeth and Caroline Rehm, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Liebl, \$1.00; A. Resch, .25; Teresa Daleiden, .25; Mrs. Josephine Sohm, \$1.00; Mrs. Gertrude Schaefer, \$1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Schliep, \$1.00.


DAYTON, OHIO: The Notre Dame Scholarship, contributed by the Notre Dame Academy, \$60.00; Mr. George Hudson, \$10.00; Mr. John E. Scherer, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Schantz, \$5.00; Mrs. Louis J. Goetz, \$5.00; Mrs. Frank Bucher, \$3.00; Mrs. John Lukey, \$1.00; Madame Marie Louise Pierrot, \$1.50; Mrs. F. J. Hirsch, \$4.00; Mr. Aloysius Hirsch, \$2.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.: Mrs. Schurch, \$3.00; Mrs. Spott, \$1.00; "A Benefactor," \$5.00.  
Total, \$172.50.

Cash on hand, April 27, 1913, \$911.73.



## Athletic Notes



FRANK A. THILL, '14.

**St. Mary's—59** On Saturday night, March 8, the St. Mary's College quintette  
vs. succeeded in defeating the Rose Polytech aggregation. The

**Rose Poly.—29** Hoosier lads were taken on with much misgiving as all, even former Coach Solimano had predicted this to be the stiffest game of the season. To this was added the intercollegiate code boog-a-boo, which had been troubling St. Mary's Quintettes for the past several years. To make a long story short we may summarize a bunch of dope by saying that the Schumacher '13 machine succeeded in warping it to one of the most formidable "intercollegiate" playing teams on the road. The game was rough throughout, but the red and blue seemed as much at home as ever, and added to ease, genuine enjoyment in trouncing their opponents. The local lads very seldom took advantage of the dribbling rule, while the visitors used it extensively, showing thereby that St. Mary's is so far the superior of anything she has met, that to make things just a little interesting, she can afford to give odds.

That Rose Poly was outclassed from the very start was apparent. About two minutes after the opening of the argument, it was not a question with the fans of whether or not Dayton would cop the laurels, but rather a speculation as to the majority with which Cap. Schumacher's gang would emerge from the fray. The final result of the first period was 36 to 17; the Polys holding the locals a little better in the final half, but not accomplishing much for themselves.

In justice to Rose Poly we must say that some fine individual playing was exhibited, but St. Mary's makes it a rule to avoid the grand stand stuff. What made Coach Mahrt's team so successful was its grand and always remarkable team work. Schumacher, Mahrt and Mahoney were handicapped in their usual antics since all three were playing with painful bruises, but the injuries were forgotten when it was up to them to work for Alma Mater, and the trio certainly showed fine form. Schumacher threw twelve baskets, while Mahrt tossed six and held his forward to two. Mahoney at L. E. played and an all around good game, securing three field goals, while Braun delivered some nice stuff at center and Klein was always on his man at guard. Devereux, Sacksteder and Pflaum were substituted in the second half and all did fine work. Gray was about the whole works in the visitors' line-up, the big center playing a dashing game at all times, and securing seven of his team's twelve field goals. The line-up:

St. Mary's—Schumacher, R. F.; Mahoney, L. F.; Braun, C.; Mahrt, R. G.; Klein, L. G.

Rose Poly—Barrett, R. F.; Carter, L. F.; Gray, C.; Crowe, R. G.; Denning, L. G.

Substitutes—Sacksteder for Klein, Devereux for Braun, Pflaum for Mahoney; Kline for Carter.

Field Goals—Schumacher 12, Mahrt 6, Braun 4, Mahoney 3, Klein, Sacksteder, Devereux 2, Gray, Barrett 2, Carter 2, Denning.

Fouls—Schumacher 1 out of 1, Denning 1 out of 1. Referee—Pflaum.

**St. Mary's—52 vs. Cin. Friars—25** On Friday night, March 14th, the Saints played the grand finale with the Cincinnati Friars and closed up the 1912-'13 basket ball book with a clean record. The game which resulted in a victory for the local collegians by a 52-25 margin, was speedy and clean throughout. The outcome looked uncertain in the first half, as the Friars club showed some exceptional speed; however, their lack of endurance, along with the determination of Capt. Schumacher's boys to win at all costs, made the second half not quite so close. This game, the last on the schedule of 11 games, was with the best talent Cincinnati could offer, and the victory made it a non-defeat season for St. Mary's.

Appreciation of a handsome bouquet given to the Saints between halves by Mr. Frank Kronauge, an ardent St. Mary's admirer, seemed to spur the local lads to extra effort, and their work in the closing session was superb. As is generally the case, team work more than individual playing featured the Saint's work. Capt. Schumacher, however, showed himself at his best and did some excellent work. Braun, Mahrt and Mahoney came in an usual for their share of the hard work.

Our old friend Bill Pflaum was with us, presiding at the whistle the same as in former games, and was commended by the visitors for his fairness and ability. Line-up:

St. Mary's—Schumacher, R. F.; Devereux, L. F.; Braun, C.; Mahrt, R. G.; Klein, L. G.

Cincinnati Friars—Beiting, R. F.; Wilberding, L. F.; Rueve, C.; Maschmeier, R. ; Lucas, L. .

Substitutes—Saint Mary's—Sacksteder for Klein, Mahoney for Devereux, Pflaum for Schumacher.

Friars—Wieth for Reeve.

Field Goals—Braun 8, Schumacher 7, Mahrt 5, Mahoney 4, Devereux 2, Pflaum 2, Beiting 3, Wilberding 1, Reeve 4.

Fouls—Rueve 9.

#### BASKET BALL

Disbanded with a record of eleven games, all won, and its share towards making possible 36 consecutive victories, is the history of St. Mary's College 1912-'13 Basket Ball quintette, and it is a record we defy any other college team to touch. Do we claim the State Championship? Of course we do! The grand record of the '11-'12 team, allowed the red and blue to "stake" this claim. As usual there were several "claim jumpers" right off the reel, but both team and manager of 1912-13 were open to take on any of them. And now since we've given everybody a square deal we feel that we can file and record our claim, and nothing but the Supreme Court of a good sound trouncing can beat us out.

The season just closed was to begin with, the most enthusiastic in the history of the College. Thanks to the hard and competent work of Manager Carl Stuber, St. Mary's had on her line-up teams who were the exponents of University Quality Basket Ball, and to her credit it can be said that the same tune accompanied each visiting team on the floor.—"Requiescant in pace"—They are dead ones!

All talent needs development and when St. Mary's lost the services of ex-Coach Harry Salimano at the very outset of 1912, local fans threw up their hands in holy horror. Who's going to coach? was the wail of distress even among faculty and student body. But they didn't worry long—only till after the first game. For then it was that the little "tow-head" Al Mahrt, himself only a player, came to the front and demonstrated thereby now almost self-evident proposition, that St. Mary's boys are capable of anything. He took the team from the hands of Solly, the most competent Basket Ball Coach in the State, and with the lessons he had learned in previous years, he shaped a course that spelled success. It's all right, Al. The flood may have taken many things from you, but it could not rob you of the sweet remembrance of your services to Alma Mater during the '12-'13 basket ball season, nor of her gratitude to you. Besides coaching, Mahrt maintained his reputation as the most versatile basket ball artist ever seen in the Gem City, starring especially at the guard position.

In this herculean feat of running the team Mahrt was ably seconded by Capt. Al Schumacher, and but for his knack in handling his team, and the influence he held with them, the boys would no doubt have not created for themselves the enviable record which this year's team possesses. Capt. Schumacher playing forward is the exponent of that class of Basket Ball which deviates from the "Parlor Game" as it is so frequently styled. Having had much experience on the gridiron, Schuey frequently pulled off a flying tackle, or something that resembles it pretty closely. The result is that at the close of this year's schedule Schumacher has just two teeth and one-half in his head. But the loss of a molar, invariably meant the piling up of several points, and so Al feels that the loss of this part of his anatomy was sacrificed in the interest of a good cause.

The strength of a team, especially in defensive work, depends very much on the strength of its guards, and in comparing the total number of points gained by S. M. over opponents we are led to believe that Klein, to say nothing of Mahrt, has easily established a record in this department of play.

Mahoney and Braun, our elongated members of the team, playing either center or forward as necessity demanded, were on the job at all times. Being old hands at the game, they gave excellent account of themselves in both offensive and defensive work. Their playing was at all times sane and consistent, and merited the admiration which they so universally instilled into the hearts of all rooters. Braun will most likely never again play with the red and blue. Should "Bemis" Mahoney return here's hoping that every future game may result the same way as did this year's engagements.

We had on our squad, besides the above, three more men, Norb. Sacksteder at guard and Devereux and Pflaum at forward. Although all three were first year men, they showed beautiful form repeatedly. Lack of ability was not the cause of their failure to secure a monogram, since they were kept out of regular berths on the team, only by the previous experience and seniority of their team-mates. They should prove valuable assets to the succeeding S. M. Quintettes.

And now, before dropping the curtain on the '12-'13 S. M. Basket Ball Quintette, let me recommend them to future teams as models of true sportsmanship, the acme of athletic perfection, and finally and most emphatically I wish to present them as exponents of the result of true harmony and "team" excellence, of which their record loudly talks.

## THE RECORD

St. Mary's .....	75	vs. Lafayette College.....	1
St. Mary's .....	40	vs. Ohio Northern University .....	23
St. Mary's .....	80	vs. Willmington College .....	11
St. Mary's .....	49	vs. Heidelberg University .....	34
St. Mary's .....	46	vs. Deflane College .....	32
St. Mary's .....	35	vs. Otterbein University .....	21
St. Mary's .....	50	vs. Marietta College .....	16
St. Mary's .....	50	vs. Cin. Friars (at Cin.) .....	28
St. Mary's .....	28	vs. Mich. Aggies .....	26
St. Mary's .....	59	vs. Rose Poly .....	29
St. Mary's .....	52	vs. Cin. Friars (at Dayton) .....	25

In writing the summary of the team's work and success, something should be said concerning the many who made possible that success. This, of course, is impossible, for to mention everybody who had a share in the work, would require a book in itself. However, it is the writer's opinion that it was the excellent and systematic "rooting" of the students, coupled with the loyal support of Basket Ball enthusiasts of Dayton that contributed most materially in boosting the team. Concerning the work of the manager we have already spoken. Those versed in College athletics will recognize immediately the amount of work required from the Moderator, and for those who have no idea of the running of a college team it is useless to try to explain the always pressing and mammoth job of Brother Fred Paff, our prefect and moderator of the Athletic Association. In closing I will once more compliment players, students, supporters, manager and the faculty in the person of Brother Paff for their excellent spirit and disinterested work on behalf of Alma Mater.




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## Book Reviews

OUR LADY IN THE LITURGY. Considerations on Certain Feasts of the Mother of God. By DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1913. 237 pp., \$1.10 net.

Catholic dogma has ever been intimately bound up with sacred liturgy. In fact, the liturgy was the mouthpiece of doctrine from the earliest days. "Our Lady in the Liturgy" is practically a compendium of devotion to the Blessed Virgin as taught by the Church through the ages—the doctrine of Mary as expressed in the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Divine Office. The name of the well known author, Dom Michael Barrett, is guarantee sufficient for the critical reader in search of a work of this kind, and a perusal of the book amply justifies all expectations. In eighteen chapters the author treats of Mary's privileges as her various feasts place them before us through the year for our pious consideration. Those who read this book will gain an insight into the liturgy of the Church which is not at all so common among the present day faithful as it seems to have been among our less strenuous forefathers. The introductory chapter furnishes the reader with the "liturgical information" required to read the remainder of the book with proper understanding, and, incidentally, to follow the various offices of the Church on other feasts in the proper spirit.

LACORDAIRE, by COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE, of the French Academy. Translated by A. W. Evans. St. Louis. B. Herder. 1913. 190 pp., \$1.00 net.

First and foremost among the precursors and authors of the Renaissance that gave such a mighty impulse to Catholic thought and action during the nineteenth century, and whose effects even at this far date are both full and strong—first and foremost among those Christian giants of faith and intellect stands the fascinating figure of Lacordaire. With a firm hand and a sympathetic heart the eminent Academician has braced a living, throbbing portrait of the eloquent Dominican. And behind the brilliant orator, the biographer has revealed to us a great soul, intense in its humanity, to whom none of our passions or of our sufferings remained indifferent. Youth is ever on the alert for an ideal that will suit the special needs of the times, and the learned author has here presented one that can inspire the young men of all ages. Both the translator and the publisher deserve great credit in presenting this book to their English brethren. It is a neat volume well worth the very moderate price.

IN THE LEAN YEARS, by FELISIA CURTIS. St. Louis. B. Herder. 1913. 317 pp., \$1.60 net.

An historical romance dealing with a period that has furnished many novelists the setting for their novels, namely, the reign of the early Georges. It was a period

of heroism when men sacrificed life and property in support of their faith and in loyalty to the House of Stuart. The plot of the present novel deals with the fortunes of the Bickersdyke family, a staunchly Catholic and loyally Stuart family, during the troublous times of George II; and the persecutions suffered by that family for their Catholicity and the adventures undergone in the cause of "bonnie Prince Charlie" are exceptionally well described in the book. "In the Lean Years" is probably the finest "Catholic" novel of that period we have yet read. It is splendidly written, the interest is sustained and the characters well drawn.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED GABRIEL, by REV. XAVIER SUTTEN, Passionist. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1912. 56 pp., \$0.10.

This little sketch of Blessed Gabriel has been written for boys and girls. In thirteen chapters the writer depicts the saints' early life, his college days, his vocation, his virtues, and death. Because of the "modernity" of this saint, we think the pamphlet of great use to the boy and girl of today. Owing, however, to the want of detail which might have been introduced, the book will not appeal as much as it might to the youthful reader.

PROSPERITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT, by REV. FATHER GRAHAM, M. A. St. Louis. B. Herder. 1912. 116 pp., \$0.15.

The author of this book was a former minister of the Church of Scotland. In this interesting essay he examines the relation between the true religion and prosperity. He shows conclusively how the Protestant argument, that Protestantism is the true Church of Christ, because Protestant nations are rich, is an absolute perversion of the teaching of our Savior as contained in the Gospel and a misrepresentation of the facts of history. The author also establishes that the "true Religion has no necessary connection with worldly success, while, on the other hand, prosperity in the best sense is, and always has been, begotten and nourished by the Catholic Church. The book is a timely enlightenment for such who base their objections against the Catholic Church upon social and economic grounds.

THE PRAISE OF GLORY." Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, Carmelite of Dijon. 1901-1906. Authorized Translation by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, with Introduction by the REV. FATHER BENEDICT ZIMMERMAN, O. C. D. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 288 pp., \$1.25 net.

The "Praise of Glory" is a charming biography of one of St. Teresa's daughters, Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity. The earthly career of this saintly nun ran its course in twenty-six short years, the last five of which were spent in the Carmelite Convent of Dijon. The perusal of this biography leaves the impression of a calm and serene holiness—nothing of the extraordinary and marvelous, yet a marvel in its simple grandeur and completeness. It is a life replete with human joys and sorrows and sympathies all transformed into the pure gold of divine love. It may well be epitomized in the words of the Psalmist: "Lord, the thought of man shall give praise to thee, and the remainders of the thought shall keep holiday to thee." The book before us, originally in French, is excellently done into English. Neatness and simplicity of style, as most befitting the subject, are constantly in evidence. Several fine illustrations—good reproductions of real photographs taken but a few years ago—bring the saintly nun quite "near" to us and make us feel, as we love to feel, that she is one of us.

**EUCCHARISTIC LOVERS. YOUTHFUL LOVERS OF JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT**, by HELEN MAERY. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 171 pp., \$1.00.

The first chapter of this interesting little book is entitled "The Children's Pope." It contains the enactments of the present gloriously reigning Sovereign Pontiff in favor of the little ones of Christ's flock regarding the reception of the Holy Eucharist. The remaining chapters of the book are beautiful lives of youthful saints—ardent lovers of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Among them are "Tarcisus," "Blessed Imelda," "Little Nellie of Holy God," and "St. Paschal Baylon." The last named has been constituted by Leo XIII "the special heavenly protector of Eucharistic Congress, and of all societies, both present and future, taking their name from the Holy Eucharist." The style of the book before us is beautifully simple—likely to appeal to the little ones to whom it is addressed, and hardly less to the "grown-ups." Several beautiful half-tone illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

**TOLERANCE**, by REV. A. VERMEERSCH, S. J., Translated by W. Humphrey Page, K. S. G. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 362 pp., \$1.75 net (17 cents postage).

Most appropriate is the appearance of this book. In this era of democracy, in this year of the centenary of Constantine's Edict of Toleration, and in these days of persecution of the Church by so-called Liberals and Republicans, the question of tolerance occupies the attention of the whole world. In this valuable work the learned author analyses the meaning of tolerance and intolerance, instructs us how we are to judge of one or the other, on what grounds we are to approve or to condemn either, and solves the questions, as to whether catholicism is intolerant, and free thought is tolerant. He compares doctrines with facts, and principles with their application. Though history is reviewed, the book is not so much on historical work as it is a moral and social study.

Presenting the view that tolerance denotes an attitude towards evil, and stating the kinds of tolerance, presents to us a clear and interesting explanation of private tolerance, ecclesiastical tolerance and civil tolerance. Emphasizing the object, value and condition of personal tolerance in private life and the more complex tolerance in public life, the writer proceeds to present the range of ecclesiastical tolerance as manifested in doctrine, direction and propagation of the faith, the coercive power of the Church, her right to punish and the Right of the Sword. Civil Tolerance is ably treated. Based on the soundest principles and bound to remove the darkness from the eyes of many people, the book should be read by everyone who wants to have the right point of view in the individual, ecclesiastical and civil life of this modern world adrift from the moorings of correct principles. We wish this book a big sale.

**"A HUNDRED FOLO,"** by the author of "From a Garden Jungle." New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 215 pp., \$0.75 net.

In "A Hundred Folo" we have the old familiar story of one who being converted to Catholicism enters through convent gates the ways of pleasantness and peace. The slightness of the plot and strictness of the theme are atoned for by the skillful character delineations.

THE CULT OF MARY, by REV. THOMAS J. GERRARD. New York. Benziger Bros. 1913. p. 70, \$0.40 net.

A timely booklet, and serviceable to both clergy and laity. The so-called science of comparative religions, which is quite the vogue in our day, has set for itself the task to prove that all Catholic practices are but survivals or at best but adaptations more or less thinly disguised of pagan customs—hence, that the cult of Our Lady is but one of a number of Madonna cults. The author's aim, as he himself states consists chiefly in presenting a clear and positive exposition of the Catholic doctrine, which, once grasped, and its rich spiritual value appreciated, the pagan cult and ritual will pale into insignificance. In pursuance of this end, the author has compressed within a remarkably small compass, the essentials of Mariology and has furnished a reliable manual at once for instruction and devotion.

LIFE, SCIENCE AND ART, by ERNEST HELLO, translated from the French by E. M. Walker. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 176 pp., \$0.50 net.

The Angelus Series of choice works has received another valuable addition. The subject of this little volume suggests the themes of the various selections taken from the works of the eminent man of letters, the Frenchman Ernest Hello. In the collection of thirty-one topics we obtain a good view of the mind and heart of this gentleman, scholar and man of genius. His uncompromising love for truth is almost realistically manifest in these few pages. A man who ever presented a bold front to the world, it is well for us to imbibe his spirit, and meet the untruth and injustice of our times as squarely as he did that of his century. The translation is in good English and will prove a valuable and inspiring apologetic.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. Compiled from various sources by REV. JOHN HENRY, C. SS. R. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 169 pp., cloth, \$0.40, paper, \$0.20.

As the author himself tells us this little book is a compilation. The first part consists of a short but thorough analysis of the various temperaments. The second part treats of Perfection, and shows how perfection is Charity and Conformity to God's Will, and that to attain Perfection one must have an intense desire for it and give himself daily to the serious practice of Mental Prayer. While not as pretentious as other books on the same subject, nevertheless it should prove helpful to such as experience a vocation to the religious or ecclesiastical state.

DAILY PRAISE, by OLIVE K. PARR. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1913. 55 pp., \$0.30 net.

This little compilation is a unique prayer-book. It is mainly a collection of prayers from the writings of St. Gertrude. Their theme is eternal praise. To all who wish to increase in the love of God, will find in this prayer-book the highest expression of love. As to the prayers "a wide range of subjects has been chosen to meet every taste, and to make the collection, while brief, yet representative of all things, human and divine."

THE HEART OF THE HILLS, by JOHN FOX, JR. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913. 396 pp., \$1.35 net.

A tale of the Kentucky mountains, a people whom John Fox, Jr., knows so well, and who under his magic pen, throb and pulsate with love and life and passion.

By force of circumstances they are thrown in contact with their more educated and still more circumventing brethren of the lowlands and the situations that necessarily arise give the author ample opportunity to display his powers, and confirm our judgment of him as one of the foremost story-tellers of our day. Moon-shining and feuds in the highlands, the murder of a governor and nightriders' alarms in the lowlands hurry along the reader from page to page with breathless interest. Throughout the novel there is a noble strain of thought whilst a tender love-story binds together the whole with strong, clean, sweet and intensely human interest. One of the best of recent novels.

**SALLY CASTLETON, SOUTHERNER**, By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT. Philadelphia and London. J. B. Lippincott Company. 1913. 312 pp., \$1.25 net.

A bright, pleasant, wholesome romance staged in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, the garden spot of the Virginias—so often and so terribly ravaged during the Civil War. The heroine, Sally Castleton, a high-strung southern belle, falls desperately in love with Frank Radcliffe, a Union officer, detailed as a spy to Richmond. Sally has positive evidence of Frank's commission and urged on by her patriotism she communicates with the nearest Confederate post. A plot is arranged in which she is to lure the spy into a trap, and however revolting her despicable mission appears to her, she consents finally for her country's sake. The spy on the other hand soon scents the danger, and though he loaths the dishonest phase of his occupation, continues nevertheless on his way, conscious of his country's call. With such a combination of circumstances, the course of true love never could run smooth, and the novelist with unusual skill and spirit has known how to exploit to the utmost the consequent thrilling situations he creates.

**THE MYSTERY OF THE BARRANCA**, by HERMAN WHITAKER. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1913. 281 pp., \$1.25 net.

An American mining engineer going into Mexico attempts two seemingly impossible things—the successful working of the San Gertrude mine and the winning of the heart of a Mexican maiden, seemingly impossible because so many failed in their tries to do the one or the other. But to the American and especially a novelist's hero nothing is impossible. So you are not surprised to read that Robert Seyd is a happily successfully in both pursuits. You would be disappointed if he failed in either. While the story is not one to get superlative over the reader will find it interesting enough for a couple of hours' reading.

**THE MISCHIEF MAKER**, by E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Boston, Little, Brown & Company. 1913. 372 pp., \$1.25 net.

The Mischief Maker is written by E. Phillips Oppenheim and there is your assurance for a very readable romance of love and international politics. The Mischief Maker is the master mind of Germany, who is willing to set nations at discord and even at war with his own if thereby a chance may rise for the extension and exaltation of his Fatherland. He has plans laid for the estrangement between France and England and preparations made for war with the latter, when an ex-cabinet minister and English journalist walks across his path. And here excitement and adventure begin, never abating till we see the Mischief Maker—plans baffled, wiles foiled—a beaten man riding to his death. And the while Sir Julien Porbel, ex-cabinet minister brilliant journalist having wooed and won his Lady Anne, his exile lifted, returns to his own country a conquering hero.

ALMA AT HADLEY HALL, by LOUISE M. BREITENBACH. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1912. \$1.50.

Alma at Hadley Hall is a book that should please many girl readers with its delightful air of actuality and companionship. It is the story of Alma Peabody's freshman year at the Hall with a group of very charming girls; of their pleasant times and other, their elections, auctions stunts and happy feasts.

ANDREW THE LAD, by MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill & Co. 1913. 357 pp., \$1.30 net.

A bright and refreshing little tale. The scene is laid in the south during the reconstruction days and the characters are of the typical southern brand; sturdy and chivalrous men, gentle and charming ladies. Hon. Andrew Sevier's love for Caroline Darrah overcame his fearful prejudices on account of the character of Caroline's father, Andrew thereby winning back the surname which his own father bore namely, "the Glad"; and the mating of the bright David Kildare with the accomplished Phoebe Donelson—these two themes are the burden of the tale. Quite a pleasant little novel to while away an idle hour.

THE CAROL OF THE FIR TREE, by ALFRED NOYES. St. Louis. B. Herder. 1913. 19 pp., Japon vellum paper, \$0.25 net.

A little poem by the justly celebrated Alfred Noyes. We find in this poem, as the great critics say of him, a spirit that is healthy, happy and young; that "he views the world not as a twilit vale of tears, but a valley shimmering all dewy to the dawn, with a lark song over it." Psalm-like the poem progresses, reminding the reader of the joyful chant of a St. Francis, or the jubilee of the Babylonish children coming forth from the fiery furnace. A poem full of spirit of spring and Novell.

THE NECESSARY EVIL. A one-act stage play for four persons; to be played in the light. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1913. 111 pp., \$1.00 net.

In form, this work is drama; in substance, the theme is dramatic; in style, there is much to be said in praise. Eugenics is a very much discussed topic of our day, and the author of "The Necessary Evil" brings that topic to our attention in a manner which merits approval and which provokes thought—healthy and uplifting thought.

W. J. W.

THE COUP D'ETAT. By JACQUES S. MORGAN. New York, R. F. Fenno & Company. 1913. 320 pp., \$1.25 net.

A stirring story of American politics with scarcely a dull line. Its theme centers in the conflict, by many of our day considered sooner or later inevitable between the monied powers and the people. Whatever its prophetic value may be, there can be no doubt that the author has produced a novel that is gripping, graphic, picturesque. The prospecting career of his hero affords the writer an ample opportunity to portray at once the humor and the stern reality of life in a western mining camp, whilst the rich strike that eventually rewards the search enables the former and his partner to foil the efforts of a scheming oligarchy of plutocrats in their attempt to perpetrate a coup on the style of Napoleon III. Though not primarily a love-story, the lives of two women are intimately woven into the warp and woof of the sterner actors in this dramatic novel. The author possesses rare ability in character-port-

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trayal, and we fondly trust that his literary work will assure him a greater fame as an artist than as a prophet.

**NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN.** By JOSEPH E. CANAVAN, S. J. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1913. 140 pp., \$0.35 net.

It was certainly a happy idea to publish among the very first numbers of the Iowa Series, the life of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman. As the author, however, justly remarks, the life-story of the great English churchman is so crowded with episode that a full account of it could scarcely be compressed within the space limit of the Series. Hence, though the biography runs along in the most delightful style, the writer has insisted with preference on the prominent points that illustrate at once the Cardinal's character and at the same time the distinguished services he rendered not only to the Church, but to his country as well. At all times candid and sincere, the author becomes doubly so, when he faces the more disagreeable question of certain difficulties that brought the Cardinal in conflict with his friends. But throughout there is the touch of a sympathetic hand that knows how to draw on both the virtues and the foibles of his subject in order to present a model great in all its outlines, attractive and inspiring.

**THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.** By REV. DANIEL COGHLAN, D. D. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 67 pp., \$0.15 net.

Though owing its origin to the notorious case of Mrs. McCann, the learned Professor of Maynooth College has known how to make his pamphlet of more general interest. Accordingly, he dwells in preference on the doctrine and discipline of the Church in relation to marriage, and in the last chapter of scarcely ten pages he applies the principles thus established to the case of Mrs. McCann. The work, though necessarily controversial, constitutes one of the most lucid expositions of the vexed question regarding mixed marriage and the legislation of Trent and of the recent *Ne Temere*. The thought is clear and logical, the method excellent, and the conclusions irrefutable. A valuable aid to every theologian.

**THE ROMAN CURIA.** By REV. MICHAEL MARTIN, S. J. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 425 pp., \$1.50 net.

This is a volume whose worth it were difficult to over-estimate. It is the most comprehensive and the most satisfactory exposition that we have as yet seen of the new legislation of the Sovereign Pontiff with regard to the reorganization of the Roman Curia. Shortly after the promulgation of the Constitution, *Sapienti Consilio*, the eminent Canonist of the St. Louis University began a series of articles in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, by way of commentary, and their appreciative reception has prompted the author to gather them into book form, together with such addenda as subsequent Decrees necessitated. By way of appendix various practical hints are subjoined concerning the method of communicating with the several Departments of the Curia. And for the benefit of those who desire to consult such documents in their original language, the text of the Constitution is likewise given in Latin. As in consequence of one of the Decrees of this same Constitution, the ecclesiastical affairs of our own country are transferred from the jurisdiction of the Propaganda to that of the common law of the Church, the new status renders it imperative for those who have dealings with the Curia to know precisely the province of the various Departments. The whole volume does honor to the noble art of bookmaking, and both author and publisher deserve unstinted praise.

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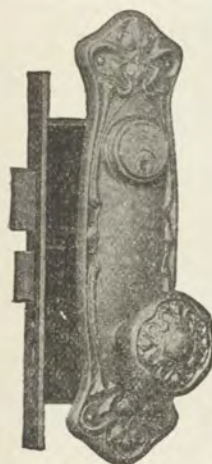
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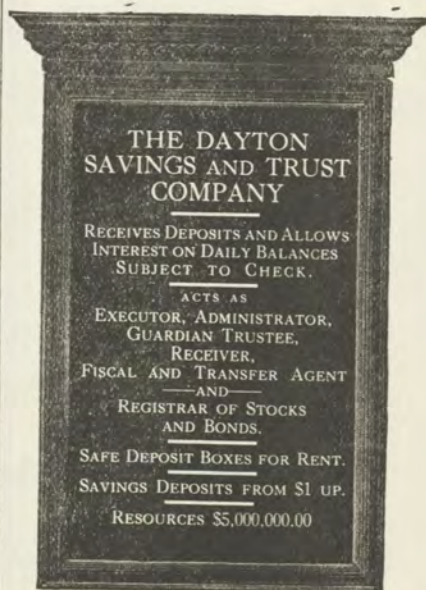
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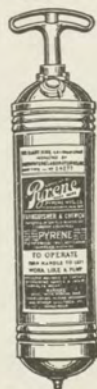
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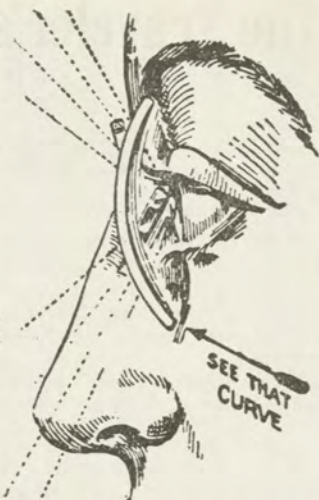
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