

10-1-1913

The Exponent, October 1913

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THE EXPONENT

Published Monthly in the Interests of the Students of
St. Mary's College.

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA—*Frontispiece.*


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THE EXPONENT, ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, DAYTON, OHIO



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF ISABELLA



The S. M. C. Exponent


Vol. XI

OCTOBER 1913

No. 8

Christopher Columbus

"Columbus is a far better subject for an epic poem than Aeneas or the Trojan War. In the fulness of time the American genius will be born to write the new epic, to embalm forever in highest poetry the heroic discoverer of the New World."—O. W. Wight.

IXTY-THREE YEARS ago, a sailor on the African coast, opposite Gibraltar, discovered a petrified cocoanut. His captain, curious to see whether the kernel was preserved in its original form, broke the nut open and found a piece of parchment, on which was inscribed the following message: "We cannot survive the storm a day longer. We are between Spain and the newly discovered Eastern Isles. If the caravel founders, may someone pick up this testimony!" (Signed) "Christopher Columbus."

This message, delivered after 358 years, is but an echo of the privation and the suffering endured by the great explorer and discoverer, Christopher Columbus. Without his name on the list of the world's discoverers, Adolpho Padovan asserted he would not associate the names of explorers with geniuses of the world's history, but leave their names for posterity to be remembered as rude, courageous seamen who tempted Providence on an unexplored ocean.

Christopher Columbus was truly a genius, for he divined the discovery before he made it. This is apparent from his conviction, induced by study and intuition, that there was a western land. Some would call it inspiration, forgetful that inspiration is a human mystery difficult to understand and reconcile when the possessor of it is taken into consideration. Far better, to call it genius, even though there is an air of mystery lurking back it likewise. The mystery

that baffles our analysis is Providence. It creates our "man of genius," giving him genius without any labor or merit on his part. Providence marks him to carry out designs for the uplift of humanity. It sends an inspiration, which for the "man of genius" is what the magnet is for the steel. Genius follows inspiration with eyes wide open, and an ideal or actual world is discovered.

It is not difficult to see that Columbus ennobled the ranks of explorers and discoverers. We are willing to join the name of Fridtjof Nansen with the humble Genoese, for the Polar explorer was a diviner as well as an explorer. But never will the names of Vasco de Gama, Magellan, Cook, Livingstone, and Stanley be ranked with those of Columbus and Nansen. True, they were heroic men of action and daring adventurers, but they divined nothing; they traveled in the wake of genius, glorying in danger and hopeful in reaping rich rewards. With truth has it been written: "Marco Polo is a gorrilla chief; Christopher Columbus, a great general. Between them is as wide a gulf as that which separated Garibaldi and Napoleon."

It is not so surprising, then, that Columbus, the genius, despite the greatest of obstacles, the world's unpreparedness to co-operate with him, was determined the more to add another hemisphere to the world. The world was undergoing a change in its idea of shape and immensity and location of countries on maps; progressive ideas leaning towards exact geographical knowledge were being taken up on all sides by intellectual men. In fact, these beliefs, like a species of intellectual miasma, were being breathed in an atmosphere that was becoming more and more favorable for the advent of the genius to lead men onward.

It is a strange truth, seen in the pages of history, that there has been ever a phenomenon of gradual preparedness that preceded and made possible every religious, moral, or political change on the face of the earth. It may be called providential interference to bring together God's children that they learn lessons from one another. When India and Egypt, exhausted with age, had become stagnant in its civilization, Alexander, with unlimited ambition to beckon him onward, led his soldiers to conquer the then known world, and to plant everywhere the culture and civilization of Greece, to be lasting under the enthusiasm induced by a master leader of armies.

The unseen hand of Providence is evident, especially, in the conquest that made one immense Roman empire at the time of Christ. It united the countries of the world from the waters of the Persian Gulf in Asia to the shores of the Atlantic, and from the mountains of Scotland to the deserts of Africa. It joined these diverse nations under one mind and common authority; it spread the language, dominion, and

arms of Caesar over this vast empire, transforming it into one vast audience to hear the gospel of Christ from His twelve apostles.

And so, throughout the Christian era, great movements preceded and prepared for religious, moral, or political changes. Everywhere throughout history, unity of empire has ever been the forerunner of thought.

The hand of God is seen amid the trials that spread over the eighteen years of patient suffering and disappointment, preceding the happy day when Columbus was able to set sail to prove to mankind the truth of what he had divined. Columbus was in God's hands from the day that he paused to rest with his son, Diego, at the little convent of Santa Maria de La Rabida. He knew where to seek food and shelter, for the Franciscan convents welcomed poor travelers who lacked means to put up elsewhere.

In that Franciscan convent lived Juan Perez de la Marchena, a man of piety, of science, and of thought. He had been at one time confessor to Queen Isabella, but, tired of the artificiality and intrigues of court, he preferred the quiet and seclusion of his cloistered home. It was at the portals of his place of retirement that Columbus sought food and protection from the inclement weather. Juan Perez, as prior of the convent home, bade the strangers welcome. While two of the monks gave them food and drink, Juan Perez, who had not been deceived by their poverty-stricken condition, won over the heart of Columbus, and the Genoese genius was telling his life story.

It was not chance, called Destiny or Fate by the ancients, that led Columbus to meet Juan Perez; it was Providence who directed his weary steps when most discouraged to this humble friar, led on by an unseen hand to the direct approaches to the ear, the mind, and the heart of the reigning sovereigns. The retirement of Juan Perez to his cloister raised him the higher in the estimation of his sovereigns; his very retirement secured him great respect at court; and his years of service to Queen Isabella still effected great influence over her mind and heart. It was, therefore, to a haven of safety and rest that Columbus arrived, when he and his little son, Diego, found a home, a friend, and a powerful intercessor in the person of Juan Perez.

The prior of convent of La Rabida was a man of broad training. He was not only acquainted with the trend of thought along new lines of contemplated exploration, but was conversant with the sciences relating to navigation, and well acquainted with the geographical maps prepared in the monasteries of those days from the data accumulated from all sources. His convent was near the seashore of Palos, and he and his monks were in habitual contact with the mariners and

armorers that visited or resided at that port. In befriending Columbus, and believing in him, Juan Perez showed clearly that religion understood genius. He was an instrument in the hands of God, who sends to every genius working under inspiration a fellow mortal to console and encourage in the face of incredulity, harshness, and persecution.

Juan Perez recognized in Columbus one sent by God. He merited from the hour of the first meeting to share in the revelations of genius, not by inventive talent, but by faith. Columbus put his entire confidence in him, and he was not disappointed. Juan Perez gave him a letter of recommendation to Fernando de Talavera, the new confessor to the king and queen; clad him in good clothes, and gave him a mule, a guide, and a sum of money to meet expenses. It was certainly a strange tableau, the poor helping the poor.

Columbus was given audience, but lack of enthusiasm, and the war with the Moors meant long delays. Isabella was kind to him, reserving a house or tent in every place where the fortune of war carried the royal couple. But Columbus was not to be thrilled with martial strains; and the opportunity to witness the capture of cities, and the very conquest of Granada could not allay the fever for activity that burned his soul.

Disappointed, Columbus returned to Palos. Juan Perez consoled him; got together three of his friends whom he had won over to believe in the Genoese genius; and fortified the dejected spirit of Columbus. He sent a letter directly to the Queen, which was speedily answered by a request for Juan Perez to come to the court himself. The poor friar pleaded the cause of Columbus and won. Columbus was sent for; invited to expose his plans before the ministers of Ferdinand; but when all seemed well, Columbus raised obstacles. Believing himself deserving of a reward for eighteen years' waiting, he made demands for himself and his descendants which were rejected. But Columbus would have his stipulations, and nothing else, and in spite of his indigence and misery, once more left the court, dejected.

Isabella, who was thoroughly won over by Juan Perez to the cause of Columbus, was incensed at the commissioners who had let Columbus go, accusing them of "haggling with God for the price of an empire." Of deep faith, she considered the souls to be saved from idolatry; Ferdinand, only of the earthly kingdom to be bought at as low a price as possible. She sent after Columbus, took him directly under her protection, and offered to finance the expedition.

Columbus was now happy, and returned to Palos, where he was to set sail. Juan Perez was given full charge of the arrangements, and

fortunate, indeed, it was that the admirer of Columbus was to be with him till success was to crown his years of suffering. Without Juna Perez, the expedition would certainly have failed. It was a difficult matter to find men eager to sail over unknown seas; to find mariners willing to invest and to stake their fortunes and their very lives on a project conceived in the mind of one man. But what the king and queen could not do, the poor friar of La Rabida could accomplish.

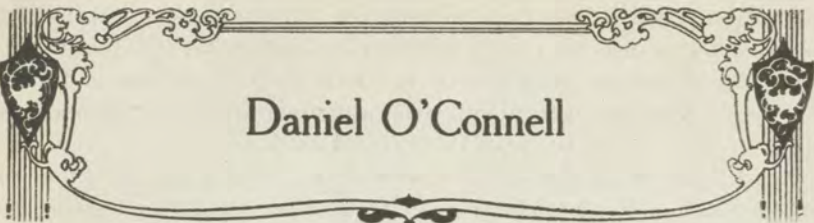
The Pinzons, three wealthy mariners, yielded to the conviction, entreaties, and advice of Juan Perez to help Columbus. They hired mariners, spent their own money in equipping their vessels; and to encourage the timid sailors, two of the brothers took command of their own caravellas.

What a day of happiness it was when, on Friday, August 3, Columbus set sail, leaving his son, Diego, under the care of his friend, Juan Perez, to whom he owed, next to God, the successful culmination of eighteen long years of waiting.

But Juan Perez was not to outlive Columbus, to be the continual instrument of Providence to thwart the onslaughts of the enemies that seemed to increase after every expedition to the New World. He welcomed Columbus on his return after his first voyage, but when trials, troubles, and death stared Columbus in the face, Juan Perez was no more.

How different the last years of Columbus would have been, had Juan Perez been near to console, defend and protect him. But it was all so different. Ingratitude, suffering, and chains were the rewards meted out to him who had given a New World to civilization. With gratitude and enthusiasm we can fittingly join voices, and cry:

"All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monuments, and innumerable millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of the earth, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame."



Daniel O'Connell

ROBERT SHERRY, '14.



On glancing over the pages of Irish history, a multitude of heroic deeds and warlike exploits are recalled to our memory. A long line of heroes and patriots presents itself to our view: a few of them successful, but alas! most of them outlawed, hunted and hounded down like felons in the bogs of their native land, suffering hunger, thirst and cold; separation from loved ones and sacrificing their greatest treasure, their own life at the altar of their country's hopes, in her desperate struggle to throw off the galling and degrading yoke of oppression.

It is not of such heroes, however, that I wish to speak, but a hero, who alone and unaided, with no other weapon than that of his voice; without the loss of a single life, or so much as the shedding of a single drop of blood, won for Ireland a greater victory than years of bloody rebellions, and fierce but ineffectual revolts were able to accomplish. It is of such a man that I would speak to you this evening, for such a man was Daniel O'Connell.

Descended from a long line of Celtic chiefs who had lost all their lands and possessions in the wars of Ireland, O'Connell inherited from them a burning love for his country and an undying hatred for her oppressors. We can see him as a child, sitting at his father's hearthstone, learning his first lessons of patriotism, of Ireland's former glory and her present degradation; as a youth, obliged to go abroad to obtain an education, since one was denied him at home; as a wanderer in strange lands, mastering the art of a lawyer; as an enthusiast, resolving to leave his native land better after his death than he found her at his birth; as a member of Parliament, fighting till his last breath with all his wonderful skill and perseverance for the emancipation of his country; as a successful agitator, enjoying one short, sweet moment of victory. Then we behold him as a prisoner, despising the aid of others, pleading his own case with inspired eloquence, and after a mockery of a trial, sentenced to imprisonment because he dared to raise his voice

in protest of Ireland's wrongs; because he dared to seek their redress by uniting his countrymen in peaceful assembly; because he dared to love Ireland and to show it; and finally, as an old man released from prison, physically broken, but still pleading for his country's rights until the hand of death removed him.

When he arose, the Irish were aliens in their own country: they could not hold land; they could not take office; they could obtain no education except on the continent. In a word, they were deprived of all their rights, religious, political, and national. Revolt had followed revolt, bringing in its wake greater tyranny, added insult, heavier oppression. Everywhere, misery and famine stalked through the land. Unable to pay rent for that which was rightfully theirs, the poor heart-broken, poverty-stricken Irish peasants were evicted from their little thatch cottages, left on the road to shift for themselves or die. Who cared? Goaded beyond endurance they would revolt, burn and kill; but their oppressors, supported by the whole machinery of the British Empire, crushed them more cruelly than before. Over the whole island had fallen the silence of death! Alas! to what a pitiful state had Ireland fallen! It was from the depth of this shame and degradation that O'Connell attempted to raise the Emerald Isle and make her what she ought to be:—

Great, glorious, and free;

First flower of the earth; first gem of the sea.

The task before him was difficult; but did O'Connell think it was impossible? Another man would have quailed before it, but did O'Connell? No! my friends; the heart of Daniel O'Connell never faltered. Emancipation became his daily occupation, the constant dream of his genius. With indomitable courage and determination he plunged into this herculean task. Did he succeed? We shall see.

In the first place, Ireland had no parliament of her own. She was governed by a foreign body who knew nothing of her condition, her wrongs, her needs, and who cared less. Besides, not being represented in London, Catholics were not allowed to meet in public or hold meetings to formulate their demands or submit them to Parliament. The severities and cruelties of that terrible code in which Ireland lay bound in iron links, of which one could have lifted his hand without breaking it, had reduced Catholics to an ignominious vassalage. What link in that heavy chain would he break first?

He formed the bold design of combining the Irish Catholics millions into a vast league, and by constant, unceasing agitation to wrest concession from their tyrannical masters. He made it his life's work

to instruct his countrymen in the efficacy of constitutional agitation; to turn them aside from midnight conspiracy and frantic rebellion; to convince them that the pen of the gownman and the voice of the orator were more effective weapons than the sword of the soldiers or the knife of the assassin. This doctrine generally accepted now was a novel one in those days, my friends. Burke and Gratton, it is true, had preached the same doctrine before him, but their words were for the few and educated only. O'Connell had another audience before him. He was speaking to the Irish nation, a nation sorely tried by oppression, yet struggling under grievous disadvantages towards unity and freedom.

At first, his arguments and pleadings fell on unheeding ears. His greatest efforts failed to arouse anything but a languid interest. His labors were all in vain. The iron of oppression had seared too deeply into their souls. The bulk of the nation lay steeped in apathy and despair. And yet, out of such unpromising material, out of a nation of slaves, would O'Connell create a nation of freemen?

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

was the constant refrain of all his speeches.

In truth, O'Connell had only one lesson to teach; but once learned, what a change it would effect in the lives and thoughts of Irishmen! With redoubled exertions and infinite patience, he continued agitating. His energy was annoying only by his enthusiasm. Busy all day, either on the circuit or in the law courts, he still found time to arrange meetings, draw up resolutions, make speeches, and, in short, direct the whole business of Ireland.

After innumerable efforts and disappointments, O'Connell at last succeeded in arousing interest, and a monster association spread like wildfire through the land. Meanwhile England, surprised and alarmed at its growth and strength, determined to crush it and its daring leader, but her best lawyers and williest statesmen met an opponent who baffled them all—the ablest lawyer at the Irish bar, without a peer or an equal in the land. By legal devices of every kind, O'Connell defeated the government at their own game, and held intact his organization of enormous power. "As long as there remains to me one inch of the constitution on which I can place my foot," said O'Connell, "I will discover some plan whereby the Irish people shall have the means of expressing their sentiments on such vital questions."

And the great lawyer was as true as his word. After twenty long years of tireless devotion, O'Connell became the moral chief of his nation. He held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas

and the interests of Ireland. He knew that no movement could be made save under his sovereign direction. He held the nation under his law without an army, without police, without tribunals, without any other resource than his genius and devotedness. He felt his power, and did all that he could to promote it. But his ambition was for his country, not for himself, and therein lay the secret of his popularity and his influence.

With an overwhelming majority O'Connell was duly elected a member of Parliament for County Clare. The joy of the Catholics was unbounded. Cheers of millions rent the air in jubilation, for the first Catholic returned to Parliament since the treaty of Limerick was broken. Bonfires were lit, bells were rung; the whole country gave demonstrations of public joy. All England was astonished. The whole world marveled. O'Connell had dared to violate the ancient majesty and intolerance of the House of Commons for a seat in that distinguished and bigoted assembly. He had dared to beard the lion in his den.

"What would come of it all?" was the question that trembled on every lip. Public opinion was moved to its very foundation. Ireland was ready; proud, yet obedient; agitated, yet peaceful. With the fear of a revolution staring them in the face, they were forced to admit O'Connell in their midst. The Emancipation Bill passed in the House of Commons, followed by the assent of King George and the House of Lords. The victory had been won and Ireland, through the energy and genius of one single man, which twenty-nine years did not tire, had conquered. Against him were all the resources, by land and sea, of one of the world's greatest empires; and against all this, by the sheer power of his intellect, with no other weapon than that of his voice, he caused, at last, to shine upon his country the unhoped day of Emancipation. Full well did he deserve the title "Liberator," not only of his country, but also of his church.

Had Ireland alone profited from emancipation, what man in the church since the days of Constantine had ever emancipated seven millions of souls at a single stroke? But, my friends, the Act of Emancipation did not touch Ireland alone. It embraced in its plentitude not only Ireland, Scotland and Great Britain, but all those islands, peninsulas, and continents to which England had extended with her domination, the intolerance of her laws. Behold, then, one hundred millions of men; behold her shores washed by twenty seas delivered from spiritual bondage! What consequence, my friends, from one single act of one man! Who can measure his glory?

O'Connell was fifty-four years old when the Emancipation was

gained. Did he retire, then, to enjoy the fruits of his victory? Did he sit back and let Ireland work out her own salvation? No, my friends. He loved Ireland too well for that, this Irishman with a heart of gold. Hardly had he given himself time to see his triumph, hardly had he forced open the doors of Parliament by a second election, than he left his seat and hastened to his beloved Erin to tell her that in spite of old age, and covered with glory, he would recommence his life and not rest a single day until he obtained for her that prize, the attainment of which O'Connell had toiled since early manhood, to which Emancipation was but the first step, the opening wedge by means of which he hoped to reach his final goal, the goal that all Ireland longed for but scarcely dared to hope, namely, Home Rule.

There are few men, my friends, who after thirty years of labor, having obtained so marked and so august a triumph as that of Catholic Emancipation, have the courage to begin a second career and expose their fame to the shock of fortune, when they might enjoy happy and honored repose in their old age.

In this second work, O'Connell spent the last seventeen years of his life. The most significant and imposing sign of his popularity and influence were the popular gatherings, or monster meetings, as they were called, whither the Irish peasantry poured from all parts of the land to hear him, or rather to see him. High, uplifted above those surging and strained millions, he stood, worshipped as an inspired and restless prophet; omnipotent over their destinies, their hearts, their lives—the uncrowned King of Ireland.

How easily he could have placed the crown upon his head! Two nations stood opposed to each other, maddened by fierce national passion. With a single word he could have plunged them into a most terrible and sanguinary warfare. But, thank God, he did not. He knew that the great resources of the Empire were arrayed against him by land and sea, and he had nothing to oppose them save the bare breasts of a brave but unarmed and undisciplined people. His conduct at this period of his life has been severely criticised by his enemies and a few hot-bloods in the Young Ireland Party. But now, after this lapse of years when men can judge more impartially, we can see how incomparably greater he was than the little men who stood around him counselling rebellion; how he had never done more to prove his incontestable right to lead the Irish people; never done more to advance the cause of Irish freedom; never done more to earn the gratitude of mankind, or to prove the sincerity of the doctrines he preached, than he did by holding in check the fierce passion of his impetuous and cruelly wronged countrymen, teaching them patience, and how to wield a

greater weapon than the sword, a weapon that he forged by a half-century of labor—the weapon of constitutional agitation.

And what thanks did he receive from England? A warrant for his arrest; a warrant charging him with seditious conspiracy, followed by arrest, conviction and a sentence to prison by a packed jury of Orangemen. Behold the bitter hatred of an unrelenting and bigoted government, pouring out the vials of its wrath upon the defenseless head of one man! Behold the representatives of the English crown revenging their defeat upon a single individual. From the first to the last, the trial was a bitter satire on the administration of justice in England. Never in the annals of Irish justice did a more corrupt and partisan judge and jury condemn an Irishman to prison. Here again the true greatness of O'Connell proclaimed itself to the whole world. Two days before his conviction, for he knew his conviction was a foregone conclusion, he wrote a letter beseeching, commanding the Irish millions to refrain from bloodshed, and to show the world that they could control and govern themselves. His wish could not have been obeyed better had it been a mandate of the Czar with a million soldiers behind it.

O'Connell received his sentence with equanimity, and uttered these words when cast into prison: "There wanted but this to my career. I have labored for Ireland; refused office, honor and emolument for Ireland. I have prayed, hoped, and watched for Ireland. There was one thing wanted—that I should be in jail for Ireland. That has now been added to the rest, thanks to our enemies, and I cordially rejoice at it."

So great was the cry of shame, and clamor of injustice, not only from Ireland, but from the English themselves, that the House of Lords ordered the old warrior released. He was received with wild triumph by the Irish millions, who would gladly have shed their last drop of blood to save him from prison, had he not forbidden them. O'Connell was then returned to Parliament to continue his struggle for Irish Home Rule. In England, as well as in Ireland, the rank injustice of the attacks on O'Connell acted as a boomerang and swelled the ranks of the home rulers. When he entered the House of Commons he was received with an outburst of applause, so spontaneous and hearty, that his persecutors trembled. He introduced bill after bill, but they were constantly rejected by Parliament. He was not discouraged, however; won many reforms for Ireland, and had the gratification of seeing the municipal corporations of Ireland, composed exclusively of enemies, fall under his attack, and the first Catholic for two centuries—he, himself—wore the insignia of lord and mayor of Dublin.

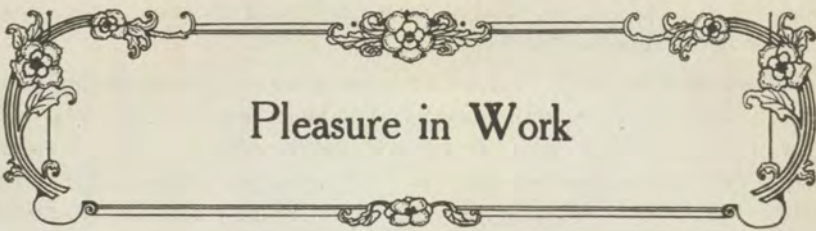
In all his long career he never ceased to agitate, either by speaking, writing, petitioning, or assembling. A hostile house, a powerful press,

Whiteboys and Whitefeet more dangerous than either, were arrayed against him. Single-handed he fought them all, asking no assistance and getting none. Even his enemies could not deny their admiration of him, as they realized the force of Cabbet's epithet—"the member for Ireland." Not his eloquence nor his oratory in which he wrapped his thoughts made him great and forced men against their will to listen to him, but his sincerity and his earnestness. It was the man, not his words, that held them. One thought alone possessed him. He knew nothing, cared for nothing but for Ireland, and looking on him, men seemed to be gazing on Ireland personified. Again and again these lines recurred to him:

"O Erin, shall it e'er be mine,
To right thy wrongs in battle line;
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That glance of bliss is all I crave
Between my labors and the grave."

Although O'Connell died without attaining Home Rule, he did more for Ireland than any other Irishman before he had ever dreamed of attempting: he created a public opinion, and unity of purpose which made Ireland a nation; he gave her British citizenship, and a place in the imperial Parliament; he gave her a press and a public, and with the weapons, her destiny in her own hands. O'Connell was brave, sagacious, eloquent, but above all, he was a statesman, for he gave to Ireland's own keeping the key of her future. And as shackle after shackle fall from Irish limbs, O'Connell may truly say: "This victory is mine, for I taught you the method and gave you the arms."





Pleasure in Work

FRANK A. THILL, '14.



THE National Cash Register Company, in accordance with its custom of educating employees by short, spicy, philosophic mottoes, once printed the following on its pay envelopes: "It is not a question of doing what you like, but of liking what you do." Concerning the antecedent in this proposition we shall say nothing, but we do believe with the manager of this, the greatest industrial organization in the world, that success in any line of endeavor can be attained only by a genuine liking of that particular line.

A man, therefore, in order to distinguish himself, must find pleasure in his work. He must consider his occupation not as a heavy burden placed upon his shoulders to be relayed day by day over life's highway, but rather a diversion sent him by the Almighty to break the monotony of life. He must, in order to distinguish himself from the thousands who constitute the mass, perform his duty with a smile on his face and a song in his heart, with never a look at the clock, except with regret for the moments that have been entered in the grave-yard of the yesterdays. He must become an enthusiast.

The enthusiast needs to surmount no obstacles, for love of his work furnishes him mighty wings to mount the highest peak. His hands, endowed with the mighty strength of enthusiasm, are able to fell forests, to level mountains, and to blaze trails, so that feet less calloused may follow. All the world to him is as an open book, wherein only patience is needed to decipher the word "success." He is the main-spring of the world's activity; the inevitable captor of that elusive prize, "success."

Some call this "fortune," others "luck," but the man who has made his mark knows that it is "work." The man who really succeeds sets for himself no time limit, nor does he allow any to be set for him. Eight-hour days have no existence in his life. He works, and works on for the mere pleasure he finds in his endeavors, and not because he is

receiving a pecuniary recompense. Money could not buy a Napoleon, and it took a Napoleon to conquer Europe.

The really big man, along with pleasure may combine the object of duty in his work. He may consider that he is benefiting society, that the world will have been better for his existence. But is not the satisfaction derived from consciousness of duty well performed, a pleasure? Do the labors of the enthusiast, therefore, not reach a higher, nobler plane? In benefiting humanity, he loses self and nationality, and becomes a cosmopolitan asset. His discoveries, his inventions, and products become property of the nations, and as such make the world his debtor. Truly, a mighty recompense for labors, no matter how herculean.

Love of work and success, therefore, are synonymous. Tempered with enthusiasm, which is nothing less than a liking for one's vocation, all labor ceases to be a process in which men's souls are dragged in the dust of a daily grind. An intelligent and ideal purpose combines enthusiasm, and is a sure guide-post on the road to success. The man who "labors at art for art's sake" may not come to his own immediately. It may take months, or even years before the world recognizes that he is not a selfish man, working out his own ideal with utter disregard for the want of his neighbors. However, the fact remains that he will not only eventually be recognized, but that the world concedes that the history of the progress of mankind is the history of the man who finds pleasure in his work. The man who conceives a passionate liking for his work is the man who will shed luster on his generation by making that step in progress which each succeeding generation seems destined to make over the preceding one.

CARL RYAN, '16.

The erroneous idea that work is degrading and unworthy of a gentleman has all but passed away. Man has come to realize that without work there can be no civilization, government, progress, nor anything which man holds dear. It is an accepted fact that all men must work, and that every man has some special kind of work to do. Since all men must work, the question arises, "Can happiness be found in work?"; or, "Must work be one continual drudgery?"

Each and every one of us can answer this question, for "Our own felicity we make or find." This applies to work as well as anything else. We can find happiness in work, or we can make it a laborious toil, just as we choose.

There are some people who find happiness in a special kind of work, and who engage in it, not as a means of gaining a livelihood, but purely

because they find happiness therein. This comes naturally, and without any effort on the person. It infrequently happens to people who are well-to-do, and who can engage in the work without any thought of remuneration. This, however, is not the case with the average person, and therefore does not deserve further consideration.

To find happiness in work, we must like the work. We must find it interesting and so absorbing that it will engage all our attention. We must understand and be capable of doing our work intelligently. We must master work, and not let it master us. Doing good brings happiness. No matter how hard the task, if we feel that we are doing good, we are happy.

Amid reverses and seeming failure, hope of future success brings happiness. The inventor, the author, the artist working out his various ideas, cannot tell whether success or failure will crown his efforts. Many times when the outlook appears none the brightest and success is doubtful, it is the hope of success which gives patience, perseverance and even happiness to the work. It is this class of people who frequently find most happiness in work.

Then, again, our intentions upon entering work determine largely whether or not we shall find happiness therein. If we enter it reluctantly, without aim or intention, and with the conviction that work is toil, we shall find it to be just as we imagined. If, on the other hand, we begin our work with a definite goal or ambition set before us, and are determined to realize our aim, we shall be able to brush away all obstacles, overcome all difficulties, attain our end, and really find happiness in work.


But why seek happiness in work? Because man naturally yearns for happiness. Moreover, a large part of our life is spent in work, and it is obvious that here we should first seek happiness. We can get better and more efficient results if we put forth our best efforts in work, and to do this we must take pleasure in work.

The career of Thomas A. Edison affords an illustration of the results obtained from happiness in work. His work day averages anywhere from sixteen to twenty hours a day, and that, too, at the most fatiguing kind of work—brain work. His work is not compulsory. Money furnishes no incentive. He knows he is doing something for the betterment of humanity, and therein lies happiness. The results of his work are marvelous, and his inventions have been a distinct aid to the progress of civilization.


Let us bear in mind that if we find no happiness in work, we are a slave to the job. Our work is poorly done, and frequently unsatisfac-

tory. We are always discontented. Unfortunate, indeed, is the man who finds no happiness in work.

Since it is possible, let us endeavor to find happiness in work. Let us select some field of endeavor to which we think we are fitted, set up an ambition we wish to realize, then plunge into work with our whole heart and soul. We shall then obtain better results, find work a pleasure, and be happy in our every-day life. If we obtain our ambition, the self-gratification resulting therefrom will be our greatest reward.



Child Labor



RALPH J. WIRSHING, '14.



NOT long ago, an aged Indian chief, who had spent most of his life upon one of the government reservations in the West, was taken to New York to see the wonders of the great metropolis. He was shown the great skyscrapers that reared their massive bulk far above the street, the bleak tenements with all their squalor, the busy factories with their countless, toiling millions, the subways, the great sea liners, and in fact everything that was of interest. After his trip, this poor savage was surrounded by a few of his curious white brethren, who said to him:

"What was the most surprising thing that you saw on your trip?"

With the stoicism common to the Indian, he replied: "Little children working."

It has remained for civilization to bring into use a custom that shocks even a savage. The Indian father never called upon his children to work. They were left to enjoy the pleasures of childhood until that eventful day when they reached maturity, when they were ushered into manhood with fitting ceremonies.

My friends, shall we return to the days of barbarism in order that we may save the little ones? In the days of ancient Rome the children of both master and slave were raised in the same nursery. Careful attention was given to the children in order that a strong and beautiful race might be the outcome.

How different is our "Christian civilization!" At present, there are over one million children at work in this "Land of the Free." But you may say: "Their work is easy, and it is right to train children to work." My friends, they are doing work that is so hard that even strong men refuse to do it. Day after day, the strength is sapped from their bodies, and they grow old before they have been children. They are dragged from school, deprived of play, and sent into the grimy factories to work long hours for little or nothing. And all this in the "Land of Opportunity."

I could enumerate statistics in regard to the number of children at work and the wages they are paid that would astonish you; but you would soon forget them, for they do not depict to you the tired eyes, the pallid cheeks, and languid limbs of this vast army of child workers who wend their way daily to their work. You do not see them go to work with their little dinner pails, because they pass down the street in the gray of the morning, and return long after the sun has set.

What is the task of these little wage-earners? One industry in which children are greatly in demand is the cotton industry in the South. Picture to yourself, if you can, one of these mills. The air is continually filled with cotton lint which enters the lungs of the children and renders them an easy prey to the deadly germs of tuberculosis. They sit with bended backs before their machines, over which their little fingers must fly from thread to thread. The atmosphere is hot and damp and the machines give forth a noise that rivals Niagara.

And what do they receive for their labors? From recent investigation it has been discovered that the average wage of a child in the cotton mills is twenty-two cents a day. And although their eyes are often heavy in sleep, and their fingers bleeding from coming into contact with the shuttles, their pay is docked for every mistake they make, or for every spot of blood on the newly woven fabric. These poor children are sometimes in debt to the company at the end of the week for a few mistakes that their tired and aching fingers have unconsciously made. Imagine, if you can, these little children awakened at four-thirty in the morning by the commanding screech of the factory whistle. Unwashed, half-dressed, with a crust of bread in their hand, they hurry to the factory to be shut in for twelve long hours. And to-morrow is the same thing. What is before them? Only an endless chain of to-morrows.

A short half-hour at noon, called lunch time, is the only resting period of the long day. Many of the children are so worn out that they fall asleep with the coarse food unswallowed in their mouths. In the evening they drag themselves home, some even too tired to eat supper.

They throw their tired bodies on a little pallet of straw to lie exhausted until they are summoned again in a few short hours to begin another day of endless toil.

Why do these children never rest? Why do they never play? Is it because there is pestilence in the land? Is the bloody sword of war hanging over our country? No, they must work in order to make a few more millions for some one who is already rolling in wealth. We boast that we are a commercial people, and we grind out the lives of our little ones in order to make good our boasts.

Another occupation for which young boys especially are in demand is that of glass making. Have you ever been in a glass factory? There, the heat is always intense. Large furnaces are needed to melt the sand, and before these red-hot furnaces little boys sit cracking off the tops of hot bottles as the glass-blower takes them from the mold.

When the mercury in the thermometer hovers around one hundred degrees, when men are prostrated walking on the street, then think of these little workers who keep their twelve-hour vigil before these glaring ovens, their little bodies parched, their sleep-robbed eyes seared by the intense heat, and all this in an atmosphere of powdered glass.

Other boys take the hot bottles from the mould, place them on an asbestos shovel and run with them to another oven where they are prepared for shipping. The boy is urged to his utmost speed by the curses and foul oaths of his tyrannical master, the glass blower.

Is this not a heart-rending sight? Little boys, eight and nine years old, running back and forth in this scorching atmosphere, always in danger of falling and injuring themselves on the hot glass. Some of these little fellows run over twenty miles a day, and all the time in an inferno of heat.

The bodily injury, however, is not the greatest injury that befalls these waifs. It is the injury to their souls, their spiritual ruin, that is more to be deplored than their physical suffering. Thrust into the company of men whose talk is too dirty even to be thought of, whose mouths reek with foul oaths, whose every sentence contains a curse or a blasphemy, what can be expected of these boys? Having been shut within the oven-like embrace of the factory for twelve hours, what is more natural than that they should go into the ever convenient saloon along with the men to seek something that will moisten their parched lips and quench the fire within them?

Friends, have they a chance? Are there any among you who are filled with the missionary spirit and desire to save souls for God? Then turn your attention toward these waifs, these child-slaves, who

seem to be burdened with an extra amount of temptation. There you will find a vineyard for your labors.

In the state of Pennsylvania there is a wing of this vast army of child workers. They are the boys that work in the coal mines. They do not seem like boys, because they have long been deprived of the pleasures of childhood, because they have grown old in their youth. The laws of Pennsylvania forbid the employment of boys under fourteen in the breakers. But what are laws? They can be easily overcome. A document declaring a boy to be over fourteen years old may be had from a notary for a quarter. Thousands of boys, some of them scarcely ten years old, with these lying documents, are to be found working in the breakers from sunrise to sunset. Then, too, golden eagles are placed before the eyes of the inspectors when they make their tour of inspection, and any boy seen through the shimmer of gold appears much older than he really is.

The breakers consist of long chutes down which the coal is run after it has been crushed. Across these chutes the breaker boys sit picking out the pieces of slate that are mixed with the coal. There they sit humped up like Hindu idols, watching and snatching at the pieces of slate, their hands torn by the sharp impact of the coal as it rushes down the chute.

A dust rises, as a fog, from that ever bumping, rushing river of coal, that grits into the skin and burns the eyes. Each boy wears a miner's lamp which casts a halo of light around each wizened face. At noon they sit upon a heap of coal and eat their little dinner which is well-seasoned with coal dust.

The monotony of this life is broken when some unwary boy is caught in the avalanche of coal and swept down to death. Then the breaker boys get a half-holiday to march behind their little comrade to the newly made grave on the quiet hill. Who can say that the living in this procession are more fortunate than the dead?

If the boy is not killed by his fall into the breaker he gets a short rest in the hospital, and when he comes out with an empty sleeve or a little crutch, he is simply marked as one more little soldier of fortune who has been worsted in our battle for dollars.

These are but a few of the many cases that are continually being brought to light. The tobacco factories, the sweat-shops where clothes are made amid disease and filth, the candy factories—all these and many more number among their employees regiments of the increasing army of child-slaves.

The states are now enacting laws for the protection of these children. They appoint inspectors to go through the factories to discover all children who are under age. But as in everything else, there are dishonest inspectors and lying employers.

What can we do to help this vast army of little ones that outwatches the sun by day and the stars by night? We can help to form an overwhelming public sentiment against dishonest inspectors. We can report to the factory inspection department any child under age who is working. We can agitate a national law against the employment of children, and help to enforce it. And if you are an employer you can refuse to employ children under age. Thus, can we help to blot out a course which in a short time, if allowed to continue, would change the American people from a brave, intelligent, healthy race into one that would rank lowest among the nations of the world, and change America the Land of Liberty into a land of bondage.





EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....FRANK A. THILL, '14
 Assistant Editor-in-Chief.....ROBERT J. SHERRY, '14

ASSISTANT EDITORS

RALPH WIRSHING	JOHN KLINE
ALOYS SCHMEDINGHOFF	WILLIAM WAGNER
PERLE EICHELBERGER	

Greater Dayton Association

The last six months have witnessed a marvelous awakening of civic spirit in Dayton. This civic spirit which had so long lain dormant in the bosoms of the citizens of the Gem City began manifesting itself early in the year. The awakening might be more correctly dated back to last Fall, when the amendments to the constitution of Ohio were ratified by the people by a tremendous majority.

Among these amendments voted into the Constitution was that of Home Rule for cities. The object of this amendment was to give a city more freedom in directing its affairs. It enables the citizens of any town or city of ten thousand inhabitants to choose another form of government, if they consider the old form to be no longer suitable or adapted to the needs and conditions of their municipality. It also allows greater latitude in the making of laws, in electing officials, issuing of bonds, acquiring public utilities, and in the administration of the city in general. In short, it gives a city the right to rule itself as it sees fit without any restriction or interference from the state legislature.

Here was an opportunity that the citizens of Dayton had long been seeking, an opportunity to rid themselves of an old and antiquated

form of civil government, a form of government made odious to the people on account of its domination by bossism and machine politics. This opportunity fanned the flickering flame of civic pride into a brighter glow, and a movement was set on foot to adopt a new, up-to-date and business-like form of government. A Bureau of Municipal Research was formed to give the citizens an opportunity for the study of municipal administration. Then came the greatest flood in modern history, which threatened to bury the city in its ruins, to crush the rising hopes of its citizens and to sound the death knell to further progress. This calamity, however, served but to draw the people closer together, and from the black depths of ruin and despair rose the bright star of hope for "A Bigger, Better and Greater Dayton."

Instead of quenching in its muddy deluge the flame of civic pride that glowed in the bosoms of Dayton's sturdy sons, the flood, on the contrary, increased it in power and intensity. Just as when water is poured on burning oil the area of conflagration is increased, so the flood submerging our fair city in its murky depths spread the flame of civic pride to its utmost bounds.

This calamity proved to the people the necessity of a new form of government. They witnessed the successful administration of John H. Patterson and his model "commission form"; they marveled at its efficiency at a time when miracles were all but required to relieve the situation. Is it a wonder that men and women were won over to the commission form; or that an era of reconstruction and rehabilitation followed?

And what activity there was. The city was cleaned of its mud and debris; refugees fed, clothed and sheltered; business restored. A new spirit, an unbounded enthusiasm, one might almost call it fervor, enveloped the entire city in its plentitude. A two-million-dollar flood prevention fund was raised, although the city has lost one hundred and twenty million. Rich and poor, merchant and clerk, capitalist and laborer, alike contributed their share. All petty quarrels and disputes were forgotten. Devotion to the common good bound everybody together in irresistible bonds of brotherhood. One aim, one hope, one ambition pervaded all. That was to make Dayton bigger, better and greater than ever.

Through the herculean efforts of her united loyal citizens, under the inspiring leadership of John H. Patterson, Dayton was once more placed on her feet. Her citizens at once proceeded to make the most important decision in the history of their city. Would they retain or reject the old form of government? Would they dare to trust the future of the city they loved so well, planned so much for, labored so

hard for, to a new form of government? They faced the issue squarely. Only the best was good enough for Dayton, and the best they chose in the commission-manager plan.

On top of this a Greater Dayton Association, to further the interests of the Gem City and make her the model city of the country, composed of men and women in all walks of life, was formed with a membership greater than any other citizens' association in the world.

Dayton has undergone a thorough civic regeneration, one which promises to leave a lasting, permanent effect. Her citizens have learned to seek the common good rather than their private interests, to give more time to their city, to contribute more money for civic betterment.

Dayton is indeed to be congratulated upon the civic revival that has taken place within her. She has experienced a tremendous civic uplift, almost too wonderful to relate. But the victory is not yet won. Many are the trials and difficulties that will be encountered; many the seemingly unsurmountable obstacles that will have to be met and overcome until her final goal, to become a model city, is reached. But we have faith in Dayton. She cannot fail. We firmly believe that this civic awakening will keep Dayton ever awake, "Still achieving, still pursuing, with a heart for any fate!"

ROBERT SHERRY, '13.

Education and Opportunity

Does education create opportunity? To the young man who goes through a college course with a view to escaping the knocks attendant on a beginning in life, we would say "quit," for education can never eliminate the start, which is necessarily slow in every line of endeavor. The most that an education will accomplish for any man, is to prepare him to take advantage of opportunity. There is a time in every man's life when he is offered a chance to advance himself; it is all a question of being prepared to grasp the opportunity when proffered. The man with no education, when brought face to face with such a crisis, can but bemoan his fate that he is fit only to fill the position which he then holds; while his educated brother, brought up, perhaps, from a lower position, is promoted over his head, because his education is an asset upon which his employer can depend.

Efficiency, as it is known today, is not judged by muscular strength; it rather resolves itself into a question of how much a man knows about the work he is to do. Jobs demanding strong backs usually demand weak brains, for they are as a rule poor paying propositions.

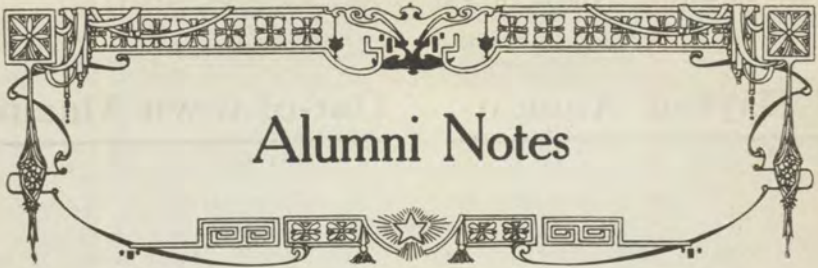
The demand for the greatest possible efficiency has given rise to the almost universal custom of specializing. The barber, unlike his brother

tradesman of not so very many years ago, no longer unites in himself, besides the tonsorial profession, that of cupping, leeching, and bone-setting and teeth-pulling. The doctor is being replaced by a score of specialists, each one with a thorough and complete knowledge of but one part of man's complex make-up. This specializing, requiring as it does exhaustive knowledge of one particular field, makes education necessary. Therefore, in order to be prepared to make a success in life, to be able to grasp opportunity, education is absolutely necessary.

The college-bred man, therefore, has greater chance of advancement. His knowledge may not give him the faculty of commanding success, but once opportunity appears, he is in a position to grasp hold. Moreover, the popularity of education today, causing as it does almost every walk of life to be crowded with good men, makes it imperative for the man who would succeed to overcome the handicap of only an ordinary education. It therefore behooves all young men to complete their college training when they are in a financial position to do so, to banish as a temptation the pittance offered in the name of a salary with a baited preferment for advancement, remembering that not only they can find a better position when they are fully trained, but that positions the hundreds cannot fill will be looking for them.

FRANK A. THILL, '13.





ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

Election of
Board
of Governors

The following letter was mailed to the Alumni, October 6th, in which was enclosed ballots for the election of the Board of Governors.

The vote will be counted October 16, and the results of the election will be made known in the November Exponent.

Watch the Exponent this year! It will be brimful of news of the Alumni, and an air of progress will be evidenced throughout. Suggestions will be gladly taken.

Dayton, Ohio, October 6, 1913.

Dear Alumnus:

We, the undersigned committee of three, appointed by Acting President Louis Moosbrugger, '00, as a Nominating Committee under the new constitution, enclose ballots for the first election in accordance with Article IV of said Constitution, which were adopted June, 1913.

You are at liberty to vote for any candidate or candidates not mentioned on the tickets, and three lines are allotted below each of the three divisions on each ticket for that purpose.

Unavoidable delay has been the cause that this election has not taken place before the present month. Ten days' time from the above date of mailing will be allowed to return enclosed ballots, and the votes will be counted on October 16th by the undersigned committee, none of whom shall be candidates in accordance with the present Constitution.

The Exponent will carry the results of the Election in the November number, a copy of which will be mailed to every member of the Association. Assuring you that it is our conviction that the Alumni and St. Mary's College will both profit by the new order of things under the control of the Board of Governors, the ballots for which we enclose, we are with best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

F. J. O'REILLY, S. M., *Chairman.*

VICTOR C. SMITH, '05

HERBERT S. WHALEN, '08.

BALLOTS FOR BOARD OF GOVERNORS, 1913-'14

Vote by placing X before 3 Candidates
of each divisionVote by placing X before 3 Candidates
of each division

Dayton Alumni

3 to be elected for a term of
THREE YEARS

Frank J. McCormick, Jr. '88

Rudolph G. Schneble '88

Edward C. Hegman '91

Richard P. Burkhardt '92

Harry F. Cappel '98

Joseph F. Clemens '99

3 to be elected for a term of
TWO YEARS

Theodore D. Hollencamp '99

L. Edgar Orendorf '99

Aloysius J. Ward '99

Dr. Albert J. Moorman '00

Louis Moosbrugger '00

Harry F. Finke '02

3 to be elected for a term of
ONE YEAR

Bernard M. Focke '02

Carl L. Cappel '03

Walter L. Connors '05

Edward A. Moritz '05

Harry B. Solimano '07

Francis G. Canny '09

Out-of-town Alumni

3 to be elected for a term of
THREE YEARS

Rev. F. Joseph Kelly '90

John A. Hiller '91

Oscar C. Miller '92

Thomas J. Coughlin '93

Harry C. Busch '96

John F. Maher '96

3 to be elected for a term of
TWO YEARS

Matt. N. Blumenthal '97

Virgil J. Terrell '00

Dr. James A. Averdick '01

Rev. John C. Angel '02

Alphonse J. Pater '04

Rev. Charles C. Ertel '05

3 to be elected for a term of
ONE YEAR

Charles B. Freeman '05

Charles A. Kenning '05

Rev. Martin M. Varley '06

Rev. Harry J. Ansbury '08

Rev. John A. Costello '08

M. A. Daugherty, Jr. '09

Hon. H. L.
Ferneding, '90

Read the following editorial which appeared recently:
"The election of Judge H. L. Ferneding to the position of Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals for the state will occasion no surprise upon the part of his friends. At least they will recognize in this promotion only a fitting tribute to his industry, intelligence and ability.

"Judge Ferneding has made a splendid record since he has been upon the bench. Of a natural judicial turn of mind, he has devoted the most patient study to every case upon which he has passed, and his decisions have invariably shown the fullest grasp of details. He has been absolutely fearless and impartial, courteous at all times, and diligent.

"So it seems that in conferring this special honor upon him, by electing him unanimously, his associates upon the bench have realized his worthiness. And as Chief Justice of the Appellate Court he may be expected to still further make it apparent that his original selection as a jurist was a display of wisdom upon the part of the electorate of this district."

We are proud of our distinguished Old Boy. His rise from attorney to Judge and Chief Justice has been one steady rise to a position merited by steadfast adherence to duty. Congratulations from Alma Mater!

Charles B.
Nash, '99

"Charlie" Nash sent us a copy of a new book, "School Sanitation." He had a hand in the make-up of the book, as he holds a prominent position with the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company of Pittsburg. When you see those classy ads, picturing bath rooms of the most up-to-date patterns, remember "Charlie" is the man behind the force of 70 or more men in the Advertising Department.

Perhaps the readers of the Exponent have not forgotten that an artist of "Charlie's" staff designed the present Exponent cover.

"Charlie" has a warm spot for St. Mary's and his old teachers. He was asking for Brother Joseph Wehage. "Charlie," surprise him by dropping him a line. He is principal of The Immaculate Conception School, Washington, D. C., and is an ardent admirer of The Exponent.

Victor C.
Smith, '05

The new County Surveyor here is "Vic" Smith. He was elected last Fall by an overwhelming majority. He had previously been deputy surveyor under Edward A. Moritz, '05. "Vic" and his five picked assistants started their two-year term September 1.

We shall watch "Vic's" term with interest. He has undoubtedly the "biggest" job ever tackled by a county surveyor, if you remember that the Flood carried away bridges by the score. The replacing of them, alone, will entail much work. "Vic" can take care of the job, and continue to reflect credit on the Class of '05, which seems to have an option on the office.

Bernard J. Kirchner, '01 "Barney" Kirchner, formerly of Cleveland, is located in Chicago; address, Kenzie Ave. Y. M. C. A. Drop in and see him when you pass through.

"Barney" was at the Alumni Banquet last June and his old friends stampeded to see him. If all the Alumni realized that Commencement and banquet renew good fellowship and boosts a good college along, they would make the Alumni Banquet one big event eclipsing all others.

"Barney," let's hear of the next "feed" of the Chicago Alumni. The meetings in the "Windy City" have class to them. We'll try to drop in sometime and "s'prise 'em."

Whalen, '07 Charles CHARLES WHALEN, A. B., LL. B., graduated from the College of Law of Georgetown University, June, 1913. He continues to hold the position of secretary to Hon. Warren Gard, Representative of the Third District, Ohio, in the National House of Representatives.

"Charlie" is deeply interested in Alma Mater's growth and development, and has been directly instrumental in having Uncle Sam forward us government publications of practical value as reference works for our new Engineering Department.

Accept our sincere thanks, Charlie! Alma Mater appreciates your generous spirit of loyalty.

John Ohmer, '09 We were delighted to hear from our loyal "Jay" Ohmer. "Jay" had been putting in strenuous work at Cornell when *our* Flood brought "Jay" on. You see, "Jay" belongs to the O. N. G. The bad weather we had put "Jay" in an Emergency Hospital, thus keeping him away from his courses still longer.

At Cornell, the physicians advised him to lay off till Fall; but "Jay" is not quitter, *made up* every hour missed by flood and illness, and was rewarded by receiving his degree of Mechanical Engineer in June.

Congratulations! We are proud of you, and shall wait to congratulate you in person this Fall.

F. Wm.
Kroemer, '07

The Department of Chemistry received generous samples of Creosote Oil for the laboratory from F. Wm. KROEMER, '07. "Bill" is chief chemist of the Santa Fe Wood Preserving Company, Somerville, Texas.

Whenever he is in Dayton, our loyal Old Boy spends an hour or two at the College. His continued interest in St. Mary's is evidenced by his sending of samples for preserving wood shortly after being installed in his new work, and his generous offer to keep our laboratories in touch with up-to-date methods and processes taken up by his firm.

"Bill" is enthusiastic over our Engineering Department, and if some of our Old Boys who are apathetic could get in contact with "Bill" they might *catch* some of his enthusiasm for progressive Alma Mater.

John P.
Georges, '09

Here's a good one we received recently from our Wilmington loyal Old Boy: "Dear friend 'The Exponent': Come as soon as you can to see me. I am looking for you soon and enclose your *fare* for the coming year. Best wishes to Alma Mater and all my Professors."

Come down with Wilmington College, John, and see us put one over your town boys in football. Let us hear from you again.

At Michigan U. Leon Deger, '10, is studying Dentistry at Michigan U. WALTER A. STEUER, '08, and FRANCIS X. SCHUMACHER, '10, are studying for the professions at Ann Arbor, likewise.

Good for you, Leon! We need *good* dentists here. As we go to press today, we defeated Antioch 6—0. We were thinking of the big game *you're* playing today against Case. Of course, Michigan wins. Best to the *crowd*!

Charles
Wagner, '09

"Charlie" has been doing odd jobs with Engineering Corps on railroads all around the country. Recently he dropped a card to one of our college professors. He decided to complete his engineering training, and is now enrolled as a Junior in California University.

Good for you, Charlie! We'll bet on you, and in two years C. E. will grace your name.

Earl Raney, '10 Earl writes on renewing his subscription: "I enjoy reading The Exponent, although I find new names in the columns and new faces in the pictures."

Glad to hear from you, Earl. We trust you are the picture of health

now. We heard that you had been ill. Our sympathy for your illness! Try to get down and see us, Earl.

Edward Purpus, '11 Here's from Ed.: "Among all the mail I receive, I look forward to the Exponent with the greatest pleasure. It links me to my college and former college chums. Even out here in Los Angeles I meet old St. Mary's boys. Recently I ran across Helfrich and Krug."

Ed. is connected with the Engineering Corps of the Pacific Electric. We met him last at the Alumni Banquet last June. Let us hear from you again, Ed.

Clarence Braun, '13 We received a letter from our star center of basket-ball fame. He was asking for a little information, and, incidentally, told us to count on seeing him at some of the big games this year.

Drop in, Clarence, and boost the game that fascinated you for years.

Theo. J. Munchof, '07 "Teddy" Munchof of Indianapolis dropped us a line recently. He is hoping to get down soon and see the college again. His address is No. 2046 N. New Jersey Street. There are still students at St. Mary's who attended college when "Teddy" was with the III. Division.

"Teddy," you'll have a few surprises coming when you look us over. We've been moving some these past years.

WEDDING BELLS!

John C. Wickham, '09

A very pretty wedding, in which one of our young "Old Boys" took a prominent part, took place October 1, at Corpus Christi Church, Dayton, O.

John C. Wickham, '09, and Miss Elizabeth Kuntz were the happy pair. Frank Wickham, '10, was best man, and Miss Grace Kuntz was bridesmaid.

The bride and bridesmaid are sisters of Martin, William, and Edward Kuntz, who attended for the past seven years. Their older brothers, Peter and John, are likewise Old Boys of the College.

John and his bride left for the East on their honeymoon. They will reside on their return at the Constantine Apartments, Springfield, O.

Our congratulations! We shall await your first visit to St. Mary's after your honeymoon.

Gilbert R. Eichelberger, '10 The Class of '10 will be pleased to hear the best of good news of Gilbert Eichelberger. He is living in Los Angeles, Calif., 4046 S. Grand Ave.

He became a benedict, July 26, 1913. In replying to a letter of congratulations, he wrote:

"I hold very dear the days spent at St. Mary's, and wish to be remembered very heartily to all."

Gilbert has the agency of Southern California for the Goodrich Rubber Company. We know he will make good. Congratulations and best wishes from the Exponent family!

Leo M. Fox, '10 Another young "Old Boy" fascinated with the chimes of the wedding bells was Leo M. Fox. Leo and the girl of his choice, Miss Alice Nelle Gregerson, were married at a Nuptial Mass, Holy Trinity Church, Coldwater, O.

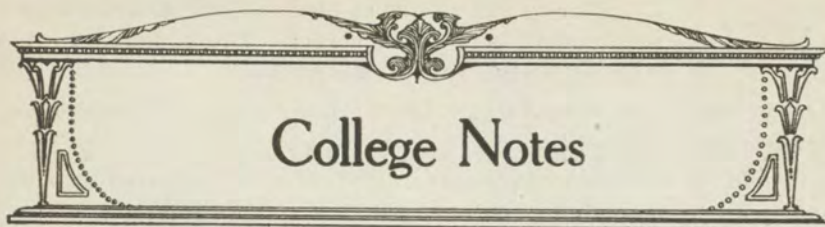
Leo tried to lay over at Dayton on his way to Cincinnati, where he now resides, but was unable to do so. He has promised us one of his wedding pictures, which will have to last till Mr. and Mrs. Leo Fox visit Alma Mater in person.

Leo is shorthand reporter at the Court House, Cincinnati, Ohio. His new home is 304 W. McMilan St. Congratulations and best wishes, Leo, from all your old friends!

Walter J. Hand, '09 Walter J. Hand, '09, and Miss Bertha Swift were married at a Nuptial Mass by Rev. Chas. Hickey the last week of September. The bride is a sister of Leonard Swift, a Freshman Engineering student of St. Mary's.

The celebration was beautiful in its arrangements. The bridal couple left for a trip to Cleveland, Detroit, and Eastern cities, and will return November 1 to Dayton, where they will make their home, at 239 Louie street.

Congratulations to you all! May your days be long and happy ones!



College Notes

GEORGE E. DONOVAN, '16, Editor.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER

Collegiate Department

Highest Honors for September will be given in November Number.

High School Department

Fourth High.....	Charles Meyer, 93; George Kinstle, 92; Otto Krusling, 92
Third High-A.....	Paul Ohmer, 94; James Keuping, 92; L. Adelberg, 92
Third High-B.....	Joseph Schaefer, 96; Lawrence Warren, 95
Second High-A.....	Urban Gochoel, 95; William Brennan, 94
Second High-B.....	Carroll Hochwalt, 93; Daniel Collins, 91; Francis Ligday, 91
First High-A.....	John McCarthy, 93; Ivo Stelzer, 92
First High-B.....	Rufus Weber, 91; John Trunk, 90
First High-C.....	Thomas Reynolds, 97; Hayden Hill, 96

Business Department

Second Business.....	William Kuntz, 96; John Schleipeck, 94
First Business.....	Norbert Sacksteder, 92; Alvin Burkhardt, 89

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade-A.....	Eugene Greiwe, 97; Mark Hannegan, 93; Foster Van Scoyk, 93
Eighth Grade-B.....	Armin Mahrt, 91; George Roderer, 90; Arthur Schroyer, 90
Seventh Grade.....	Raymond Helmig, 93; Julian Greiwe, 90
Sixth Grade.....	Herman Bumiller, 93; Edwin Paul, 91
Fifth Grade.....	William Meyers, 91; Harold Zoeller, 86

Reopening of St. Mary's

The long period of vacation which held many good times is past, but the recollections are still fresh. Many familiar faces are to be seen about St. Mary's, also many new ones. All the departments, including the engineering, have resumed classes. From all appearances, this year will be the best ever for S. M. C.

The Park

The park, which was always a spot of beauty, seems to have surpassed itself this year. The lake has been restocked with fish, and about it grow a veritable paradise of flowers. It is hard to tear oneself away from this spot.

Improvements Walks connecting the arcade with the second division walk and the first division steps have been laid.

A new lighting system has been installed during our absence. It floods the halls with light and is a great improvement.

A new department for minerological and spectroscopic work has been added to the chemical laboratory. It will be completed in the near future.

The main entrance is being refinished in oak paneling and mottled walls.

The Second Division Club Room has been completely remodeled. A new pool and billiard table have also been installed.

Festivities

On Friday, August 15th, the faculty assisted at the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Religious Profession of Brother Michael Donnelly, S. M. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Provincial of the Order. After the Holy Sacrifice, Brother Michael advanced to the altar and renewed the Holy Vows of Religion that he uttered for the first time fifty years ago. Brother Michael is Assistant Librarian at the College. Though advanced in years, he carries his age so well that we may hope to be edified by his good example for many years to come.

On that morning of the Assumption twenty-five young men in the fulness of their generosity pronounced their first vows as religious of the Society of Mary.

The historic college chapel was to add another brilliant souvenir to its long list of holy memories. Two weeks later, on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Friday, September 12th, Rev. Francis Kunnecke, '06, S. M., celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in the presence of the assembled student-body and faculty. Rev. Lawrence Yeske, S. M., former Vice-President of S. M. C., and at present Superior of the Normal Department, gave the sermon.

Rev. Francis Kunnecke was formerly connected with St. Mary's as professor of the Fourth Year High School. After completing his theological studies at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, he was ordained to the priesthood during the month of August. At present, he is engaged at the college as professor of History and Latin. The Exponent, faculty, and students extend to him their sincerest congratulations and wish him many years of fruitful labor in their midst.



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

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Athletic Notes

S. M. C. Athletic Association The reorganization of S. M. C. Athletic Association took place at the general meeting, Thursday, September 18. The enrollment of new members was satisfactory in numbers, but there are still many who are eligible who should get the spirit and boost athletics as members of the association.

The main business was the election of officers for the present year. The result of the election was as follows: Frank Thill, '13, President; Robert Sherry, Vice President; George Mahoney, Secretary; Frank Smith, Business Manager. Bro. Fred Paff, as Moderator, together with Rev. Jos. Tetzlaff, Rev. Francis Kunnecke, and Bro. Lawrence Drufer, and the student officers of the Association, constitute the Board of Directors. Under the guidance of the present board, the Association will doubtless have the most successful year in the history of the college.

FOOTBALL

Prospects Louis Clark, guard on the College eleven for the past two years, has been engaged as coach this season, with "Al" Mahrt as advisory coach. With but two weeks to get ready for the Antioch game, October 4th, "Lou" got his football material down to hard gruelling from the beginning. John Devereux, star end of 1912 eleven, was elected captain.

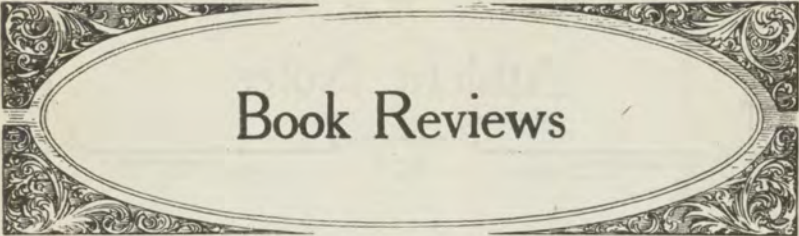
The prospects looked anything but encouraging, for without "Al" Mahrt at quarter, and the heavy men in the line of last year missing, the problem of building up a new team was a big one for any coach. "Lou" got the football material lined up in two elevens, played solitaire, shifting the players back and forth, and finally succeeded in building up an eleven the equal, if not the superior, of 1912.

"Bill" Sherry, at quarter, is working hard to fill Mahrt's place, and if someone can bud forth to fill Fogarty's place on catching forward passes, there is no telling what victories are in store for the Red and Blue.

Schedule

The schedule is not complete at our going to press, owing to a late start last Spring. Manager Dugan, who succeeds Emil Edmondson, announces the following schedule:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Oct. 4.—Antioch at Dayton. | Nov. 1.—Transylvania U. at Dayton. |
| Oct. 11.—Earlham at Richmond, Ind. | Nov. 8.—Aquinas College at Dayton. |
| Oct. 18.—Wilmington College at Dayton. | Nov. 15.—Antioch at Yellow Springs. |
| Oct. 25.—Open. | Nov. 22.—Wittenberg College at Dayton. |



Book Reviews

THE WEDDING BELLS OF GLENDALOUGH, by MICHAEL SARLS. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 388 pp., \$1.35.

The story has Boston and vicinity for background, and a host of Irish names for characters. Nora Gomez, Oliver Plunket and Kenneth Shankee, at one time Shanahy, play the roles of heroine, hero, and prodigal son, respectively. With these central characters the author weaves a story in which philosophizing consumes too much of the reader's time. Withal, the reader will find much entertainment and plenty of instruction in the pages of "The Bells of Glendalough."

THE MANTILLA, by RICHARD AUMERLE. St. Louis, B. Herder. 1913. 270 pp., \$0.80.

Bob Weldon, expelled from college for a noisy prank following a football victory over a rival college, sets out in the great New York to find a job. He is met by a husky youth who asks him to join a gang of strike-breakers embarking soon for Cuba. Bob accepts the invitation and the story begins. The Mantilla is a story sure to have an hour or two of entertainment for every reader, and particularly boys and girls.

ON A HILL, by F. M. CAPES. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 111 pp., \$0.50.

Here is the story of a woman who gave up freedom, friends and her lover for the sake of a friend, because she "saw what was just and did what was generous." But not forever was the life of Diana Merton shrouded in the gloom of her sacrifice; its grey atmosphere grew less and less as time wore on and "the light above" shone brighter and brighter and transfigured her sacrifice. Mr. F. M. Capes has written an admirable story, admirably well.

THE MAID OF SPINGES, by MRS. EDWARD WAYNE. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 222 pp.

In the year 1797 the French began their invasion of the Austrian Empire. Among the places attacked was the little village of St. Vigil, in Tyrol. It was through the bravery of Katharina Lang, that the village was saved from destruction. This incident furnishes the author with a matter for a tale of Napoleon's Invasion of Tyrol. The Maid of Spinges should find many interested young readers. Besides the noble heroism of Katharina are recounted many of the customs of these simple folk of the Tyrolese mountains.

ALMA'S SOPHOMORE, by LOUISE BRIGHTENBACH. Boston, Page & Co. 1913. 303 pp., \$1.50.

Like its predecessor, "Alma at Hadley Hall," girls old and young will find Alma's Sophomore Year bright and entertaining. This new story recounts the experiences of Alma in her second year at Hadley Hall. It is a capital story, reproducing the school and social life of a typical boarding-school girl.

PAT, by KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON. New York, Benziger Brothers. 1913. 392 pp., \$1.35.

In "Pat," Katherine Tynan Hinkson has presented us with a novel which holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. The mother's mistake is the cause of her separation from Pat, whilst yet a boy. The woman, sincerely repentant and yearning with a mother's love for her child, becomes a model of self-abnegation. Her son is kept in total ignorance of his mother's existence by the father's people, who are the so-called "better class." Mrs. Noyes, who, after she had been ostracised from her class, devoted her life to nursing the helpless, meets with the reward of her labors, and the answer to twenty years of prayer, when circumstances permit her the pleasure of nursing her son, who had met with a serious accident on the eve of his marriage. Pat becomes well; but the nurse, when her identity has been established, is forced to go to unknown parts. By some chance, Pat finds out that she is his mother; and impelled by his generous love, he scorns the laws of "convention" and starts a patient, sorrowful search for her. Several years elapse. Finally Pat meets his mother, only to close her eyes in death. The pathos of this part of the novel gives way to the charm of a love story that follows. The vein of natural, unforced humor that pervades the book, here becomes more pronounced.

GWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, by CHARLTON MINER LEWIS. New Haven, Yale University Press. 1913.

Gwayne and the Green Knight is an old story, an Arthurian legend the reader might have guessed from the title, but with a new sense and interpretation. The author tells us that his tale is "replete with fictions, yet half true," and further promises the faithful reader "much instruction and some fun." He keeps his promise and tells this fairy tale in light happy verse, with rhyme and rhythm which hold the attention from first to last.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY, by BARRY O'BRIEN. New York, P. J. Kennedy & Sons. 1912. 184 pp., \$0.60.

In this small book Mr. Barry O'Brien presents the busy man with a short sketch of Ireland's struggle for Home Rule during the nineteenth century. The subject matter was originally delivered as a lecture by the author before the Irish Literary Society of London, but it has been revised, enlarged and supplemented by an appendix. Mr. J. E. Redmond writes a rather long but interesting introduction.

WALLINGFORD IN HIS PRIME, by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. Indianapolis, Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Readers already acquainted with Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford in his prime not as lively as Wallingford in his youth. In this later book Wallingford

is at his old games, scheming and promoting, winning and losing, meeting easy marks and catching tartars every now and then. Others who have not had the pleasure and excitement of Wallingford's acquaintance will find much to laugh over in these pages by G. Randolph Chester.

TWIN SISTERS, by ROSA MULHOLLAND. London, Blackie & Son, Ltd. 1913. 392 pp.

If the reader is looking for a wholesome, interesting story, let him take up *Twin Sisters* by Rosa Mulholland. The twins are Spanish-born girls sent to Ireland. Among the many young men to whom they are introduced is an Englishman, Anthony Resedale, who came to Ireland to execute a pet scheme. Pippa, the elder of the twins, seeks employment under Resedale and—a silent wooing begins. The winning comes shortly but surely after a few misunderstandings and a journey to Seville. Like Pippa and Resedale, the other characters of this Irish tale are ordinary flesh and blood people who are not weighed down with absurd mysteries or morbid problems.

A HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE, by RUFUS B. RICHARDSON. New York, American Book Company. 1911. 291 pp.

This volume is one of the Greek Series for Colleges and Schools. It is precisely what the publishers claim it to be—a text book—written in a style that is attractive, keeping it free from technical language, which would render it otherwise unfit as a popular book for students. The illustrations to the number of over 130, with detailed explanation, make the volume interesting, and at the same time practical. The book deserves a place in every well-constructed course of Arts and Letters; will prove profitable in any course that aims at general education; and should be read by every one eager to be well informed on Greek Sculpture and its masterpieces.

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK RELIGION, by ARTHUR FAIRBANKS. New York. 1910. 384 pp.

A Handbook of Greek Religion is another of the Greek Series for Colleges and Schools, which we take pleasure in recommending for reading and study. The volume should have a place in courses of studies aiming at broad culture. While there had been a tendency to get away from complete college training and to plunge into studies for the professions, there has been of late a happy change, due, doubtless, to the universities of higher standing insisting on full college credits for entrance to their professional schools. Therefore, colleges wishing to move along with this progressive march would do well to broaden their course of studies by introducing texts from the "Greek Series," and in a special manner, "*A Handbook of Greek Religion*."

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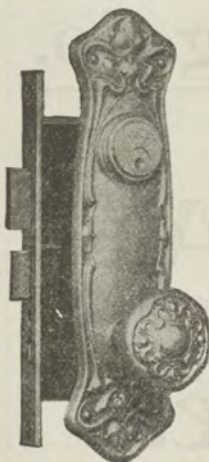
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service assures
no long waits.

Our new equip-
ment gives the
best work possi-
ble.

Our Sanitary
Systems guaran-
tee satisfaction.

Our prices are
the same as you
pay elsewhere.

We'd like you to
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regular custom-
ers.

14 and 16 Arcade
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Is heard on every side about our
SEPIA PLATINUM PORTRAITS

The Bowersox Studio 137 Canby Bldg.



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— JEWELERS —

OPTICIANS DIAMOND EXPERTS
FINE REPAIRING

DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
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17 EAST FIFTH STREET

DAYTON, OHIO

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Laurel Butter Crackers

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Manufactured only by

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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"Always the Latest" ∴ ∴ ∴ "Always the Lowest"

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And Consider Where You Get
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Jefferson St., near Market
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**BLENDS FOR CUP
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Roasters of High Grade Coffees

Jobbers of Teas and Spices

You cannot afford to pass us by when in
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Ask Your Grocer

BERNHARD BROS.

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LUMBER LATH AND SHINGLES

Manufacturers of

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And All Kinds of Mill Work



Herman Soehner

Sole Agent

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STOVES**

Roofing and Spouting, General Jobbing

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Be sure and ask for

DAYTON ICE CREAM

Absolutely Pure and Wholesome

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Dayton Ice Cream and Dairy Co.

Perfection Butter is the Best

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Quality First



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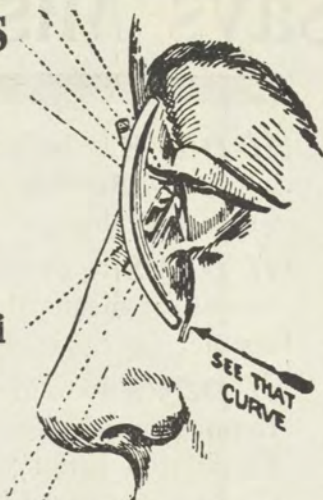
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