

12-1-1913

The Exponent, December 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

"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."—*Frontis-
piece.*

SCENES IN BETHLEHEM (4).

Subscriptions. One Dollar Yearly in Advance
Single Copies Ten Cents

Address all communications to

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



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"The Woman's Magazine", and "The Kalem Company"

"There was no room for them in the inn." (Luke ii., 7.)



The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XI

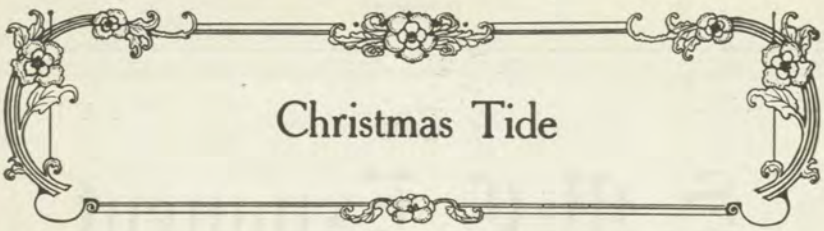
DECEMBER 1913

No. 10

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



WE wish our many readers, subscribers and advertisers, a Merry Christmas. ¶ The Exponent closes its eleventh volume with this Christmas Number. We have endeavored to make the Exponent more interesting, more artistic and more acceptable to our readers. ¶ With the advent of the coming year, we are pleased to inform our readers that we have still greater things in store for them. As an indication of our outlined progressive policy, we respectfully call your attention to the illustrations secured for this issue. Through the courtesy of Sarah Field Splint, Managing Editor of the Woman's Magazine, New York City, we are permitted to reproduce the beautiful pictures in our Christmas Number. They were taken by the Kalem Company in the Holy Land, among the actual scenes of the Birth of the Christ Child. They are a triumph of modern art and photography; remarkable for their historical accuracy; their close adherence to reality; and the deep religious fervor that pervades them.



Christmas Tide

GERALD E. DUNNE, '15

THE greatest of all days, which have come and gone since the creation, is that day on which the "world was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Christmas day is undoubtedly the greatest in the history of the human race. It has always, through the long ages that lie between us and the nativity morn, been celebrated by each succeeding generation in a manner peculiar to the time and nation. It is most fitting, indeed, that, in every age and in all climes, this feast should be celebrated with particular ceremony, since the fulfillment of the promise of a Redeemer was all important to fallen man.

Throughout the long vista of years, each succeeding century has preserved the time honored custom of gift-giving. The generosity of the Magi in this regard struck a keynote in the human heart, and served as an impetus, setting a bounteous example, the spirit of which has been carried out in all simplicity and without stain throughout the nineteen centuries which have preceded our own. Our progenitors seem to have caught the spirit of the Magi. They seem to have understood better than we the spiritual significance of Christmas.

When Christmas had its spiritual significance born in mind, and simplicity was the keynote of gifts and celebrations, the high and low, the rich and poor, were alike able to enjoy the holy season. Today conditions are far different. A discordant note has been violently struck; something is radically wrong; the spiritual significance has been all but forgotten. Even the message of the angel choir "and on earth peace to men of good will" has been distorted. We do not know whether this change has been brought about through forgetfulness, or whether it was done intentionally, but nevertheless, at least ninety per cent of our up-to-date literary men have the audacity when quoting from St. Luke, ii chapter, 14th verse, to enclose in quotation marks the following, mutilated from the above: "Peace on earth, good will towards men." Here, not only the spiritual but also the literal significance has been sadly missed.

The giving of presents, for instance, has exceeded the bounds of reason. It has entirely changed the aspect of giving. Our forefathers following the example of the Wise Men, gave spontaneously to benefactors, friends, and loved ones; they gave unselfishly and with a whole heart. This beautiful practice of giving only to whom the heart suggested, has been changed, woefully changed, to the artificial and rigid code of a mere exchange of presents.

Perhaps some of us are totally ignorant of the manner in which preceeding generations celebrated the season of Christmas. There may be some who know little or nothing of the purpose the morality and miracle plays were made to serve at Yule-tide; of the burning charity of a St. Francis, and of the wonderful bounty of a queen St. Elizabeth. (No; not good Queen Bess). This class, of course, never having treated themselves to a peep into the past in this regard, have never felt the balm of that savory atmosphere nor inhaled that precious aroma which the old religious drama and the bounty of Saints alone can produce. Such persons are incapable of comparing the wholesome taste and customs of the past with the depraved demands and practices of the present. Such persons could not be expected to take the initiative toward enacting reforms.

Yes, indeed, the days of spontaneous giving have long since passed. Each and every person who either aspires to social standing, or hopes to retain that already attained, erects a mental clearing house, and for weeks before the Christmas season are found nervously racking their brain in a fearful attempt to see to it that no one is overlooked. This, in itself, is soul-galling. Presents are bought and labeled and laid away, according to the number we expect to receive. A price is paid for each in accordance with the amount this or that friend usually spends upon the present we receive from them. Spool-boxes, inkstands, pincushions, silver pen-holders, and hundreds of other unnecessary and undesirable bits of rubbish, are given and received in this mechanical and spiritless way year after year. Something is certainly wrong. Why will they insist on sending presents to folks who do not want to receive them? When will this miserable custom of giving, because we have received, be stopped? When will this mutual loading up with trash come to an end? How much longer is it going to take the light-minded public to understand that we do not contract an obligation to give, by receiving? If the donor has given with the proper spirit, he will expect nothing in return; if he has been prompted by an improper motive, his gift is an unworthy one and it deserves no attention.


Each year this detestable custom is growing. More "debts" are being incurred, and more closet shelves are being stacked with presents which have been a bore both to the donor and to the recipient. Such a mode of action, instead of being a celebration of the holy season, is an abuse; and when we behold the spiritual and æsthetic decadence it has wrought, we are forced to say most emphatically it is time to call a halt.

The buying of these innumerable presents and the preparation of the great social event, has created evils that burden the toiler; that cause a sudden rush which overworks the vast majority of people. Expressmen cannot feel enthusiastic over Christmas; they actually scowl at the mere mention of it. The same can be said of letter-carriers. These poor fellows begin to lament the approach of Christmas long before the month of December sets in. Dressmakers and clerks turn sick at the thought of Christmas. It seems that every shopper, no matter what her disposition may be at other seasons of the year, grows sharp-tongued and impatient when the holiday rush is on. Everybody wants this or that article, and they all want to be waited on at the same time. After one or two weeks of long, fatiguing hours, catering to the demands of peevish shopper, the jaded clerk and the weary postman are in no mental or physical condition to enjoy Christmas. Notwithstanding its beauty and its hallowed associations, these overworked people have formed a positive dislike for Yule-tide; and they cannot be blamed.


While the problem of recalling the lost spirit of the Christmas season may seem complex, it is not at all impossible to solve. In truth, it is not even difficult. Good will is, above all other things, essential in making Christmas joyous and peaceful. The angel choir never proclaimed peace on earth to anyone and everyone, but rather, it plainly stated a certain provision under which this peace could be obtained. That provision was, that we on our part, have good will. Let our will be right, and that peace which the world cannot give will follow. This is what is meant by understanding the spiritual significance of Christmas.

Again, we are not denouncing the custom of gift-giving; we do not propose to knock the props from under a custom so long and so wisely established. No, indeed; rather let us remember the Magi bearing their gifts, and the spirit in which they gave them. Let us live the Christmas season in an unselfish manner; let us be pleasant, kind and agreeable to all those we chance to meet; let us be charitable to the poor; and, in a word, let each one put on the spirit of gladness and let it radiate from his soul. By so doing we will wipe out the ugly stain which has marred the beauty of the twentieth century from the

time of its infancy. Thus will we be able to hand down to the coming generation, Christmas customs as unstained and immaculate as we have received from our sires, and practices which in the future will be a credit to ourselves and to our time.



Christmas in Provence



FRANK A. THILL, '14

"Fancy the peal of Christmas Chimes,
Fancy that some long buried year
Is born again of ancient times—
And in Provence takes Christmas Cheer."



THE average American, imbued with practical and prosaic American ideals, is apt to imagine that Christmas is solemnized everywhere, just as it is celebrated in the United States. But, in at least one spot in the world, ancient times are reborn each year, during the celebration of Christmas. In Provence, a small tract in the south of France, Christmas is celebrated with that poetic enthusiasm which the French possess in an eminent degree. In a word the Christmas of Provence is ideal. There the festivities begin with St. Barbara's day, on the fourth of December, and end only after the Epiphany. There, the Yule-log rite still exists, while the magnificent banquet, and other attendant festivities, linger in the minds of this poetic people long after melting snows have give way to April showers. Add to all this a genuine appreciation of the true spiritual significance of Christmas, and you have the Christmas of Provence.

The Christmas celebrations of Provence begin with the planting of St. Barbara's Grain. On the feast day of this Saint, December fourth, the women of Provence fill two or three dishes with wheat or lentils, which they set afloat in a pail of water, and then place in the warm ashes of the fireplace, or on some sun-lit window ledge, to germinate. The result of the growth, they say, will surely foretell the harvest of the coming year, for as the grain prospers or perishes will the harvest of

the new year be abundant or frugal. Concerning the origin of this custom we know little, except, that perhaps, instead of the pagan goddess of the fields, these French, upon their conversion, set up St. Barbara as the patroness of the harvest. Be that as it may, poetry usually has its source in a warm, enthusiastic heart. A rigid investigation into the why's and wherefore's would but tarnish a beautiful poetic custom with the gross of reality.

The above mentioned custom is but one of many of the pre-Christmas ceremonials, of which the bringing in of the Yule-log marks the final. The journey to the forest is made by the entire family, headed by the oldest member of the household. Upon their arrival, the tree to be honored in furnishing the Yule-fire is selected. Custom decrees that this tree must be a fruit-bearing one; the almond or the olive being the choice of the Provençau. Then, with all the dignity attendant only upon an epoch marking occasion, the father or grandfather with formal stroke commences the felling of the forest giant, leaving the task to be completed by younger hands. During the entire operation, a sort of religious awe penetrates the atmosphere, but as the venerable old victim begins to creak and groan, the life-spirit of the tree enters the on-lookers, and they give themselves to dancing and chattering, as only the French can, in merry anticipation of the warmth and cheer which the Yule-log will soon diffuse. The trunk is then stripped of its branches and trimmed into a neat log about five feet long, for the fire must burn from Christmas Eve until after the Epiphany. The same festive procession is formed once more. The log is borne back to the home, and placed outside doors, to await the coming of Christmas Eve, and the Great Supper, at which it is lighted.

Christmas proper, in Provence, begins with the Great Supper on Christmas Eve. After the entire household has assembled about the festive board, the Yule-log is brought in. This ceremony is generally accompanied by great dignity, and in many instances it really is considered a religious rite. Custom in Provence has decreed that the Yule-log must be borne by the oldest and the youngest member of the family. Thus it frequently happens, that the one is an old man, and the other, a baby, carried in its mother's arms; while, between them, walk the real bearers of the burden. This custom is truly poetic in its significance: the old man personifying the dying year; the child, the year, just to begin. As the log is carried into the room, it is placed close to the high, open fire-place. Then follows a pause, a bowing of heads, while the old man, filling a cup, brim full of wine, casts three libations upon the log, crossing himself after the last. A short invocation to

the Almighty follows, and then jollity breaks down all barriers, as the log is placed in the blazing hearth amidst vigorous singing and cheering.

During this triumphant rejoicing, the cup from which the libation had been poured, is refilled and passed from hand to hand, and from lip to lip, until all, from the youngest up, have drunk to the New Fire and the New Year. In this way, the Great Supper begins. To be sure, Christmas in Provence, as in other lands, is preceeded by a vigil, and consequently the meal must be lean, that is, no flesh meat can be used. But nothing daunted by this apparent handicap, which would place the average American housewife into a quandary, the French-woman sees in this, only an opportunity to display her ingenuity and efficiency. The festive board fairly groans under the load of dainty confections, fancy pastries, and rich wines.

In this struggle between genius and material disadvantage, the women of Provence have evolved two principal dainties, the Nugat and the Pompo. Nugat, as a Christmas dish, is held so highly by the Provencaux, that it is looked upon in much the same light as an Englishman considers his plum pudding, or an American his mince pie. The composition of this necessary luxury consists mostly of almonds and honey. This confection, besides being sold in great quantities by the confectioners in the cities, is also made in every country home, for no farmer of Provence is so poor but that he has his almond tree, and a hive or so of bees to furnish the necessary honey. The Pompo seems to be a cake of indifferent composition and quality. But, say "Pompo," to any man of Provence, and besides a noticeable smacking of lips, you will observe a characteristic, broad, whole-souled Christmas smile.

The intermission between the Great Supper and Christmas day, with its innumerable festive activities, is very short, for, not only does the Great Supper occupy almost the entire evening, but the Christmas Mass is celebrated at a very early hour, leaving but little time in which to rest. The people of Provence, being essentially a religious people, attach great importance to the Christmas Mass and the attendant ceremonies, the principal one of which is the visit to the crib. Their religious duties having been fulfilled, the families again retire to their homes, to prepare for the great Christmas Dinner. Concerning this dinner we need but say that it is the ambition of every housewife to make it the very best dinner of the whole year, and nothing is spared to reach this goal. It is the culmination of long preparation, anxiety and fear, and from this very thorough preparation, it could not be otherwise than a glorious success.

Thus, the people of Provence live on, doing from year to year exactly as their fathers and grandfathers have done before them. They may not be progressive in the hurly-burly sense of modern life, but they fill their own lives, and those of their neighbors with the sunshine of peace and good will. They realize the time significance of Christmas in making life a success of joys, and extension of peace and good will.

Christmas in the Army and Navy

HUGH EWING, '15; THOMAS EWING, '15



T is once more upon us—the nineteen hundred and thirteenth anniversary of Christ's birth, and all are happy, expectant of the season's accustomed joys. But in all their anticipative preparations, do any stop to think what Christmas really is? why celebrated and by whom? Or are there any who consider the great importance of Christmas in the joys of others? To many, the Christmas tide is the only season of relaxation and cheer; of social activities and the renovation of amity and good-fellowship. We, who are surrounded with home comforts, and rarely explore outside our own sphere of life, know little of the Christmas joys of others, and their manner of celebrating this great feast. Country and city folk, the backwoodsmen and statesmen, all have their own peculiar customs, and follow them out in the celebration of Christmas. The civilians commemorate it with much grandeur, but there is another class, a great body, who celebrates Christmas, and enjoys it, as the only time of real pleasure and relaxation in the year's routine. And this body of men are the soldiers and sailors of the world.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY

Perhaps, of all the different armies and navies, the most unique in its Christmas observance is the Army and Navy of England.

The duty of sending a Christmas Greeting falls on someone, sometimes the chaplain. A card for every man aboard is addressed, given to the ship's postman, who at the proper time delivers his mail. After

the morning service, the admiral, captain and officers parade the mess deck with the ship's band at the head playing "The Roast Beef of Old England."

Cake, fruit, mess plum duff are forced on the officers on all sides, who are soon overburdened with food supplies. Christmas dinner, with its choice menu and generous supply of good drinking, never turns out disappointing to the British sailor.

The late hours of the afternoon pass with the swapping of yarns, and evening soon envelops the ship. The stereopticon with its slides, and the moving picture machine with its interesting films, close the Christmas Day with its program of song and story, music and pictures.

CHRISTMAS IN THE INFANTRY

The British Infantry has a more varied program in its day of Christmas. The pleasure the soldiers derive from this holiday surpasses, if possible, that of any other class. The event is long looked forward to, and every man determines to make the most of it when it comes. He usually succeeds admirably, according to his own peculiar manner, paying up for past hardships.

For months, the soldiers save their pay, or much of it, to be expended in decorations and gifts. It is customary for the colonel of the regiment to give a prize of a sovereign for the best decorated room in the barracks. This is an honor much sought after, and creates unusual good-natured rivalry among the different regiments. So, for months beforehand, preparations are in progress, and all expectantly await the eventful day.

As the twenty-fifth of December approaches, the fever of excitement heightens. Much time is spent in decorating the barracks hall, and for this purpose large quantities of time-honored holly and mistletoe, together with strings and festoons of highly colored materials, are employed. Since not much taste can be expected from a soldier, these decorations, placed to the best advantage, present a conglomeration of colors rather startling in effect.

The massive stone fireplace receives the most attention, and its decoration is most suitable. The keynote of this decoration is naturally the words, "A Merry Christmas." There is always present some young artist, who comes to the front with a design, below which he adds the name and division of the regiment.

Everything is covered with evergreen, and considering the untiring diligence, each regiment deserves the prize. All are busy, on duty or off, and all are happy as for once to forget old enmities and feuds, being united in a common bond of good fellowship and cheer, deep and bind-

ing during this season. On the day before, every preparation is complete, and the soldiers await the morrow's joys.

The day has come. Reveille sounds at six forty-five on Christmas morning, but long before that the men are up and about. A general relaxation of discipline is the rule of the day, and breaches are openly winked at. An amnesty is proclaimed, and peace and good reign supreme. On this day all guard and patrol duties are dispensed with. During the morning, after breakfast, the men gather in groups, telling stories and jokes till nine o'clock, when the decorations are adjudged and the prize conferred. The winners are cheered again and again, and the time is passed till eleven o'clock in singing and playing cards. Then chapel is attended in a body. It is apparent that the men are restless, nervous to begin the really big event of the day, the Christmas dinner, which in every respect always meets with the approval of the best of good livers in the regiment.

This dinner, the subject of the recruit's dreams for months, is a solid and substantial affair, the numerous delicacies, together with the more satisfying and heavier dishes, running the expense of the meal up to quite an item. However, the regulations stipulate that the costs incurred by the Christmas dinner be met by a grant from the canteen funds. So the soldiers in the army eat a dinner ordinarily out of the question. Turkey, goose and ham, grace the center of the table, and are well supplemented by the vegetables.

The menu contains many savory efforts of the barracks' cook, who is loudly praised for once in the year. The cheerful mood of the men is effectively rendered permanent by the unchecked flow of liquid refreshments. The whole is topped with army "duff" or plum pudding, punch and fruit. Much toasting and speaking is in order, and everybody's health is drunk. The soldier has a mania for toasting, and is not particular who receives the honor, beginning with the officers and winding up with the cook, evidently being of the opinion "the more the merrier."

The dinner being over, there is a rush for the drill room to witness, or participate in, the afternoon's games. The Sergeant refereeing, contests in boxing, wrestling and fencing are engaged in, to the huge delight of the spectators who have their favorites, lustily cheering them on to success. Many games, peculiar to army life, are enacted, which require either great skill or strength, and each victor is announced as he retires from the field of conflict. In all, a most enjoyable afternoon is spent, the men good naturedly bantering one another, and taking a lively interest in the proceedings.

The soldiers respond to the bugle after the games, falling in rank. They are then inspected by the Colonel, and a small bronze medal given to the one keeping his outfit, which includes uniform, kit and arms, in the best condition.

Towards evening, most of the soldiers visit the town. As it is to be expected, and as often happens when a large body of men are out for a good time, many of these become engaged in numerous petty quarrels, and a few serious ones, on their rounds from tavern to inn, and to the theatres. But whatever occurs, nothing seems able seriously to affect the cheerfulness of the men, or their good will towards one another. A ragged tramp furnishes untold-of amusement to them all, when put through his best paces. Tricks and practical jokes are played on unsuspecting victims, often ending up unfortunately for both parties.

Later in the evening they gather about an inn, and with a light luncheon and a parting glass, wind up the day and tramp back to quarters. Quite frequently, though, for some of the more rowdily inclined, the proceedings have altogether another termination. Feeling very happy and out for the evening, these unfortunates are caught breaking the law by the military police who patrol the streets. They then have the unenviable pleasure of spending the night in the guard-house, and appearing before their commander on the following morning. Usually, they are given slight sentences, such as additional guard duty, or confinement to barracks for a short time.

But in whatever manner the day might end, be it in a guard room or at the quarters, the soldier of the British army regards this as the red-letter day of the year, and earnestly yearns for its speedy return. Although customs differ among the various nations, the celebration of Christmas is the same with all who observe this day. It will probably always remain so, for soldiers of all armies, and their branches, are very conservative in this matter, and adhering stanchly to customs world wide and ages old, strongly resent any attempt at innovation.

HUGH MASKELL EWING.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CAVALRY

The festivities of Christmas Day hold for the British cavalryman, a memroy that is treasured. It is the one day throughout the year on which the entire company or regiment is free to pursue its pleasure, and on which they follow that pursuit in common. For these reasons, the celebration of Christmas has become a time honored institution in the barracks of the cavalry regiment. For days and weeks before Christmas, the troopers save their money, hoarding it away until the

time arrives, when it will be called forth to purchase good cheer, and to furnish best of good eating at the much prized Christmas dinner.

With about one week remaining until Christmas, the entire company begins in earnest to prepare for that great day. While some of the men make an expedition to neighboring woods, and return loaded down with pine boughs, laurel and rhododendron, others are busily engaged in cutting from variously colored papers clever designs with which to alleviate the bareness of the walls and ceiling of the barrack-room. At this stage of the proceedings, some artistic genius of the company steps forward and assumes charge. He directs the placing of the evergreens and the strings of colored paper, so that they blend judiciously to form a really beautiful setting for the Christmas festivities.

And all the while, the great day is slowly approaching, until finally it lacks but two days of arrival. The money which the troopers have been saving so assiduously is now brought forth, and a large part of it deposited with the corporal who is chosen to represent his company. In the afternoon, the corporal, accompanied by the sergeant, makes his purchasing trip, and after placing his coveted orders with both the merchants and brewers, he returns to the barracks. A few moments after he arrives, the regiment, which has been drilling, returns. Far down the street they come in the gathering dusk, riding at full speed, their horses' shoes striking fire, and presenting the appearance of a band of Centaurs rather than a troop of modern cavalymen. Soon they arrive at the barracks, and here they display to better advantage their skill and horsemanship. As each line dashes up to the gates of the corral, it describes a perfect arc, wheeling in a straight row, the metal accoutrements of men and horses flashing in the setting sun, mingling with the brilliant uniforms to present a scene at once grand and inspiring.

The two remaining days until Christmas at last run their course, and Christmas Eve reigns throughout the land. The weather is generally cold, and the older troopers of the regiment predict a heavy snow-storm. Their predictions are fulfilled, for the clouds which gather overhead throughout the day, now shower countless snow-flakes in all directions through the bitter north wind.

In the main hall of the barracks, however, joyous abandon sways the hearts of the soldiers, who are laughing and singing, and indulging in the rough games by which they are wont to pass away the evening hours. The making of the Christmas pudding, a proceeding in which the whole company participates, is ended, and the cuisine genius of the regiment is now engaged in heating it before the great fire-place. And

thus, Christmas Eve passes all too quickly, until taps are sounded, the sentries posted, and the regiment retires for its last rest before the great day.

Upon the keen frosty air of early morning, the silver notes of a bugle ring out, and are echoed and reechoed among the far distant hills and glens. It is the reveille, summoning the men from the land of Nod, to begin a new day, a day which they will hold in joyful remembrance for many succeeding weeks.

Before the last lingering notes have died away in the distance, the troopers are up and in formation. After the horses have been cared for, the men assemble for breakfast, which on this day, especially, is a very small meal. They then form in ranks to attend the Christmas service in a nearby church. About noon everything is in readiness, and the company lines up at the door, until at the given signal they enter the main hall.

The sight that greets their eyes is really worthy of a more princely dwelling than the barracks claim to be. Along the walls, and pendant from the chandeliers, are festoons of gaily colored bunting. The doorway and windows are framed in evergreen boughs, and a huge bunch of the same material is fixed above the fire-place, the whole room emitting the aromatic perfume of pine. The tables, which for the only time in the whole year are covered with linen, are also strewn with laurel sprigs, and loaded down with the Christmas dinner. As soon as the men enter the room, there is a wild scramble for seats, and the tables themselves narrowly escape being overturned. All are seated safely, however, and immediately there arises a very bedlam of din and confusion. For the first few minutes, the men say nothing, and, indeed, it would be impossible for them to hear one another, for the noise of metal upon china holds precedence. As the meal proceeds, and the troopers' appetites and thirsts are assuaged, the hum of voices steadily increases in volume, and jokes and bantering become the order of the day. They next turn their attention to the dessert consisting of pudding and ale, and by the time this is disposed of, the entire company is hilarious.

When the dinner is ended, the tables are pushed to one end of the room, and the chairs are gathered around the fire. An old soldier takes upon himself the position of Master of the Revels, and proposes to the company the health of the colonel. The toast is drunk with laughter and shouts of approval. Then follow toasts to the other officers of the regiment, and finally amid ringing cheers, a toast to the Old Straw-boots is proposed and drunk. Someone now suggests a popular army

song, and immediately the entire company proves itself to be heartily in accord with the suggestion, by almost raising the roof with their bellowing tones, for no other expression can fitly express the troopers' vocal efforts.

Song after song follows, and then those gifted with the art of story-telling hold their listeners, especially the younger soldiers, in breathless suspense with their thrilling campaign narratives.

Thus, the afternoon wears into evening, and the cavalymen wax louder and merrier over their cups, until a climax is reached, and the sounds of revelry gradually decrease. One by one the troopers betake themselves to slumber, and when taps are called, all is quiet throughout the barracks, and Christmas day is ended for the cavalymen for another year.

THOMAS EWING.

The First Saxon Christmas

GERALD E. DUNNE, '15.

*Long, long ago, one bleak December night,
Thus runs the ancient lore of Saxon folk,
The Angle, Winfrith, felled the "sacred oak,"
And robbed the Norse gods of their power and might.*

*He told them of the world's new-risen Light,
Of God, Who did Himself in child's form cloak,
To lift from human kind sin's galling yoke,
And give them back their long-lost kingship right.*

*And from the virgin forest forth he brought
A fir tree, crusted o'er with sparkling snow;
And on its boughs, with lighted tapers wrought
A burning cross, the sign of saving faith to show.
Thus caused the Sainted Boniface of yore
Christ crucified to triumph over Thor.*





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And Mary "wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes." (Luke ii., 7.)



With permission of
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"And behold the star which they had seen in the east, went before them." (Matt. ii., 9.)

The Race with Death

GEORGE SEITTERS, '15



TRAVELING westward for the first time from Omaha; passing from the broad prairie into the foot-hills of the Rockies, it is scarcely possible to forsee the steep grades yet to climb, or deep passes to go through, before reaching the summit of the range.

If a traveler journeys in the winter time, he may have some thrilling experiences before reaching the western slopes. The overhanging rocks, the yawning canyons, the horse-shoe curves, and spiral ascents not only provide magnificent scenery but likewise mean so many dangers. The dense forests and broken lands, seem uninhabited by man, and yet here and there may be seen a low log cabin from which the smoke curls slowly, giving evidence of human existence.

Near the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, high up in the mountains, lived William Koler. Together with his wife and infant son, he had come to this country some fifteen years previous to the time of this story. Being employed as a section hand on the road, it was part of his work during bad weather to patrol the track, as land slides and falling rocks were frequent in that region.

William Koler had chosen for his home, a spot high up the mountain, where he could catch a glimpse of the sun as it made its first appearance in the morning, and see it slowly sink to rest in the evening.

The vicinity about Koler's cabin was thickly wooded with stately pines. Piles of logs were stacked upon the north side of the cabin. A prepared incline served to carry the logs headlong down the hill to a landing near a sidetrack. To the west of his cottage the mountains broke off almost precipitously for several hundred feet, and then made an incline to the valley through which the railroad made its way before crossing the chasm to the other side.

The third of December was a cold winter day. The wind had been blowing a gale and towards night flakes of snow began to fall. Although several inches of snow and ice already lay upon the ground, there was a good promise of as much more. Koler made his appearance early that afternoon for his supper, as he was to take the nine

o'clock shift patrolling the track. Darkness soon fell upon the land, with the storm increasing in fury until it became a blizzard.

Within the cottage, however, all was warm and comfortable, for Oscar, Kohler's son, had carried in a great heap of wood to feed the large, open fire-place which cast out a heat and glow sufficient to warm and cheer any home.

Supper was eaten, and Koler seated himself in his arm chair beside the fire, lighted his pipe and began to read. The cracking of the logs in the fire was answered by the fury of the storm without. The good wife, having set her kitchen in order, had taken up her sewing, while Oscar was busily engaged with his lessons.

Suddenly a loud rumbling noise, a pounding and thundering heard distinctly above the blowing snow storm, brought all to their feet. Koler stood momentarily as one transfixed; a look of terror upon his face. Instantly he roused himself and sprang for his coat.

"The Sunset Rock," he shouted, "has broken loose and is rolling down the mountain. It will cover the tracks. The 8:45 is due in thirty minutes, and unless she is flagged she will be dashed into the canyon and perhaps a hundred lives with her."

A minute later Koler was facing the storm. In his hurry he failed to think of the slippery path until his feet flew out from under him, and he lay dazed upon the ground. In a moment, however, he came to his senses and attempted to rise. A groan escaped him, for he realized at once that his leg was broken.

Mrs. Koler had followed her husband to the door, and was watching him as he started away. She saw him fall, and as she heard his groan, she ran to his assistance.

"My leg is broken," said Koler; "what shall I do? The train must be warned. You cannot do it; you would freeze on the way or fall into some ravine and never get out. What shall we do?"

"Come," replied Mrs. Koler; "Oscar and I must get you back into the house. Then we shall see."

Reluctantly, the man obeyed. The pain was intense and their lack of skill in carrying him caused him to fall into a faint before he was back in the house.

Koler's son was thinking hard. He understood the situation. He knew that if the train was to be stopped in time, he, himself, must give the signal. He knew, also, that his father must have a doctor. How was he to reach the track ahead of the train? He did not know; but do it he must. He saw he had but ten minutes left.

"Mother," said he, "I am going. I will be back as soon as I can," and dashed out into the blinding storm.

He had gone, perhaps three hundred feet when he reached the pile of logs.

"Why not start one and ride it?" he murmured aloud. "I never thought of that," said he to himself. "I wonder if I can do it."

Fortunately, a cant hook was lying upon the pile of logs. Oscar remembered where he had seen it last. He had little difficulty in finding it. Selecting one of the smaller logs he applied the cant-hook and turned it over. He soon had it in position. But now the awful danger of riding it faced him. He hesitated; he wavered. Would he give up?

Listen! Far, far in the distance, born on the wings of the wind, faintly, yet distinctly, the long reverberating whistle of the 8:45 limited.

"I must!" he cried. "No one knows me, anyway, and if I am killed—little matter. Father would have risked his life to stop the train. They depend on his watching, and now I must take his place, besides reach the doctor."

The occasion gave him strength, and with a mighty shove he started the log down the slide.

Though he knew the pass perfectly well; knew where the rough stones projected so dangerously near; knew where the overhanging snags were located; knew where the steepest grades were; yet all to no avail. He began his perilous ride. Downward he dashed, veering onward as thought a wild steed on the wings of night.

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Many a time in the history of human affairs where dangers were greatest, when apparently uncontrollable events have loomed up, some poor, nervous woman, who in normal health and ordinary circumstances would have fainted at the sight of blood has calmly faced catastrophes, brought quiet out of uproar, and order out of chaos.

True, some of us have pictured her making our country's flag, or moulding her treasured heirlooms into leaden bullets, while her husband or brother or son was somewhere on the firing line of battle; but where in song or story or printed page have we the record of her deeds of greatness and bravery?

Those records are few, though the deeds themselves be many. But why comment upon it? She does not care. It is duty's call or love's command, and she obeys. It is these characteristics, peculiar to her sex, and so distinct from man's, that enoble her being while they render her fathomless to the minds of men.

Mrs. Koler was a sensible woman, and although weak and feeble she knew well how to manage the affairs of her household. She saw

the outstretched, fainted form of her husband before her. She knew her son had started out into the storm for aid. She was aware of the awful perils before him, the almost impossibility of his getting help or escaping death itself. Though the work before her seemed equal to a mole's burrowing through a mountain, yet she set about her task at once. In a few minutes she succeeded in restoring her husband to consciousness.

Koler, as soon as reason returned, asked his wife if the train had reached the slide.

"No," said Mrs. Koler, "it is not due for five minutes, even if it is on time, and it is not likely to be in all this storm. "Perhaps," she continued, "they may notice the obstruction."

"Number 93 has never passed 'Sunset Rock' a minute late," said Koler; "and besides, a curve in the road prevents an engineer's seeing anything on the track until right upon it. Eric, the other watch, by this time is ready to turn in at Beaver, a mile up track, and he can know nothing of the slide."

Then Koler thought of his son.

"Where is Oscar?" he asked.

"He threw on his coat and scarf a few minutes ago and left, saying that he would be back soon. I think he has gone for the doctor," said Mrs. Koler.

"He will certainly freeze," gasped the anxious man. "He will be lost in the storm."

This new fear, together with the pain, overcame the stricken man and he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The poor woman knew that it would do no good to arouse him now, so she settled herself up to watch and wait for the probable return of her son.

As she sat, her attention became unconsciously attracted to a picture on the wall. It was a scene of a German homestead among the mountains. It pictured the home of her husband when a boy. Now as she waited, the story of her husband's youthful days among the German hills came back to her just as he had told it years before when they had hung the picture in its place.

Her husband's story of the picture came back to her in a flash.

"My father and mother lived among the mountains of Germany not far from the border line. My father had been a soldier in the king's army and had not accumulated a very large fortune. I had but one brother, three years my senior. When we had grown up, my father sent us to America to avoid service in the army, and to take advantage

of the better conditions in the New World. We landed in New York and remained together several years, but one day I opposed my brother's will and judgment. We quarreled and I left him to come west. However, after a time, when I returned I could not find him or any trace of him. It was then I met you and brought you here."

"Yes," said Mrs. Koler to herself, "that was 16 years ago. How much the world has changed since then. Koler's parents both died the year we came here. His brother, his only kinsman, is lost. How that has worked upon him no one knows. I have heard him speak his name many times as he slept."

A crash outside brought the woman back to her surroundings and she hastened to the door. Nothing could be seen or heard but the flying snow and howling wind.

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"Number 93, limited," was, in spite of the weather, keeping up her reputation. She had passed Beaver exactly on time. Proud of her achievements she thundered on. In the coaches the passengers were reading or conversing, glancing only occasionally out at the storm.

In one of the pullman cars sat two men, perhaps forty years of age. The one, judging from his frequent remarks about the road, might have been taken for an official of the company, while from the conversation the other would at once be taken for a physician, especially so from the traveling bag he carried as he entered the car. The doctor was relating to Mr. Deering, the officer of the company, the great similarity of the mountain scenery to his native land.

"I was nearing my eighteenth birthday," he said, "when I left the Schwartswald. The snow lay upon the mountains as the train bore my brother and me out of the Kaiser's realm. I never think of it without a sense of shame and a feeling of pain, for after a few years in New York, my brother and I parted in an angry discussion over some trivial matter. I have never seen him since, although I have spent much time and money to locate him. I have mourned him as dead. Nothing left but myself to care for, I went to Chicago and after a short time fortune favored me in throwing me into the company of a noted surgeon. He persuaded me to take up a profession and possessing a liking for the medical profession, I entered college and graduated with honors. My friend helped me into a practice which soon swelled my bank account. A few years ago, I was persuaded to buy some mining stock in Nevada which also proved good. My interests there have made it imperative for me to make a personal investigation, and I am on my way there now. If this train gets safely through this storm,

which by the way, seems to be increasing, I shall probably meet you in Pasadena, as I intend to return that way. I think, Mr. Deering, that we ought to congratulate ourselves that we are in a pullman just now instead of out in this storm.

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In the meantime the improvised sled was gaining speed at every second. The objects alongside flew past like a solid wall of masonry. The wind pierced the lad's body like the darts of savage Indians. The snow, kicked up at ever rise, shot over and upon him like a bombardment from a battleship. But through it all he managed to retain his hold. The greatest fear that confronted him now was to land safely. Would he be able to stop in time? or, would he be dashed against the rocks?

The answer was not far off, for already, like the swoop of the eagle, the log bowed slightly upwards, and in another moment the lad felt himself flying through the air. The end was reached; the log had struck and the rider landed in a deep drift of snow. Stiff though he was, he scrambled to his feet and dashed toward the shed where the lanterns were kept.

Here a new trouble arose. He had no matches to light a lantern and a glance down the track showed him he had no time to loose, for already the glare of the head light was upon him. Grabbing a flag from the little railroad shed, he sprang to the track in front of the approaching train. Numbed and stiffened by the cold he stumbled on the rail and fell headlong senseless to the ground.

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At the doctor's reference to the storm Mr. Deering looked out the window.

"Yes," he answered, "somewhat nervously, "we are now in the most dangerous division of the road. Just a few miles ahead of us is a sharp curve, where a few yards beyond, the track crosses the canyon over a trussel two hundred feet high. There are rocks overhanging the mountain that I do not like. I intend having them removed someday if—" but the signal for down brakes cut short his speech, while the sudden stopping of the train almost threw the passengers from their seats.

"Come," shouted Deering to the doctor, as he made his way toward the door, "something is wrong."

He instantly threw open the vestibule doors and sprang out, followed closely by the doctor. Looking up the track they could see the engineer leaping from the cabin.

"What's wrong, O'Connor," shouted Deering as he bounded forward.

"Don't know yet," answered O'Connor. "I fear I have run down a man."

All three men were now under the light of the engine, and the ashy face of O'Connor could easily be seen, while his giant frame shook violently.

"See there!" he continued excitedly, "his tracks where he reached the rail just under the tender. Look! see that flag lying there between the trucks. I saw him as he dashed from yonder shed and jump upon the track. Then I saw no more, for I reversed my engine and stopped her. I know the man is ground to pieces. Come, let us look!"

Just at this moment the voice of the fireman was heard from the other side.

"Here we are, O'Connor," he cried.

And there, at the edge of the track, lay the figure of a boy. One end of his scarf was pinned under the motionless wheel, and his flaxen hair was reddened and wet with blood flowing from an ugly wound.

"He is not dead," said the doctor as he bent over him a second and grasped his wrist. "He is not dead but stunned by his fall, or he may have been struck."

The doctor's knowledge and skill succeeded in a few minutes in restoring the boy to consciousness.

"The rocks—track," gasped the lad.

"Where?" asked Deering. "At the curve?"

The boy nodded and closed his eyes again.

"I knew it," said Deering. "Tap that wire at once. Reach station B—; tell them to stop traffic both ways and get their men out immediately to clear the track."

Meanwhile, the boy had been taken into the car and sufficiently restored to give in broken sentences the following information: that his father had started to warn the train and while attempting to reach the trail had fallen and broken his leg; that he, himself, had come down the mountain on a log, intending to give the danger signal and then go on to Beaver for the doctor.

"I know where the boy lives," broke in one of the bystanders as the lad finished, "but I don't know his name. I saw him often up that mountain where I had the saw-logs piled. I remember him well. He was such an interesting fellow, asking so many questions while we worked. I know the trail and will go with you if you wish."

"We had better start at once," gravely answered the doctor.

The trail that led up the mountain wound about so abruptly that men more experienced in climbing would have been forced to give up; but in this group of men were to be found models of strength, perseverance and determination. After an hour's hard work, they reached the cabin door.

Had a sheet been let down from heaven at that moment, laden with all the necessities and requirements to alleviate a stricken home, it could not have been a more agreeable surprise to Mrs. Koler. She could hardly believe her eyes. But at the sight of her child, born between those stalwart men, her strength failed her and flinging her hands heavenward, fell prostrate in a swoon.

"Carry her to the couch," ordered the doctor, "or take her into that other room while I look after the man."

But as he reached the bedside where lay the injured man, his hitherto unaffected nerve instantly, but only momentarily, left him. Collecting himself almost as quickly, he set to work.

Mr. Deering afterwards remarked that in all his experience he did not remember having ever seen anyone work so rapidly as did the doctor that evening.

"There!" said the doctor at length, "he is out of immediate danger. How is the boy?"

"Doing nicely, Doc," answered O'Connor. "Those powders must be powerful stuff."

"But the doctor did not seem to hear. As one preoccupied, he crossed the room saying to himself as he did so, "Can he survive? Will my skill forsake me now?"

Turning hastily, the doctor, all himself once more, quietly told the men that their services would not be needed farther; that he himself would remain and care for the family until other arrangements could be made; and that he would keep in communication with Mr. Deering.

"I am sorry, Mr. Deering," continued the doctor, "that your business compels you to go on. I should be glad to have you remain, but as that is impossible, I shall call you tomorrow from Beaver, as I understand you will be occupied all day and the following at Florence. I shall keep you posted concerning the state of affairs here."

No sooner had the door closed behind the departing men than the doctor again was overcome by his emotions. "This will never do," said he to himself. "Three patients on my hands at once. I must not make the fourth." With this he composed himself and gently closing the door behind him, approached the bedside where Mrs. Koler lay.

It required but a few minutes to restore Mrs. Koler, who was so

reassured by the kind eye and hopeful expression of the doctor that she remained perfectly quiet as she asked about the events of the evening. The doctor knowing well how to equivocate in times of need, set her at ease. But one great question lodged on his mind needed an answer. So after a short rest he asked it in as unconcerned way as he could.

"What is your husband's name?"

"William Koler," she answered. "He used to spell it in the German way, but since coming here everybody spelled it Koler, and now we do the same."

"Well," said the doctor, a tear glistening in his eye, "I thought as much when I first saw him as he lay before me. My name is also Kohler. I am his brother, and whether or not he wants to see me, I will stay here until we are to one another as we used to be on those time-honored hills of Germany, when the same roof covered us in our father's house."

"You must take some rest now," continued the doctor. "I shall call you in the morning." He then left the room; went to the great fireplace; threw on a log, and as the flames danced merrily up the chimney, stretched himself out upon a bear skin before the fire and fell asleep.

The clock on the mantle-piece chimed out the midnight hour, and as it ticked off the lapse of time it looked down upon the forms of three wrapped in slumber, sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer.

How merciful our Creator, when he instituted sleep! We live and fight our battles of life, and when all is over, we sleep. And in that sleep what dreams may come! We live and work and as each night comes on, how sweet the sleep well earned.

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Two weeks passed by. The sun shines upon the mountains. The landscape is one of beauty. The smoke curls peacefully from the chimney of the log cabin. At the window looking out across the hill tops, sits a man whom we now know as William Kohler. Outside we see men busily engaged in scooting logs down the mountain side. The slide is worn smooth by the many logs that have gone down, and as each one darts downward, someone is reminded of a night, just a fortnight previous, when a single log dashed down, bearing upon its back, a boy with yellow hair and sharp blue eyes. The dreaming onlooker is none other than Dr. Kohler. He had watched the workers for perhaps an hour, before he returned to the fireplace and began a conversation with his brother. A loud knock on the door attracted their attention, and when Mrs. Koler opened it, in stepped Mr. Deering.

"Well, how are the sick?" asked the railroad magnate.

"My wife and I are here to speak for ourselves," answered William Koler. "Oscar has gone to Beaver for the mail. He will be back soon."

"I am glad," rejoined Deering. "I have good news for you both. You, Mr. Koler, have the offer of a position in Denver at \$150 a month; while the company has decided to send Oscar through school, if he wishes, to prepare for a future position with the road. Meanwhile, here is a token of regards from the passengers of No. 93. It is, I think, a purse of \$500, together with the names of all who were on the train."

The back door was heard to open quietly, and a blue eyed lad with yellow hair entered. The gathering was complete. The "Race with Death" was rehearsed in story, and a happy united family passed the evening with the railroad magnate of The Denver and Rio Grande.

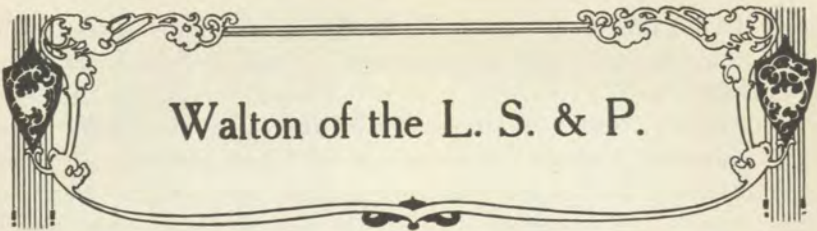
The Guiding Star

FRANK CULLEY, '15

*Rough shepherds guard their flocks about the fold,
No wistful moon lights up the night-drawn skies.
One only Star thro' all this darkness pries,
That awes and joys in turn these shepherds bold.*

*It was the Star of Jacob pledged of old
The sign of hope seen by prophetic eyes;
The object of the nations' prayers and sighs;
The guide of Magi seeking Him foretold.*

*O God! We all are shepherds on life's plain,
And watch our flocks of petty selfish gain.
Star-like you come to us to light our way,
To show the path lest we should go astray.
So thro' our night, however far we roam,
Thy beacon light, we trust, shall lead us home.*



Walton of the L. S. & P.

CLIFFORD A. STUHLMUELLER, '18



T was the semi-annual meeting of the directors of the Lake Shore and Pacific Railroad Company. The members of this body had discussed the various business topics, the prospects of the road, the condition of its finances, possible opposition from other roads and similar questions, and were considering a motion to adjourn. However, before adjournment was in order, there were to be a few remarks by the president of the road and of the directory, Mr. James Walton. This august personage generally delivered a short impromptu address of congratulation upon the work accomplished; his unusual nervousness made those present feel that some matter of importance was to be brought to their attention. He arose, and amidst the subdued and impatient restlessness of the other members, began his talk.

"Gentlemen, we have just discussed matters concerning the financial standing of the road; we have adopted resolutions and measures, relative to its progress; therefore, it is to be expected from the president to state his opinion concerning such measures and resolutions. Those discussed in this meeting have my full approbation, and I sincerely hope their adoption may prove more beneficial than is anticipated. But to these, I wish to add a few remarks of my own.

"This road has been in existence for sixty-five years. From the lowly position of the despised and ridiculed sport of other companies, it has risen to a commanding position among the three great systems of America. I need not dwell on the particular phases of this progress."

With this last remark, he passed lightly over the unscrupulous methods he had used, and the more unscrupulous principle that had guided him.

"The end—unrivaled supremacy in railroad stock—justifies any means I may deem fit to serve me.

"Perhaps you are unaware that our only formidable enemies, the Harriman System and the Great Northern, are nearing a financial

crisis. I hold this from sources which I may not name. Recent difficulties in management and in construction of branch lines make it possible for us to gain a controlling interest in said lines, or perhaps even to crush them entirely. We must not let the opportunity afforded us slip by unheeded. If our movements be well guarded, we will easily evade the law. As it is our ambition to make our company supreme, I expect the hearty co-operation of all the members in the new scheme contemplated."

After delivering this speech, Mr. Walton sought his chair. His words had produced a decided effect upon those present, for in such matters, his will was law. But a few manifested some hesitation. They knew that some of their previous transactions could not have stood inspection, and even in a few cases, they had barely escaped an adverse judgment of the courts. However, the majority carried the motion, and Mr. Walton's scheme, whatever it might be, received the approbation of the Lake Shore and Pacific Board of Directors. The President of the Lake Shore and Pacific left the meeting, smiling the contentment he felt of having imposed his will once more upon the Board, and at the prospect of perhaps finally reaching the goal of his ambition.

Mr. Walton, the only son of a retired railroad magnate, had early given signs of an unruly disposition. At the age of eighteen he had been sent to Harvard, and had been expelled from that institution a year before the completion of his course. When Mr. Walton was twenty-five, he lost his father and mother in a disaster at sea.

Walton, suddenly finding himself heir to an unusually large fortune, began to take a more serious view of life and turned his energy to the project of a new railroad. In company with several other men, he formed the Lake Shore and Pacific. This road grew, and by a series of brilliant transactions on the New York stock exchange, and by methods whose questionable legality was well disguised, he raised the value of his road until it took a place among the foremost of America.

And now at the age of sixty-five, James Walton had but two interests in life: the success of his railroads, to satisfy his thirst for power; and Grace Walton, his only daughter, the only pleasure to dote on from a marriage contracted late in life.

Grace Walton was the pride of her father's love. The old gentleman displayed in every possible manner his paternal affection towards his daughter. At the age of fourteen, she had been sent to a Canadian convent school, from which she had graduated five years later, to take up the social duties required of one in her position. But in all her

actions, were retained and exhibited the convent-bred Grace Walton. Beautiful, refined and attractive, she soon became a leader in her social set, and occasions of this kind were considered incomplete without her presence. She had formed but one close friendship, namely, with Mr. Robert Girard, a brilliant young fellow.

To return to our narrative. It was not surprising, to those who knew Mr. Walton's life ambition to become "Railroad King," that the Lake Shore and Pacific suddenly undertook a strenuous campaign in which the distinction between legality and illegality of methods against its two bothersome rivals was wholly ignored. The President of the road had determined to fight his enemies on the exchange. He hired able and crafty brokers under the guidance of Barry Connor, whose duty it was to use every possible means, lawful and unlawful, to depreciate the stock value of the opposing companies and thereby raise his own.

The Harriman System and the Great Northern, Mr. Walton's intended victims, seeing that individual resistance was useless, united their forces against the uncalled for attack. As their leader on the exchange, they appointed Mr. Robert Girard. Competent, brilliant and shrewd, he proved a formidable opponent to the agents of James Walton. The Lake Shore and Pacific had endeavored to secure his services, but was unsuccessful. However, the meetings arranged between the railroad magnates and Robert Girard resulted in an unexpected happiness for the young man. He met Grace Walton. A mutual affection sprang up between the two, and their engagement was soon announced.

Later, when Robert Girard heard of the unjust purpose of Mr. Walton, he resolved to lay aside pecuniary considerations, and accepted a position with the rival party in order to frustrate the plans of the Lake Shore and Pacific. However, his preference for the Harriman lines had entailed another consequence of which he was apprised only by the morning paper the day after his choice had become known. His engagement with Miss Grace Walton was abruptly broken by her father. Miss Walton, nevertheless, still retained and returned the affections of the man that her father forbade her to love.

For several months neither company gained on the exchange and matters remained at a standstill. Finally, Girard resolved to make a supreme effort to break the power of his mighty enemy. He well knew that to destroy such a power would mean the destruction of many business houses throughout the country, but his desire to conquer the unscrupulous Lake Shore and Pacific blinded him to all else. He organized a company of assistants, and on an appointed day started a consistent attack on the opponents of the Harriman lines.

On November 15, 18—, Barry Connor and his trusted lieutenants took charge of the Lake Shore and Pacific pole in the exchange, and thus gave Girard his desired opportunity. Lake Shore and Pacific was then selling for 167. It was Barry's intention to boost that figure to 225 before the day was spent. Naturally, this rise would depreciate the value of the rival factions' stock, as brokers would gamble for Lake Shore and Pacific. The first bid on Lake Shore and Pacific was 168 for 1000 shares. Barry immediately bought this, but it did not require much more than "horse sense" to see that the seller was one of Barry's lieutenants.

Of the Lake Shore and Pacific stock, Barry held 50,000 shares; Girard, 10,000 in the name of one of his assistants; and various other brokers, an aggregate sum of 30,000 shares. Barry, having the majority of stock, could manipulate its value as he wished. It was his intention to lower, apparently, the value of Lake Shore and Pacific by the use of "wash sales," and thus to intimidate the other brokers to sell their 30,000 shares before Lake Shore and Pacific went to its fictitious low figure. Of course, if they sold out Barry would purchase it; then raise the figure, and at all hazards, they could only buy back at a much larger figure than that for which they sold.

So Girard suddenly jumped to the Lake Shore and Pacific pole and began bidding on that stock. Coolly and calmly his cry rang out.

"167 for 500"; "166 for 500"; "165—164—163—162 for 1000."

He had already lowered the figure seven points before the other brokers realized that Lake Shore and Pacific was taking a dreadful drop. His bids soon received answers.

"160 for 1000, sold"; "160 for 1000, sold; 159 for 500 in a block, sold."

All the brokers were now positive that Lake Shore and Pacific was taking a fearful plunge. Before Barry Connor could regain control, Girard had bought the outlying 30,000 shares for figures ranging between 167 and 150. He now held 40,000 shares of Lake Shore and Pacific valued at 150. Barry Connor still retained his 50,000. Girard had the backing of two roads representing a capital of \$15,000,000, while Connor, confidently anticipating a rich harvest had only the backing of Walton's \$10,000,000. Girard had bought 30,00 shares of Lake Shore and Pacific and had thus dwindled his capital to one-half of its original amount.

When the Great Northern and Harriman lines had united, they resolved to raise the Harriman stock and to sacrifice the Great Northern to attain this end. Harriman stock which had been selling for 160,

rose to 190, while Great Northern dropped from 170 to 115. Connor was unaware of this understanding between the two other companies. Girard determined to take advantage of his opponent's ignorance. One of Girard's lieutenants began bidding on Great Northern.

"169 for 500"; "168 for 500." Girard immediately sold one thousand shares. Connor then began bidding on Great Northern in hopes that he might use it as a tool in the destruction of the Harriman System. His cry rang out:

"168 for 500, sold"; "168 for 500, sold"; "167 for 5000, sold"; "166 for 10,000, sold"; "165 for 20,000, sold."

By this time all was excitement. Another line was nearing its destruction. Girard had unloaded 300,000 shares of worthless Great Northern on the unsuspecting Barry. Soon Connor, through one of his lieutenants, found out that he was buying stock at a much higher price than its real value. On his last bid he hesitated and his voice exhibited a tell-tale quiver. Girard knew that Barry had about exhausted his buying power in Great Northern. Girard's assistants began bidding on Great Northern. "164 for 500"; "160 for 500"; "155—150—145 for 1000." When they stopped bidding, Great Northern was very low. It had dropped from a fictitious value of 160 to a real value of 90. With its phenomenal plunge, other stocks lost their value, and soon several well-known firms admitted that they could not meet their obligations.

Barry Connor saw that all hope was gone. He had bought in Walton's name 300,000 shares of Great Northern at an average of 165, only to find out that its real value was 115, which figure dropped to 90. He had lost \$22,500,000, and to balance this, he must let go about all of his Lake Shore and Pacific stock. Girard began bidding on that stock.

"165 for 1000"; "164 for 1000"; "163 for 1000." Before the figure could get much lower, Barry sold 30,000 shares of Lake Shore and Pacific. Girard bought most of this, and thus gained the majority in that stock.

It was, indeed, a memorable day on the exchange, the day on which Girard had caused the Lake Shore and Pacific such a tremendous loss. Leaving the exchange, he hailed a cab; but the everpresent newsy thrust a paper before his eyes, the headlines of which read:

BIG CRASH IN WALL STREET

Lake Shore and Pacific Takes Fearful Plunge—Walton a Suicide

Girard could read no further. Was this the terrible end of that day's awful grilling? Was he to blame for Walton's act? God only knew! But the thought of another rose in his mind—of one who had

been true to him, despite his opposition in business life to her father. A dreadful suspicion took possession of him. Would it be verified? But he must hasten to her as she, above all, needed his guiding arm in this crisis. He, therefore, ordered the driver to rush to Walton's residence.

The minutes he passed in the cab were hours of agony to Bob. Perhaps the result of his actions would create an unfathomable gulf between him and Grace. Ah! the agony she most probably was enduring. The torture of mind was caused by him who felt he would have given his very life to protect her.

After an eternity of time he arrived at Walton's place. Bob jumped out, hurriedly thrust a bill into the driver's hand, and dashed through the entrance. He rang the bell, and when the door was opened by the footman, he rushed past him and into the reception room. Here he eagerly inquired for Grace—whether she had heard the awful news of her father's death. The lackey answered that she was walking in the park, but that he was unacquainted of her probable knowledge concerning the recent tragedy.

Bob waited no longer, but bolted out of the door. He sought her in the park, and saw her sitting upon one of the benches, eagerly perusing the afternoon's papers. As he was about to address her she suddenly stared at the printed page and with a shriek fell to the ground. Bob rushed forward.

"Grace—my darling—what's the matter—say something—it's I—Bob!"

But the face of his loved one was marked with a deathly pallor. He tried to rouse her, but the limp figure only leaned the heavier on his arm. Bob then picked her up and carried her into the house. A doctor was immediately summoned. When questioned, he shook his head and Bob read the bitter truth—she was dead. On the paper which she still clutched in her hand were the glaring headlines:

BIG CRASH IN WALL STREET

Lake Shore and Pacific Takes Fearful Plunge—Walton a Suicide

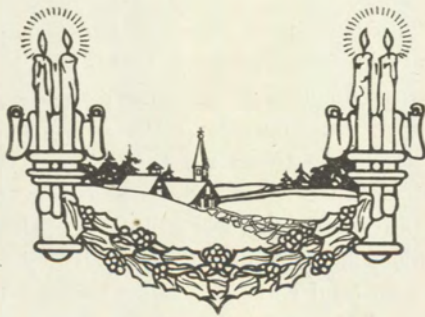
Girard's suspicion had been verified. The blow had caused what he had dreaded—heart failure.

* * * * *

Years have come and gone on the exchange. Wall Street has witnessed many other scenes of the wildest disorder. Many other men have lost or gained their fortunes over night; but the street retains

only an obscure memory of the awful happenings incident to the destruction of the Lake Shore and Pacific.

Robert Girard, tiring of the street, of its gruesome tales of money craze and greed, of its ever increasing struggle to drag yellow gold from the clutches of one of its peers, decided to accept a higher and nobler calling. The thought of an unfortunate man's taking his life by suicide, and the sight of his beloved one claimed by the system of the exchange, had turned his mind to other thoughts and ideals. He applied for admission to the——— Order and was duly accepted. Here he found the peace of mind which Wall Street and all its hoarded gold could not impart.





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

Christmas Spirit

At no time more than at Christmas, does man show that the ruling passion in his life is love. There is a sparkle in his eye, a warmth in his grip, a ring in his voice that only charity can engender. His soul seems to be enveloped in a festive glow. He seems to mirror the flame of Divine Love, which centuries ago, wishing to give to man a sensible appreciation of its magnitude, became incarnate in the stable of Bethlehem.

The spirit of Christmas is, indeed, the spirit of love. It seeks to fill the world with its light and warmth. But also, in how many instances is the interpretation of this spirit false. It exhausts itself in material cares and considerations, with never a thought to its great supernatural origin. It forgets that it is but the light of Bethlehem reflected down the ages, and that, but for that Divine Charity, this pale reflection would cease to exist.

Let us therefore ever bear in mind the spiritual, the only true aspect of Christmas. And as the genial "Merry Christmas" leaves our smiling lips on this most blessed morning, may we bear in mind that our wish does not embody material welfare and joy alone, but comprises also that heavenly peace and joy which the Babe of Bethlehem brought into the world

FRANK A. THILL, '14.

Awake,
Ye Patriots!

It may seem amiss in this season, when we recall the message of the Christmas Angels, "Peace on earth to men of good will," to think of discussing grim war. But, after all, is it not in keeping with-Christmas to think of the many today, who, like the Christ Child are left out in the cold world, because there is no room for them in the inn?

We are, today, in spite of optimist's predictions, on the verge of a war with Mexico. Few of us possess the true idea of the situation. War seems to be forced upon us, and the people ask why. Press stories are conflicting and misleading.

If America goes to war with Mexico, it will be because of the successful instigation of the secret instruments of the English Government International Syndicate, in order to successfully divert attention from true conditions and to protect the syndicate's secret treasury interest.

It is the old story. History repeats itself in spite of Anglo maniacs whose echo for Anglo-American alliance can still be heard. The English government at the time of the early Colonists, constituted a syndicate, to own and control without supervision, public utilities. Our patriotic forefathers resented taxation without representation, and indignantly threw tea overboard in Boston Harbor. We who listen to every demagog and public speaker who advocate low tariff, high tariff, back-to-the-farm movement, etc., are blind to the fact that our evil today of the high cost of living can never be remedied by any or all of these proposed aids. Like our patriotic forefathers, we must recognize the monster that is endeavoring to suck our very life's blood—"The English Government's International Syndicate," chaperoned by Lord Rothschild, supreme dictator of the temporal affairs of the world.

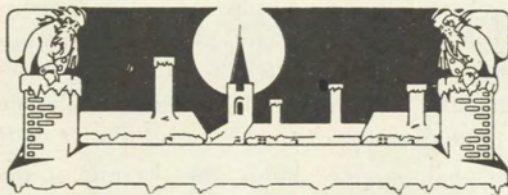
This hydra-headed monster holds the prominent positions in the diplomatic service. A number of the ambassadors of the United States are in the secret control of the syndicate, so is it any wonder, then, that the true story of the world's markets and the nation's relations are not truthfully reported to Washington? Is it hard to understand, now, why President Wilson hesitates to act, knowing as he does of the existence of traitors in the diplomatic service, without perhaps being to point them out?

The interests of the English Government International Syndicate are in danger in Mexico today. The problem confronting us is: "Shall the United States wage war to protect the Syndicate's interests?"

No; far from it. Let us rise in our might; make our representatives in the House and Senate do their duty. Let the hydra-headed monster

be exposed. Then, there shall not be war *with* Mexico, but rather war *in* Mexico to save her from the stranglehold of the inhuman monster whose head rests on an island of Great Britain. Then, with the Panama Canal, and free rates for American vessels, all objections to the English Government International Syndicate notwithstanding, we, the United States of America, will be the future promoters of higher civilization in the world. The Panama Canal, in honest, direct opposition to the Syndicate-controlled Suez Canal, will open a new gate-way between the old World of Europe and the Orient, with America, by the changed conditions, as the main base of operations.

Let us hasten the day of "Peace on earth to men of good will."





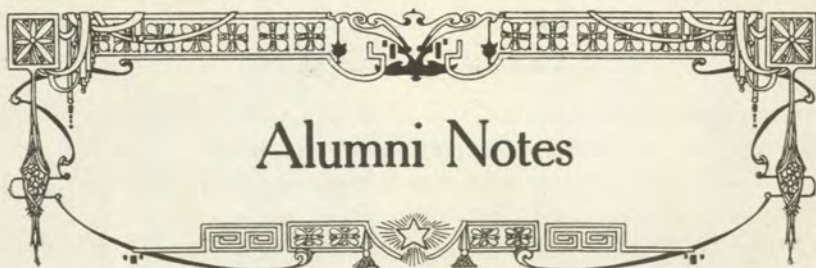
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And Mary "laid Him in the manger." (Luke ii., 7.)



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And the Magi, "opening their treasures, offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh." (Matt. ii., 11.)



OFFICERS ELECTED FOR BOARD OF GOVERNORS

First Election of Officers

At the first meeting of the Board of Governors, announced in the November number of the Exponent to take place November 11, the Board, in accordance with the New Constitution adopted in June, 1913, elected officers from members of their own body. The election resulted as follows:

President—F. J. McCORMICK, JR., '88.

Vice-President—ALPHONSE H. PATER, '04.

Secretary of Board—HARRY F. FINKE, '02.

Financial Secretary—HARRY B. SOLIMANO, '07.

Corresponding Secretary—DR. A. J. MOORMAN, '00.

Treasurer—HARRY F. CAPPEL, '96.

Organization Proceedings

A Committee on Rules, Regulations and By-Laws, composed of Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M., Pres. S. M. C.; BERNARD M. FOCKE, '02, and HARRY F. FINKE, '02, was appointed to define the duties of the various officers and standing committees, and to draw up the necessary laws by which the present board would best be governed.

Second Board Meeting

On Tuesday, November 25, the Second Meeting of the Board of Governors was held at the Phillips House, at 3 p. m. The report of the Committee on Rules, Regulations and By-Laws was received, amended, and adopted.

Standing Committees

The Standing Committees were left practically the same as outlined at the First Meeting of the Board. They are as follows:

Committee on Membership—HARRY F. FINKE, '02, chairman; Bro. William Wohleben, S. M.; BERNARD M. FOCKE, '02.

Committee on Finance—HARRY F. CAPPEL, '96, chairman; Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M.; JOHN F. MAHER, '96; HARRY B. SOLIMANO, '07.

Committee on Ways and Means—Brother F. J. O'Reilly, S. M., chairman; DR. A. J. MOORMAN, '00; ALPHONSE H. PATER, '04.

Committee on Athletics—HARRY B. SOLIMANO, '07, chairman; R. P. BURKHARDT, '90; DR. A. J. MOORMAN, '00.

Committee on Arrangements—LOUIS E. MOOSBRUGGER, '00; chairman; EDWARD A. MORITZ, '05; REV. CHARLES A. ERTTEL, '05; Brother William Wohlleben, S. M.

The Future The Managing Editor of the Exponent, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, will do his utmost to give the Alumni detailed news of the Alumni Association in its renewed activity under the First Board of Governors, headed by its able president, and his loyal aids.

Live news of Alumni and Old Boys is ever welcome and will be one of the features to be carried in the Alumni Notes under our personal care.

ST. MARY'S ATHLETICS TODAY

Big Things Coming With a great love for high scholarship, and a rigid insistence that athletics do not interfere with the standing in studies, St. Mary's has risen rapidly the past years to the front ranks.

With a Committee on Athletics, headed by our loyal alumnus, supporter, and star basket-ball coach, HARRY B. SOLIMANO, '07, we feel confident of creating a live interest among all the Dayton Alumni and Old Boys, so that the faces at the big games will reveal old St. Mary's fans as in the days of '06-'07.

The Cause of Our Rise The cause of our rise to prominence in athletics is no secret to those who are alive to our present methods of education. The college has elevated its standard of high school and college requirements with the result that we are today respected by the state universities for our educational standards. Our students stay longer with us, due to more exacting and full length courses, permitting us to put on the field, track, or court, young men, not mere boys, to represent St. Mary's in athletics. As the young men enter the college and engineering departments, they get in closer touch with their professors, with the result that they remain to finish at St. Mary's rather than leave Alma Mater for the big colleges.

**Our
Coaches**

Among the coaches who have aided materially to develop talent and to give the college winning teams, there stands to the front most prominently HARRY B. SOLIMANO, '07. For three years St. Mary's has been undefeated in basket-ball, with the best teams of the West on our schedules. To Harry is due the credit for our great showing.

Harry has again offered to coach our Varsity basket-ball squad. With only one regular left, he is going to give us another "big" quintet. "AL" MAHRT, '12, our star guard for several seasons, will assist Harry.

Our football team was a "corker" this Fall, due to Louis Clark, '12, who from green men built up a team. "Al" coached the team upon the forward pass, with the result that the combined efforts of "Lou" and "Al," St. Mary's defeated Wittenberg, an Ohio Conference team.

**See Athletic
Notes**

Read the Athletic Notes and feel proud of your teams. The St. Mary's Cadets are there with the goods this year better than ever. "Lou" and "Al" did it, backed by the grit that has ever been the backbone of the Cadets. They have always regarded their opponents in the light, "the bigger they are, the harder they fall."

**Ohio State
Dec. 19**

Just in time to tell you before going to press. Our live Athletic Board encouraged our active Billy Wagner, basket-ball manager, brother of MOTT WAGNER, '10, to book Ohio State at any figure. He did, and there are three figures in the guarantee.

Don't miss that game! Hats off to "Billy" and the Board back of him!

WIRELESS FLASHES**Elmer J.
Bergh, '00**

We were pleased to learn how well ELMER J. BERGH, '00, is doing. He left Dayton some years ago, and has a few little "berghs" of his own at Birwyn, Ills. He is secretary of the General Sash and Door Association, which is composed of ninety-six corporations.

Oh, we beat you to it, reader. Yes, Elmer has been testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission, but always brought his company out with a clean slate. His position necessitates quite a bit of travel. He is editorial writer in the "Sash and Door Journal."

Elmer, drop in and see us some time. "Pop" was talking to us re-

cently. He's certainly proud of you; so are we. Best to the loyal Chicago bunch!

John H.
Finke, '74

"Success to the new Board of Governors. May they bring good old St. Mary's to the front in the foremost ranks of the big colleges."

Thank you! Likewise, for your generous offer of taking advertising space. Look him up, Old Boys, when in town.

Jacob J. Minke,
M. D., '02

Our loyal Chicago Alumnus is Senior Physician at the Cook County Infirmary, Oak Forest, Ills. His address is 2325 W. North Ave.

We were thinking of you a few days ago; of the times when French was strenuous in '97-'98; of the days when you starred in theatricals. We still have group pictures where you are among the ambitious thespians. Let us hear from you again.

Eugene
Gerlach, '12

"Gene" has been quite ill. We were delighted to see him recently after his recovery from an operation for appendicitis in Sidney, O. "Gene" is looking good, and will be back with the "crowd" at the Seminary after the holidays.

We shall give a Seminary Story in the January issue. So here's till the holidays.

Leo is on the move again. He left Cincinnati for a better position as court stenographer in Elkhart, Ind., at the Superior Court.

We were paid a visit by Leo and his charming wife, some weeks ago. He's the same old Leo, and that is saying a good deal; in fact, everything in his favor.

WEDDING BELLS

JOSEPH H. PFLAUM, '09, and Miss Helen Gertrude Nugent were the happiest two in Franklin, O., Wednesday, October 12, when they were happily and solemnly made Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Pflaum at a Nuptial Mass at St. Mary's Church, Franklin, O. Miss Anna Nugent was bridesmaid, and Mr. Nicholas Nolan of Dayton, O., was best man.

The church was decorated for the occasion in an exceptionally attractive way. The music of the Nuptial High Mass furnished by the local choir added to the attractiveness of the occasion.

After the most solemn service, wedding breakfast was served at the bride's parents to a gathering of the immediate friends and relatives. Early in the afternoon, the bridal couple left on their honeymoon in the West. They will be "At Home" to their friends in cozy apartments at 44 Almerwin Terrace, Dayton, O., after December 15.

Our many readers will remember John and Paul Nugent, brothers of the bride, who attended St. Mary's from Franklin, O. "Joe" is managing editor of the Young Catholic Messenger, of which his deceased father, Geo. A. Pflaum, was the founder. "Joe" is keeping the juvenile bi-monthly up to its high standard, and is ever alert to make it still more attractive and interesting from an artistic, religious and entertaining point of view.

The bride of his choice is a young lady who has many friends in Dayton and Franklin. She is still winning many friends by her genial, whole-souled disposition, her attractive manner, and her generous welcome to "Joe's" many friends.

The Exponent offers its sincere congratulations. May the future be ever bright and joy be ever yours that blesses you today.

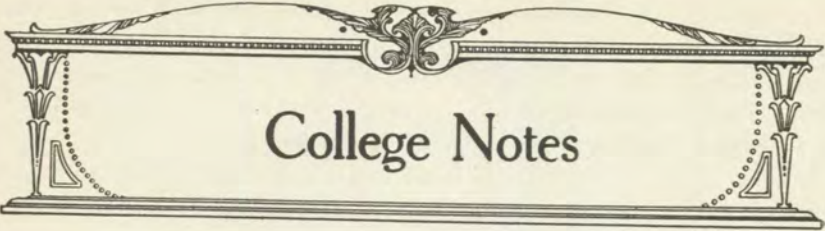
Herbert
Engel, '10

A wedding that slipped by us without our staff's notice, was that of Herbert Engel, '10. He married a charming young lady, September 10. At the present time he has a position in the N. C. R. Employment Office. He resides at 37 Dover street, city.

Herb paid us a visit, accompanied by Mrs. Herbert Engel. He had an analysis made at our Chemical Laboratory about that time.

Our best of wishes and may Dame Fortune ever smile on you and yours.





College Notes

GEORGE E. DONOVAN, '16, Editor.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR NOVEMBER

Collegiate Department

Senior Letters.....	Robert Sherry, 92; Frank Thill, 87
Junior Engineering.....	Lawrence Strattner, 91; Clement Yamashiro, 90
Sophomore Letters.....	Frank Culley, 92; Clarence Schmitt, 90
Sophomore Engineering.....	Aloys Schmedinghoff, 93; Arthur Zimmerman, 91
Freshman Letters.....	Raphael Sourd, 93; Joseph Evans, 93
Freshman Engineering.....	Lyman Hill, 94; Clarence Smith, 92; Earl W. Gard, 91

High School Department

Fourth High.....	Charles Meyer, 97; George Kinstle, 95; William Sherry, 95
Third High-A.....	James Keuping, 94; Paul Ohmer, 92; Louis Adelberg, 92
Third High-B.....	Jos. Schaefer, 96; Walter Berghoff, 93; Lawrence Warren, 93
Second High-A.....	Arthur Grace, 94; Urban Gochoel, 93
Second High-B.....	Carroll Hochwalt, 92; Daniel Collins, 90
First High-A.....	John McCarthy, 97; John Stelzer, 94; Henry Weinert, 94
First High-B.....	Rufus Weber, 95; John Trunk, 94
First High-C.....	David Burrous, 96; Thomas Reynolds, 95

Business Department

Second Business.....	Harry O'Leary, 97; John Schleipeck, 96; Fred Kelley, 96
First Business.....	Clifford Ehret, 91; Edward Menninger, 90

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade-A.....	Eugene Greiwe, 98; Mark Hannigan, 93
Eighth Grade-B.....	Edward Maley, 90; George Roderer, 90
Seventh Grade.....	R. Helmig, 93; Charles Deeds, 93
Sixth Grade.....	Herman Bumiller, 95; Felix Fillipowitz, 93
Fifth Grade.....	Leonard Whelan, 93; William Meyers, 91

Literary Circle

The Literary Circle of Second High-B was reorganized for this year. The following officers were elected: President, Joseph Leonard; Vice President, Daniel Collins; Secretary, Edward Kuntz; Treasurer, James Dwyer; Historian, Joseph Finan. On Wednesday afternoon the Circle presented the following Thanksgiving program: Reading, "Thanksgiving Proclamation," by Carroll Hochwalt; Essay, "The Thanksgiving Turkey," by Robert Jamieson; Recitation, "Thanksgiving Joys," by James Dwyer; Essay, "The History of Thanksgiving Day," by Joseph

Finan; Recitation, "Thanksgiving On the Farm," by Joseph Leonard; "Class History," by Joseph Finan. The regular program was followed by impromptus in humor, wit and song. Daniel Collins particularly created a great hilarity by the singing of "The Farm Ballad."

**Sale of
Lecture Tickets**

The Lecture Committee has been nobly supported by the various classes, in the sale of Lecture tickets. Class spirit has been shown in a tangible form, with Second High-B and Fourth High in the lead. The Lecture Committee expresses its thanks for the co-operation shown by the student body.

**Lecture Course
Robert Parker
Miles**

The students and patrons of St. Mary's were entertained by Robert Parker Miles, a noted newspaper man. His lecture was one of the most interesting ever given at St. Mary's. His portrayal of idiosyncratic characters was enjoyed by all. We hope to have him with us next year.

**Third Division
Camp**


The Third Division spent a pleasant day in the woods. The boys were divided into camps, each camp having its steward, who saw that the larder was well stocked. After pitching camp they amused themselves till the cook had the feed prepared. They were visited by several faculty members in the afternoon and all of them were pleased with the hospitality extended. The campers returned in the evening, vowing they had the best time ever.

Thanksgiving Many of the students living in the vicinity spent Thanksgiving at home. Those who remained at college enjoyed the turkey dinner and witnessed the St. Mary's Cadet-Oakwood game.


**Music
Notes**

Rehearsals have been in progress for some time. The repertoire of the orchestra is increasing. On the evening of Nov. 18, a concert was given as a prelude to Mr. Miles' lecture. The following selections were played: "Hail, Columbia"; March, "Signal from Mars," by Taylor; Selection, "Chimes of Normandy," by Planquette; March, "Victor Herbert."





Athletic Notes



CARL RYAN, '15, Editor.

VARSITY FOOTBALL

St. Mary's—0
vs.

Muskingum—20

St. Mary's, in a badly crippled condition as the result of the Transylvania game, met their first defeat of the season at the hands of the Muskingum team, coached by Roland Bevan, former coach at St. Mary's. Muskingum presented a heavy, hard-hitting team, and in Morrow, Garges, Bell and Atkinson possessed a backfield, the best that St. Mary's has encountered this year.

St. Mary's played a good game and Muskingum had to work hard for all its points. The entire backfield showed up well on the offense, while Devereux and Broadstone, at ends, played a fine game on the defense. Straight football was used most of the time—a muddy field making open play difficult. St. Mary's lost their best chance to score in the final quarter, when a forward pass behind the goal line went too high for a player to pull down. The line-up:

St. Mary's—Broadstone, L.E.; Baczenas, R.; Sherry, L.T.; Stroop, Swift, L.G.; McMahon, C.; Kirven, R.G.; Knechtges, R.T.; Devereux (Capt.), R.E.; W. Sherry, Q.; Farrel, Bemis, L.H.B.; Sacksteder, Farrel, R.H.B.; Berghof, Miller, F.B.

Muskingum—Heckler, L.E.; Sinclair (Capt.), L.T.; Shear, L.G.; Russell, C.; Montieth, R.G.; Herr, R.T.; Donaldson, R.E.; Morrow, Q.; Garges, L.H.B.; Atkinson, R.H.B.; Bell, F.B.

Touchdowns—Russell, Bell, Garges.

Goal from Touchdown—Sinclair, 2.

Referee—McCray. Umpire—Don Hamilton.

St. Mary's—19
Wittenberg—3

St. Mary's closed a successful season on the gridiron by defeating Wittenberg. The Saints exhibited the best open play of the season. Time and again they worked the forward pass for big gains.

The visitors relied almost entirely upon line bucks and end runs, and in this manner gained much ground. Ihrig, their left half-back, carried the ball about half of the time. St. Mary's first two touchdowns were the result of passes caught behind the goal line, Sacksteder and Farrel making the catches. Will Sherry scored the final touchdown when on a fake forward pass he ran for a marker. After dodging several Wittenberg men he safely reached the goal line. Wittenberg's score was the result of a placement kick by Miller, in the fourth quarter. Wm. Sherry and Devereux were the sparklers for the Saints, while Sacksteder, Miller and Farrel also played fine ball. Ihrig was the whole show for Wittenberg, especially on the offense. The line-up:



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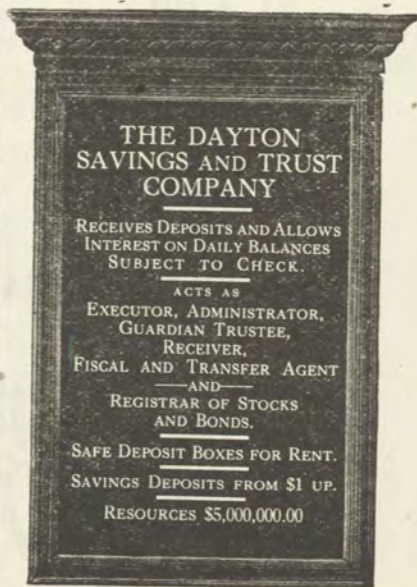
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St. Mary's—R. Sherry, Synnett, L.E.; Baczenas, L.T.; Windbiel, Moehring, L.G.; McMahon, C.; Kirven, R.G.; Knechtges, R.T.; Devereux, R.E.; Wm. Sherry, Q.; Farrel, L.H.B.; Sacksteder, Swift, R.H.B.; Miller, F.B.

Wittenberg—McNalley, L.E.; Dressler, L.T.; Seebaum, L.G.; Young, C.; Moeller, R.G.; Grosscup, R.T.; Wilson, R.E.; Goehring, Q.; Ihrig, L.H.B.; Creagor, R.H.B.; Miller, F.B.

Touchdowns—Sacksteder, Farrel, Wm. Sherry.

Goal from Touchdown—Moehring.

* Goal from Placement—Miller.

Referee—McCray. Umpire—Prugh.

VARSIY FOOTBALL REVIEW

Four victories, one defeat, and one tie game is the record of the Saints' football team this year. This is a grand showing, considering the fact that this year's schedule was, perhaps, the hardest any St. Mary's team has ever met. For the success of the team, much credit is due to the efficient coaching of Louis Clark and the brilliant, brainy quarter-backing of Wm. Sherry. The players themselves are to be complimented on their hard and faithful work throughout the season.

VARSIY BASKET-BALL

The football season ended, basket-ball will now command attention. Although only one regular from last year's team will be found in the line-up, hopes are entertained for another successful year, due to the excellence of the men trying out for the team. The schedule is not yet complete, but from present indications it will be one of the best the Saints have ever encountered. Some real treats are in store during the coming winter for the followers of basket-ball at St. Mary's. Harry Solimano, '07, and Alphonse Mahrt, '11, will coach the team. Nuf ced!

ST. MARY'S CADETS

Cadets—14
vs
Oakwoods—9

In a thrilling contest, the Cadets defeated the Oakwoods and became Independent Football Champions of Dayton. Open play and forward passing featured the game. At the old style game the Oakwoods met their match in the Cadets. The Oakwoods' bucks were effectively stopped by the Cadets, while their end runs were broken up almost as soon as formed. The Oakwoods made some good gains by means of the forward pass. The Cadets' wonderful work with the forward pass won the game for them. Al. Mahrt proved a wizard at throwing the ball, while the ends and backfield men were adepts at taking the throws.

The Oakwoods scored two points when Munk threw Norb. Sacksteder behind the Cadets' own goal line. The ball was given to the Cadets upon their own 20-yard line. To the astonishment of the entire crowd, the Cadets, in just four plays, worked the ball 20 yards down the field for a touchdown. A forward pass, an end run, and two more passes, the final one to Norb. Sacksteder behind the goal line, turned the trick. Devereux entered the game in the second half and in a few minutes registered a touchdown. Two passes to "Dev" in succession, the second one, when Devereux was behind the goal line, enabled the Cadets to score again. Clark again kicked goal.

The Oakwoods scored in the fourth quarter when Allen went over the line, after the Oakwoods advanced the ball to the 8-yard line by means of two forward passes. Munk kicked goal.

On the defense the entire Cadet team played brilliant football, while on the offense, Mahrt, Zimmerman, N. Sacksteder, Zile and Devereux were best. Roy Barton and Munk played a fine game for the Oakwoods.

Cadets—27

vs.

Celts—0

Although greatly outweighed by the Celts of Cincinnati, O., the Cadets completely swamped their opponents and thereby annexed the Southern Ohio Independent Championship.

The Cincinnati Enquirer devoted a full column to the story of the game. The following paragraphs are taken from the write-up:

"A bunch of speedy football stars, called St. Mary's Cadets, hailing from Dayton, O., put the blocks to the championship aspirations of the Celts at Redland Park. Hitherto undefeated, and having high hopes of grabbing off the Southern Ohio championship, the local aggregation went to a sad defeat of 27-0."

"Every one of St. Mary's touchdowns came on forward passes. Quarter-back Mahrt did right in calling on the pass in three of every four plays, for nearly each time it was good for a gain. The Cadets may have a number of good plungers in the line-up, but they didn't show up in the contest. They didn't need to."

"Mahrt went so far as to go through with long tosses even with the ball dangerously close to the Cadet uprights. To forward pass in your own territory is considered poor judgment, but not when you can get away with it."

"Of course, the Cadet forwards made some splendid recoveries of the long basket shoots, but most of the credit of this brilliant lot of forward passing must go to Mahrt, who proved a past master in accuracy and dodging. Mahrt is a small cuss, probably weighing no more than 138 pounds, but he has the nerve and gets away with many a great play that some less strong-hearted warrior would not attempt. He evaded one Celt charge after another, and then when satisfied that the time was ripe, deliberately stepped in the midst of the bunch of huskies and tossed. The rest was easy."

And so the story in the Enquirer ran on. "Augie" Janszen, who broke into big football sometime ago, starred for the Celts, pulling off a run of 65 yards after catching a punt.

Cadets—26

vs.

Oakwoods—21

In a fiercely contested battle on Thanksgiving day, the St. Mary's Cadets again defeated the Oakwoods. The game was replete with spectacular performances, each team doing

its full share in this regard.

The Oakwoods registered a touchdown within five minutes of play in the first quarter, when Dolan threw a forward pass to Munk behind the goal line. Munk kicked goal. When play was resumed the Cadets received, and on the first play, an end run, Mahrt made five yards. Then he threw a forward pass, nearly the width of the field, to Zimmerman, who scored a touchdown. The Cadets came right back with another touchdown. After receiving the ball on the kick-off, by means of a pass they brought the ball to the Oakwoods' 30-yard line. Zimmerman then threw a pass to Zile behind the goal line.

In the second period, the Oakwoods scored two touchdowns, one by means of a forward pass, and the other by a line buck. There was no scoring the third quarter.

The final quarter opened with the score 21 to 13 in favor of the Oakwoods. The Cadets, by using the forward pass continually, made two touchdowns, the second one bringing about the dispute.

Mahrt and Zimmerman's handling of the forward pass was excellent, and these two played a star game, as did also Zile, Dungan and Stork. Black and Barton played a fine game for the Oakwoods. The line-up:

Cadets—Weaver, Dungan, L.E.; Dellinger, L.T.; Clark, L.G.; Gregor, C.; Baczenas, R.G.; McHale, R.T.; Zile, Devereux, R.E.; Mahrt (Capt.), Q.; Stork, N. Sacksteder, L.H.B.; Zimmerman, H. Sacksteder, R.H.B.; Decker, Zimmerman, F.B.

Oakwoods—McCune, Emery, L.E.; Munk, Dabnan, Padley, L.T.; Haynes, C.; Nesser, R.G.; Henry, R.T.; Lemon, Dolan, R.E.; Barton, Q.; Allen, L.H.B.; Black, R.H.B.; Dolan, Munk, F.B.

Touchdowns—Zimmerman, Zile, Dungan and N. Sacksteder; Munk, Allen and Lemon.

Goals from Touchdown—Clark 2, Munk 3.

Referees—Castleman, Colgate. Umpires—Eckstrom, Dartmouth.

ST. MARY'S CADETS' FOOTBALL REVIEW

The Cadets' first year in tackling the big teams of Independent football was a big success. Seven games were played, and the Cadets won all of them. They won the championship of Dayton, by defeating the Oakwoods, and of Southern Ohio, by defeating the Celts of Cincinnati.

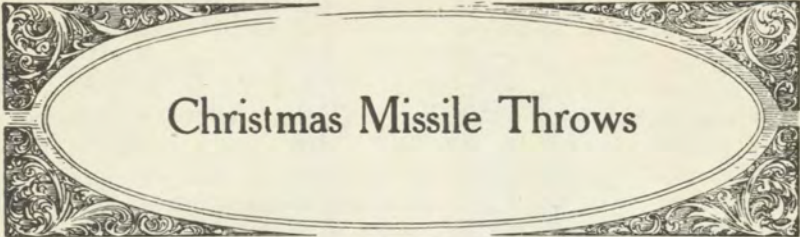
Most of the success of the Cadets is due to their wonderful use of the forward pass, and to the fighting spirit which they display at all times, but especially after the opponents gain some advantage, either by scoring or by working the ball near to the Cadets' goal line. Greater union in the face of greater opposition has made the Cadets.

The Cadets have closed the football season, and will now devote their attention to basket-ball, where they expect another successful year.

FOURTH DIVISION

The Fourth Division closed their football season on Nov. 2 with a defeat suffered from the hands of the speedy Emersons in a fiercely contested game. The game was played on a field of snow. The following is the result of the efforts of the Minims this season.

Minims	30	Dayton Midgets	6
Minims	13	Nemos	0
Minims	60	Mascot Juniors	0
Minims	20	Bomberger Cadets	6
Minims	0	Mascots Seconds	0
Minims	7	Emersons	19



Christmas Missile Throws

What the Big "Boys" Want for Christmas

Schmedinghoff—More calls from "Nick."

Tague—A smoke consumer for the Annex.

Culley—A pair of goggles and a basket-ball rule book.

Reith—Another chance to pout.

Stuhlmüller, Cliff—A secure place in someone else's desk for his **inter-linear**.

Garrity—An engagement at the "New Sun" to perform on his Chinese fiddle.

Barsch—Astor House service at meals.

Donovan—A formal introduction; and someone to tease him.

Adelberg—The heels of Mercury.

Caldwell—A market for his Kentucky brand of **fertilizer**.

McMahon—News from Lima.

Neary—A stand-in with "Solly."

Yamashiro—A tonsilitis gargle.

Avery—A violin case for his tortoise-shell goggles.

Zomer—A chance to lecture the student body on "Why We Are at College."

Hillery—A pool table and no one to bother him.

Knechtges—"Nothing at all; I made the team, and I'm satisfied."

Thill—A bottle of "anti-fat."

Morin—A baseball mask to use at basket-ball practice.

Dunn—Longer lectures.

Krusling, Otto—Some one who can make tennis interesting.

Daugherty—A chance to explain that he wasn't running the scale, but only laughing.

Keenan—A jack-in-the-box and a train of cars for Sunday evenings after 7:15.

Armstrong—A square meal.

Welsh—His name changed to "Happy."

Connelly—Some one to translate **taurus est**.

Neversweat—To drop Greek and Latin, and take up Spelling and Arithmetic.

Freeman—A new bowling team.

Willie—The introduction of the "Funnel System" for teaching Greek.

Dugan—"The Return of Pink."

Devereux—Another visit from Dad.

Windbiel—More study periods, and some one to listen to his talks on science.

Triber—A soup-spoon built like a fork, so he won't strangle himself at table.

"Bemis"—A pair of suspenders for his full dress trousers; solid tires, too.

- Gerlach—The College moved to Sidney (it would be more convenient).
 Hayes—Instructions as to where boxers wear the belt.
 Medley—Some advice on what profession to follow.
 Wagner—More powers as basket-ball manager.
 Kirven—A job as toe dancer.
 Hart—Fairer opportunities at the games.
 Seniors—More ceiling space in club room for pennants; larger sandwiches for advertising; a new cinder path to replace present worn-out specimen.
 Arts and Letters Students—Something besides a library course.
 Howett—A smile from Irma.
 Moehring—A football halo.
 Kinninger—A man's height.
 Hill—Later chapel service on Thursdays.
 Hall, Ed.—Miamisburg moved to Dayton.
 Hall, Jim—Shares in American Tobacco Co.
 Rottermann, E.—Classes to open at 10 bells.
 Emmanuel—A right-of-way ticket, to the contrary notwithstanding, admitting him to Athletic Association.
 Stroop—An N. C. R. rowboat as a souvenir of the flood.
 Swift—An injunction against Behrer's option.
 Behrer—A chance to get into the Thorpe graft.
 Gard—A gun to carry.
 Agnew—An alarm clock and artificial accentuating ear-drums.
 Schleinitz—A Nest for a Swallow.
 Wunderlich—A surprise.
 Anderson—More time in "Zoo."
 Wirshing—A hello girl's voice.
 Smith, Engineer—Better hours at the Davies building.
 Zimmerman—A package of dates from O Clare, Wis.?
 Ryan—A doughnut without a hole for his steady work as reporter for Athletic Association.
 "Janus"—A steady job as topographical artist for colleges.

Foolish Question, 18768329

- Killoran—"Say, Fat, what are you doing now, studying?"
 Fat—No, Bill; I'm flying a kite."

More Throws

"Yes, Harry is an athlete. No; not an all-around man. He excels in two sports only. You see, it's this way; Harry is good in only the games in which throwing is required. He's pretty good with the "discus," and he pitches ball like a big leaguer, but, believe me, fellows, when it comes to throwing the taurus, Harry has them all beat."

Did You Ever?

- Strattner—"Did you ever strike your last match after missing the last car on a windy night, and then—have it go out?"
 Jim Hall—"No, my mother does not permit me to smoke."
 Strattner—"Don't kill him, men. Teddy needs him."

Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boost and you'll break your back.

* Sidney Jotting!

A few weeks ago the bill boards of Sidney displayed big lithos announcing that during the holidays Mr. Smith would lecture on Blind Tigers. Bill Wagner, our baritone, will sing during the moving pitchers, "Tell the Boys I'm Glad I'm Here."

* Pertinent Questions

If Thill did the cooking, would Gerald be Dunne?
Who is basket-ball manager this year? Start something and find out.
Why don't they call him Harry Deer instead of Harry Hart?
Did our little Yama Yama Man like the Black Hands?
Did you smoke in the Annex, Mac?
Hogan, did they miss you at the "Frat," Thursday night?

Dictionary of New Words

Puncture—A hole through which all the fun of motoring escapes.

Think—An antiquated word used in olden times, meaning the enforced activity of gray matter. Improper today, and seldom used.

Egg—A solid, elliptical in shape. Used in scarf-pins; scarce and expensive gem.

Chicken—A biped of unusual plumage; a sort of domesticated bird; tame and allowed to run at large.

Love—A gas, usually confined under high pressure in a cam-shaped apparatus; explodes when the outer casing is squeezed.

Cigarette—A white cylinder of small diameter; designed to exterminate squirrel food.

The Ego Maniac

We have met with a varlet soul,
We have heard* of the Black Hand toll;
We have read of the Sign of the Four,
We were shocked at the tales of red gore.
But of all the crooks in and out of books,
And of all the men, who deserve the "pen,"
There is one whom we will not stand,
So of him let us free the land—
He's the "Man of the Thousand Egos."
—Selected.

Hollencamp's for Useful Christmas Gifts

Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Fancy Vests, Gloves, Shirts, Underwear, Suspenders, Neckwear, House Coats, Knit Jackets, Jersey Coats, Collars and Cuffs. In fact, everything for Men's and Boys' wear. Remember, a great price reduction on account of the off season.

He Who Wants to Save Money Will Call and See US.

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A transfer point, west of Cor. Fifth and Browns Sts.

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Once Used, Always Desired

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Its mild and exquisite flavor
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We are positively exclusive distributors of the only 100% Pure House Paint in Dayton and vicinity, which is called "MONARCH."

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Iron and Wood Working Machinery.
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Sporting Goods. Everything in Athletic and Gymnasium Outfits. Kodaks and Phonographs. Flying Merkel Motorcycles and Bicycles.

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