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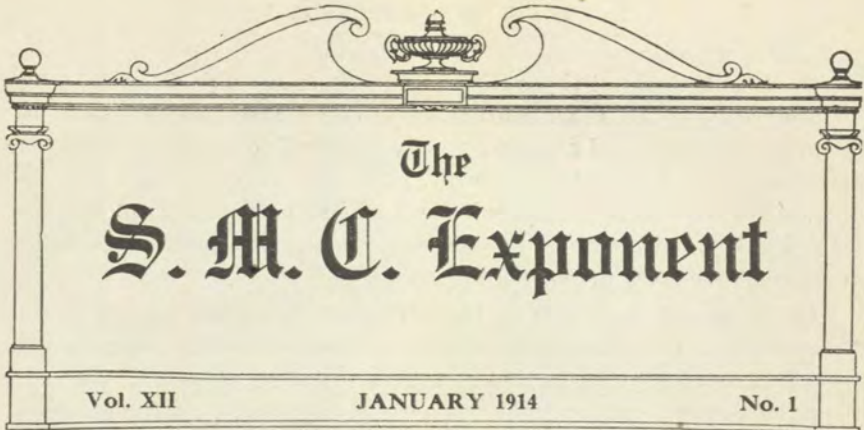
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The S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XII

JANUARY 1914

No. 1

Lessons From German Cities

ROBERT J. SHERRY, '14.



WE are living in a period of unrest. Everywhere things are unsettled and changing. Men are dissatisfied with present conditions and are seeking something new, something different, something better. Nowhere is this spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction more pronounced than with the management of cities. American cities have been boss-ridden, ruled and looted by unscrupulous politicians so long that every decent citizen has been or is in revolt. Many reforms have been agitated, many remedies advocated, many experiments tried. The result of all this has brought about a desire to know what other cities are doing, how other cities are faring under different managements, and with what success other cities are working out their complex problems of municipal government.

This unrest and dissatisfaction is nation-wide. It long ago infected the citizens of Dayton, and they longed ardently for some relief from the ills that afflicted the Gem City. Politics failed to bring about any improvement. Things went from bad to worse, until a change became imperative. John H. Patterson, a public-spirited citizen, sent Dr. Frank Garland, a prominent social worker of the city, to Europe to study the conditions of municipalities there, in order to learn what Dayton could do to improve itself. The result of his observations, travels and studies have been given to Dayton, her big public-spirited citizens have made suggestions, and today we are about to try out a new form of municipal government.

Dr. Frank Garland chose the German cities as subjects of his study in preference to all other European cities because "municipal house-keeping" as an art and a science can be observed to better advantage in Germany than in any other country. The German cities have provided themselves with modern conveniences and improvements in a more systematic, thorough and business-like way than any other cities, whether in Europe, America or Australia.

In the past, German cities, like all others, including our own, were arranged in a primitive manner, wholly unsuited to the demands of a complex, artificial civilization. A great change, however, has come over the German nation, and nowhere is its altered character shown more distinctly than in the expansion and progress of its cities. The centers of population are growing with extraordinary rapidity by inflow from the rural districts. The Germans have changed from an agricultural to a manufacturing people. This transformation has necessitated many changes in the cities.

To this work of modern improvement, especially in public appointments, the Germans seem to have brought more of the scientific spirit and method than any other people. Their habits of thoroughness of research and of patient, exhaustive treatment have characterized all their efforts, and have made their cities models of efficiency and good government.

It is a common and almost unconquerable delusion in the minds of Americans, that our cities are the only ones which show the phenomenon of rapid growth, and that their newness excuses their failure to provide well for the common necessities of urban life. But statistics show that German cities have made greater increases in population than have corresponding American cities of similar size. Another excuse always brought forward when one suggests that American cities are meagerly provided with the best modern facilities, and make but a sorry show in comparison with European cities, is that ours are in their infancy, while those of Europe are venerable with age and riches. For the purposes of our discussion, however, they are younger than their American counterparts. Their citizens are not nearly so rich as those of our cities. Thousands of their best young men emigrate to this country after they have reared and educated them. They stagger under heavy burdens of taxation and compulsory service to maintain the army and navy, and yet in face of these disadvantages, have solved their municipal problems more promptly and completely than American cities have done.

The physical transformation of these cities have been very remarkable. Old streets have been reconstructed and new ones laid out with

care and good judgment. All the German cities are adjusting their street systems to the demands for quick transit. The Germans, long ago, recognized that good streets are to the modern city what the circulatory system is to a living organism. The streets are paved and maintained so much better than any in America that comparisons are humiliating.

The rapid growth of German cities has been attended with much speculative building, and laying out of divers new quarters by private companies. But the municipal authorities regulate in the severest fashion the arrangement and width of new streets thus formed, require the best of paving, demand all that could be desired of sewers, and govern the character of buildings as to materials, height, street lining and general appearance. Thus, the greed of speculators is not allowed to mar the harmonious development of the city or endanger its future health by bad construction and inferior sanitary arrangements.

Before going further, it might be well to explain that the practical management of German cities proceeds in harmony with the German conception of the municipality as a social organism. There are, in the German conception of city government, no limits whatever to the municipal functions. It is the business of the municipality to promote in every feasible way its own welfare and the welfare of its citizens. Thus, in Germany we find a great many interesting and successful instances of municipal activity in fields that are abandoned almost wholly to private enterprise in our American cities.

Many are inclined, no doubt, to call these municipal activities socialism. In Germany, however, these things are done, not on doctrinaire grounds, but simply as a matter of business expediency. No new principles are involved, for everything was already involved potentially, in the German conception of the municipality's full and unlimited responsibility for the general welfare of the community.

The German cities recognize two kinds of functions: those that can be made self-supporting or even productive of net revenue, and those that cannot possibly be so considered. In the latter class, the three most important are: the education of children; the protection of public health; and the care of the poor and unfortunate. To accomplish these and other kindred ends, municipal life in Germany has been reduced to a science. Voluntary agencies for welfare work have been absorbed in the municipal or affiliated with them, without crushing out the sense of human brotherhood and mutual responsibility, upon which must rest the well-being of any community.

Municipal financiering in Germany is a high art. It unites thrift and minute economy with broad liberality. Its most obvious feature

is to make each department self-sustaining or productive as far as possible, and to make the social benefits of the non-productive departments so clear as to admit of no doubt. Municipalized charity involves a heavy draft on current revenues, but compulsory insurance will soon lessen this burden. Education also is a heavy burden, but the German community long ago realized that thorough and specialized education tells promptly upon the industrial activity and commercial prosperity of a city, and that it is cheap at any cost. In like manner, Germany's municipal statisticians and hygienic experts have come to the aid of the financiers, with facts and conclusions so irresistible that the people are ready to bear the burdens of taxation for the boon of exemption from epidemics and a reduction by one-half of infant mortality. Moreover, they have the assurance that every dollar spent in the interest of the common health is applied with the greatest efficiency and scientific knowledge possible.

That which surprises and impresses the American observer most is the splendid efficiency by which the German city governments prosecute their public works and enterprises. This is largely due, of course, to the superb and continuous organization of the executive administration. The burgomaster and his magisterial associates who conduct the various departments, either hold their places by life tenure or else upon terms practically as permanent. The city council, representing the people's will, is renewed by installments. The terms are long, and re-elections are so usual that the personnel of the body is transformed slowly, and nothing like an abrupt and capricious change of policy is ever probable.

Dayton's new charter is fashioned after this. The business managers and their assistants correspond to the burgomaster and his magisterial associates. The five commissioners correspond to the council, and they are elected by installments. Of course, the Dayton charter is a very modified imitation of the municipal charters of various German cities, but it is a step in the right direction, and we hope that Dayton will have as much success with its new policy as the German cities had with theirs.

Under this German method, more symmetrical progress and tangible achievement is accomplished every half decade than could be possible under our spasmodic American methods. On this fashion the magnificent public works of the German cities have proceeded. Nothing is hurried, yet nothing seems to lag when once begun. Street systems are rectified, new suburbs judiciously laid out. A new water supply, introduced from high sources, employs engineers, architects and conduit builders. In another city, new sewers are in progress, river

frontages are undergoing magnificent improvement for purposes of water traffic. Gas works, electric plants, market houses, public abattoirs, school buildings, epidemic hospitals, bridges, wharves, subways, or whatever else the expanding requirements of the municipality may ordain—all are in course of construction by methods that insure the highest utility and greatest permanence. And yet it may be safely asserted that \$100,000 can accomplish more good in Berlin than \$1,000,000 in New York. Nothing accounts for this difference except the superiority of sound business methods in Germany over the wasteful political methods in America.

Nearly all important German cities now own and control their public utilities. Take Berlin for instance. It manages its own water-works and makes it pay, as also its system of house drainage and sewage removal and disposition. The old-time Berlin had drained into the Spree just as Dayton still drains into the Mad and Miami rivers. Berlin now has adopted the plan of natural purification by the irrigation of land. Immense research was bestowed upon the subject, with the result that the Berlin drainage is the most perfect in the world. The sewers of the city are all connected with reservoirs and pumping works of a sewage farm some miles distant.

It is novel from an American's point of view, to consider a city's drainage works as a self-supporting or productive enterprise, like its water-works and gas-works. In fact, in Dayton it is a dead loss and maintained by taxing the people. In Berlin, however, the matter is regarded in that light. The fertilizing of sewage is so great, and the administration of the farms so superb, that within a very few years the investment will have become enormously productive. On each of the farms are nurseries of young fruit trees and considerable areas of orchard-bearing fruit. Prodigious crops of vegetables are grown and the yield per acre of cereals and grass is similarly remarkable. Moreover, from a sanitary point of view the system is an unqualified success. Far from being unwholesome, the people who live and work upon them, the farms themselves, are so free from harmful influence, that convalescent colonies from city hospitals have now been established upon them with gratifying results. Likewise, Hamburg, Breslau, Munich, Frankfort, Brunswick, Düsseldorf and thousands of other German cities own and operate successfully their water-works and sewage systems.

Clean streets and alleys and immaculate back-yards are certainly not conspicuously characteristic of Dayton, nor were they of German cities twenty years ago. But now clean streets have been made feasible by smooth, new paving of roadways and sidewalks, and alleys are kept

clean by daily removal and disposal of domestic ashes and garbage. The streets, alleys and back-yards in German cities are now kept in a state of enviable cleanliness, and the small sums for which Hamburg, Dresden, Berlin, Düsseldorf and other cities obtain remarkably thorough and satisfactory results are trifling in comparison for what Daytonians pay for poor, inefficient and wholly unsatisfactory service. The reason for German success is the unified direct municipal service of street cleaning, sprinkling and garbage removal. The reason for Dayton's failure is the awarding of contracts by unscrupulous politicians to private bidders—another case of superiority of business methods over wasteful political methods.

About three-fourths of the large German cities own and operate gas-works as municipal enterprises. Those cities which are now supplied by private companies will probably, one after another, as franchise periods terminate, assume municipal control. Meanwhile, private plants are controlled by the cities. The rates to private consumers are strictly regulated, and the municipal laboratories test the illuminating power of gas every day in order to protect the citizens from an inferior quality. I am sure some interesting discoveries would be made if such tests were conducted in Dayton. Investigations into the service of the Dayton Gas Company would certainly be enlightening, to say the least.

German cities are fast municipalizing electricity, also. Wherever franchises are given to private companies, the interests of the municipality and of the citizens are well guarded, and the city always reserves the right to buy the electric plant and all its appurtenances. In studying these German contracts, one is always impressed with a sense of first-class legal, financial, and technical ability that the city is able to command, while American contracts, including our Dayton contracts, always impress one with the unlimited astuteness and ability of the gentlemen representing the private corporations. All other municipal utilities are gradually being acquired by the cities of Germany.

The housing problem is one that has required the deepest consideration and the boldest and most serious treatment. The rapid inflow of people from the farms, and the hasty erection of tenement-hives, unregulated by the authorities in the past, has led to frightful overcrowding and horrible slums in German cities. The municipal authorities have grappled with the determination to eliminate the evil, and the success attained by their efforts is wonderful, almost incredible.

In Berlin, the conditions were frightful. Disease flourished and vice and crime were rampant. The municipality in 1888 adopted a stringent code of building regulations. The strength and fire-proof

qualities of buildings, their height with reference to the street width, the harmony of street frontage, and so on, were strictly regulated. In addition to this, drastic rules were passed requiring that at least one-third of every building lot should be left unbuilt as court space for air and light, forbidding the construction of apartments for human occupancy that contained less than the prescribed minimum of cubic space or that lacked proper provision for daylight, ventilation and heating.

Such regulations, of course, seem irksome to many persons. Yet all cities must come to the inevitable conclusion that the rights of the masses in crowded communities are superior to the whims of private individuals. The pretense that private ownership of land carries with it the absolute right to disregard the general interests, is a baneful heresy that is not to be tolerated when it asserts its impudent claims. When private contractors refused to build, the German municipality erected modern apartments and rented them at reasonable rates to workingmen, and as a result there are no slums in Berlin or any important German cities today.

German cities are the foremost in the world for the controlling of infectious and contagious diseases. Berlin has constructed on the most elaborate scale great hospitals for the treatment of all forms of epidemic malady. Disinfection stations also, fitted up with huge apparatus for the treatment of clothing, bedding and various movables from homes where cases of infection have been found, are in constant use. Berlin has no further fear of inability to cope with any hitherto dreaded form of contagious or infectious disease, for health appliances are in readiness for the most dire emergency that experience has taught its medical and bacteriological experts to anticipate as possible. Hamburg, Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Düsseldorf and various other cities, have established similarly complete services for the protection of their people against the epidemic spread of infection.

Next in importance are the vast establishments that German cities have been bold enough to provide for the health control of food supplies. Munich and Berlin were the first to construct municipal abattoirs and cattle markets. Now they are common throughout Germany, everywhere displacing private cattle markets and slaughter houses. All these establishments are self-supporting. In some places they are allowed to earn profits; in most places not. The public inspectors pass upon the live animals and further examine the dressed meat. The inspection service is highly organized and no diseased meat can enter the protected German cities.

Not many months ago, we had quite a lively agitation, while it

lasted, for a municipal slaughter house and cattle yards. This agitation was the result of disclosures showing how diseased cattle were shipped to Dayton, passed the nominal inspection of careless and inefficient inspectors, slaughtered in filthy places, under disgusting conditions, and then sold on our markets and in our groceries to be eaten by unsuspecting Daytonians. The agitation was certainly justified by the offense, but was soon dropped, and now, I suppose, Daytonians are being fed on the same brand of diseased meat as formerly.

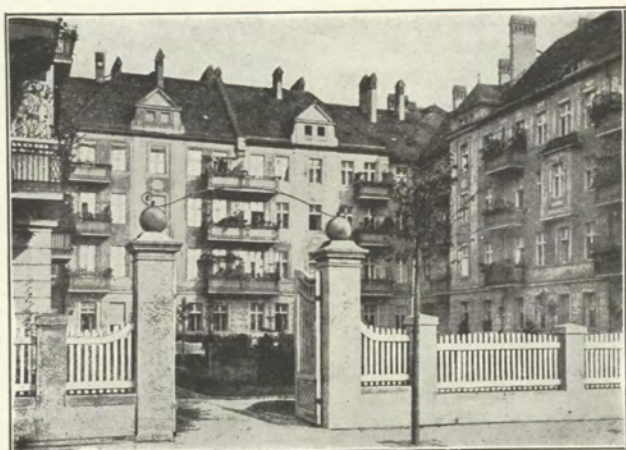
It is also the German policy to bring under official oversight, so far as possible, all other articles of ordinary food consumption. To this end, the ancient custom of open public market places is being changed into a marvelous modern system of vast municipal market halls, erected in populous quarters of the greater cities and at the convenient central point in smaller places. Dayton stands in great need of these modern facilities, and the new commissioners have every opportunity and reason to acquire them.

Mention has already been made of charity organization and of education. If space would permit, I might amplify these two points which are considered essential by German cities. Suffice it to say, that charity is efficiently administered, and with the aid of vagrant houses and lodging houses, labor colonies, insurance against sickness and old age, mutual benefit societies, old age pensions and the like, the German cities hope eventually to abolish poverty almost completely.

As to education, their system is far in advance of ours. The German cities have been trying to make their school systems fit the necessities of their population. Besides making elementary education universal and compulsory, they have amply provided for higher education in the shape of night schools, technical schools, colleges and universities. Our American cities have more to learn from the methods and results attained by German cities than we have to teach them. Our progress must be along their path.

In addition to all this, German cities manage their own savings banks and pawnshops; their fire departments are superbly organized; house insurance against fire is also one of the departments of municipal housekeeping in German cities. Everywhere there is a strong tendency to more parks, open spaces, playgrounds, although their number far exceeds those of America. Recreation and physical culture are provided for; amusements, such as band concerts, symphonies, theatricals and lectures, are either free or within the reach of all.

The German is a heavy taxpayer. Much of his taxes, however, goes to the support of the general government, and the tax increment which can be spared for municipal purposes is small compared with the reve-



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The College Fat Boy

FRANK SMITH, '14.



COACH CLARKSON was attentively watching the large of recruits who had answered the call for material to try out for the College varsity football team. The aspirants were not light men, as a rule; in fact, they gave promise of making one of the heaviest teams in the history of the college. However, as they worked against one another, each striving to appear faster than his rival, one man in particular was conspicuous. And why should he not be? He was none other than Tubby McCann, the college fat boy.

After practice, the aspirants ran around the cinder path four times, completing a mile. When the third lap was finished, several men dropped out; the first night's workout had been too strenuous. But McCann was not among this number. True, he was far behind the squad, but he toiled along and completed the mile.

He was a tired athlete as he confronted the coach that evening.

"Clarkson," he said, "I'm out to make that team this year. In fact, I'm going to make it. Just watch me and see."

The coach was rather astonished. He had never known McCann to take anything pertaining to athletics in a serious manner heretofore. Besides, he was far overweight and carried around a stomach that resembled the bay window of a second-story hotel.

"You must get rid of that surplus weight, 'Mac'," he replied; "this is going to be a fast team, and it's a burden for you to carry around all that fat."

"Well, I'll get rid of it, if I starve. I have promised myself to make that team or bust something trying. To let you in on a secret, Clark-

son, I know a girl in the city who just worships a football player, and when she sees me on the field tearing up those other fellows, she will think that I'm a hero."

Clarkson's face grew radiant. He, too, had a girl who admired him greatly, because of his playing on the college team the previous year. He had been keeping company with her since that time, and hoped to win her hand. Accordingly, he promised McCann a fair tryout, provided that he would go into training and reduce his weight.

"Mac" went out of the dressing room in gay spirits. He was confident that he would now make the team. However, as he looked down at himself, he could scarcely see his toes over the big stomach that protruded in the vicinity of his waist line. He resolved to curb his appetite and to take violent exercise. This he did, until he was as flat as a board where the bay window had formerly been located. Twenty pounds of useless fat were gone, so were many of the aspirants for the center position on the team.

On the eve of the first game, but two men remained of the many candidates for the position of center. The man who started the game would be considered the regular center. "Mac" started the game; he also finished it. A victory was the result. Despite the college ruling, forbidding resident students from mailing letters clandestinely, McCann wrote a letter to Irene True, telling her that he had made a regular berth on the team, and had already played in a game which was won. A few days later he received the following answer:

"Mr. James McCann:

"I witnessed the game in which you played last Saturday, and was agreeably surprised to learn that you had taken up football. You are doing splendidly. Hoping you keep up the good work, I remain,

"IRENE TRUE."

Had she given him a mint, "Mac" could not have been more elated. That evening, in practice, he tore up the scrub team as though his worst enemy were on it. The season progressed rapidly and "Mac" was confident that he had completely won over the affections of his fair friend.

The afternoon of the final game arrived. As the Wittenberg College team took the field, "Mac" saw that he would have a formidable opponent. He determined to cover himself with glory.

Throughout the game McCann was lauded to the skies for his brilliant playing. Wittenberg went from the field a beaten team, owing to the manner in which "Mac" had outplayed his man at center. It was then that "Mac" sought his reward for the long season's work. As he

reached the side lines, several enthusiastic rooters bore him aloft on their shoulders. Then it was that he caught a glimpse of *her*. She was at the exit talking to the coach, and doubtless about his own wonderful playing.

He tore himself from the crowd and rushed toward the gate. Clarkson greeted him:

"Hello, old boy, fine game you played today. In fact, I give you credit for winning the game. But, 'Mac,' I have won a better game than that. Miss True and I are engaged. See the ring I just gave her."

"I put him off," she interrupted, "until the season was over, that he might give all his attention to the team. He has made a fine player of you, 'Mac.'"

The Dying Year

GEORGE SEITTERS, '15.

*The lowering clouds hang dark and cold o'erhead,
The chilly air blows from the wintry sea,
While o'er the barren fields there comes to me
The message of the year now 'mong the dead.*

*The sunless meads, with mourning shroud o'erspread,
The silent woods that heard the songs of glee
Of mating birds, in these I can but see
The epitaph of the old year now fled.*

*The year is dead, alas!—And yet, not so.
Those bells we hear are not its funeral knell.
They usher in the old, made new, aglow
With life and health. Aloud they ring: 'Tis well.
To live as lives the year, to die and feel
That in this death we can past errors heal.*

Wilson Meets Jones

GERALD E. DUNNE, '15.



GOOD NIGHT, and a happy New Year to all," said Jones, pushing open the lobby door.

The wind whistled in the vestibule, the door slammed and Jones was gone.

"A mighty nice fellow," spoke up one of our company.

"That, he is," rejoined Wilson, drawing his chair into our circle. "If you'll have the patience, I'll tell you how I first happened to meet him."

Wilson lit a cigar and consulted his watch. There was only one more hour of the old year left. He gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling for a moment, and then blowing a cloud of smoke at the chandelier, began.

"It was just three years ago this past Christmas Eve, if I remember rightly, that my wife startled me by announcing her intention to strike the Jones' name from our list of New Year calls.

"Now, the Jones family had been living next door about a month, and according to the rules of common politeness, it was our duty to take advantage of this seasonable opportunity and make a social call.

"Whether it was on account of the inclemency of the weather or the busy holiday season, I do not know, but at any rate the two families, the Jones' and ourselves, were no better acquainted by the twenty-fourth of December than we had been thirty days before.

"We won't call on them," suggested my wife with a confiding huskiness in her voice; "I'd rather not. Really, I don't want to make their acquaintance, because,—well, I don't know just what to think. You'll say I'm only nervous, but really it was awful. I'm afraid of them."

"This sudden display of anxiety on the part of Mrs. Wilson could not help but arouse in me a righteous curiosity, and I insisted on knowing more.

"There it is now," she whispered, her face losing its natural color as she spoke. "Oh! I do wish you'd investigate. This is the fourth time I've heard it."

"The fourth time?" I rejoined. "Why, I heard it only once."

"No; not in succession. Three different evenings. I should judge about one week apart."

"I stepped to the window and looked down. Our neighbors' window was covered with a thick frost, across which a hapeless shadow flitted, as the voices again grew shriller.

"A confusion of voices could be heard speaking rapidly and in anger. What they said, I could not understand. A feminine voice seemed to plead most pitifully, and then—and then my blood stood still.

"A terrible cry, the like of which I had never heard before, rent the cold night air. Then all was still.

"There was something chilling about this stillness that made one feel that death was near. Our door opened; the children clung to their mother's skirts in silent fear.

"I stepped to the landing. It was little Fred who had entered. Covered with snow and still wearing his skates, he climbed up the stairs. Evidently he, too, had heard the cry. His face twitched convulsively, showing signs of spasm.

"I caught the child in my arms and examined him closely. I handed him to his mother, and in a rage rushed down the stairs.

"Jones' front door, which could not have been latched, gave way under my vigorous knock, and swung gently into the parlor, leaving me, as I must have appeared, the picture of embarrassment, standing out against the sable canvas of the night framed around by the oaken door casing.

"Our friend, O'Meara, the reader and teacher of dramatic art, was, luckily for me, the first one of the party to meet my dumfounded stare. He understood my mistake at once, and supporting himself by the back of a chair, he roared in laughter at my foolish predicament until the tears rolled down his cheeks. He insisted on knowing how I liked the rehearsal, and remarked that the new troupe he was organizing were rather loud and enthusiastic. I could not recover myself, so he introduced me to the family and the company. I tried to explain and apologize, but he slapped me on the back until I took a fit of coughing, and then he laughed again.

"On reaching home, I was surprised to find a rather angry-looking stranger standing near the grate.

"'Sir,' said he, addressing me as I entered, 'I have followed this boy to his home,' and he nodded in Fred's direction. 'The little wretch—pardon the term, sir—but the little wretch has ruined my hat with a snowball,' and he held aloft what remained of a Dunlap derby.

"Again I scrutinized Fred's countenance, but with more composure than before. That which I had mistaken for spasmodic symptoms, I

now recognized as indecision. The rogue did not know whether to laugh or cry, but the sorry-looking hat and my threatening gaze seemed to enable him to make up his mind, for the poor lad buried his face in his mother's lap and sobbed bitterly.

"I gave the exasperated gentleman the price of a new hat, and when he had gone, I told Mrs. Wilson not to strike the Jones' name from our list of New Year calls."

As Wilson finished speaking, the factory whistles and the church bells from all over the city mingled their shrill and mellow notes in a wierd pandemonium at the birth of a new year. The clock in the hall struck twelve and the company of watchers adjourned.



Smothers Turns the Trick



HERMAN TAGUE, '15.



T was an exceedingly hot day in the latter part of August; no clouds obstructed the direct rays of the mid-day sun. "Peoria" Smothers, somewhat ahead of his schedule on his annual tour, was walking leisurely along the tracks of the D. L. & C. R. R.

He was a greasy-looking old man. The expression on his face showed he had suffered much sorrow and trouble. His hair was gray, but his beard was somewhat darker, doubtless caused by the smoke of the campfire. He was a medium-sized man, with broad shoulders and a small hump on his back. His clothes were not shabby, but the dry-cleaning process would have greatly improved their appearance. The extent of his wardrobe, which he always carried with him, was indicative of his profession. He was the counterpart of the fellow "who had all on his back that he possessed; his coat was his trunk, and when his coat was buttoned his trunk was locked."

He chanced upon a fellow who was only an apprentice in his profession, who was disgusted with life and was contemplating ending it, at least as far as this world was concerned. Smothers, older in the profession than his newly-made friend, gave him some advice.

"I felt the same way when I first went on the road. I learned that people don't care if others get anything to eat, or what they wear, so

neither need we care how we get the eats or clothes. The world owes us a living and we will tramp it out together. What say you?"

The recruit to the ranks assented. Smothers gave him the monicker of "Waiter Jim."

"Yes, I will go with you," blunted Jim. "You seem to be the only real friend I have met for some time. You have given me new life and new hope. Which way shall we go?"

"Oh, it don't matter. We may as well wend our way towards Cincinnati and stop over a couple of weeks and see the sights."

And then shifting the subject, he continued: "My monicker—'Peoria Smothers.' Get me? I know the road; made it ten years. Three miles from here there is an old barn, or at least there was the last time I was through here. It is used to store the hay from the farm. It will be a fine place for us to bunk tonight. I think I have enough food for both of us tonight and tomorrow morning. By the time we feel our ribs touching our backbones, we will be in a place where we can obtain food somehow."

"Good," rejoined Jim. "Anything you suggest will be all right with me. I'll stick with you, at least until I get on to the ropes a little more."

About dusk they came to the barn spoken of by Smothers, and put up there for the night.

About eight o'clock the next morning, they had finished eating what grub Smothers had left from the night before.

"Ready to hike to Cincinnati?" yawned Smothers.

"Yep," responded Jim, feeling like an old-timer.

And then they left the barn, took to the road and trudged along slowly, as if enjoying life in the superlative degree, telling jokes and experiences of the past.

About twelve o'clock, Jim, after straining his eyes for some time for signs of civilization, saw something ahead.

"What's that, Smothers? I wonder if anybody's living there to give a couple of bums like us a bite to eat."

"Jim, I'll tell you. The people living in that house are the best people in this country. The last time I was through here, besides giving me a fairly good suit of clothes and all I could eat, they gave me a supply to take with me. I'll get the meal this time, and let you try your luck on the next one. You may wait on that tie-pile until I come back."

Then Smothers started for the house, entered the front gate, and walked through the yard to the kitchen door, which was standing open.

Jim watched him from the distance, hoping against hope for Smother's luck to break even, for Jim had not learned how to endure hunger long.

Jim's hopes were not in vain. After Smothers had knocked, Jim's stocks went up—Smothers was no longer a beggar outdoors. He was inside of the kitchen whose hospitality he but shortly praised.

In a few minutes Smothers was on his way to his young pal, a smile of contentment on his face, a big iron pot in his hand.

"I struck luck again, Jim," were his first words. "What did I tell you about that house? They are the best people in this country. The lady told me she had a son on the road, and she would do by us as she would like for other women to do by him. Look what she gave me? A whole potful of potpie and chicken. Now for a feast, Jim."

And it was some feast. Few words were spoken, for Smothers was expecting the slow freight from Middletown, and banked on free transportation to Cincinnati.

"It's up to you to return the pot, Jim. Thank the old lady in the best of your society language."

So Jim hurried on to fulfill the last part of the job, as he thought he heard the faint whistle of a train in the distance.

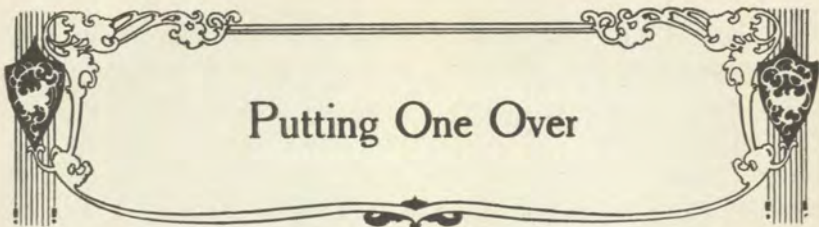
To his surprise, as he neared the farm house from the front, he was almost run down by a big husky farmer, his wife and three sons.

He tried to compose himself for his speech, when the farmer caught sight of the pot.

"So it's the likes of you that stole the potpie and chicken off the kitchen stove, and my wife upstairs. Get at him, boys, and give him a drubbing."

"Peoria" Smothers took in the whole proceedings. Good-natured, however, he thought Jim was getting it too hard when he saw the bulldog get in the mix-up. But the freight was a little ahead of time, and Smothers swung on a coal car and left Waiter Jim to untangle himself from the toils of the angry farmer.





Putting One Over

JOHN KONEN, '15.



THE sun had scarcely risen above the dim horizon, when at the outskirts of the little town of Silverton, two young men walked hurriedly into a dreary-looking store. They busily engaged themselves in putting up narrow shelves on one side of the small room. The apartment was bare, save for an old table, and the lumber and tools used by the workers. The men labored at their work for some time in silence. Finally Frank Bates spoke. He was a rather tall man of light build. His features were firm and muscular. His countenance bore traces of deep thought.

"I suppose these shelves will be sufficient for our purpose. The chemicals at our command will not occupy more room than that."

"We'll hardly fill that much space with them," replied Ed. Acklin, a sickly-looking youth of about twenty-four, slightly smaller than Frank, and apparently intelligent. "The money problem is the main one with us just now," he continued. "Still, if we succeed in our undertaking, we shall not want means to carry on our experiments."

These two young men were starting a small drug store to gain a livelihood, but especially to carry on some experiments. They were inventors.

A little later, a short man of no small girth trudged along the road. His ruddy face was brought into strong relief by a mass of dark hair and a long, flowing beard. He stopped before the new store, wondering what it was all about. He had scarcely left the spot when he met his friend, Bill Sykes.

"Hello, Bill," said he. "I wonder what they're doing! A funny place to start a hat store."

"Did they say they were doing that?" echoed Bill. "I thought they were getting ready to open a liquor store. Those shelves are just broad enough to hold the bottles and jugs. We need it badly."

"We'll find that out before long. I only hope it'll be as you said," rejoined Silas Hopkins. "So long!"

Frank and Ed. kept right at work. After a few days a wagon stopped before the door and many boxes of bottles were carried in.

The good old country folk were looking on from a distance.

"Didn't I tell you," said Bill Sykes, "that that was going to be a saloon! There are bottles in those boxes. You can hear them rattle."

"Well, I'm going to find out soon," said Silas Hopkins, and was off.

So the next day, while Frank and Ed. were busily engaged in getting their chemicals in order, a crowd of people gathered around the place to find out the purpose of this new store.

"How're you, boys?" broke in Silas, bent on his mission of curiosity. "It seems you're starting up a business here. What are you going to do? I'll be one of your customers, if it's worth while."

"Why, old man," said Frank, "we're starting a pharmacy."

"Nothing doing, boys. Can't buy no farms here. We won't sell to any speculators."

"Come out of it! You're mixed. We're starting a different kind—p-h-a-r-m-a-c-y. We're inventors. We're experimenting on solvents. We are trying to discover a liquid that will dissolve everything—gold, silver, iron, glass—anything."

"What's that first part? You talk like a doctor when you ask him the name of the medicine."

"Why, you dull fellow," interrupted Ed., "we're making something which will melt everything you put in it. If you put gold, silver, iron, glass, stone, wood, dirt, anything, into it, the thing you put into it will melt. Do you understand that?"

"Well, I s'pect I do," replied the farmer, as he hitched up his jeans. Then he tugged at his beard, scratched his head, and a broad grin settled on his face.

"Say, young fellows," he drolled, "what are you going to keep that in?" and walked off.



Winter

CARL J. RYAN, '15.

*From heaven wildly flutters fleecy down,
That staunchly braves rude Winter's might,
And folds 'round Nature's form an ermine gown
As would the proudest queen delight.*

*Gaunt Winter's icy breath from snow-capped height
Sweeps wailing o'er the frozen land,
And masks the leaf-shorn trees in spectral white
All changed to tombstones by his hand.*

*The oak, unbending monarch of the wood,
Festooned in clinging evergreen,
Like knight of yore, with mailed breast, and hood,
Stands glistening in icy sheen.*

*His icy kiss has nipped the woodland flowers,
And laid them in an early grave;
The birds are banished from their nestling bowers
In south-bound flight themselves they save.*

*The brook whose rippling music rests the while,
Ice-locked, o'erspread with drifted snow,
Awaits the longed-for call of Spring's first smile,
To bid its halted waters flow.*

*'Neath Winter's frown Nature has swooned away,
Yet germs of life that in her breast
Now lie, unharmed by frost, will spring one day
From out their sheltered nook of rest.*



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WILLIAM WAGNER, '15

PERLE EICHELBERGER, '14

The New Year

It is proverbial that New Year resolutions are not lasting in their results. Now that New Year is past, and we are advancing towards the next month of February, let us have a little chat.

The year of 1913-14 is moving on rapidly. The serious student is wrapped up in his studies, happy and contented. The exams are coming, and with them the dread that a class of students annually take up only to forget till the end of another semester. We have but a word of advice. Put in your best efforts to succeed well in the exams. Do not try to get out of any of them. Pass them all. If you fall down hard, you need the jar, rest assured. Turn over a new leaf; carry all the studies you should carry; keep away from the sluggard whose only energy and ambition is to *drop* a study. True, men of the latter type at St. Mary's are few, but their influence contaminates. So here's for honest endeavor, success to the earnest student, and a new start for the one who has fallen behind.

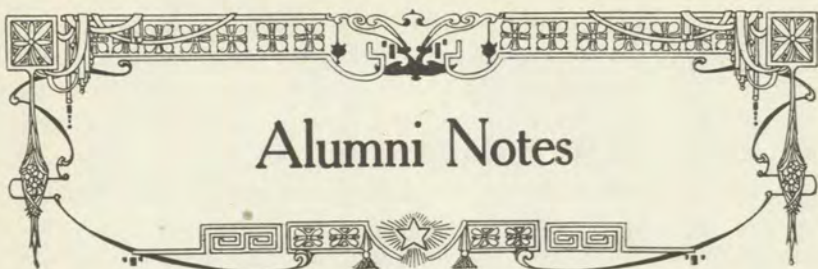
**The College
Magazine Today**

The unthinking public, the apathetic educator, and the individual whose destructive criticism is shallow-brained, all work their weary way with a rap here, and a tap there, to discourage, if possible, the active workers of college journalism today.

College journals welcome constructive criticism. But destructive criticism is positively out of place. College journals need encouragement; they deserve it from the college authorities themselves, the student body, and the alumni. There is no better ad for a college than a magazine that reflects credit on the institution; there is no greater incentive to stimulate professors to perfect the student body in the study of English and to encourage the student body to advance in English in order to "break into print," than that same college magazine; and lastly, there is no better medium of uniting Alumni in loyalty to Alma Mater through links of news of the good old college, the whereabouts and doings of Alumni, the growth and plans of Alma Mater.

So, let's get together—all of us. Help to make college magazines what they should be, what you believe they ought to be. Be a booster for the college magazine! If you have been a knocker, sell your hammer and buy a horn!





CHICAGO ALUMNI MEETING

Meeting
Jan. 2, 1914

Our readers have had the occasion of hearing of the social and enthusiastic meetings of the Chicago Alumni these past years. To begin the New Year aright, a meeting was held Jan. 2, 1914, in response to the notification of EDWARD A. BLUMENTHAL, '03, Secretary.

Dayton Member
of Board
of Governors
Present

Brother Wm. J. Wohlleben, S. M., member of the Committees on Arrangements and Membership, was present at the meeting. He reported to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, in charge of all publicity, that the keynote of the meeting was the eager request of EDWARD M. MILLER, '94—"Tell us something of Dayton." The round of song and story and reminiscences, and good cheer provided by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. M. Blumenthal, filled out the first part of the evening. A look-in would have done our readers good.

Message from
Pres. F. J.
Cormick, Jr., '88

The business meeting was the second part of the evening's program. A letter from the president of St. Mary's Alumni Association addressed to Brother William Wohlleben, conveying a message to the Chicago Alumni, was read, in part. It follows:

"There is a message that I should like you to deliver, and no one better than yourself knows that it expresses the spirit of the new organization.

"The St. Mary's Alumni Association stands today for exercising as much intelligent energy as its members possess to promote everything that will contribute to the welfare of St. Mary's College. There may be a little touch of the Fourth of July oration about this, but getting down to basic things, if an Alumni Association means anything, it must mean just that.

"You will, of course, tell the Chicago Boys that we have scarcely organized, and have not yet formulated our full policy. We are not yet warranted in announcing the financial plan, now being considered, but as I feel the members in Chicago will be responsive to the proposition, I do wish you would give them an idea of what we have in mind, and have them tell you what they think of it.

"Let them know anything that is being considered by us here, because, while nothing as yet has been officially adopted, there is no reason why we should not tell them how our ideas are trending.

"Please tell the members that we wish each one of them, as well as the organization, all the success we are dreaming about down here."

Sincerely,

F. J. McCORMICK, JR., '88.

The elaboration in detail of President McCormick's suggestions was received with marked attention and enthusiastic approval. Valuable suggestions were made by everyone present, and we hope that the Chicago members will mail the suggestions to the Board of Governors, who will appreciate them. The Board is looking for ideas, and knows that there are plenty of them waiting to be sent in for consideration.

In anticipation of the Mid-Winter Business Meeting in Dayton, several Chicago members are planning to be present. The members present at the Chicago meeting were: OSCAR C. MILLER, '92; JOS. WINDBIEL, SR., '92; ALEX. M. BLUMENTHAL, '94; A. J. KEMPER, '94; EDWARD M. MILLER, '94; MATT. N. BLUMENTHAL, '97; BERNARD F. KIRCHNER, '00; EDW. C. SCHOEN, '03; E. A. BLUMENTHAL, '03; ALEX. H. SCHOEN, '05; PAUL J. WENIGMAN, '07; WM. C. SCHOEN, '07; Joseph Windbiel, '17.

A Word of Thanks

The President and Faculty of St. Mary's wish to thank the Chicago Alumni for the courtesies extended to Brother Wm. Wohlleben, S. M., and hope that future meetings will be joint ones.

Unstinted praise and thanks for the social success of the evening are due to the generous hospitality of Mrs. M. Blumenthal, Miss Cora Will and Mrs. E. A. Blumenthal.

Nine rahs for the Chicago Alumni and their hospitality!

An Acknowledgement

The President and Faculty express their thanks to E. A. BLUMENTHAL, '03, for a sectional working model of the "Vortex Vaporizer," upon which the Breidenbach Laboratories of Chicago spent \$40,000. The carbureter has been turned over to the Mechanical Testing Laboratory of the College.

WIRELESS FLASHES

Aloys Voelker, '06 Our policy, as outlined recently, is to give live news of our Old Boys. Some of them, through oversight, have never been written up since their graduation. So, here's beginning with ALOYS VOELKER, '06, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Aloys, after leaving St. Mary's, rested up a while at home and then continued his studies at the University of Pittsburg, beginning December, 1908. After a year and a half, he was awarded his degree of Civil Engineer in June, 1910. He made such a decided hit with his professors, as he led his classes, that he was offered a professorship at the University. He declined, however, and took a position with the American Bridge Co., the second largest concern of its kind in the United States. Within a year, he rose from the position of draftsman to "checker of the drafting department," with a salary that looks awful good to us. He had the offer of a position as engineer with the American Bridge Co. in Panama, but refused because of plans that lead us to the climax of our story.

On August 20, 1913, he married a charming young lady, Miss Ida Moeller, of Pittsburg. After a lengthy honeymoon in New York, Atlantic City and down the Coast, he returned to Pittsburg, where he settled down in a cozy home at 4029 Vincent street, North Side, Pittsburg.

We feel proud of the rapid advancement of our loyal Alumnus, and would be delighted to have him visit Alma Mater and see what strides she has made, which have but begun with the present upbuilding and introduction of the Engineering Department. A brother of Aloys, Brother John Voelker, is a devoted faculty member of St. Mary's College, alive to every movement for the progress of Alma Mater.

Rev. F. Jos. Kelly, '90 There is no spot on earth, it seems, where the Exponent does not travel. It delights in getting wherever our Alumni go. Quite recently we received the following from REV. F. JOS. KELLY, '90, from the Isle of Wight, England: "The Exponent came as an agreeable surprise. It was most welcome, as it is the first American I have met since I settled in the land of the red coats."

Our loyal Alumnus, who was elected to the Board of Governors, continued: "I received notice of my election to the Board of Governors. Anything I can do to further the interests of St. Mary's, or of the Alumni, command me."

Father Kelly is studying Solesmes Chant at Quarr Abbey, attending "Royal College for organists at London" and the "College for Training of Boy Choirs." We will give our readers more details in a later issue.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Father Kelly many times at the organ in Peoria, Ills., and can readily understand the keen satisfaction his present opportunities afford him. He has ever been interested in Boy Choirs, and now has the pleasure of hearing the choirs of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, etc. He is planning on seeing Lourdes, and of spending sometime in Rome before returning to the United States.

F. William Kroemer, '07 Our loyal alumnus, F. WILLIAM KROEMER, '07, called on January 3, to introduce his wife to his friends among the Faculty. "Bill" was united in marriage on New Year's Day to Miss Marie E. Shannon of Terre Haute, at St. Benedict's Church. The rector, Rev. Ferdinand Mayer, officiated at the ceremony. It was during his stay at Terre Haute, while a student at Rose Polytechnic, that "Bill" made the acquaintance of his bride. They are going to locate at Somerville, Texas, where "Bill" is employed by the Santa Fe Railroad. His classmates and friends can address him at Somerville, Texas, Box 296.

Walter A. Roemer, S. J., '10 The Reverend President of the College informed us that he received a letter from WALTER A. ROEMER, '10. Walter is still at Florrissant, Mo., and with, at the present time, is his brother, William. Walter is in touch with the college monthly through the Exponent, and he informs us that he appreciates the vivid remembrance of the good, happy days he spent at St. Mary's. Both he and William appreciated very much the account given recently of them in the Exponent. We are pleased to learn that William and Walter are doing so well and are happy in the sublime vocation they have selected to follow.

Seminary At the We have promised our readers a little story of our Old Boys at the Seminary at Ellenora, O., the diocesan seminary of Cincinnati. At the present time they are 22 in number. Who are they? Here they are, and loyal boosters for S. M. C., every one of them. FRANCIS KELLY, '10; John Kelly, '10; MARCELLUS WAGNER, '10; ANTHONY TAGUE, '11; LEO SCHMITT, '11; THOMAS COBEY, '11; Francis Biendl, '08; Walter Roddy, '08; FRANCIS M. MUELLER, '12; EUGENE C. GERLACH, '12; EDWARD RUHL, '12; Leo M. Walsh, '12; Joseph Graham, '12; John F. Dillon, '12; Emil Edmondson, '13; ALPHONSE SCHUMACHER, '13; RAYMOND J. O'BRIEN, '13; Joseph

Dick, '13; Joseph Rauen, '10; Thomas Rvan, '12; J. Wagner Mayer, '11; Thos. L. Kearns, '11.

From what we have heard, they are all doing well, reflecting credit on St. Mary's College, and ever alert and loyal to speak the good word for S. M. C. More later!

Edward C. Purpus, '11   The President communicated to the Alumni editor the following letter that he received from one of our young "Old Boys," now in California:

"I am taking some of my spare moments to write you and tell you that I am getting along fine out here. At present I am employed with the Pacific Electric Railway Company on their Engineering Corps, and am making good use of the training I received at St. Mary's.

"This is a very beautiful country. Eden must have been something like this. It is a land of flowers and sunshine. Mountains, such as the Creator alone could have made, raise their heads through the leaves of an orange grove whose oranges are just changing from green to gold.

"I think I will like this country immensely, and will stay out here unless circumstances change.

"I will always remember my happy days at St. Mary's as the happiest days of my life.

"I remain as always,

Your true Old Boy,

"ED. PURPUS."

Renewals   The following Old Boys renewed their subscriptions in
Exponent   November and December: Lloyd Bing, Charles F.
Alumni   Shiels, Lester Quinlan, REV. JOSEPH PILON (2 years),
 REV. WM. O'CONNOR, James P. Ryan, Frank Vonderhoya (2 years),
 Joseph Schlaudecker, Karl J. Kranz, Wm. Fogarty, Carl Wehaer, Thos.
 Macklin, DR. JACOB J. MINKE, Anthony Rasche, John G. Westbrook,
 Rev. James Henry, JOHN JACOBY, George Behler, A. J. Peine, CLARENCE
 H. ROEMER (2 years), REV. F. JOS. KELLY, EDWARD C. SCHOEN, WM. C.
 SCHOEN.



College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR DECEMBER

Collegiate Department

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Junior Engineering.....	Lawrence Strattner, 94; Clement Yamashiro, 89
Sophomore Letters.....	Frank Culley, 92; Clarence Schmidt, 90
Sophomore Engineering.....	Aloys Schmedinghoff, 93; Arthur Zimmerman, 91
Freshman Letters.....	Raphael Sourd, 94; Joseph Evans, 93
Freshman Engineering.....	Joseph Windbiel, 92; Lyman Hill, 92; Earl Gard, 90

High School Department

Fourth High.....	Charles Meyer, 98; George Kinstle, 97
Third High-A.....	Paul Ohmer, 95; Louis Adelberg, 94; Aloys Kohl, 90
Third High-B.....	Joseph Schaefer, 96; Elmer Hess, 93
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Second High-B.....	Carroll Hochwalt, 90; Robert Jamieson, 89
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Business Department

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Elementary Department

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Sixth Grade.....	Herman Bumiller, 96; Edw. Schneider, 95; Felix Tillipowitz, 95
Fifth Grade.....	Harold Zoeller, 92; William Myers, 91

The New Year

Christmas with all its pleasures is past. The old year is no more. But we have a new year before us. If we have failed in the past, let us begin anew and make this year a success.

If we have done well in the past, we can improve in the future. In this way, success will crown our work and when the year is departing we can bid it farewell without regret.

Pool Tournament

The annual pool tournament was held between the First and Second Divisions. The "sharks" of both divisions participating: For the First Division, Fred Hillery, Frank Medley, Tierney Mahoney and John Devereux; for the Second Division, "Peggy" Roberts, Harry O'Leary, "Red" Shea and Lawrence Warren. The contest was close, but the First gradually drew ahead till the final score of the nine games was: First Division, 500; Second Division, 417.

Athletic Association Play

The play given yearly under the auspices of the Athletic Association proved a great success. There were three comedy sketches, which kept the audience in continual mirth. The troupe one and all deserves great praise. All the parts were well taken. The Glee Club entertained the audience with three delightful songs.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Brother Schumacher, entertained the audience with three delightful songs.

The cast of characters of "Coals of Fire" was the following: Mr. Crabtree, Frank Mahoney; Phil, his servant, Joseph Evans; Mr. Bartle, the village schoolmaster, Herman Tague; Village School Boys: Charlie, Charles Meyer; Dick, Joseph Burns; Bob, Holley Burch.

Cast of characters for "The Counterfeit Ghost": Pete, an innkeeper, John Kline; His Servants: Toni, Joseph Windbiel; Hans, Alfred Horschler; Vanderbilt, Ralph Wirshing; Gould, William Schleinitz; Rockefeller, Fred Avery.

Cast of characters for "The Country Justice": Justice of the Peace, Frank Thill; Spluge, Plaintiff, Francis Powers; Fudge, Defendant, Clement Barsch; Counsel for Plaintiff, Ralph Wirshing; Counsel for Defendant, John Kline; Foreman of the Jury, Frank Culley; Witnesses: Bulge, Frank Mahoney; Jenks, Fred Stroop; Smith, Frank Zink.

Smoker for Thespians

The Dramatic Association gave a smoker on Thursday evening, December 11. The evening was spent in cards, pool and billiards. At the close of the evening delicious refreshments were served.

Elocution Contest

The contest for the Griffith Gold Medal took place Sunday evening, December 14th. The participants not only showed talent, but were well instructed and their pieces were carefully selected. The able judges, Messrs. E. B. Grimes, J. C. Hochwalt, '05, and F. C. Canny, '09, rendered a very satisfactory decision despite the difficulty of a close contest. Their unanimous choice was Dan Collins, winner of the Griffith Gold Medal with 98%; Rufus Weber, second mention, with 97%, and Carlos Diaz, third, with 96%.

The following program was rendered: 1. March, "Zacatecas," Codina; 2. "O Italia," Chorus, Donnizetti; 3. "The Gladiator," Ivo Breig; "Lord Ullin's Daughter," Ray Carey; "Steamer No. 4," Dan Collins; "Flying Jim's Last Leap," Carlos Diaz; "Bingen on the Rhine," Joseph Leonard; 4. Sailors' Chorus,

Emerson; 5. "Beth Gellert," Francis Ligday; "David's Lament for Absalom," Charles Meyer; "Damon and Pythias," Rufus Weber; "The Wizard of Fleuret," William Werner; 6. March—Galop—Comrades in Arms, Hayes; 7. Awarding of Monograms, Athletic Association; 8. Decision of the Judges; 9. S. M. C. March, Lurtz.

Stroller Quartette Lecture Course The crowded house that heard the special program rendered by the Original Strollers Quartette, on the evening of December 21, were certainly satisfied. The solo work of Victor A. England and the impersonation of E. C. Parmenter were particularly pleasing.

Dr. Roy Russell Teeter On the evening of December 16, Dr. Roy Russell Teeter entertained us with his lecture, "Paying the Price." It was not a talk merely for the hour. He left as many wholesome thoughts which were carried away by all.

Christmas Festivities in Divisions It is customary for the divisions to hold a festivity before going home at Christmas, a foretaste of joys to come. The club rooms were appropriately decorated and the air was permeated with cheer and good fellowship, rife at Christmas.

The Third Division The feature of the Third Division celebration was its entertainment consisting of several playlets and pieces. The principal one being a dramatization of Dickens' Christmas Carol. It was appreciated by all who saw it. "The Confidential Clerk" and "Lost in Delays" were two comedies. The remainder of the evening passed in games and toasts.

Division The First The First Division spent the evening in playing cards, pool, bowling and dancing. The winners in cards were Frank Medley and Hugh Ewing; in pool, Fred Hillery and John Devereux; in billards, Harry Hart and William Miller; in bowling, Ed. Stuhlmuller and Joseph Cronerberry. An elegant three-course supper was served, and finally the prize waltz came. The winners of this event were Messrs. Frank Dugan and Frank Garrity. A special feature of the evening was the debut of the new piano into the exclusive society of the First Division. A most enjoyable evening passed away to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Literary Circle First High-B The Literary Circle of the First High-B was reorganized during the past month. The following officers were elected: Rufus Weber, President; John Trunk, Secretary; Joseph Mooney, Treasurer; Richard Grote and Joseph Morris, Librarians. On Friday, December 19th, the Circle presented the following program: "Good Old S. M. C.," John Geis; "Jes' for Christmas," Hugh McGreevy; "Harry's Christmas Gift," Alphonse Weckesser; "Christmas Spirit," Leo Mason; "The Boy's Com-

plaint," John Trunk. These selections and some impromptus helped to make the afternoon a most pleasant one.

Literary Circle On Friday afternoon, December 19, the Second High-B Lit-
Second High-B erary Circle held its Christmas session. With the students of Third High-B and several members of the faculty present, the following program was presented: Piano Selection, "The Dashing Cavaliers," John Dwyer; Address, Joseph Leonard; Reading, "The Church's Christmas Greeting," Wm. Boesch; Essay, "St. Francis of Assisi and the Christmas Crib," Jos. Kienhofer; Essay, "Christmas Chimes from Many Climes," Harvey Doran; Piano Selection, "Beautiful Star of Heaven," John Dwyer; Recitation, "A Desire," Leo Hornung; Essay, "The Holy Masses at Christmas," Eugene Litkowski; Recitation, "Santa Claus and the Mouse," Edw. Kuntz; Essay, "Christmas for Us," Carroll Hochwalt; Symposium, "Christmas With the Poets," James Dwyer, R. Carey, Frank Schlipf, Dan Collins, Wm. O'Brien, J. Ledger, F. Ligday; Piano Selection, "Cathedral Bells," L. Swain; Essay, "Christmas Greetings," George Hochwalt; "What the Boys Want for Christmas," Isidore Schell, Wilbur Yackley, Edw. Fitzgerald, Robert Jamieson; Piano Selection, "Good-bye, Boys," John Dwyer.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The curator of the museum gratefully acknowledges the following contributions:

1. Silt from the Dayton Flood, baked in the form of a book, from Mr. Clarence Deger, Dayton, Ohio.
2. Ohio and Kentucky Bank Notes of 1837, from Bro. Valentine, S. M., N. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
3. A piece of wood from the hull of the Niagara, from Mr. J. Sitterle, Erie, Pa.
4. Old Coins, from Mr. August Hans, Pittsburg, Pa.
5. Old Coins from Belgium, from Bro. Jos. Muehlbach, S. M., Dayton, O.
6. Shells from Hawaii, from Bro. Bernard Reckert, S. M., Dayton, O.
7. Silt from the Dayton Flood, from P. T. Eichelberger, Dayton, O.
8. A spike and piece of wood from the Niagara, from Mrs. F. G. Meyer, Dayton, O.
9. A fine collection of mounted birds from the Gulf region, from Joseph G. Jeckering, '05, Dayton, O.



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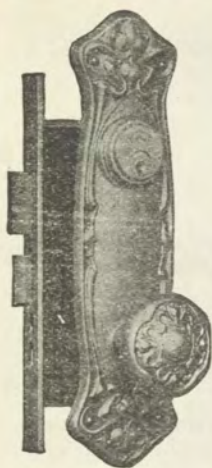
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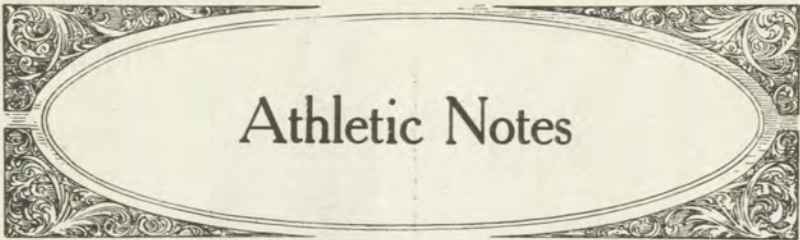
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Athletic Notes

CARL RYAN, '15, Editor.

VARSITY BASKET-BALL

From an abundance of evenly matched material, Coaches Solimano and Mahrt picked the following to compose the 1913-14 team: Frank Mahoney, John Devereux, Norb. Sacksteder, Vincent Farrel, Harry Hart, Ralph Neary, Al. Krusling and Wm. Sherry.

Frank Mahoney, the only letter man from last year, was elected captain of the team by acclamation.

This year's team will meet one of the strongest schedules a St. Mary's team has ever met on the basket-ball court.

Under the careful coaching of two experts of the basket-ball game, it seems reasonably certain that the team of this year will uphold the honor of St. Mary's on the basket-ball court.

St. Mary's—39 vs. Muskingum—33 With Mayor-elect George Shroyer tossing the first ball, St. Mary's opened the basket-ball season, on December 12, by defeating Muskingum College. The game was fast and exciting throughout and the score close at all times. St. Mary's secured the lead when Farrel threw the first basket of the season. Although closely pursued, St. Mary's held the lead until near the close of the first half, when Muskingum came to the front. The half ended with Muskingum leading, 24-22. Muskingum led for about half of the final period, when the Saints overtook them and secured a lead of several baskets, which they held until the final whistle.

Mahoney and Devereux were the chief point-getters for St. Mary's. Sacksteder played a fine guard game and contributed four field goals to the score. Arnold led the visitors in scoring, while Captain Montgomery proved a good floor man. Summary:

St. Mary's—Farrel, L.F.; Devereux, R.F.; Mahoney (Capt.), C.; Hart, R.G.; Sacksteder, L.G.

Muskingum—Arnold, L.F.; Montgomery (Capt.), R.F.; Aiken, C.; Atkinson, R.G.; Sinclair, L.G.

Field Goals—St. Mary's: Mahoney 5, Devereux 5, Farrel 4, Sacksteder 4, Hart. Muskingum: Arnold 7, Aiken 4, Atkinson 3, Montgomery. Foul Goals—Devereux; Montgomery 3.

Referee—Pflaum.

St. Mary's—16 After thirty-five consecutive victories, a St. Mary's basket-
vs. ball team finally met defeat, but it took no less a team than
Ohio State—23 Ohio State to turn the trick. Without taking any credit
 from State, which was playing the first game of the season, it must be said
 that the Saints lost simply because they could not cage the pill, although they
 had the ball in their possession most of the time, and had at least twice as
 many shots at State.

The game was a whirlwind affair from start to finish, and the Saints, although they were behind in the score for practically the entire game, played their hardest and never gave up for an instant. Although neither team had pass-work down to perfection, the Saints slightly outplayed State in general floor work and close guarding.

Simmermacher and Graf were the stellar performers for State and were responsible for most of the visitors' scoring. Sacksteder was the bright star for the Saints. He was all over the floor and a big factor in breaking up State's pass-work. Hart's work at guard deserves special mention as he held Cherry scoreless. Devereux led the Saints in scoring. The summary:

St. Mary's—Farrel, Krusling, L.F.; Devereux, R.F.; Mahoney (Capt.), C.; Hart, L.G.; Sacksteder, R.G.

Ohio State—Ginn, Bliss, L.F.; Cherry, R.F.; Simmermacher, Richmond (Capt.), C.; Trautman, Godfrey, L.G.; Grof, R.G.

Field Goals—St. Mary's: Devereux 4, Mahoney, Farrel, Sacksteder. Ohio State: Simmermacher 4, Grof 4, Trautman, Ginn. Foul goals—St. Mary's: Mahoney 2; Ohio State: Trautman 2, Richmond.

Referee—Pflaum.

ST. MARY'S CADETS

The Cadets have begun basket-ball practice for the coming season, and give every promise of upholding their wonderful record on the court. During the five seasons they have played together, the Cadets have met defeat but three times, despite the fact that they have met some of the best teams in the country.

This year will see the first change ever made in the Cadets regular line-up. This is necessary because of the fact that Al. Schumacher, center and captain, has left the city. Norb. Sacksteder may play center, or a new man obtained. Norb. is a fine, all-around player, but lack of height may keep him from the center job. The rest of the team will line up as always, with Hugh Sacksteder, Zimmerman and Kuntz at forward, and Mahrt and Baker at guard.

Harry Solimano will again coach the team. Manager Gessler has booked some of the best teams obtainable to meet the Cadets during the coming season.

Cadets—38-23 The Cadets opened the season Christmas day, playing two
vs. games with the Crestline team at Crestline, Ohio. The up-
Crestline—37-25 state team, composed of former college players, proved
 worthy opponents of the Cadets, and the result was two close and exciting
 games.

The Cadets wone the afternoon game by the narrow margin of one point, 38 to 37. Zimmerman, with 9 field goals to his credit, was the star of the game,

while Wenger of the Crstline team threw 8 goals. Mahrt played a good game at guard, getting 3 baskets and holding his opponent to 2 goals.

The evening game was another close one, this time the Cadets losing, 25 to 23. Zimmerman and Wenger with 5 goals apiece were the leading point-getters. Had "Zim" had a little more luck with the foul throws, the result might have been different, as he threw but 1 goal out of 13 chances.

Both games were somewhat rough and many fouls were called, the majority being called on the Crestline team.

Cadets—58 vs. Collegians—20 The Cadets opened their season at home with a victory over the Collegians of Columbus. The visitors showed good individual playing, but were entirely lacking in team work. The Cadets, however, had their pass-work down to perfection and played their usual speedy game. Both teams were a little off on their basket shooting. The game was somewhat rough.

Reilly at forward and Wardman at center showed up best for the Collegians, while Zimmerman and Baker each played a fine game for the Cadets. The summary:

Cadets—H. Sacksteder, L.F.; Zimmerman, R.F.; Schumacher (Capt.), C.; Baker, L.G.; Mahrt, N. Sacksteder, R.G.

Collegians—Ruh, L.F.; Reilly, R.F.; Wardman, C.; McDonald, Hamilton, L.G.; Little, Harry, R.G.

Field Goals—Zimmerman 8, H. Sacksteder 6, Schumacher 4, Mahrt 3, Baker 6, N. Sacksteder 1, Reilly 4, Ruh 2, Wardman 4. Fouls—H. Sacksteder 2.

Referee—Sajowitz.

JAPANESE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Third Endowment

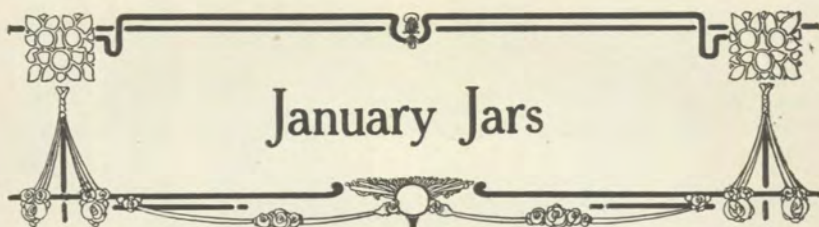
Cash on hand, July 1, 1913.....	\$1101.84
Dividend, July 1, 1913.....	20.50

Contributions received since July 1, 1913:

Chicago, Ill.: Mrs. Ebertshaeuser, \$5.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Rencke, \$2.00; Mrs. Britz, \$5.00; Mr. Michael Sieben, \$3.00; N. W. Resch, \$1.00; Aloys Walser, \$1.00; Sophia Kalvelage, 50c; Anna Luxim, 25c; Anna Brunner, 25c; Mrs. Niersbach, 25c; Margaret Dieden, 25c; Barbara Reinhofer, 25c; Eva Kremer, 25c; Barbara Reuter, 25c; Mrs. E. Holzmer, 25c; Peter Martin, 25c; Mary Metzdorf, 25c; Margaret Jung, 25c; Anna Blumenthal, 50c; Lucia Kerpen, \$1.00; Julia Kerpen, 25c; Catherine Brandenburg, 25c; Mary Jenet, 25c; Catherine Hedrich, 50c; Elizabeth Hill, \$1.00; Margaret Erische, \$1.00; Anna Reckert, \$1.00; Mary Kerpen, 50c; Stella Larsen, 25c; Mary Amstein, 25c; Anna Osterkorn, \$1.00; N. N., 5c; Mr. Joseph Kalvelage, \$5.00; Mrs. Angela Neifing, \$5.00; Mr. John Leies, \$5.00; John Simon, 50c; Agnes Mueller, 25c; Mary Liebl, \$2.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Ruebhausen, \$5.00; N. N., 25c; Anna Ebertshaeuser, 50c; Miss Johanna Klopp, \$1.00; Mrs. Margaret Kohnen, \$2.00; Mrs. A. Resch, \$5.00 Mrs. A. Osterkorn, \$1.00.

Dayton, Ohio: Rev. J. Stuber, \$1.50; N. N., \$5.00; Mr. Hugo Schneider, \$2.00; Mr. Francis N. Miltner, \$1.00.

Cash received since July 1, 1913.....	\$ 72.05
Total cash on hand, January 6, 1914.....	1194.39



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

"Janus"—"I will install a 'wireless' to No. 359."

"Neversweat"—"I will typewrite all my tasks, so I kin git a good note."

Thill—"I will fearlessly preside at athletic meetings."

Garrity—"I will leave my powder puff rest up."

Wagner—"I will be basket-ball manager or nothing."

Arts Students—"We will quit bluffing we are busy."

Engineers—"We will carry seven more studies to encourage the Arts Students to work."

Dunn—"I will finish at S. M. C. in spite of lowering storms."

Hill—"I will move closer to college to be on time."

Emmanuel—"I will get into the athletic association this year."

Tague—"I will quit joshing the undertaker by flirting with passenger trains."

Avery—"I will sell my glasses by the square yard and build a new science hall with the proceeds."

Keenan—"I will put my toys away Sunday evenings."

Donovan—"I will quit painting my fingers with iodine, for the fellows know I don't smoke cigarettes."

Connelly—"I will divvy up the cigars with the Lima bunch."

Reith—"I will smile once a month if it makes my face sore."

Cliff—"I will quit chewing everything but Spearmint."

Yama—"I will never betray the Cadets to anyone."

Horschler—"I will quit throwing the dog around, and keep my napkin out of the soup."

Gerlach—"I will never smoke again until I'm a man."

Hogan—"I made up my mind to cut the hog wrestle dances in the club room."

Romer—"I will cut out my canary bird yodel."

Current Questions

Collier Question—"Who's who and why?"

Money Question—"What's in it?"

Clerk's Question—"Have you been waited on?"

Railroad Question—"Where to?"

Political Question—"Who's honest?"

Current Exclamations

Con's Exclamation—"Fares, please!"

Al. Shartle's—"Shine!"

English Exclamation—"Bah Jove!"

Dayton Exclamation—"For the love of Dayton!"

Mutt's Exclamation—"For the love of Mike!"

Special to the Exponent!

John D. traded his millions for two eggs. Some poor man stole them. They were strictly fresh, so he ate them. Judge Anderson heard the case, fined the offender, and imposed a jail sentence for stealing. Charge Poaching—eggs on an oil stove.

With Shakespeare

MacBarsch—Knock, knock, knock. Lennox, you may knock, and Macduff, too. But Clement here refuses. I've quit the "bloomin'" club. My coat of arms shall undergo a change. The "arm and hammer" from my crest, Before the dawn of New Year's morn, I swear to Jove, I'll lay to rest, Or, I, your leader, stands foresworn.

MacMahon—I'll have revenge. By Mars I swear it. I've been belittled and belied. I stole, they say, within the sacred precincts of the Annex Room a smudge. Blood alone shall wash away this slander. Lay on, bold gang! Our trusty blades we'll gout in liar's blood, 'Ere New Year's sun is out.

"Janus" got news from "Tom" Bennett, our past, grand, exalted, drawing room canary bird.

The Seniors find the fan in the Study Annex just the thing to take care of Old Nick. "Fess up!"

The Seniors are going to quit calling that stuff in the frappe bowl—lemonade. The food inspectors are on the trail, so they feel they better make a clean breast of it and call the stuff by its right name.



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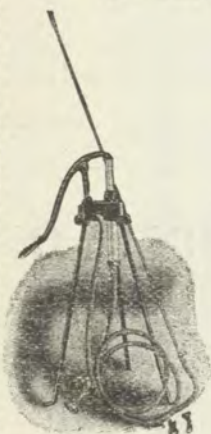
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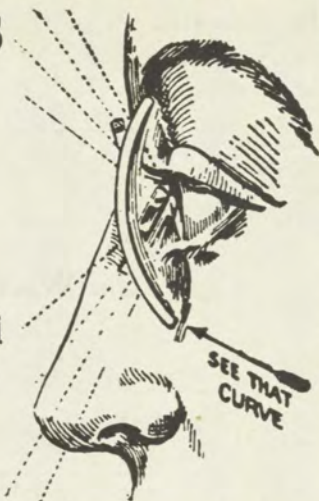
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