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## The Exponent, January 1915

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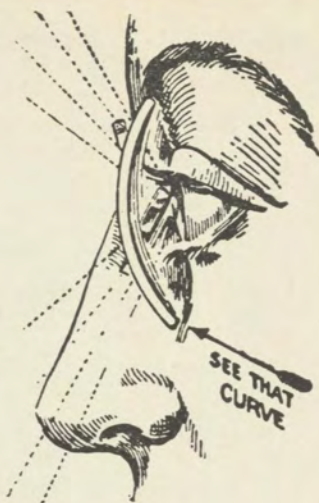
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# THE EXPONENT

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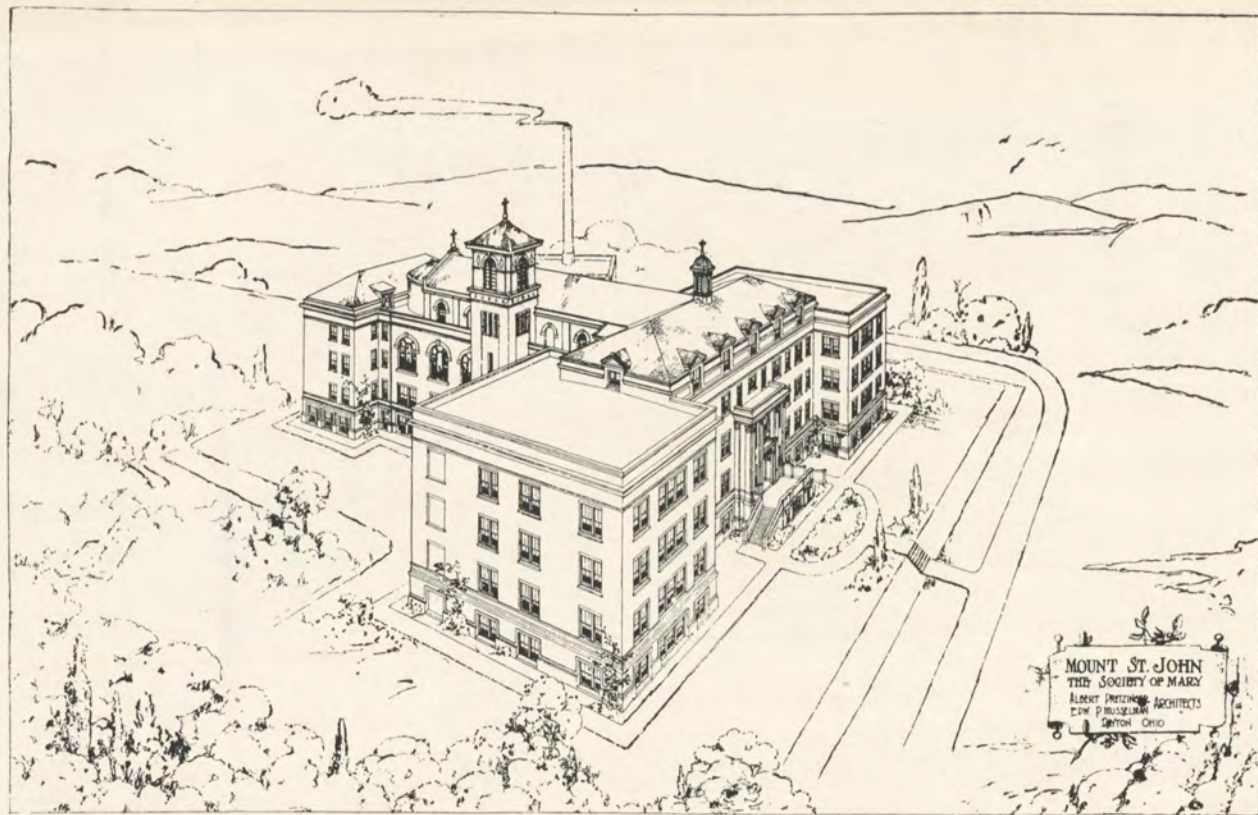
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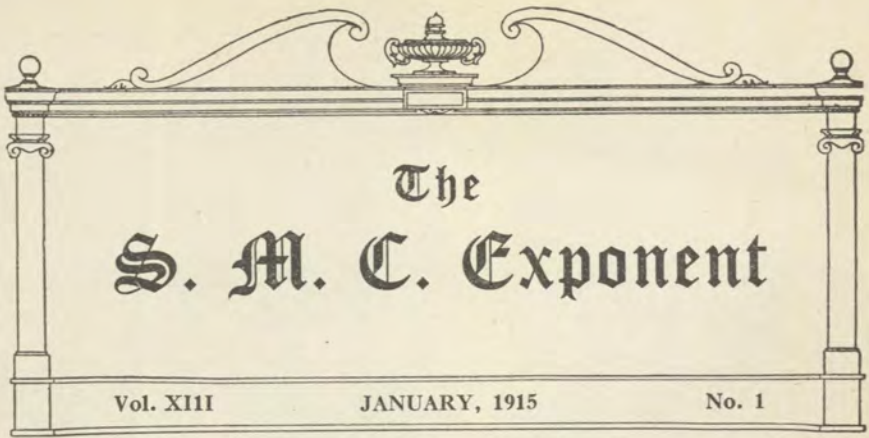
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NEW NORMAL DEPARTMENT AT MT. ST. JOHN





# The S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XIII

JANUARY, 1915

No. 1

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

DAYTON, OHIO

\*With the approbation of the Most Archbishop of Cincinnati, December 18, 1914.

At the close of the present scholastic year, the Normal Department of the Cincinnati Province of the Society of Mary, will move into the new buildings in course of erection at Mt. St. John, four miles east of Dayton. They will turn over to St. Mary's College the buildings, which they still occupy, including the chapel with its complete equipment of altars, vestments, sacred vessels, organ and furniture.

In token of appreciation of this gift which will enable the College to pursue its work more effectively and provide for a large increase of boarding and day students, the Faculty and Students have decided, with the assistance of the friends of the College, to donate the main altar of the new Normal School chapel. The altar, which is of the purest Carrara marble, will cost \$2500.00.

We feel confident that all who have attended the divine service at St. Mary's as students or friends of the College will be pleased to contribute to this fund and assist the present Faculty and Student body to realize their project. Those who contribute \$5.00 or more will be made members of the St. Mary's College Altar Fund Association, and the names of all donors will be placed within the new altar. A mass will be offered monthly for all benefactors for ten years.

\*Extract from circular letter mailed to Exponent readers, alumni and friends of St. Mary's.

## The Altar Fund



CAMPAIGN has been launched by the faculty and students of St. Mary's college to present an altar of Carrara marble to the chapel of the new normal department at Mount St. John, five miles east of Dayton. The students and faculty have already actively opened the campaign, and the alumni and friends of the college are co-operating with them by generously donating to the fund.

The idea of presenting the altar was the outcome of the announcement that the present chapel of the Immaculate Conception on the college grounds and the normal department building, with the entire equipment, will be turned over to the college Sept. 1, 1915, by the provincial of the Cincinnati province of the Society of Mary, Very Rev. George Meyer. The announcement was greeted with much enthusiasm, as it will permit the growth of the college to be successfully coped with without further delays.

The present chapel, which the college will receive for its sole use, has a beautiful interior, with a seating capacity of fully 600. The normal building, the other gift to the college, is a substantial four-story structure, which will allow for a large increase of boarding and day students. It will henceforth be known as Nazareth Hall.

The entire elementary department will be transferred there. The buildings presently occupied by the college will be used solely for collegiate and engineering and high school work. It is in appreciation, therefore, of these gifts to the college that the faculty and students, at a mass meeting held Dec. 18, generously conceived the project of donating the main altar to the new chapel at Mount St. John. This marble altar will cost \$2,500.

The new chapel occupies the south wing of the large building nearing completion, located over the Green County line. The altar, designed by Benziger Brothers of New York, is Roman in style and harmonizes with the classic outlines of the edifice.

It is designed to afford a place of worship for the students of the normal department of the Society of Mary, as well as retired brothers of the order, who will make their home in a commodious wing of the building, where they can comfortably live their declining years after arduous labors in the field of education.



The removal of both the normal students and the retired members of the order will take place July 1, 1915. It will be an epoch in the history of the Society of Mary in Dayton, where the central house of the order has been located since 1849. Dayton has been for the past 65 years the training school for the brothers and the administrative center of the American province. With the removal of the normal school to Mount St. John, it will become a distinct department affiliated with St. Mary's College.

Therefore, while the college does not suffer a loss in the change of location of the normal department, it profits to a great extent by the addition of two buildings, which will relieve the present congested condition in some departments, as well as permit the inauguration of new departments contemplated in the near future.

## Modern Inventions in War

CARL J. RYAN, '16.



FROM the days of the ancients, when men fought hand to hand with clubs, swords and shields, there has been a wonderful improvement in the weapons of warfare until the present day when armies frequently fight without even seeing their opponents. Until the invention of gunpowder, the idea of war was of a hand-to-hand conflict. With the introduction of explosives, the opposing armies gradually drew apart from each other in proportion as the use of fire-arms was perfected. Gunpowder may be said to be the basis of the modern system of warfare. Such improvements have been made in the method of fighting, that wherever at all possible, every modern invention has been utilized in modern warfare.

Where it formerly took weeks and months to mobilize an army, now it takes days. This is due principally to the advance means of sending news and transportation facilities. By means of the telegraph and telephone, military officers, without any delay, can give orders to other officers in all parts of the country, or the world, if necessary. By means of automobiles, railroads and battleships, troops are collected and transported from place to place in the shortest possible time.

The automobile is an important factor in the war to-day. This is the first important war in which it has been put to a real test, and it has demon-



strated its worth. It is used for transportation purposes, for the movement of field artillery. When armored and mounted with guns, it is a powerful weapon of offense and defense. Its speed and the ability to traverse almost any kind of ground, are its most valuable assets.

Napoleon directed his generals at Waterloo by means of personal messengers. Riders, mounted on swift horses sped here and there, giving and receiving messages. But now all this is past. The general remains far behind the line of battle, and directs his generals almost as quickly as he thinks himself. This is possible by the use of the telegraph and telephone. Each division of the army has a complete telegraph outfit in its equipment, and on selecting a camp or selecting a battle ground one of the first things done is to erect its telegraph outfit. The wireless is much used in military circles. It does away with the stringing of wires, which would consume much time and labor and could be easily cut. By this elimination the wireless has a big advantage over the old system. While the automobile speeds over the ground and electricity flashes news through the air, there is used another means of transportation and message sending, and this is the aerial transport, the areoplane and airship. There is perhaps no other modern invention, whose advent into war has been so eagerly anticipated. Glowing pictures of the imagination have been drawn, and an endless number of predictions made as to what the areoplane and airship would do in war. Bombs and other high explosives could be dropped from above, armies and battleships destroyed, and dire disaster could be wrought to the opposing army by means of the airships, so it was predicted. Up to date these predictions have not been fulfilled. As a weapon of offense the navigators of the air have not accomplished much. The aeroplane in particular, by reason of its inability to remain in a fixed position, or to carry a very heavy load, has shown itself rather useless as a method of offense. The airship, especially the Zeppelin, may be useful as an offensive weapon, but as yet has done nothing extraordinary. The real usefulness of the aeroplane is for scouting purposes. It is invaluable for detecting the movements of the enemy, for finding out their positions, and for giving their own gunners the proper range.

The modern siege guns have proven a revelation to the world. In size, reach and effectiveness they are almost incredible. Unlike the old style cannon, they do not hurl a single ball; but instead discharge a huge shell, weighing several thousand pounds, which explodes with terrific force at a fixed time. The damage done by these shells are enormous. Forts, hitherto deemed impregnable, are now rendered absolute. Some of these guns are so huge that the problem of transporting them is a serious one, and some of them are even moved in sections.

Closely allied with the huge guns and their exploding shells, is shrapnel. Shrapnel is nothing more than shell-filled bullets and slugs, which the exploding shell hurls in all directions. Shrapnel is not an entirely new method of destruction, but today its effectiveness is greater than ever before. When a gunner is given the correct range, the enemy is soon engulfed in a veritable rain of shell and lead. The wounds caused by shrapnel are terrible and are far worse than those caused by an ordinary bullet.

The present war has brought to light a number of new devices in warfare, but there is none perhaps more deadly and also more merciless in its slaughter than turpenite. Turpenite, an invention of the French, is a gas which is released from exploding shells. It covers a rather wide territory and brings instant death to all living beings within reach. Its action is immediate and thorough, for it stops the heart action as soon as inhaled. Large numbers of soldiers have been found in their trenches apparently waiting the approach of the enemy, but in reality dead. Without scratch or scar, they have been killed, and remain but a forceful testimony as to the effectiveness of the modern method of destruction.

With all these modern improvements in military science one would think that such primitive methods of fighting, such as blocking the progress of an enemy by means of fallen trees, wire entanglements and the like could be disregarded. But such is not the case. An army which has to clear its path of such obstacles must frequently do so in the withering fire of the enemy, who had previously secured the proper range.

The present war has not yet produced a great naval battle. There has been enough activity on the sea, however, to call our attention to the latest developments in naval warfare. The battleships in use are bigger and more powerful than ever before. They carry enormous guns, guns so large that a ship can stay far out in the sea and drop shells on land, and yet be without the reach of the guns on land, if we except the coast defense guns.

The super-dreadnoughts are the largest warships; but there are any number of other boats, differing in style, speed and purpose. Looking at these vessels, one would think that they were masters of the sea. Majestically they ride the waves, and the lashing of the billows against their sides seem like puny efforts of nature to conquer them. Such vessels steaming along the ocean give one the impression of an invincible force, something not to be conquered. But suddenly its power and majesty seem to depart, for a terrific explosion occurs. Part of the ship is blown away; it turns to one side and slowly sinks. Consternation reigns on board as the men make heroic efforts to save their lives.



Some escape in life boats, some cling the debris, but others go down victims of the deadly torpedo.

The torpedo and the submarine go hand in hand; they work together. The submarine reaches into the sea for its prey. Seeing its intended victim, it sinks beneath the surface of the water. Nothing remains above but the periscope, the instrument by which the operators of the submarine can see what is going on upon the surface of the water. When the submarine gets near enough to its prey it discharges the torpedo, which is propelled by its own power, to its goal, where death and destruction are launched.

Finally, there is the mine. It is not exactly a modern invention, but is making its presence felt in the present war. The present day mines are so powerful and so well placed that it is almost certain destruction for a ship to enter or navigate a mined territory. So far, merchant and fishing vessels seem to suffer more from mines than the war ships for whom they are intended.

Reflecting over all these modern inventions used in war, the question presents itself, "Where will all this lead us to?" Some are prone to believe that modern inventions would make war so costly that it would tend to abolish it. Experience, however, does not seem to sustain this theory. The end of the present war may usher in the reign of universal peace or it may inaugurate an agitation for the preparation for future wars. We may live to experience world wide peace, or we may live to see still further development in the methods of warfare. But what ever may come we may assume ourselves of this much; that future inventions will not tend to abolish war.

## The Hobo

NICHOLAS TAYLOR, '16.



EVER since the conversion of A No. 1 considerable attention has been attracted by the less poetic element of Bohemian life. The hobo, as he is today, seems a quite modern outgrowth of civilization, and has practically no parallel in the history of the past. Too much romance hovers about the individuals that occur in tradition on the continent to give them any claim as ancestors of the modern hobo.



The hobo is a class by himself; still it is easier to point out a bobo or recognize one when he crosses you, than to give a precise definition of him. He is continually changing front and he has a marvelous facility for posing. However, considered in the light of his outlook on life and of his purpose in life, it is less difficult to formulate some kind of definition. His purpose in life is to have no purpose at all. Free as the wind, he acknowledges neither ties of family, nor friendship, and except for the more cultured Bohemian of our larger cities, there is little of the poetic about his existence.

No typical hobo, however, fails to correspond to that one great characteristic of the class, restlessness and constant immigration. With A No. 1 it was evidently a case of instinctive response to his "Wanderlust." The typical hobo is likewise a great traveler, but his is rather an instance of misapplied energy than of any answer to the "call of the wild." He has no particular relish for the monotonous existence of city life, and he would chafe like a captive bird in fall, were he forced to adapt a definite home and occupation. But there must be some attraction about his checkered and purposeless drifting from day to day, that endears it to him and makes him unwilling to abandon it. Perhaps it is this very freedom and independence. He consults only his own personal comfort and then often not even that, when he wants to migrate from town to country or from one part of the world to another. Along the lines of traffic you will find him most frequently, stealing a ride on a freight whenever he gets an opportunity. But during the hot season of the year he is driven out to the country by the same instinct that drives the swell folks to their summer-homes at some famous watering-place. There is nothing fastidious about him. Along the banks of some rural stream in the shade and shelter of a weeping willow, or in the refreshing coolness of the woods, he will stretch his tired frame, forming a very comical picture, it is sure, but still one of supreme comfort.

For society and companionship he is never at a loss. There is a kind of informal Brotherhood of Hoboes. In it he will find spirits congenial with his own, leading the same purposeless existence, and bound together by common interests, common joys and misfortunes. Neither does he seem very particular about his amusements. The whole wide world is his playground, and when he is through seeing it, he will probably be through with life.

But the queerest thing in a hobo's life is the way he gets his meals. Although he has dispensed with every other formality of society, he somehow cannot ignore the grub question. Did you ever notice that nearly every hobo wears a belt, and that whenever his face has a hungry look, his belt is tightly laced about his body? Physicians were for a time unable to explain the fact; but the hobo was taught better by

experience than science could ever have taught him. He can walk twice as far on an empty stomach with a tight belt than he could without it. He will tell you that he don't feel the pinch so much, and he can take more rebuffs in good spirit than if he had a clamoring down in his stomach.

The hobo is a living contradiction of pessimistic philosophy and of such pulpit-ranters who think they have a mission to rekindle the fire of charity in the breasts of a cold and selfish humanity. Just a little posing and a tragic lie or two, and in the twinkling of an eye he is munching a large ham sandwich, or better still, feasting on the remnants of a fine dinner. He knows that somewhere in every city or village there is a good kind housewife that will be taken by his tale of misery and his half-famished appearance. And he knows also that, if it comes to the worst, his doggedness and persistency will bring something his way, even if the motive of the donor is a mere choice between two evils.

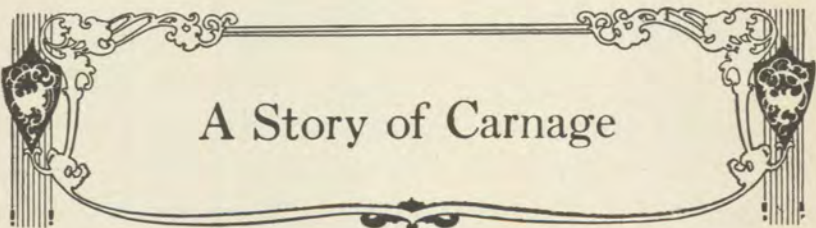
There is another factor in the hobo's grub-question that has made some people wonder why evolution doesn't work out in his case. Nobody is more handicapped in the struggle for existence than your hand-to-mouth hobo. Nature should have treated him kindlier, and by a happy accidental variation, provided him with some contrivance that would place him above the necessity of looking for his meals, though it would be difficult to say just what kind of a contrivance could take care of the hobo's grub. At least we might imagine that nature would have responded to his constant striving, and given him some indirect help, as it did to the giraffe. A gaudy color, for example, could lure pies from the window-sill. According to the evolutionist, flowers attract bees and other insects for the purpose of pollination; or better still, an extraordinary length of arm would enable him to reach the kitchen from outside and make off with some savory dish. Then, also, nature might have given him a facility for rapid locomotion and protected his rear in the event of any sudden attack by an enemy. But although beneficent and provident, evolution has not dealt kindly with the hobo; he survives today and threatens to survive for all time to come in spite of every attempt to send him to the wall.

He is, as was remarked, a member of a brotherhood which is somewhat of an informal imitation of the old German "Fehde." Some time ago a whole list of signals was published in a magazine, illustrating the short-hand used by the hobo to convey to a fellow-member what experience he may expect in a given city or at a given house. "Good-feed," "Cross dog," "Rough on Tramps,"—such is the interpretation of some of these signs. There is, in fact, among tramps a certain spirit of vulgar good-fellowship of the same character as their standard of life. Although the hobo has practically outlawed himself from respectable society, he nevertheless constitutes himself a member of his own



society. He is jostled and scorned by the rest of mankind, because he fails in his duty to them and is a mere despicable parasite. They have little sympathy for him because he can offer no valid claim for any. But he, too, in his way scorns them, congratulates himself on his happy independence and is more and more confirmed in his purpose never more to become enslaved by social formalities.

Perhaps the hobo takes a quite different view of his life. Who can tell how much of real tragedy there is in his vagabondage? And still if he had any prospects of honorable employment, he would in many cases stick to his hobo existence. Nothing short a secure financial position and blissful immunity from toil could tempt him from his independence. Through years of such existence the coy of nature has grown faint and now scarcely seems to make any impression on his rugged character. Some tragic situation in early life, or perhaps a mere freak of disposition has made him what he is. To us he is only a hobo. We look down upon him either with a feeling of scorn or of grand pity. Who cares whether or not some few noble sentiments still lie dormant in that fallen piece of humanity? He is a hobo, and that settles him with society. It may tolerate him, but will never so far demean itself as to acknowledge him. A vagabond all his life, he finds old age coming on him fast. Then death cuts short the tragedy. But who cares? It was only a hobo.



## A Story of Carnage

RAPHAEL SOURD, '16.



EN. DEAUX who was in command of the Third division of the French army had his headquarters near Soul, in the north-eastern part of France. It was about two weeks before the great battle of the Aisne. On this certain day the soldiers were completing their after dinner drill, when a messenger was announced as being in a great haste.

Being searched and nothing incriminating found, he was admitted to the presence of the General.

"Speak" said the General "and let us know the cause of such haste."



Excitedly the man spoke. "Your honor is aware that Gen. Pau passed through this place on his march to the Vosges."

"So were his orders," answered the General. The messenger continued. "Gen. Pau concealed some very important papers in an old castle of Louis X, about five miles from this place. These papers I was informed were for you."

"This is very singular. Why should he have chosen such a means," questioned the officer.

"Because he feared that if the papers were sent back by messenger, the Germans might waylay him and thereby obtain important information concerning the French plans. So he chose this means, knowing that you would soon reach this place."

"Did he exactly locate where the papers may be found?"

"Yes, here is a description of the inside of the castle which tells where they lie. You will easily find them."

It would have been an easy task to fetch these papers but for the fact that the interlying country was infested with the advance guard of the Germans. Therefore, its performance was a matter of great danger.

General Deaux was a man quick to act. So calling together his chosen dragoons he announced to them:

"My men, I have here a very hazardous task, which I must force upon you. I do not wish any man to go unless he is willing, if necessary even to die rather than fail. Those who are willing hold up their hands."

Instantly every hand every right hand of that band of dragoons, in whose veins coursed the red blood of Napoleon's invincible warriors, was raised from the shoulder.

"My brave men, every one of you will in time get the chance to show his worth," said the General, "but I must choose two of you, so the rest must not be offended. I appoint for this task Captain Prenat and Lieutenant Arglé.

Dismissing the others he called the chosen two into his tent and there instructed them in accordance with the note which the messenger had brought.

On their departure Gen. Deaux spoke words which lent encouragement even to these two men picked from the bravest of the brave.

Accustomed to guarding their movements, which knowledge they had received from their experience in scouting, they proceeded as fast as secrecy would allow. Though they were several times almost discovered, the General had knowledge of his choice, and they arrived in sight of the castle a little before dawn. They halted in a very isolated spot from where they were able to obtain a good view of the castle and its surroundings.

"Captain, what shall we now do?"

"I think it is the best thing to find out our exact position, so that we may know what our chances are. If we are discovered we want a safe means of escape, as I think we had better look around a little."

"I obey what you think best," answered the Lieut. With more guarded movements than ever they approach nearer the castle.

Suddenly the Lieutenant stops and points to a window, saying, "look, there are Germans in the castle. I saw an officer pass that window."

The other replied, "I did not see him, for it is getting dark and your eyes are sharper than mine.."

"He surely was a German officer, for he had on the helmet and that dull gray of the Germans. But look, another passes the same window."

The Captain answered "Yes, I saw that one. Look back of the turret yonder, there are more than a score of soldiers!"

The Lieutenant adds, "They may discover the papers. Perhaps that is what they are searching for."

"Never fear," encouraged the Captain "the papers are in a secret drawer under the stairway leading to the basement. But we will wait awhile before we move. Perhaps the Germans will leave."

True to the Captain's presumption, the Germans did leave the castle. They little thought that behind they had left unknown the secret which ultimately accounted for their failure to crush the French in one of the great battles of the present war.

In order to be sure that there was no more danger from this quarter, the two French dragoons delayed a while longer. It was already pitch dark.

"We will now move," said the Captain. "But while I go for the papers you will stand guard at the entrance. The one thing that bothers me is that I will be forced to use my flashlight, and we may thus be detected."

They approached the castle and the Captain stationed the Lieutenant as guard and left him saying: "If any one interferes, shoot to kill."

A German sentinel on his nocturnal beat observes a light through one of the windows of the castle. He approaches and throws his powerful searchlight on the building. It finally rests on a soldier standing guard.

"Give the password," demands the sentinel.

"Vive la France!" is responded.

The report of a German rifle breaks the stillness of the night. Quick as a flash a French trigger is pressed and sends its death rendering ball to a fatal spot in the German's body.



Captain Prenat has just obtained the papers from their hiding place when he hears the rifle reports. He puts the papers in his pocket and hastens to his comrade. He meets him and quickly learns what has happened.

"Come," he says, "we must hurry, the Germans will discover us; we must make good our escape."

With these words they hasten as fast as possible. They escape the soldiers rushing to the scene. But they must still pass the outposts. They are so bent on succeeding that they neglect to take the necessary precautions. Alas! they are discovered and the rays of a German searchlight are quickly followed by a rifle ball which is true to its mark and hits the Captain. But even before he falls the German outpost pays the price of his interference because of the unerring marksman, Argle.

"Are you much hurt, Captain?"

"Yes I think it is my last wound. Get the document out of my coat."

"But, you first, Captain."

"No, I say, open my coat and get them. You can do me no good. You must carry them to our general."

The Lieutenant found the papers and thrust them in his own pocket.

"Leave me—do your duty—I can not be helped—those papers—may mean—French success.—Go,—the Germans—may kill you.—Go."

Lieutenant Argle reluctantly leaves his dying superior, but he sees clearly his duty and with a last salute he sorrowfully directs his course toward the French camp.

Early next morning a weary looking Lieutenant gains admittance to his officer's quarters, and lays before him the precious papers.

"You have succeeded, I see, but where is Captain Prenat" asks the General.

With a sigh the Lieutenant responds: "Killed while doing his duty."

"A brave man indeed! But let us see what is the nature of the papers."

Unfolding the wrapper he glanced over the headlines and burst out in an exclamation.

What! Fortune has surely smiled upon us. But for this knowledge we would be defeated in the coming battle, for the Germans are already bringing up heavy reinforcements."

"How can they be so important?"

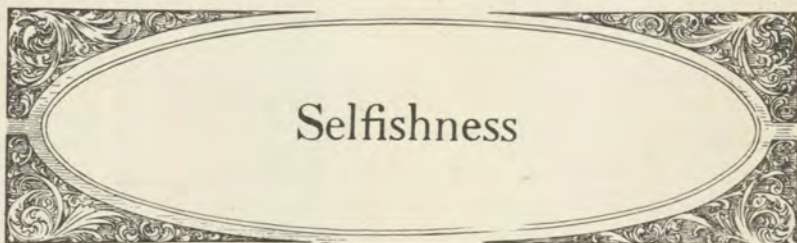
"Gen. Pau informs us that he will form a juncture with our army at a specified place. This union of the two armies will make us strong

enough to hold back the Germans in the impending battle. For this service you shall be a Captain in order that the place of Captain Prenat shall be filled, and the bravery of the two dragoons of General Deaux shall be an ideal which all French soldiers shall strive to imitate."

In accordance with his plans in these papers, a fortnight later, Gen. Pau formed a junction with the forces of the Third Division under General Deaux.

This combining of the two armies enabled the French to resist the terrible onslaught of the Germans in the far famed battle of the Aisne.

Thus one heroic deed of two brave-hearted dragoons probably saved France from further invasion by the Germans.



EDGAR PARKER, '15; A. B. LINGER, '15.



SELFISHNESS is an inclination deeply seated in the heart of everyone of us. Nobody can deny this fact. We are actuated by selfish motives in every thought we think and every act we do, if not directly, at least in an indirect way. When the patriot shouldered his gun, rushes into the thick of the fight and sacrifices for his country that which is nearest and dearest to him—his own life—he is spurred on by the hope of winning the name of a great hero. And when the poet contemplates the starry skies or the beauties of woods and fields, he does so because of the gratification and pleasure they afford him. If we analyse anyone of our actions, we will see that at the bottom of it is self-preservation, self-advancement, or self-gratification. But from this fact, we cannot conclude that all our actions are bad or unworthy. In itself, selfishness is no evil. On the contrary, it is often a powerful means for accomplishing great things and a great factor in making life happy and useful. It all depends upon the way we consider ourselves, that selfishness becomes a source of evil or good, happiness or misery. If we look upon ourselves merely as individuals, living and acting for our own interests and satisfaction, then selfishness spells ruin and misery; but if we consider ourselves as parts of a community to which we must contribute our share



of support and advancement, then selfishness, by taking on a new form—our-selfishness instead of my-selfishness, will become a source of the greatest success and enjoyment for ourselves and the circle in which we move. Selfishness, therefore, may be our best friend or our worst enemy.

It is our worst enemy when we look upon ourselves as the only person for whom we are living, a being separated from the rest of mortals by a huge door that opens inward to receive the genial warmth of the summer-sun, but never opens outward to allow the warmth of the winter-fire to glow and cheer the cold and miserable world outside. A person who continually receives, but never gives, can never be truly happy. His condition is like that of the miser who is never happy, never satisfied, but always desires more. Who has not experienced the glow of genuine happiness after enkindling a spark of joy in the heart of a forlorn beggar by a generous gift? What the poet so beautifully said of mercy, can also be said of kindness: "It droppeth like the gentle rain; it is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that takes." I think the good Lord has placed so many paupers in this world just to give us greater opportunities of making ourselves and others happy by giving freely and generously to those in need. The selfish man forfeits this noblest of pleasures, the satisfaction of making others happy. Besides, he makes himself positively miserable, for he has no friends, but many enemies. As he lives only for himself and takes no interest in others, nobody bestows any care or attention on him.

No one will make friends with a man who will not repay love and interest shown towards him. Such a person we shun as the mouse shuns the cat. In consequence, his life is void of one of the greatest sources of happiness—friendship. Moreover, the life of a selfish man becomes a total failure. He has no chances to rise to any position of prominence in the social, political, or business world, for those with whom he is directly concerned and upon whom he depends, realize that such a man will not advance their own interests, and with good reason refuse him their support, and if necessary, knock the props from under him if he has risen to any prominence at all. He rarely rises to any height of success, and if he does, he soon falls, never to rise again.

But if we consider ourselves, not as independent beings, but as members of the great human family, then selfishness takes on another aspect and becomes a source of greatest happiness for ourselves and our fellowmen. As all the members of a well-ordered family have the interests and advancement of one another closely knit with that of their own, and in all their actions strive to advance the honor and prosperity of the family, so we, too, should refer all that we say, think and do, to the general good of the great human family of which we are members. Our fellowmen are not strangers, but brothers, whose lives are closely

bound with our own, each depending on the other. If we act upon this principle of universal brotherhood, then our own interests, our hopes and endeavors will not be centered in self, but will extend to the entire community. We will live our life in its fullest measure, both as individuals and as social beings.

This constitutes one of the great pleasures of life, to live not only for ourselves, but for others likewise. Where does the father or the mother in home, the teacher in the classroom, or the pastor in his parish derive their joy and satisfaction, if not in working for the well-being of their children, their pupils or their flock? Their life is a noble one, for they sacrifice themselves for the sake of others, and in this self-immolation and devotedness they find their happiness and enjoyment. Thus it is with every man who devotes himself for the welfare of his fellowmen. If you have any doubt about the truth of this statement, try it yourself, get away from that wicked self and give yourself up to the cause of others and you will find therein genuine happiness.

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Selfishness! That means **us**. No? Let me prove it to you. Did you never see "it" standing beneath the basket between halves. and appropriating only every other shot? If not, watch next time. During recreation, did you never see "it" run for the best chair at cards, and that, night after night? Did you never see "it" button-hole a favorite in some corner for an hour at a time, or monopolize the conversation in a crowd? Just look and listen.

No, you don't have to go far to see this trait of character, or to study it in all its varying forms. There's an unabridged volume, 47 octavo, hide bound, on the first shelf in the library of your heart. Everybody's reading it. Don't wait for your friend to read it to you; he might forget, your enemy will not.

Come, look at only one article from the fifty-ninth chapter. This morning I awoke from a beautiful dream of chocolate ice-cream down at Zonar's. There I sat, while spoon after spoon of that angel food rose from a huge dish, to melt with delightful slowness on my greedy tongue. Suddenly there was an earthquake somewhere. The spoon fell from my hand, the dish crashed to the floor, and—there was the gong in the hall-way clanging with fiendish joy. Cold was it? Just a little; the Martini from under the mattress wouldn't flow when I tried it. Get up in that liquid air? Not for me. I just quietly lay back and snored for keeps till Jack, room-mate, had set the steam a-going in the heater, then I gave a long yawn and with one bound landed near the radiator. It was nothing, only just—selfishness.

An hour later I was sitting at the breakfast table, ham and eggs before me. Myself and five others were looking at that dish in the



center. My turn came first, and I found the dish rather heavy, so to ease its transit I did the best I could. Some thought me over kind; but that I passed the bounds of decency, I denied most emphatically in face of all adverse criticism. When the dish came around the second time, as it did pretty soon, I took only a little to atone for my alleged fault, and thus gave my neighbor an opportunity to replenish the dish, to "root." What was it all? Nothing, only just selfishness.

Twenty minutes later, I happened to be in the study-hall, when a new book, largely advertised, was placed in the library. I signed up for it immediately, and since desire increases joy when the object is finally possessed, and because I wanted the next one after me to experience the very greatest possible joy, I kept that book for over two months. Only—just selfishness.

And so it goes on day in and day out. The capital "I" has grown so big, and is placed so near our visual organ, that we can see nothing above, nothing beside, nothing beyond this miserable pronoun.

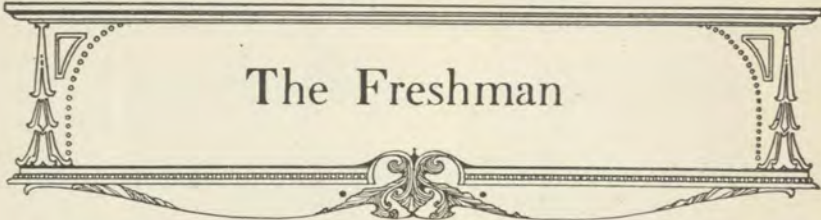
What would you think of the young man, who seeing a companion homesick and lonesome, would not turn a hand to cheer him up? Is he selfish? Yes? No,—he is selfishness personified.

But we must not speak too loud, for selfishness is everywhere. It is that quality of which each one has a good share, and some have more. It shows itself at all times. It causes quarrels and murders and suicides, and a host of other evils. It helps the famine to strike down thousands, and moulds the cannon to slaughter humanity. Selfishness has been the first cause and last end of every war that has scarred the face of this fair earth from Cain's strife to the Europe-wide massacre of the present hour. And it shall remain, until it triumphs in the anti-Christ, at the dawn of that awful day when all things shall be swallowed up in cleansing fire.

Eradicate this vice completely we cannot, but stay it, we can and must. Hard as it may seem, many have done wonders in conquering self. How often, in the midst of the worst of selfishness, do we not find a character wholly occupied with thoughts of those around him? A few days ago I saw an instance of selfishness that made me think. Three young men were on their way to see a picture exhibit at Memorial Hall. The sunshine had looked so warm that one of them was deceived and left his overcoat at home. The poor fellow was pinched with cold, but nowhere so much as in his hands, which were becoming stiff and swollen. "Take my gloves, old man," said his neighbor, just as a stinging blast smote full in their faces at a street crossing. "Sorry I didn't think of them sooner. Gratitude beamed on his friend's face, and that kindness of his companion cheered him greatly during the rest of the

cold walk. Another trifle, a little bit of an act, but it forced a sunbeam through a leaden sky, to shine upon a suffering comrade.

Even from a selfish view-point, selfishness ought to be crushed, for the selfish man is never happy. Judging others by himself, he thinks every one else is trying to get the better of him, and like the miser who grabbed so desperately at a penny that he lost a silver dollar, so the selfish man siezes on to the foibles of life with such greediness, that he loses that which forms the keenest joy of life—the love of those he could and should call his friends.



## The Freshman

JOSEPH W. EVANS, '16.



HE conduct of the student body is practically the same in all colleges. Each has its various classes, gangs or cliques, and their leaders and the nature of their proceedings is generally the same. The college career of a man begins when he is yet in his boyish nature, but by the time he has spent four diligent years in a college, he will have outgrown his boyishness and taken on a new character of seriousness and anxiety. He begins to realize that he is now on his own responsibility. The checks will not much longer be coming from father and he begins to take a longer look at his money before he lets it go. He begins to know the value of a dollar.

The freshman on first arriving at college is easily marked at first sight. He looks uncomfortable and probably in most cases he feels so. He has that clumsy appearance, that unsteady glance from one to another and is noticeably embarrassed because he is conscious of being observed. This creates that longing for home and mother. He has no desire but to get home where he was an idol and as good as the best. When he decided to go to college he was hailed as a hero. For this very reason he cannot go home. He could not bear to have his friends smiling at him in a significant and sympathizing way, so he faces the music.

He finds conditions somewhat different than they were at high school at home. Instead of being surrounded by people whom he knew from childhood, he finds himself among strangers, unsympathizing and indifferent. Of he escapes the pranks of the hazing gang, he is left to break his own way into the college whirl.




Now is the most critical time of his college career. It may determine his future. He must do a little character reading for himself and determine who will and who will not make suitable companions, companions who will be to him a betterment rather than a destruction. If he comes to college for the right purpose, namely a higher education, he must avoid such who spend much time in foolishness and revelries, those who attend college to have a good time and who generally have it. Such cannot aid the ideal student to secure his present aim, that of a higher education.

The time spent at college is a time of excellent opportunities for the student. He starts upon a new era, and makes acquaintances that may not only be influential and beneficial to him, but create memories that he will cherish throughout his whole life. He has a chance to study human nature in all conditions, how it is influenced and the effects of the influence, a knowledge of which will be of service to every individual, regardless of standing, vocation or occupation.


He has the opportunity while at college to surround himself with environments, beneficial not only intellectually, but also morally and physically, for sane living and earnest application to studies must necessarily develop a noble character and a healthy constitution.

But, alas, this is often not the case. The freshman very often starts his college career with the wrong dash. Wishing to make a great hit with a certain crowd, he acts in such a clumsy manner that he is termed green, and justly so, so green in fact that he as to crowd the inside of the walks to keep the horses at the curb from nibbling at him. If he has succeeded two or three times in making a fool of himself, he will probably as a last resort fall in with that class which is nothing less than an ulcer to college society, a fractious imbecile and an obnoxious element tolerated by the college merely because it is not altogether criminal in nature, namely the college grumps. If the freshman is so unfortunate as to fall in with this class he is hopelessly doomed, not only for the rest of his college days but for the rest of his life, for a grump strives for no good to himself and is discontented to see goodness or happiness in others.


Closely related to the grumps is the class known as knockers. The chief perceptible difference is that with the grumps, every grump is a grunt, while with the knockers every knock is a boost. But the main evil lies in the fact that too many indulge in this kind of boosting. It has been said that it takes all kinds of people to kame a world, but the same can hardly be applied to the college student body, for considering the motives and efforts of every college, the trifling, grumping and knocking class cannot be said to help the make-up of a good college. The sooner such elements are eliminated from all student bodies the better for all schools and colleges.

## Suicide

A. B. LINGER, '16; CLARENCE J. SCHMITT, '15.

UICIDE is the willful taking of one's life. Now, though suicide seems to be something new—a fad, it is in reality almost as old as the race itself, and has accompanied the decadence of all the great nations of antiquity. When the Egyptian monarchy had seen the grandeur of its period of conquest and internal development, had watched the pyramids under the mighty rulers that subdued Isreal, slowly raise their massive forms above the plain, corruption came, and with corruption, misery, and with misery, suicide. Greece, too, was a prey to the same malady. The Roman Eagle swooped down upon that fair prey, and suicide among that subdued but haughty race was very common. When great Rome herself, trembled at the approach of Goth and Hun and Visigoth, suicide appeared a lesser evil than the ruthless hands of the barbarians.

In the Middle Ages, however, it was different. In that grand old age of faith, when man walked on earth and looked toward heaven, what place had suicide? It could hide beneath no mask of promised rest, for with the eyes of faith men saw it in all its hideousness, as a willful renouncement of their birth right to eternal happiness, and an offence again Him they called their Heavenly Father.

Times change, however, and history repeats itself. With license of thought and consequent weakening of faith that directly or indirectly followed in the steps of the Renaissance, the evil of self-destruction grew apace, continuing to increase with aparent advance of civilization. In the nineteenth century there were recorded one million and a half suicides in the countries of Europe and America. Though we, children of liberty, true to our time-honored custom, have taken up the suicide "fad" and are making laudable efforts towards preeminence, we have not as yet rivalled our neighbors across the sea. Of the nations that make up the Old World, France is easily the leader, with two hundred and thirty-nine cases out of every one million of inhabitants to her record. Denmark comes second with two hundred and thirty-four, while Germany's average was two hundred and six, and England's eighty four. With such figures staring us in the face, we are tempted



to ask: "what's the matter with the human race? What consideration can drive so many to seek their own destruction?"

Among the immediate causes none is more to blame than the present unnatural social and economic conditions. Aristocracy is inexorable in its unreasonable social code. The unhappy victim of mistake or failure is branded and condemned to a miserable existence, which his pride is unable to bear, so like a cowardly thief he slinks away and steals his own life. But suicide is not only amongst the higher classes. The city slums offer numerous examples. In these holes of misery and squalor, the struggle for existence is keener, and life is often less sanitary than cattle in barns. For many, suicide, compared with such palpable and lasting degradation, loses much of its ugliness.

Mental derangement is another frequent cause of suicide. This insanity is momentary, and results in most cases from overwork or excessive use of stimulants. The real and ultimate cause of suicide, though seldom recognized as such, is undoubtedly lack of faith in the existence of a God who sees our trials and sufferings and will reward us a hundred-fold in heaven.

Considered from the standpoint of morality, suicide is one of the greatest evils to be conceived, for it is a revolt against the authority of the Supreme Being, and a crime involving the greatest injustice towards one's own self. God has created man from nothing, and placed him in this world to merit an eternal reward, and though He has given him the commission of caring for his own bodily necessities, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread", still He has given him no right over life and death. God created man without his consent, and man may not of his own accord destroy that life he did not help to form.

But the suicide not only usurps a right reserved to God alone, he also deprives himself of that for which his nature craves with an interminable longing—supreme unending happiness. He was made for happiness, he tends toward it, he is satisfied with it alone, and yet, through fear of a momentary suffering, he rushes headlong into despair, and by one fatal stroke blasts every hope of attaining this happiness. Nay more, he condemns himself to endless misery in the bottomless pit at the hands of a Just God.

Though few are so bold as to champion the cause of suicide, yet many there are who condone it. Now pity is a virtue, and must always be commended, but when applied to the violations of the law of duty, it ceases to be virtue and loses all its beauty. That many a suicide has undergone severe trials, no one will deny. But is he not rather to be pitied, who when clouds overhang, faces the storms of life, bearing the winds and the rain with a confidence that patiently waits for a sunbeam to pierce the gathering gloom?

What pity would you give to him who failing in business, casts himself from the bridge to avoid a little humiliation, and thus leaves a wife and five small children to mourn for want of bread? His financial distress elicits pity, but his moral cowardiness should draw forth nothing but unmixed contempt.

On the contrary, how uplifting is a noble life like that of Sir Walter Scott. Oppressed by adverse fate, he labored on till the very end, that others might not suffer through his misfortunes. Though he has contributed much to literature, and is honored as a master of fiction, his greatest claim to gratitude of his fellow-men lies in that grand example of courage and unswerving fidelity which he has bequeathed to humanity.

Suicide may be prevalent, it may be increasing, but it is a curse to the race, and a positive sign of decadence in social and national life.

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What is a suicide? A coward is one who lacks courage in danger. A rogue is a roundabout fool. A scoundrel is a worthless, low rascal, but still a being not utterly depraved. I have gone through a list of vile epithets, and among them I find none to express contempt in a degree adequate to the suicide. Indeed, a suicide is wanting in courage like a coward; like a rogue he is a fool; like a scoundrel he is the most impious of creatures; yet, these expressions are too delicate,—they soften down the abjectness of a suicide. What, then, is a suicide? A suicide is nothing but a suicide. There is no word that will fully express his baseness.

Let me not be misunderstood, however. Far be it from me to condemn those who do away with themselves while in a state of insanity. You all know that an insane person is not entirely responsible for his actions. A person, ordinarily sane, may be suffering under so great an aberration of mind as to render him temporarily insane, and consequently if he commits suicide while in this temporary state of mind, he is not accountable for his deed. You cannot know with certainty, whether this or that one is in possession of his reason at the time when he takes his own life. Only God knows the suicide's mental condition and He will give to each his just deserts. In individual cases you can only be lenient in passing judgment upon one who has caused his own death.

Already, I hear some of you objecting and saying that all suicides are crazy. Their very act of self-destruction creates a presumption of insanity, it is true, but this does not prove that all suicides are insane.

The subject which we wish to discuss is the self-murderer who is responsible before God for the direct act of slaying himself. Just as we are not speaking of lunatics, we do not wish to treat of those who are manifestly guilty of throwing away their lives by parcels and piecemeal, nor of those who are undermining their constitutions by intemperance.



and debauchery; but we will limit the subject to those who cause their own death directly, by shooting, hanging, poisoning or drowning themselves and the like, in a word to positive and direct suicides.

In reading the history of the Greeks and Romans we are horrified at the frequency of suicide. This plague of suicide among the ancients occurred at a period when civilization was on the decline. Can this be said of civilization in our own age, here in the latest statistics, there are over eight thousand suicides committed in our country. A sad fact, indeed, a disgrace to civilization.

The suicide is a coward. Unmindful of the dutiful affections which should bind him to his wife, forgetful of the duties he owes to his children, disgracing the gray hairs of a father and mother, he shifts the unbearable load of miseries from his own shoulders to those who are nearest and dearest to him. Who will say that this is the part of a brave man? What would he do if he could come back to life, and see the indignation and contempt of his acquaintances, the distress of his friends, the misery and disgrace which he has brought upon his relatives; if he could later see his children become squalid from neglect, wretched perhaps from want of care,—scandalized at their father? Is not such a one an unnatural father? Even a parent animal will not abandon its offspring in this manner.

Let us count some of the miseries that have made up the suicide's life. At first it was the death of a loving child; business reverses followed; his health began to wane; now his food is insufficient and unwholesome. He has no longer a fine home, but he now lives in a miserable abode of existence. His work, when he has any, is unhealthy; but now he is out of work and has drifted about for months looking for a job and none are open to him. This man is indeed singularly unfortunate. His cup of misery is filled to overflowing. Should he give up in despair? What folly! Can he not bear his troubles as well as his wife and children? Will he add disgrace to their sad lot?

Here is a man who has no family, you are perhaps ready to tell me. The world does not need him; it is even tired of his existence. Well, supposing he has no wife to leave as a beggar, no friends to disgrace, no children to quarter upon the public as orphans, has he then a right to destroy himself? When has he been given full and independent dominion over his life? O blasphemy! to assume that mastership which God has reserved for himself.

You, suicide, as you raise your weapon to destroy yourself, why do you falter? Perspiration rolls from your body. It is only trying to drown your sense of shame. Do you hesitate again? You cast a glimpse of the flames of fire which will be your lot for all eternity. What, are you more dismayed than before? You see a vision of a just judge. He

has given you life to make use of in order to work out your salvation; He has given you the charge of protecting and preserving your life until He calls you to give an account of it. Here, you are in the presence of Almighty God, uncalled for, attempting to usurp the ownership of the Creator, rejecting the providence of that all-gracious Being who guides and rules the universe.

Napoleon calls suicide a crime originating in that species of fear denominated poltroonery; a crime the most revolting to the feelings. It is opposed to the laws of nature, the ties of humanity and the most powerful instinct which every creature has—self-preservation. "When all the blandishments of life are gone the coward sneaks to death; the brave lives on. O deaf to nature and to Heaven's command, against thyself to lift the murdering hand!—O! damned despair, to shun the living light, and plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!"—(Lucretius.) The suicide differs from a murderer in this, a murderer has a chance to repent and save his soul; the suicide dies in impenitence, destroying both body and soul into hell.

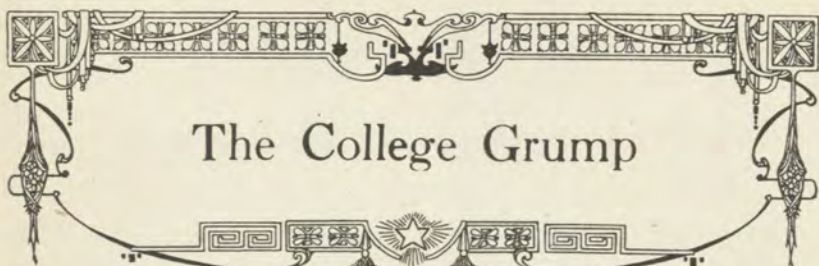
And if the suicide be such a spectacle before man, what must he be before the angels in heaven? What before the Omniscient God? Will He not again be moved inwardly and repent that he ever made man? Where, O God, is thy image in this brute? Where are the features of your child? What a reproach to religion? Where are the commands of the Gospel and the precepts of the Church?

What is to be done against this crying evil of the day? Can anything put a stop to it? Religion alone, and especially the Catholic religion is of such a nature to prevent the causes which are calculated to impel a man to the extreme act; it instructs us of a life beyond the present and of the means of salvation. The Church condemns suicide as a most atrocious crime, and in hatred of the sin and to arouse the horror of her children, denies the suicide Christian burial.

Let us hearken to the beautiful words of Scott: "No affliction nor temptation, no guilt nor power of sin, no wounded spirit, nor terrified conscience, should induce us to despair, when we remember that we have a helper and comforter in an omnipotent God."







## The College Grump

EDWARD F. LECHLEITNER, '17.



**D**ID you ever meet the college grump? You can't fail to recognize him. He always wears a funeral face that warns the approaching newcomer of the disagreeable hours that he will spend in his companionship. If we look into the daily career of this grump we will find that the storm clouds gather on his brow from early morning till late at night. Nothing suits him. When he rises in the morning he grumbles because he has to get up and can't rest like other people can. Then he growls because his shoes have to be blackened. Next he scowls at his breakfast, because he does not find his favorite dish on the table. At recreation time he is angered at the fact that no one cares to associate with him, for he thinks his company is delightful. It does not agree with him to be confined in the study hall, for the atmosphere is too close and studying is entirely too hard. When it comes to recitation, the teacher always asks him something that he does not know. He can't see why the teacher always picks on him and gives him the hard questions to answer. Again at recess time he cares not for the common games that the others enjoy, but he would rather lounge around. When the bell calls back the pupils to the classroom he finds that he has not nearly enough time to rest his mind from the morning's arduous work. And then he must go through the old humdrum order of exercises until noon.

When at last the dinner bell peals forth its gladsome message to the hearts of the hungry toilers in the school-room, and summons them to the bounteous repast, our Mr. Grump is again dissatisfied, because he finds round steak instead of turkey as he had expected. He now looks forward to a dull and gloomy afternoon over those ever tiresome books under the supervision of the stern and unrelenting prefect. During the afternoon's courses he is a dull and listless pupil, whiling away the time in gloomy thoughts and learning little or nothing at all. The evening repast does not suit him either and bed-time comes much too soon. After such an unpleasant day what else can be expected than that his dreams should be haunted by wierd spectres? Even at night

he must be grumpy. Now this is the daily routine of our college grump. Year in and year out, the same unpleasant thoughts control his mind, and thus it can easily be understood why his features wear the look of a grave-digger rather than the expression of a happy college youth.

Now is there any reason for this college grump's ill temper? He is enjoying many blessings of which those who are more worthy than he are deprived. Perhaps his parents are making countless sacrifices that he may derive the beautiful and many benefits of a thorough education. But to him college life is a bore. He utterly fails to see the many chances that opportunity holds out to him in college life to make a man of himself and to fit himself for a better station in life than would otherwise be afforded him. He does not have to work his way through like so many courageous lads do, but others work to make things easy for him. But he does not appreciate the kindness of others. Again he attends a boarding school which has its advantages over others. He is away from home and therefore does not see the daily troubles and trials which those at home must contend with; consequently he has nothing to worry about and can devote his full time to studies, thus enabling him to complete his course in a much shorter time than would ordinarily be required, but to him the years of his school life are as a term of imprisonment. He seems to be ignorant that the mental facilities are developed in college and that great stress is laid on physical development of the body. He is provided with good, clean, healthy sports, but athletics do not seem to appeal to the college grump's taste. They are too strenuous. He does not expect to go through life playing ball or going through calisthenic exercises. He would rather be thinking of some "get rich quick" plans instead of thinking how he should work himself up to a social and financial position.

In most students there is a spirit of loyalty for their school, or we will call it college spirit. But is this quality found in the grump? As a rule when a group of students assemble the result is a jolly time. To such a gathering a grump is only a draw-back and as for merriment such a thing is unknown to him. When the members of his school provide an entertainment our grump withdraws from the field, for it may require a little painstaking effort on his part to do anything in loyalty to his class. He does not want to have anything to do with such foolishness.

Having pictured to our minds the typical college grump, we wonder what position he will occupy in life when once the hallowed halls of the school have closed upon him. In his school days he brought discord into the crowds in which he associated, but while there was lack of harmony when he was present, the grump only harmed himself by his pessimistic view of things for he could not convert the brighter lads to



his way of thinking. And thus we think that he will not be able to make the wheels of the world turn backwards but he will be merely ruining his opportunities by his obstinate grumpiness.

Did you ever meet the college grump?

## College Students' Reading

CARL J. RYAN '16.



**W**HAT do our college students read? To answer this question definitely and completely would be a difficult problem. Any answer to be at all accurate must be guarded and limited by exceptions, for there are always some persons who are exceptions to the general rule. Nevertheless, I think it is possible to state with some degree of accuracy what college students generally read.

I think I am safe in saying that college students in choosing reading matter are guided primarily by the desire to find something interesting and entertaining. This does not mean that their reading is confined to fiction. It applies to books and especially magazines and newspapers. That literature is most widely read which is written in the most popular style. As an illustration take the present war. Nearly all of the magazines are treating some phase or other of this conflict. Some carry very profound and thoughtful articles; others are marked by more popular style. We should expect to find college student reading the former in preference to the latter, inasmuch as the former generally goes to the root of the matter. However, we find that the college student generally prefers the more popular literature.

I think more insistence should be placed upon reading current literature and especially good sound magazines. Today magazines carry articles by our best authors. They treat of present day happenings, the progress of the world, of the trend of modern thought. In later years, when these men are gone, we will read their works and admire their literary ability. They will probably be used in schools just as our classical authors are used today. If so, why should not the works of these men be read at the present time?

College students are expected to be fairly well versed in present day topics. Later on they are expected to take the leading part in the affairs of the world; some of them will want to engage in literary work themselves. And how can they do so unless they know what is going on in

the world today. And would it not be better if the schools themselves would insist upon such reading rather than letting it to individual effort. Many persons would never think of reading a good and thoughtful article in first-class magazines. They imagine that such articles are dry and uninteresting. By so going they miss the best kind of reading and the reading that would do them the most good. If the schools would insist upon such reading, these misguided persons would soon see their error and find such reading not only profitable but interesting as well.

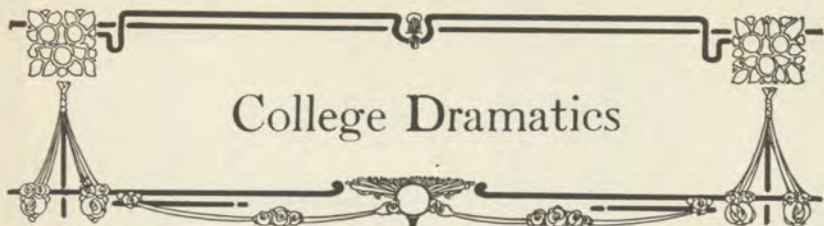
What has been said applies to college students in general. But now I will say a word in regard to Catholics students' reading. They should read Catholic literature, and keep well informed upon the happenings of the world, especially with reference to their religion. This is a day when strong and enlightened defenders of the faith are needed. Every person who professes religious convictions is supposed to know something concerning his religion. The Catholic is no exception. On the contrary more is expected of him than of other persons, and he must seek his information by reading and studying.

The Catholic Press is making a brave struggle for existence and we should do all in our power to support it. As a writer in our Sunday Visitor says: "Let us support our Catholic Press but let us also read it and keep ourselves informed with what is going on in religious affairs. Let us cultivate a taste for books that educate and elevate the mind. It is well to avoid and denounce bad books and papers, but it is better still to read good books. In order to support good books and papers it is necessary that people should be educated in order to read and appreciate such literature. And where is a better place to instill such an education than in the college? And if our Catholic Press does not receive the support of its college students how can it hope to receive the support of those who have not had the advantage of such an education.

A Catholic daily has been a long cherished hope of many good people. Such an endeavor would take time and effort, but it would be, and will be a possibility as soon as our Catholic people are sufficiently interested to support such an enterprise. With such a paper our Catholic people would not have to receive their news from biased and prejudiced sources, from agencies which distort and color Catholic news to suit their own taste.

In short, our colleges would do better to encourage the reading of modern and present day literature besides the "classical" literature which is so prominent in a college curriculum. They should encourage the reading of thoughtful matter, rather than something interesting and entertaining. And our Catholic students should be encouraged to read more concerning their faith, to enable them to appreciate literature and the Catholic Press.





## College Dramatics

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17.



As the novel is to the technical text books, so are dramatics to a college course. The serious application of the mind to the dogmatic text books is beneficially relieved by collateral reading. This reading need not always be serious and deep; on the contrary it should frequently be comparatively light. By light reading is usually meant the reading of novels, narratives and other forms of exposition which tend to one's entertainment as well as to culture. This is just the attitude of dramatics to a college course in general.

The small college, like the higher institutions of learning, has arrived at the understanding that a college in order to be known and well recognized, must have its organizations. The athletic association, although in itself it is not the athletic element of a college, nevertheless regulates the finances and business of the athletics. The literary society with its monthly or semi-monthly meetings, accomplishes much for the members by acquainting them interestingly with authors and their works. The dramatic club and the literary circle are to some degree related in this, that their one aim is to promote the cultivation and appreciation of literature.

There is scarcely an educational institution without a dramatic association. The college directors have realized the value of dramatic in their schools. This value is not temporary, but permanent. Nor is it only educational. It is also financial. The annual or semi-annual productions by the students, or members of the association, are well attended by devotees of the college. These plays, not being "free-admission" productions, bring substantial sum toward supporting a department of the college. However, it is to be hoped that this is not the leading tendency and chief aim of college dramatics.

Every college gives at least one production a year. Many others give two. In the case of the latter, there is an opportunity for rendering a comedy and a tragedy. In this way, the two principal dramatic elements are brought out prominently.

To take part in a college drama demands earnestness on the student's part. Long hours of patient practice must precede the successful presentation. This means the sacrificing of much valuable study time and recreation. The student who is selected to play a given role in a drama must enter it with enthusiasm and good will. It is this good will, which when manifested by the participant, is the underlying source of success of the play. To take part reluctantly and niggardly is discouraging to the director and players alike, and it retards the success of the undertaking by innumerable obstacles.

On the other hand, the willing amateur is well repaid for the time sacrificed for rehearsals. Nor is the time lost to the student. The director would not give up so many of his valuable hours if he did not foresee the immediate or remote benefits. The benefits which form his uppermost intention are the educational influence upon the entire student body, and not the money which the presentation circulates.

These influences are far-reaching. They extend not only to the student who acts in the drama, but also to the student as a member of the audience. First of all, to the acting student it gives an opportunity for speaking in public. Good elocution demands self-composure and ease. A young man's education is incomplete so long as he is unable to speak before an assembly. Too many men, influential otherwise in a community, lose their self mastery when speaking to an audience. This over self-consciousness is called stage fright. Not long ago in a farce given at a school commencement, a young man was to sing a comic song. When the time came for the production, this amateur singer stood silent and rigid. Notwithstanding the promptings of the director in charge, he remained mute. When asked afterwards the reason of his awkwardness, he replied that he knew the words and melody but simply could not begin.

Another beneficial effect of college dramatics to all students is the general knowledge which the drama embraces. It depicts the respective habits, customs, manners and history of peoples. Thus it attracts and aids the pupil more than does a descriptive book on the subject, for it is a well known fact that what enters in through the eye is more steadfastly retained in the memory. The presented play likewise forms a good character study for the student. He sees drawn out the workings of the various characters represented at college. He has occasions of becoming absorbed in the analysis than at a theatre in town, for his environments are his class rooms, and his studies are a fitting back-ground for the collateral study in dramatics.

Then, too, the college dramatics cultivate in the student a taste for the higher type of drama. Too often when in his own town he sees plays which, although at least are not morally low, nevertheless have no



lasting and elevating effect. In his college auditorium are played dramas of a certain degree of classical taste. The most instructive and the best kind of literature are spoken. And if the cultivation of the higher tastes be even the only influences of college dramatics, the movement deserves to be upheld and praised rather than scorned and abandoned.

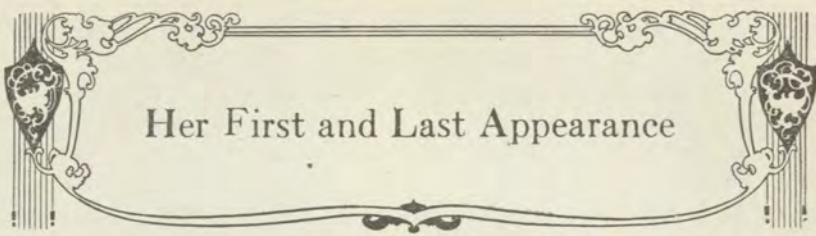
## War!

CARL J. RYAN, '16

In days of old  
 Slaves' bought and sold  
 Were herded at Roman Court,  
 To fight and slay for a people's sport;  
 And men looked on with fiendish glee  
 As souls were flung to eternity.  
 With an agonizing pain they cried  
 And cursed at those for whom they died.  
 For a people's lust  
 Turned they to dust.


Like slaves of old  
 Men brave and bold  
 Are torn from home by bugle call  
 To wound and kill, in turn to fall,  
 And wither in the flames of hell  
 That belch from cannon's bursting shell.  
 A heart, at dawn, beat true and proud,  
 At nightfall lay in death's cold shroud,—  
 All for the need  
 Of monarch's greed.

But this must cease  
 O Prince of Peace.  
 Thou placed us here for nobler ends,  
 Not savage-like to slay our friends.  
 When all thy children learn to know  
 Their fellow-man is not their foe;  
 When Mars dethroned to Peace gives way  
 And Passion yields to Reason's way,  
 Then nevermore  
 Shall there be war.



## Her First and Last Appearance

JOSEPH J. KUHN, '18.

ER grandfather was very sorry to let her go home. But when he saw that she was ready to start, he said that she must take his blessing with her. So he gave her a spinning wheel and a buffalo and a feather bed and some pots, and all sorts of things that she might need when she should have a house of her own——."

"Come, dear, you must practice an hour now, for Miss Joyce will be here tomorrow to give you your lesson."

"O mother, I was reading such a nice story in my reader. It was about a good little girl in India. 'Cause she was so good, she got a lot of presents. She got a spinning wheel and a buffalo and a feather bed and I don't know what else. I wish I would get such pretty things like she got."

"Oh, I'm sure, Mary, you would not want a buffalo or a spinning wheel. But now be a good little girl and practice your lesson and Santa Claus will bring you some pretty things for Christmas."

"O mother, I want a doll and a new dress and a Christmas tree"—

"Allright, dear, but get your violin out now and practice. When the hour is up I will tell you, so you can read some more of that nice story." After making sure that the child was practicing, Mrs. Valois left the room to finish her work.

Ever since she was seven years of age, Mary Valois had taken violin lessons from Miss Joyce. She was a talented young child having inherited it from her mother, who, before her marriage, was an accomplished violinist. Having rapidly progressed in the study of music, she was able at the age of nine to take part in a recital given by Miss Joyce's pupils. The recital was set for the twenty-ninth of June.

"Your child has been kidnapped. Two men in an auto picked her up off the sidewalk and with leveled pistols forced the chauffeur to drive out of town going at about forty miles an hour. The police of the surrounding cities have been notified of the kidnapping and furnished with descriptions of the two men who are supposed to be Gypsies. We have no clues so far, but have three detectives on the job and expect



some developments within the next twenty-four hours. Goodbye." These were the words of the message through the telephone which were poured into the ears of Lawyer Valois by the chief of police.

The lawyer immediately phoned for a taxi. Upon its arrival within a few minutes he jumped in and was whirled to the chief of police office. He went there to obtain all the facts of the kidnapping and to give instructions to the detectives. Then he went home to tell his wife of the kidnapping and to console her. When she heard of it she was so overcome that medical aid had to be given her.

The kidnapping had been speedy and very successful. Mary Valois had been walking home after having received her last instructions concerning the piece she was to play at the recital that night. When she was nearly home, a taxi with two men and the chauffeur in it stopped near the sidewalk a little ahead of her. Just as she had passed the auto, whose engine was still running, one of the men jumped out of the car, placed a hand over the girl's mouth and carried her into the taxi. The man, who had remained in the taxi, with leveled pistol, commanded the chauffeur to go ahead at full speed while the other, with one hand upon the girl's mouth to prevent her from screaming, kept the spectators at bay with his gun. Soon the machine disappeared into the gathering dusk like a vanished ray of light. The few people who had witnessed kidnapping furnished the police with a good description of the miscreants.

About a year before the kidnapping, Lawyer Valois had been counsel for the plaintiff in a trial in which the Gypsies had been charged by the plaintiff with stealing about a hundred dollars worth of lumber from his property. Owing to Valois' efforts, the Gypsies had been found guilty and sentenced to prison for a year. From the description of the kidnappers given to the police, he came to the conclusion that the Gypsies had been the kidnappers. He notified the police of the surrounding cities to arrest the Gypsies, but no trace could be found of them. The day after the kidnapping, the chauffeur was found bound inside his car about 100 miles from the city. He managed to loosen one hand, and with his freehand pressed the button that worked the electric horn and thus brought help.

After about a month of fruitless work, active search for the missing girl was given up. But for a couple of years afterward, advertisements were inserted in a great number of papers and magnificent rewards were offered for the arrest of the culprits. But all was to no avail. Nothing more was heard of Mary Valois until many years afterwards. To allay their grief, the Valois adopted a little orphan.

After the kidnappers had picked Mary up off of the sidewalk and had taken her into the taxi, they chloroformed her in order to prevent

her yelling or struggling. After a rough and fast ride of about 100 miles, the men commanded the chauffeur to stop the machine. He did so and then they bound him with ropes so securely that he could not get his hand loose to work the electric horn until the next morning. Having made sure that the chauffeur was bound securely, the men set out across the fields towards the mountains. They soon reached a woods and remained there until early morn. To make sure that no blood hounds could track them in case any were sent after them, they waded up a creek for a bout a fourth of a mile. They were now secure from being pursued and reaching the mountains in about an hour, they climbed about half-way up until they reached their camp.

When Mary awoke from the stupor caused by the chloroform, she was lying on an old mattress in one of the Gypsies' tents. Two old women had revived her by throwing cold water over her head and face and by shaking her. Opening her eyes and seeing all strange faces about her, she began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear. Here's something to eat," said one of the old women, handing the girl a stale piece of bread and a piece of burnt bacon.

"I want my mamma. Where's my mama?, asked Mary, between sobs.

"Your mamma isn't here now and you musn't ask for her any more today, because she can't see you. But eat something now, or you'll get sick."

Although the stale bread and burnt bacon did not taste very good, the child ate it for she was very hungry. After she had finished her meal, she was undressed and put to bed, if the old mattress on which she laid can be called a bed.

The next morning after she arose she was dressed in Gypsy garb. All her jewelry and ornaments had been taken from her on the previous night. Her face and hands were not stained in order to disguise her as a genuine Gypsy, for in a couple of months, exposure to the sun and the air would tan her face and hands and arms dark enough. As the Gypsies' camp was in a secluded place, there was no danger of anybody's visiting them and detecting the presence of a white person among them. By the time the Gypsies' departure for the South in September, Mary would be as tanned and dark as a genuine Gypsy. To complete the change they named her "Princess Toquita."

When kidnapped, Mary had her violin and several pieces of music with her. She held on to them and they were taken to the Gypsy camp with her. After she became somewhat accustomed to the life in the camp and seemed to forget her former home, the violin was given back to her. This made her feel very happy. One of the younger Gypsies



could play a little on the violin and Mary spent a great deal of time with her, teaching her to play better. This younger Gypsy had joined the tribe of her own free will after her parents and relatives had died. This explains how she was able to play the violin a little. The Gypsies, seeing that Mary was a genius on the violin, determined to make her a source of income for them by making an artist on the violin of her. They encouraged her to practice and frequently bought pieces of music and instruction books for her. When she was eighteen years of age, they sent her to the Conservatory of Music in San Francisco to study music.

During her stay at this school, she became acquainted with a wealthy New Englander, Francis Reardon, by name, who had come west for his health. He was an excellent performer on the piano and, in order to have something to occupy his leisure time, he took a course in music at the Conservatory, with the view of touring the country as accompanist to some artist on some other instrument. He soon fell in love with the beautiful Gypsy Queen and only the Gypsy blood in her veins deterred him from proposing to her. But his love did not falter, for her delicately polished manners convinced him that she was of nobler parentage than was credited to her, and that the Gypsies from whose tribe she came knew more about her parentage than they wished to reveal to the world.

One afternoon, some weeks before commencement, Mr. Reardon and the Princess were taking a stroll through the forest. Becoming a little weary, they seated themselves under a beautiful red-wood tree and discussed their plans for the future. The Princess said that after the commencement, she would pay a visit to her tribe who were then living in the southern part of California, and then would most probably make a tour of the country. After making sure that she had no accompanist for this tour, he asked her to allow him to be her accompanist on the piano. After a few moments' deliberation she consented. They immediately began booking dates, and by commencement had their route mapped out. Their first concert was to be given in Denver on September 10, and from Denver they would travel gradually eastward. During the summer the Princess visited her tribe, and Mr. Reardon returned East on a pleasure trip. About the first of September the Princess and Mr. Reardon met in Denver and there made their last preparations for the concert.

The concert was over. But the enthusiastic audience demanded an encore. The Princess then decided to play one of the pieces she played when a child, and which she had faithfully practiced every day in order not to forget it. This piece was "The March of the Fairies". She had not played more than a half minute when a man and a woman were seen hurrying down the aisle toward the stage. No sooner had

the lady reached the stage than she cried out: "My daughter, Mary, don't you know your mother?"

"Madame, as far as I know, my name is Toquita, not Mary. I think you are mistaken that I am your daughter."

"Yes, you are mistaken," said one of the Gypsies, who had left his seat to see what the trouble was.

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not Mr. Valois?" asked an usher who had come on to the stage. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued. "Well, I was one of the witness to your daughter's kidnapping some ten years ago, and I can positively identify that Gypsy with the long scar on his forehead, as one of the kidnappers. And I am sure that this so-called Princess Toquita is your daughter Mary."

"I am sure that you are our daughter Mary," said Mrs. Valois, for the piece that you played just now was the one you were to have played at the recital the evening that you were kidnapped. And how could you have learned to play so well when you were young if you are really a Gypsy? Don't you remember that you were kidnapped?"

"Yes, I do faintly recollect living in a big city and taking violin lessons", replied the Princess. "If you can prove that these Gypsies kidnapped me, I will firmly believe that you are my mother."

"I can prove it," said Mr. Valois, "for those two Gypsies are the ones whom I prosecuted for theft about ten years ago and sent to prison. They retaliated by kidnapping you."

"Then I believe that you are my mother and father," said the Princess.

The Gypsies had tried to escape but had been held. Then Mary, with the consent of her mother and father, forgave the Gypsies and promised to repay them for the money they had spent in giving her a musical education. Mary then announced to the audience that this first appearance would also be her last as she intended to live with her parents.

That night was indeed a happy one for the Valois' for their long-lost child had been reunited to them.

About three months later, the following appeared in the Denver papers: "Mr. and Mrs. Valois announce the engagement of their daughter Mary, to Mr. Francis Reardon. The wedding will be an event of early June."







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The Exponent extends to you its best wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year. It is truly thankful for whatever you have done in the past, and whatever you may do in the future will be truly appreciated.

**New Year's** New Year's is a time of transition; we pass from the old to the new. As we stand on the threshold of the dawning year, we often wonder what the future holds before us. But we wonder in vain, and our efforts to fathom the unknown are futile.

While the future is obscure, the past is spread before us. We remember the days, as one by one they slipped away into dim, distant oblivion. The days are gone, but the deeds remain. There are deeds that will ever remain in our mind, though the days have faded from our memory. Now is the time to review our past life. Has our conduct been satisfactory? Have we employed our time and talents to the best advantage? Have we been a success spiritually and temporarily? Have we given a word of cheer to the down-hearted or consoled the sorrowful? Have grasped the opportunity to do good? Have we kept the Golden Rule?

Perhaps we might think it is difficult to answer these questions, but it is not. Let us imagine that we are called upon to live the past year over. Would we live it in the same way that we did? Most probably not. When we reflect thus our faults come back to our minds; we see our mistakes, we see the little acts we might have done, but neglected

to do. That we see our own faults is a hopeful sign. Let us make note of these and call them our New Year's resolutions. They need not be long and elaborate; these are too easily broken. Let them short and simple, just our faults that need correcting. These are the kind of resolutions that are made to be kept, and are kept.

Perhaps some of our resolutions are already broken. If so let us not be discouraged, the year has only begun, and most of it lies before us. Let us mend the broken resolutions, and then keep them all to the best of our ability. If this is done, then next year's resolutions will not embrace all the faults of this year. And then we can look back upon the faded year as a year well spent.

**Godless  
France**

For the past few years the French government has carried on a relentless warfare against religion. Materialism, atheism, and infidelity were fostered and encouraged, while every effort was made to root out religion. Such efforts have not been in vain. The French people are still nominally Catholic at heart; but the civil and military officers are filled with infidels and all sorts of radicals.

The French are now in the throes of a horrible war. This is bad enough. But since the outbreak of the war they have discovered a condition worse yet; that apparently a large number of their army offices are in the hands of men who are traitors to their country—spies in the service of the enemy. Military secrets of the most important kind have been betrayed, and cities have been delivered up with practically no defence. Hardly a week passes but some more or less important officer is shot as a traitor to his country. French officers, true and loyal, are placed in a most serious predicament. They hardly know whom to trust and whom to distrust. They have found in the Germans and in some of their fellow-officers a double enemy. Still this condition should not be so surprising. Men who would so vehemently war on God would have little scruples in betraying their country. Religion and patriotism go hand in hand, and when a man despises the one, we can readily expect him to despise the other.

Will the French people profit by this example? If so, the action of their government during the last few years, and the horrors of the present war will be turned from evil to good. Since the outbreak of the war the people have returned to their religious duties with fervor and devotion. Let us hope that they remain so. Finally, if the government be taken from the infidels and radicals, and placed in the hands of the true representatives of the French people, the war will not have been in vain.

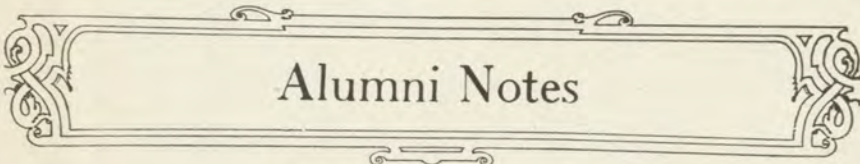


**Time**

Time was, time is, but who can say that time shall be? Such thoughts steal in upon us at the birth of each new year. We know the past, the present is at hand, and of the future none can tell; but all with hope and firm resolve can face the coming year.

Look down along the ages that are gone, and see the past. The noble thoughts and deeds and sacrifices that were made, we love and laud and wonder at, for they, from crude antiquity have wrought the splendor of our finished present. Upon the proper use of time the greatest projects depended, and their realization has ever hinged upon the choosing of the proper moment. To those who husbanded their time in ages past we are indebted. To them we owe the glory of the present with all the learning and the luxury it affords.

Therefore, we who hope to watch the old year and to welcome the advent of the new, let us, when framing our resolutions for the future, remember that as the brilliancy of our "today" is due to those who spent their "yesterday" in polishing, just so does the hoped for lustre of "tomorrow" depend upon each momentary effort of "today."



## Alumni Notes

**ALUMNI, ATTENTION!**

We repeat a part of the circular appearing elsewhere in the Exponent for the especial benefit of the Alumni who read this department. We know that the Altar Campaign Fund will appeal to you, to you who love Alma Mater. Think it over, and, send in your gift. Do it now! Address all remittances, care of Exponent.

At the close of the present scholastic year, the Normal Department of the Cincinnati Province of the Society of Mary, will move into the new buildings in course of erection at Mt. St. John, four miles east of Dayton. They will turn over to St. Mary's College, the buildings, which they still occupy, including the chapel with its complete equipment of altars, vestments, sacred vessels, organ and furniture.

In token of appreciation of this gift which will enable the College to pursue its work more effectively and provide for a large increase of boarding and day students, the Faculty and Students have decided, with the assistance of the friends of the college, to donate the main altar for the new Normal School chapel. The altar, which is of the purest Carrara marble, will cost \$2500.00.

We feel confident that all who have attended the divine service at St. Mary's as students or friends of the College will be pleased to

contribute to this fund and assist the present Faculty and Student body to realize their project. Those who contribute \$5.00 or more will be made members of the St. Mary's College Altar Fund Association, and the names of all donors will be placed within the new altar. A mass will be offered monthly for all benefactors for ten years.

### NUGGETS

**A Warm Admirer** We submit the following letter to our readers' perusal. It beams with enthusiasm. We presume Chas. F. Hagan must have been studying a souvenir album of the college as he has formed correct ideas of changes made at St. Mary's.

Bristol, Virginia, Dec. 1, 1914, 10:30 A. M.

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

DEAR SIR:

I am herewith enclosing you my check for \$1.00, for which you will kindly send me your Exponent.

I have spent many a profitable day in Old St. Mary's. She was not as dignified and aristocratic in those days as she is now, as she was then only attired in the habiliments of an "Institute." But I notice now that she has discarded the old uniform of "Institute" for the silks and satins of a "college." I notice from recent illustrations that you have many more of the modern conveniences, comforts and luxuries than we did; for when we were deprived of the effulgent rays of old Sol, we had to usher into service the dim light of the old brass lamps suspended from the ceiling. But now I notice your modern lights are such as to shame the sun and disgrace the moon. I notice you also have private rooms and private boudoirs, costly and magnificently furnished. In those days our privacy was confied to the entire story of the building which was designated as the dormitory, with Brother Joseph, Brother Michael, Brother Frank and numerous others stationed at the corners and along the sides of the building to keep watch over our nocturnal slumbers. In the early morn we were all awakened, ordered to partially dress and march in single file to the wash room above, where our ablutions was performed at little spigots, placed about eighteen inches apart from either side of a long trough filled with water pumped into a reservoir on top of the building by some industrious and energetic Brother. What was then to us a great convenience has been long since relegated to the junk pile and in its place erected modern, convenient and sanitary equipments. In those days we were permitted to take a bath, and in order to secure that luxury we were marched to a long row of stalls in a frame building off from the main institute building, where while engaged in



the task we froze in winter time and boiled in summer. Nevertheless, those were days of interest, days of worth and days that I would love to live over again.

Brother Zehler was Treasurer, and, if my memory serves me correctly, Father Meyer was President the first year I was there and Father Harks the last year.

A few of us were permitted the pleasure of semi-occasionally going to town in the old covered wagon, under the watchful care and guidance of Brother Dan.

I notice in your Exponent of July, 1913, on page 249, a familiar face in the reception committee, that of Richard P. Burkhardt, an old classmate, and I feel no one has watched the growth and marvelous development of the Old St. Mary with greater interest, greater pride and greater concern than Richard. I recall to memory other friends and classmates aside from Mr. Burkhardt, among a few whom I mention:

Jos. J. Abel, Dayton, O.; Michael T. Collins, Dayton, O.; Thos. J. Conway, Santa Rosa, Cal.; H. L. Ferneding, Dayton, O.; A. J. Dwyer, Dayton, O.; Gus. E. Decker, Dayton, O.; Frank J. McCormick, Dayton, O.; Jos. Gottbrath, Louisville, Ky.; Thos. J. Hefling, Dayton, O.; Edward S. McDonnell, Green's Fork, Ind.; for whom I stood sponsor, and his brother Thomas R. McDonnell, Green's Fork, Ind.; Jos H. Redmond, Cincinnati, O.; Anthony J. Schneble, Dayton, O.; Rudolph G. Schneble, Dayton, O.; Charles Sherer, Dayton, O.; Jos. R. Stagge, Cincinnati, O.; John A. Stenger, Wapakoneta, O.; Jos. C. Walter, Dayton, O.; John C. Wolf, New York City; Oscar Rattermann, Cincinnati, O., now of the firm of Charles B. Rattermann & Company; and many others too numerous here to mention. And out of the great number I have had the pleasure of having come in contact with only one of my old friends of Old St. Mary's, and that was Oscar Rattermann, who has been in our town on two or three occasions.

I have my doubts of there being a single person now in the college who was there when I was there. It was always been my great desire and there still lurks hope in my heart that I may yet have the pleasure of visiting Old St. Mary's.

Wishing for you and all a most happy and pleasant Yule Tide,  
I am,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES F. HAGAN.

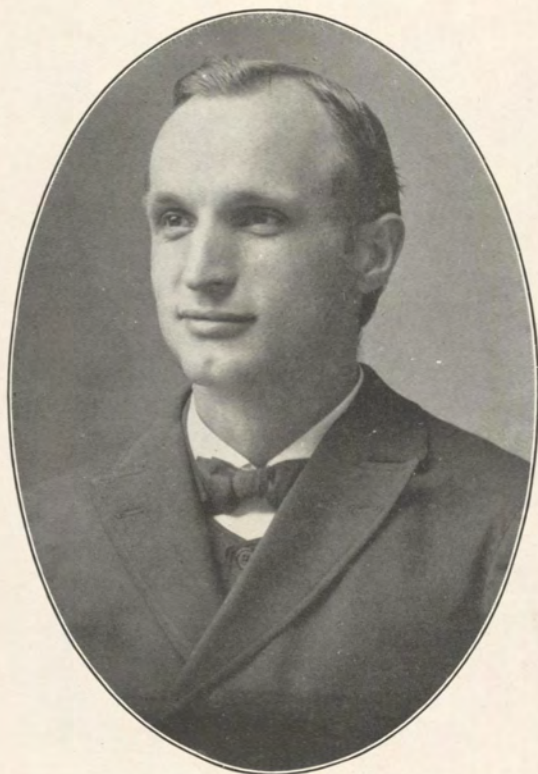
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P. S.—Can I get a copy of all the Exponents that have been issued bound in form? If so let me know what they will cost.

Loyal Old Boy, we're going to give you news of the above-mentioned classmates of yours in the next issues of the Exponent. In the meantime,



In Your Charity  
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of



Brother Emil Zadow, S. M.

who died after an exemplary life  
as a religious in the Society of Mary  
at Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1914  
in the fortieth year of his age



The Faculty and student body were deeply grieved by the death of Bro. Emil Zadow, Prefect of the Second Division of Resident Students, who was called to his eternal reward after a brief illness, December 5.

Bro. Zadow had begun his third year as Prefect of the Second Division. Before his appointment to St. Mary's College he had been Prefect of the Senior Division at St. Louis College, Honolulu, and his long experience with students at Hawaii and his two years' work in the same capacity at St. Mary's, thoroughly fitted him for the position he held. His death is a severe loss to the Faculty and student body.

Bro. Emil was born at Dyck, near Posen, Germany, July 19, 1875. While he was still young his parents came to America and settled in Chicago. He received his elementary education at St. Francis School, under the direction of the Society of Mary. Answering the call of God, he applied for admission in the Society to which his teachers belonged and was admitted in August, 1892. After completing his studies in the Normal Department, he was employed as a teacher at St. Patrick's, Cleveland, St. Michael's and St. Martin's, Baltimore, Md. In 1901, he accepted to go on the missions in the Hawaiian Islands and remained there ten years until he was recalled to the States by his Superiors on account of ill health.

During the three years Bro. Emil spent at St. Mary's, he was known as a man who adhered strictly to his duties as a religious and a teacher, regardless of his own needs and comfort. In his last illness, which began with a severe cold, he bore up with patience and resignation, and received the last Sacraments with the utmost fervor. He was conscious to the last and died peacefully an hour after receiving the sacraments, Dec. 5, 1914.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Emil's aged mother, sisters and brother and relatives, and to recommend the departed Brother to the prayers of the readers of the Exponent.

R. I. P.

we would be pleased to hear from you the story of the years that you grew apace with in your rise in the business world. Thanks for your letter which is one of the "best ever" received.

**Charles A. Wagner, '09** Charles writes from the University of California where he is completing his course in Civil Engineering. The push which he displayed at St. Mary's still characterizes him for although only an undergraduate he is nevertheless connected with the Commonwealth Engineering Company of Oakland, Cal. Chas. is enthusiastic over the Newman Club, the only Catholic organization on the campus. Here he beguiles his leisure and these peaceful moments spent in Catholic surroundings he compares with his sojourns at St. Mary's. "When you have not the good guiding influence of a mother or of the Brothers, it becomes difficult to lead the good life you were wont to live back at College."

Charles, St. Mary's endeavored to impart life-principles in your heart so deeply that they might never be uprooted. You may not always have the opportunity of going their full application—we are glad to notice that they have not been forgotten in your chequered and strenuous life. May God's blessings attend you and your work during 1914.

**Vladimir Smirnhoff '13** We received word from one of our friends in the far East, from Vladimir Smirnhoff, '13. Vladimir holds a good position in the Russo-Asiatique Bank. On his return home he secured this position and abandoned it for awhile for the position of assistant captain on a steamer on the Amur River. When navigation was closed on the river at the approach of winter, he returned to his position in the Bank at Vladivostock.

We are pleased to learn that Vladimir would like to return to finish his studies at St. Mary's and we hope that he will be able to realize his project in the near future.

**Henry J. Klein, '13.** Henry J. Klein, '13, is a student at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. He is in communication with some of his old professors and is an assiduous reader of the Exponent. In a letter received recently from him, we learned of the misfortune that befell Henry's professor of Philosophy of last year. He happened to be in France when the war broke out and was pressed into service. Whilst in the thick of the fighting at the battle of Ypres, he was wounded in the left arm and was obliged to have his arm amputated. Several other Sulpician Fathers from Baltimore are in the French army, but at the last writing none of them had been injured.

We thank you Henry, for your good wishes to the Exponent and are pleased to have this occasion to wish you a happy and successful New Year.



**E. L. Fortune, '05.**

We are always pleased to hear from old boys who recommend prospective students to St. Mary's. It shows that they have the interest of the College at heart and is an evidence that they are grateful for what St. Mary's has done for them. We will send the literature to Mr. Crohn and we hope that Elmer will be able to accompany his protege to the college.

**Carl J**

Friends of C. J. Sauerbier, '11, will find him located in Rochester, N. Y., 79 Woodbine Ave. We are pleased to receive word from him and we wish to thank him for his good wishes to his Alma Mater.

## College Notes

EDWARD STUHMILLER, '17.

Senior Arts.....	Clarence Schmitt, 90; Alphonse Moeller, 87
Senior Engineering (Ch. E.).....	Lawrence Strattner, 91; Leon Anderson, 90
Senior Engineering (E. E.).....	Clement Yamashiro, 93; James Hall, 86; Orville Wunderlich, 86
Junior Engineering.....	Arthur Zimmerman, 86; Ralph Wirshing, 05
Sophomore Arts.....	Raphael Sourd, 92; Joseph Evans, 91; Wm. Reith, 91
Sophomore Engineering.....	Joseph Windbiel, 90; Albert Krusling, 87
Freshman Arts.....	George Klnstei, 92; Lawrence Montanus, 93
Freshman Engineering.....	Joseph Kuhn, 94; Otto Krusling, 93

### HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Fourth High.....	Joseph Schaeffer, 97; Paul Ohmer, 96
Third High-A.....	Daniel Collins, 95; Carroll Hochwalt, 94
Third High-B.....	William Holland, 95; Emil Kessler, 93
Second High-A.....	Henry Weinert, 98; Frank Yox, 96
Second High-B.....	John McCarthy, 97; Thomas Carroll, 92; Joseph Kernan, 92
First High-A.....	Herbert Abel, 95; Robert Maley, 95; Wm. Schnitz, 93
First High-B.....	Clarence Niekamp, 90; Edw. Long, 90; John Brown, 88
First High-C.....	Clement Jacob, 91; Fr. Elardo, 89; Geo. Schmieg, 89

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Second Business.....	Robert Rau, 91; Donald Rooney, 90; Edw. Menninger, 90
First Business.....	Thos. Sunshine, 93; L. Massing, 89

### ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

Eighth Grade-A.....	Harry Schroeder, 95; George Liszak, 94
Eighth Grade-B.....	Lawrence Menninger, 96; Edward Schneider, 90
Seventh Grade.....	Matthew Mackmull, 89; Carl Delzeith, 89
Sixth Grade.....	John Riggs, 91; Harold Zoeller, 90; Leonard Whelan, 90

**New Members  
Admitted.**

It is related of Cornelia a pagan woman of the Grecian period, when asked to show her jewels and riches, she proudly embraced her two sons. "These are my jewels," she replied. It was with such sentiments that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin received ninety-six new

members. The ceremonies were held in the College Chapel on Dec. 12, 1914. The following candidates were received:

**FIRST BRANCH**—L. Adelberg, S. Douglas, G. Guinan, E. Happensack, R. Hummert, V. Murphy, P. O'Brien, D. Rooney, O. Schunck, T. Sunshine, P. Wintermeyer, A. Wagner, E. Irr, H. Aalters, P. Wagner, W. Cooney, L. Montanus, G. Wagner, A. Smackers, J. Finan.

**SECOND BRANCH**—W. Brennan, R. Eckenrode, A. Genard, E. Kessler, H. Keyes, A. Kohl, J. Moosbrugger, V. Pauly, J. Schaeffer, A. Schumacher, R. Shouvin, R. Weber, M. Cahill.

**THIRD BRANCH**—L. Bauman, W. Brissel, J. Caron, T. Donovan, C. Erhart, C. Fleck, C. Fitzgerald, W. Fournier, C. Goldcamp, H. Hackman, L. Kleinhenz, G. Kranz, R. Kleinhenz, C. Lause, R. Marshall, J. Massing, A. Senefeld, W. Shearer, E. Schlichte, B. Wess, C. Zofkie, R. Darger, H. Abel, J. Flynn, M. Maley, T. Hagan, G. Lang, J. Manning, H. Wolf, A. May, W. Kennedy, A. Kuhn, W. Westendorf, E. Baczenas, F. Elardo, W. Malloy, C. Jacobs, R. Klin, W. McGary, A. Speyer, L. Noll, J. Hochwalt, C. Meikehause, R. Spraley.

**FOURTH BRANCH**—N. Buerrer, R. Boggan, L. Dabbelt, A. Feldmann, F. Fillipowitz, J. Flannegan, W. Fleck, R. Helmig, F. Macke, L. McFadden, T. McCarthy, M. MicMuhl, E. Moosbrugger, J. Pabst, Y. Rahe, C. C. Riedinger, H. J. McVeigh, E. Schneider, G. Schemidt, F. Forbech, R. Westbrook, J. McVeigh, E. Schneider, V. Weinert, F. Johnson.

### The Upstart.

On November 22, and 23, 1914, the St. Mary's College Dramatic Club presented the comedy, "The Upstart". This production was written by the famous French dramatist, Moliere. The liberality of laughter and the episodes of human nature were readily grasped by the audiences. The masterful acts and movements of each character resulted in a splendid success. Every member of the dramatic club deserves the highest praise. Following this cast:

Mr. Jordan, ambitious to associate with persons of distinction, R. Weber; Old Mr. Jordan, his venerable uncle, F. Garrity; Cleon, suitor for the hand of Lucilia, daughter of old Mr. Jordan, D. Collins; Covielle, his roguish valet, L. Dolan; Dori-menes, the marquis, V. Emanuel; Doranto, a count in reduced circumstances, R. Wirshing; Nicholas, a faithful but saucy servant, J. Evans; Professor of Philosophy; V. Murphy; Professor of Music, J. Leonard; Professor of Dancing, E. Montanus; Professor of Fencing, F. Ligday; Footmen, J. Hannahan; J. Oberlander; Mufti, W. Schleinitz; Dervishes, J. Sitterle, M. Alston; Turks, J. Holters, J. Houston; Tailor, C. Ryan; Apprentices, R. Sourd, J. Kuhn, R. Eckenrode; Music Pupils and Dancers, Th. McCarthy, J. Jonas, J. Keyes, E. Weser.

### "Efficiency"

Dr. Arthur E. Gringle, who was the third member of the Lyceum Course, lectured at St. Mary's Auditorium on Dec. 7, 1914. His talk was based on efficiency of thought, word and deed. The leading points were skillfully illustrated by incidents taken from life. His lecture was not so well enjoyed as last year's subject, "Happiness."

### "Safety First"

By the courtesy of Mr. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Co., the students were entertained with a lecture and a series of motion pictures at the Industrial Hall. These pictures were taken from the busy thoroughfares of Chicago. They serve well to emphasize the need of "Safety First" by all persons at all times. This term seems to be in vogue over the entire country. If heeded and put into practice, accidents are bound to decrease. Each one of us owes a helping hand for the welfare of society.



### Awarding the College Insignia

On Friday, Dec. 18, a general meeting of the students was held in the Auditorium. Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, president of the college presided over the meeting. He took the occasion to rouse up a greater interest in opportunities offered by St. Mary's College. He requested each student to ask himself: "Why do I not take more interest in athletics, in music or in public speaking?" He urged the development of these pursuits as essential to the refined collegeman.

After this talk, the successful warriors of the foot-ball squad were awarded with the College insignia. Coach McCray, C. Hayes, H. Curran, T. Farrell, J. Evans, A. Wagner, W. Archer, J. Houston, A. Mahrt and V. Murphy received the S. M. monogram. Mgr. F. Dugan, R. Broadstone and R. Swift were awarded monogram sweaters. Capt. Alphonse Mahrt and William Sherry received blocks.

### The Elocution Contest.

Eight young men of the High School and Business Departments competed for the C. E. W. Griffith medal on Friday night, Dec. 18. This gold medal is highly coveted by the contestants. Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the great Shakespearean Reader has wisely made this annual donation to foster elocution and public speaking.

The program ran as follows: 1. "Drifting Out to Sea," Adrian Kuhn; 2. "The Last Word," Charles Lause; 3. "Cassius to Brutus," Herbert Abel; 4. "Faust's Last Speech on Earth," Leo Dolan; 5. "The Level Crossing," Thomas Sunshine; 6. "Soliloquy of Arnold," Charles Wassenich; 7. "The Moor's Revenge," Thomas Carroll; 8. "The Spanish Mother," Rufus Weber.

The three judges were: Clarence J. Stocklein, '06, Charles W. Whalen, '07 and Rev. Lawrence Yeske, S. M. In selecting the winner the judges took into consideration memory, pronunciation, gesture and expression. Mr. Herbert Abel was picked as the winner of the gold medal. Mr. Leo Dolan was mentioned as next in merit and Rufus Weber was third.

### Going Home Day.

The students departed on Sat., Dec. 19. for the Xmas holidays. Railroad maps and time tables were freely consulted. Here's thanks to our benevolent Dads, who came to the rescue with the "unum necessarium," (English translation, "train fare"). After a happy vacation the students returned with a firm purpose to buck the examination lines.

### Fourth Division.

Another agreeable surprise was in store for the boys of the Fourth Division. Just before the Christmas holidays there were rumors afloat that the boys would decorate their studyroom. These rumors seemed confirmed when the boys saw the various study rooms decorated, and nothing was doing in theirs. This caused some to feel a little blue, to think that they were the only ones out in the cold. Thursday night they retired little dreaming of what was going on. Downstairs a transformation was in progress. Festooning, colored lights, Christmas drawings and transparencies soon affected a wonderful change. The next morning when the little sleepy heads came downstairs they know that they had not only not been forgotten but that something very extra for them had been done. Colored lights were a novelty that took them by surprise, while the transparencies on the windows were the latest in Christmas decorations.

### Literary Circles.

The advance of the Xmas holidays occasioned the calling off of the meetings of the literary circles in December. The managing editor of the Exponent congratulates the circles for the grand work of the past months and welcomes them to use the College Notes to further interest and give merited publicity.



In Your Charity  
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of



**C. Richard Kelly**

C. Richard Kelly, who was known to a large number of the student body, was called away after a long illness on November 30, 1914. Just one year before his death he was a conspicuous figure among his fellow students as an applicant for the foot-ball and basket-ball teams.

On January 6, accompanied by his brother Neuman and his sister Mrs. E. Moritz, he went to Tucson, Arizona. His health improved rapidly and he was advised to go to Denver for the summer. He returned to the south on October 15, locating at El Paso. There his physician recommended an operation for appendicitis. Richard had not the strength to recuperate after the operation, and died, November 30, after having received the last Sacraments.

C. Richard Kelly was born at Dayton, O., May 7, 1896. In his early years he attended Sacred Heart School and began his studies at St. Mary's College in the Elementary grades. He was in the 3rd Year of High School when his health obliged him to discontinue his duties. Richard was popular among his fellow students as he was of a genial character, and an ardent enthusiast in athletics. As a student he was docile and respectful to authority and always faithful to his religious duties.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to his father, sister and brother and we recommend Richard to the prayers of the readers of the Exponent.

R. I. P.





MADONNA AND CHILD

**Japanese Collection.**

On Election Day, Father Nicholas Walter, a Japanese missionary, had the pleasure of addressing the student body. He accompanied his little talk on Japan with stereopticon slides. The Reverend President then offered to him, as a token of appreciation and a mark of financial aid, one month's collection of Peter's Pence. But either the time was ill-chosen or else minds were too preoccupied with Christmas and home to think of the Japanese, for only \$17.74 was realized. To those who contributed, warm thanks are extended. Third High-A deserves special praise for their contribution.



JAMES HALL, '16—Publication Editor.

On Dec. 9, 1914, Mr. F. M. Tait, President and General Manager of the Dayton Power & Light Co., appeared before the Society and lectured on the opportunities offered to the young men in the profession of engineering.

Mr. Tait drew upon his own personal experience. He told the members that they must be prepared to face some hard knocks upon leaving college and that it is better for them to get these knocks when they are fresh from college than to have them come later on.

He said that in his opinion the man who graduates now has a better chance than the man who studied engineering a few years ago, as he has the advantage of a better training. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Tait was unanimously elected to an honorary membership in the Society.

#### Resolutions Adopted at the Meeting of Dec. 9, 1914.

WHEREAS, the Engineering Society of St. Mary's College is the immediate result of the interest shown by the students of engineering at the College in their various branches of study.

WHEREAS, certain large minded and public spirited citizens of Dayton, Ohio were influential in having an Engineering Course established to fulfill a progressive demand and much felt need.

Acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude incurred by those who under other conditions would be deprived of the benefits derived from an education in the fields of engineering, the Society in its Second General Meeting held Dec. 9, 1914 unanimously passed the following resolutions.:

BE IT RESOLVED, that the Engineering Society of St. Mary's in the name of its members express to Mr. John H. Patterson and to Mr. E. A. Deeds their sincere thanks and appreciation for the inspiration, moral support and financial aid which made it possible five years ago to establish a course of engineering at St. Mary College, and for the assistance which they have so generously given to the course since that time.

AND BE IT RESOLVED, that their lives of untiring effort, study of method, thoroughness in detail, interest in municipal and philanthropic matters is to us a constant source of inspiration.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that to better express our appreciation we extend to Mr. Patterson and Mr. Deeds an Honorary Membership in this Society.



That these resolutions be spread on the Minutes and Publications of the Society; that a copy of them together with a short history of the Society and a copy of the constitution be sent to Mr. Patterson and Mr. Deeds.

The members of the Engineering Society were invited to be the guests of the Engineers Club of Dayton on Dec. 16, 1914, when Mr. Harrington Emerson, America's greatest Efficiency Engineer delivered a lecture before that body. Quite a number of the members availed themselves to the opportunity and assisted at the lecture. Mr. Emerson pointed out the waste that was not being utilized by our industrial enterprises.

The Society members were well pleased with the lecture and the luxurious furnishings and accommodations afforded by the club, and take this opportunity of complimenting them on their efforts in the engineering field in endeavoring to supply a need felt among the engineering profession of Dayton.

## Athletic Notes

### VARSITY BASKET BALL.

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16.

The two pre-holiday games have demonstrated that Al Mahrt is fast perfecting one of the speediest and evenly balanced teams that have ever represented St. Mary's. Although they lack size and weight, their accuracy in goal shooting is excellent and their team work is rapidly reaching perfection.

Mgr. John Clancy has scheduled a number of high class teams which include amongst others Muskingum, Western Reserve, Heidelberg and the State Champions, Denison.

**St. Mary's**  
vs.

**Antioch 19.**

With City Finance Director Wall tossing the first ball, St. Mary's opened the basket-ball season by a well earned victory over Antioch. Hochwalt threw the first basket. With the exception of a brief period, St. Mary's led throughout the game. The Saints pass and basket shooting were good, considering their short practice. They played fast, snappy ball and the game never dragged.

Ott Krusling showed clever form at caging the ball, while Capt. Sherry played a fine defensive game. Summary:

St. Mary's—O. Krusling, Rabbitt, R. F.; Hockwalt, L. F.; A. Krusling, O. Krusling, C.; Sherry (Capt.) R. G.; Broadstone, Haile, L. G.

Antioch—S. Fess, R. F.; L. Fess (Capt.), L. F.; Carry, McLennon, C.; Funderburg, R. G.; Forbes, L. G.

Field Goals—St. Mary's: O. Krusling 7, Hochwalt 3, Sherry, Broadstone, Rabbitt. Antioch: Funderburg 4, S. Fess 2, L. Fess, carry, McLennon. Foul Goals—S. Fess. Referee—Pflaum.

**St. Mary's 19**  
vs.

**Ohio State 30**

Ohio State's superior size and weight were a bit too much for speed and team work of St. Mary's youthful pill tossers, and State was able to defeat the locals for the second time in as many years. In speed and basket shooting, St. Mary's were the equal of the Columbus aggregation, while the team work developed by Al Mahrt was of a higher class than

that of Coach St. John's bunch. However, the weight of the state team proved decidedly advantageous, especially when the play was rather rough.

Several sensational shots featured the game, Al Krusling contributing two of them from near the middle of the floor. Once more Ott Krusling led the Red and Blue in scoring. Broadstone, however was the real sparkler, by reason of the splendid manner in which he played the floor game. Summary:

St. Mary's—Hochwalt, Rabbit, L. F.; O Krusling, R. F.; A. Krusling, C.; Broadstone, L. G. G.; Sherry (Capt.), R. G.

Ohio State—Wirthwein, Foust, L. F.; Cherry (Capt.), Furnas, R. L.; Ginn, Simmermacher, C.; Godfrey, McClure, L. G.; Geaf, Garber, R. G.

Field Goals—St. Mary's: O. Krusling 3, A. Krusling 2, Sherry, Hochwalt. Ohio State: Geaf 5, Cherry 3, Foust 3, Godfrey, Wirthwein. Foul Goals—Hochwalt 3; Godfrey 3, Simmermacher. Referee—Pflaum.

#### FOURTH DIVISION.

##### Minims

The boys of the 4th Division have once more organized the famous "Minims." These little fellows under the able and careful tutelage of their coach Walter Archer have rounded into shape very quickly. Their passwork especially is very baffling to their opponents. Buerrer, thus far is the leading point getter for the team. The following are the teams played thus far. Minims 15, Second High 4; Minims 26, Scouts 6; Minims 22, Second High 8.

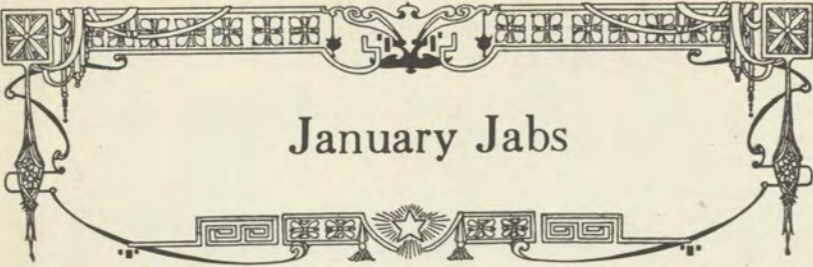
#### NON-RESIDENT BASKET-BALL.

##### Middles and Scouts

The boys of the First High C Class have organized themselves into teams, the Middies and the Scouts. The better players form the former team while the second stringers have chosen the latter name. However, there is very little difference between the two teams, for the Scouts have on several occasions given the Middies the run of their lives, in order to win the game. The Middies defeated the speedy Recruit Jrs. while the Scouts went down to defeat at the hands of the Minims. Several teams have been arranged with for games and these two teams will be heard from soon.







## January Jabs

Who made Jim Hall get rid of the swab on his upper lip?

O'Brien wants to know who was the expert shot that knocked the handles off the coffee cups.

Have you heard "The Mystery of the Springfield Shutter?"

Kinstle, why don't you bring your friend out to the lectures?

Moeller, don't blush! Introduce us next time at the Lyceum attractions.

Schlenitz, Moeller says you're jealous.

Have you seen Behrer? He wears the icy stare some one hung on him.

Cal is trying to break all records for renigging on class attendance. The goblins will get you, Cal, if you don't watch out!

### How to Get a Monogram.

O. Krusling—"Mr. Hayes what would you have if you erase the right half of that diagram?"

Hayes—"A monogram, I spoze."

### Coming!

O'Brien—Barbah, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (glancing at him)—Oh, about two years.

Yama—"Did you take Descriptive last term?"

Hayes—"Naw, I didn't take it; I was just exposed to it."

Egoism it the art of looking at yourself through you I's.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer—

"Eb," for short she called her beau;

Talk of tides of love—Great Caesar,

You could see them, Eb and Flo.

An old darky came to the man for whom he worked and said in all seriousness, "Marse Henry, will you gimme a little resistance to build a murander on my house so I can ascertain my friends with a little more hostility?"

### NEW DISEASES

"The diseases is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of 'hermitage of the lungs'; another way, of the 'brown creatures'; here they tell us of the 'elementary canal' being out of order, and there are 'tonsors' of the throat'; and there is another kills himself by 'discovering his jocular vein'."

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**Siftings from the Chemical Lab.**

Para rubbers—best for bipeds.

The chemists are a strange class of mortals impelled by an almost insane love of Old Nick to seek their pleasure among smoke and vapor, soot and flame, poison and anecdotes, skin game and poverty.

Mineral water is charged with assault, usually sulflight.

Freshman Quizz: Why is marsh gas dangerous?

Freshman Answer: When mixed with air and ignited, the oxygen unites to form carbon dioxide and water, with violent explosion. Therefore, if the unfortunate is not killed by the explosion, he will suffocate in the carbon dioxide, and surviving these he will surely be drowned.

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**BY A FEMININE SCRIBE**

"It was a perfectly awful contest terminating in a score of points for the domestic boys. At one time, however, we little recked that the laurel of victory should adorn the luminous brow of either team, so inexpressibly vigorous was the attack of each. Finally, however, one dark-complexioned man, with raven black hair and steel-blue eyes—who was a perfectly lovely figure were it not for two unsightly patches on his wearing apparel, and stockings that were not matched,—picked up an egg shaped object from the ground and went precipitately down the lea, lifting one foot after the other so that both were never on the ground at the same time. Before him were two gothic bars crossed at the top by a third bar (all were made of cedar wood as one could see by examining the grain). The man carried the egg-shaped object close to his heart as though it were something human that he was saving from disaster, and on arriving behind the gothic bars he suddenly became unmindful of his treasure and dropped it in the mud. Score, 6—0."—Pineville Bugler.

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**WAS HE A ROOMER?**

"I rise from bed the first thing in the morning not because I am dissatisfied with it, but because I cannot carry it with me during the day."

---

**Si-ence!**

"Yeast is very important as without it we would have neither bread nor beer."

"A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars and four cuspidsors."

"The fatigue of metals occurs when they get — a — well, you know—that sort — a tired feeling."

"The sweating of the earth is called dew."

"The bacteria gets into a mosquito, and where the mosquito bites a person the bacteria gets off."

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**Jottings.**

"A delta is a river with its mouth full of mud."

Wanted: "100 able-bodied men to tell Wirshing to put something in the Journal about the teams."

Yama, Hayes & Co., are furnishing mince meat banquets a la mode.

Tague, who hooked the hot dogs at the football games? Expose them!

The Germans will soon try a forward pass across the English Channel, and it's safe to say it won't be intercepted. Krupp is their quarterback. Sherry, watch how they do it



# The McCabe-Shepherd-Coe Co.

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**\$ Dollars for Dollars \$**

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The embodiment of  
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Its delicious taste.  
Its mild and exquisite flavor  
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Sold only in bottles

Order a Case for Home  
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A substantial and wholesome  
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On draught at all bars

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**The F. A. Requarth Company**  
LUMBER AND MILL WORK

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DAYTON, OHIO

**THE TRUAX HARDWARE COMPANY**

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Let Us Demonstrate the Quality of These Stoves.

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The MALT BEVERAGE of Exceptional  
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Have us send you a case. Before it is gone you will  
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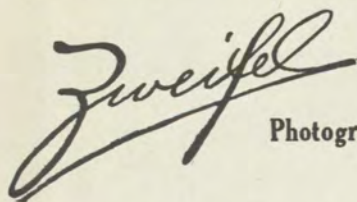
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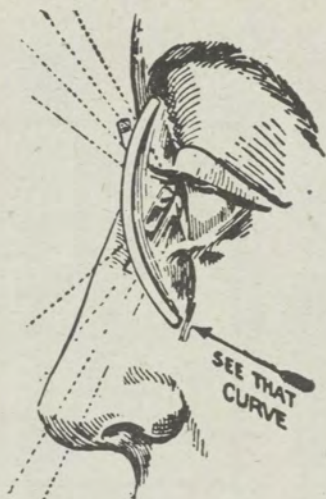
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