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THE EXPONENT

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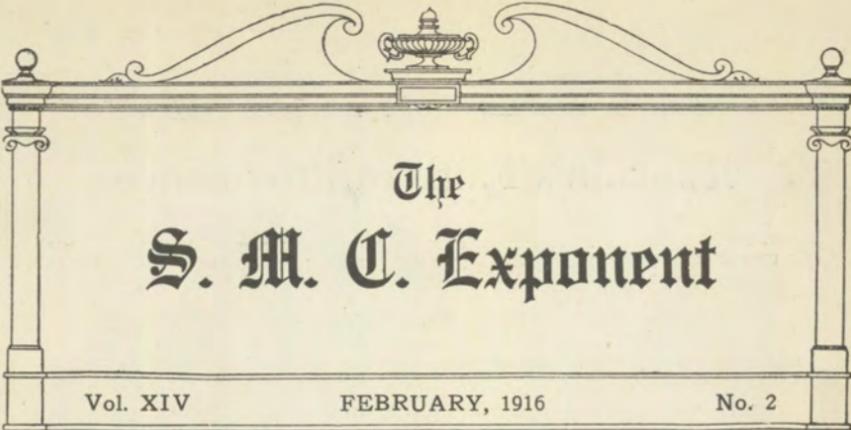
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The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 2

To Washington

WILLIAM SCHLEINITZ, '16.

Sleep on, thou hero brave! Thy day is o'er.
Those battle cries fore'er have passed away.
No more do bugles summon thee to war,
For friends and foes alike have turned to clay.

May heaven grant thee rest, thou noble sire!
And place the victor's crown upon thy head.
Thy country thou hast freed from England's ire,
And from vile fear by long oppression bred.

When new storm clouds over our country blow,
A menace to our torch of liberty,
Thy gallant martial deeds of long ago
Will cheer us on to war and victory.

Sleep on, thou Father of thy Country, sleep!
The precious gift of freedom thou hast won.
Thy grateful sons, unchanged will ever keep
Until no more will rise the setting sun.

Lincoln's Faith in Providence

F. J. ROYAL, '16

IN these days when shallow historians are wont to point to our great men of yesterday as men affiliated to no Christian church, as men even who are atheists, unbelievers, or to use their favorite word, **infidels**, it is but just to the memory of the men who entered the portals of the Great Beyond, that the youth of today be taught to see into the boldness of these historic lies. It is all the more necessary when our newspapers, the rabble's daily food, hand out articles, the following extract being but a sample to substantiate our warranted attack: "From men like these (Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, **Abraham Lincoln**, Thomas H. Huxley, John Tyn-dall, and Herbert Spencer) the **spirit of infidelity** spreads down to the lowest strata of society."

Abraham Lincoln was a man of deep religious convictions. He was a firm believer in the Bible, and though he never affiliated with any church in his public life, he had an ever-abiding trust in God's Providence.

Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, was an intimate friend of Lincoln's early political days. The city of Springfield had been canvassed and Lincoln was curious to see how the coming election looked. He was disappointed to learn from Mr. Bateman that twenty ministers intended to oppose him. "These men know my opponents are for slavery," said Lincoln, "and yet with this Book in their hands (and he drew from his bosom a pocket New Testament) in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I do not understand it at all."

Turning to Mr. Bateman, Lincoln uttered the following words so full of religious faith and trust in God: "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, **and Christ is God**. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but

God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

According to Judge Gillespie, the days of inactivity between Lincoln's nomination and election weighed heavily upon him. In speaking of the threatening war whose ominous clouds were already darkening the sky, Lincoln said: "I see the duty devolving upon me. I have read upon my knees the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from Him. I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing."

In his Farewell Address, delivered at Springfield, February 1, 1861, he expressed himself as conscious of the great struggle ahead, and repeatedly referred to his trust in God. He concluded his address in these words: "A duty devolves upon me which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved on any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Lincoln's faith in Providence remained strong though the war continued. He seemed to realize that God's ways are not our ways, and he abided God's own good time for the struggle to come to a successful issue. The following, which can truly be termed "A Meditation on Divine Will," was spoken to his two secretaries, Nicolay and Hay: "The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the Will of God. Both may be, and one must be wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working, just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the minds of the now contestants, He could have either saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And, having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet, the contest proceeds."

It is evident from words of Lincoln that he believed that God punishes nations for their crimes. In a conference with Governor Bromlett, of Kentucky, Senator Dickson, and Editor A. G. Hodges, Lincoln spoke of events of the war that controlled his actions, and referred to the nation's condition after three years of war as not being what either party had devised or expected. He closed his audience with this delegation, that came to bear protest to the expected declaration of Emancipation of the Slaves, in these religious words: "If God wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South, shall pay for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

The question of slavery was uppermost in his mind, and the proclamation of their emancipation weighed heavily upon his soul. On one occasion after being wrapped in thought for a long time, he turned to a Cabinet member and said: "I have not yet decided as to the proclamation of the emancipation of the slaves, but the subject has my constant consideration. I can assure you that, night and day, there is nothing that has my deeper thought. What appears to me to be God's Will, that shall I do."

As the last days of 1862 were drawing to a close, Byron Sunderland, Chaplain of the Senate, was approached by many who urged him to persuade Lincoln to hurry the issue of the Proclamation. They feared Lincoln was becoming faint-hearted. Lincoln listened attentively to the chaplain and answered: "Were it left to me and you, doctor, there would have been no war; yes, there would not have been any cause for war. But it was not left to us. God permitted men to make slaves of their fellowmen. He also permitted this war. He has staged a peculiar drama before His eye. We on our side appeal to Him for victory, because we believe we are right; but those on the other side likewise appeal to Him for victory, because they believe they are right. What must He think of us? And what will be the result?"

General Sickles, in a conversation with Lincoln two days after the battle of Gettysburg, asked the President what his feelings were during those critical days. Lincoln replied: "I have had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. Of course, I don't want you and Colonel Rusling to say anything about this—at least, not now. People might laugh if it got out, you know. But the fact is, in the stress and pitch of the campaign there, I went to my room, and got down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him this was His country,

and the war was His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if He would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him. And He did; and I will. And, after this, I don't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but somehow or other a sweet comfort crept into my soul that Almighty God had taken the whole thing into His own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg. No, General Sickles, I had no fear of Gettysburg; and that is the reason why." What child-like confidence in the Providence of God! And what intimate communion between the President of the country and the God of Nations!

The more we study Lincoln the more we love his deep religious disposition. Lincoln's life had been threatened from the very day of his election, but Lincoln feared not. Father Cheniquy made a special trip to Washington to warn him of the plans of assassination by a certain faction. Lincoln replied: "I see no other safeguards against these murderers, but to be always ready, as Christ advises it." The President then took his Bible, and read six verses of the third chapter of Deuteronomy referring to Moses' being refused to enter the Promised Land, being permitted merely to gaze at it in the distance. Closing the Book, he said: "My dear Father Cheniquy, let me tell you that I have read these strange and beautiful words several times these last five or six weeks. The more I read them, the more it seems to me that God has written them for me as well as for Moses."

Lincoln then referred to God giving him the privilege of freeing four million men from slavery, and crowning the efforts of the Union army with glorious victories. "Now, I see the end of this terrible conflict with the same joy of Moses," continued the President, "when trying forty years in the wilderness; and I pray my God to grant me to see the days of peace and untold prosperity, which will follow this cruel war, as Moses asked God to see the other side of Jordan, and enter the Promised Land. But, do you know, that I hear in my soul, as the voice of God, giving me the rebuke that was given to Moses."

Lincoln continued to speak of Moses who said to the people, "God was wroth with me for your sakes." He went on to say that he felt that he would be among the dead when the nation would be emerging into "peace, industry, happiness, and liberty." He continued, "But when I consider the law of justice and expiation in the death of the Just, the Divine Son of Mary, on the mountain of Calvary, I remain mute in my adoration. The spectacle of the Crucified One which is before my eyes is more than sublime, it is

divine. Moses died for his people's sake, but Christ died for the whole world's sake! Both died to fulfill the same Eternal law of Divine justice, though in a different measure.

"Now, would it not be the greatest of honors and privileges bestowed upon me, if God in His infinite love, mercy and wisdom, would put me between His faithful servant, Moses, and His eternal Son, Jesus, that I might die as they did, for my nation's sake?

"It seems to me that the Lord wants today, as He wanted in the days of Moses, another victim—a victim which He has Himself chosen, anointed and prepared for the sacrifice, by raising it above the rest of His people. I cannot conceal from you that my impression is that I am the victim. So many plots have been against my life, that it is a real miracle that they have all failed. But can we expect that God will make a perpetual miracle to save my life? I believe not.

"But just as the Lord heard no murmur from the lips of Moses, when He told him that he had to die before crossing the Jordan, for the sins of his people, so I hope and pray that He will hear no murmur from me when I fall for my nation's sake."

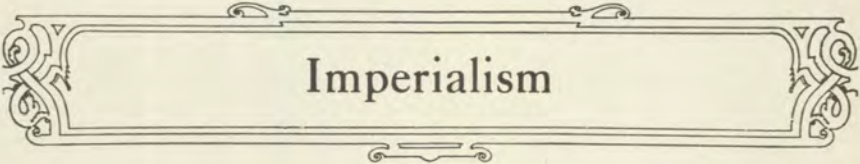
"Never had I heard such sublime words," says Father Cheniquy. "Never had I seen a human face so solemn and so prophet-like as the face of the President when uttering these things. Every sentence had come to me as a hymn from heaven, reverberated by the echoes of the mountains of Pisgah and Cavalry. I was beside myself. Bathed in tears, I tried to say something, but I could not utter a word."

The last words of Lincoln, spoken to his wife, were: "There is no city in this world that I should like to see as much as Jerusalem." These words were scarcely uttered when the bullet of the assassin struck down the savior of the Union. His wish was not granted, but the Lord, who reads the mind and heart, no doubt took pity on the soul that, struggling in religious doubts and perplexities without the light of faith, always showed an unwavering trust in Divine Providence, confiding and communing with his God in the sacred language of his soul.

It was a peculiar trait of Lincoln to conceal his religious feelings from all, save a favored few intimate friends. "The well-spring from which gushed up so grand and good a life, was kept carefully covered from the eyes of the world." There were many who believed that they knew Lincoln well, and they were forced to say they never heard him speak one word of his religious belief or experiences. Lincoln was once told by Mr. Bateman that his friends were unaware of

his religious thoughts, and the President replied: "I know they are. I am obliged to appear indifferent to them; but I think more on these subjects than upon all others, and I have done so for years, and I am willing that **you** should know it." It will probably never be known why Lincoln wished to **appear** indifferent to others. It is certainly, to quote Wettstein, "a matter of history that he never exposed his own religious life to those who had no sympathy with it."

Lincoln thought deeply on the great questions of soul and eternity, but tenderness and humility kept hidden his inmost convictions. He had an abiding sense of his dependence on God, and an unwavering faith in Divine Providence. And still there are those who cowardly **ask** the question, "Was Abraham Lincoln an Infidel?" With the Hon. I. N. Orndol, we join our voice and declare, "when the unbeliever shall convince the people that this man whose life was straightforward, clear and honest, was a sham and a hypocrite, then, but not before, may he make the whole world doubt his Christianity."



Imperialism

CARL J. RYAN, '16

AFTER the Spanish-American War when the United States annexed the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, the question of Imperialism as a policy for the United States was widely discussed. Gradually the question was dropped, but more recently has been partly revived. The danger to those outlying possessions now under our control, occasioned by the present war, together with the question as to what we should do with the Philippines, now makes the question one of importance for us. Whether we shall maintain that isolation recommended by Washington and Jefferson, for which we are so well adapted, or whether the lure of empire shall lead us to conquest and the subjugation of weaker peoples, is a question that will soon call for an answer.

Imperialism in the true sense of the word does not mean that annexation of adjacent territory or territory on the same continent, such as the United States' possession of Alaska and the Panama Canal. It rather means the acquisition of foreign and outlying territory, such as the Philippines. Although some of our great states-

men have advocated an imperial policy, we believe that such a course would be disastrous to the welfare of our great Republic and would ultimately lead to its downfall. Let us see on what the imperialist bases his arguments, and then we may judge as to the worthiness of the cause.

"In wealth, numbers and commerce, America is a growing nation," we are told, "and can no longer remain isolated from the rest of the world. We have outgrown the limitations placed upon us by the framers of the Republic, and we must now expand and become a world power." It is true that we are growing and becoming more important each year. We are not only becoming a world power, but are already such. After the war we shall loom larger and more important than ever. But in order that we maintain this position and prestige, is it necessary that we expand, acquire colonies, and become an empire? We have attained our present position without the aid of outlying territory, why therefore is it necessary to change our policy in order to maintain this position? In this day of rapid communication and transportation, it is almost impossible to speak of one country being isolated from another, except in a military sense. London, Berlin and Paris are no more isolated from New York than is San Francisco.

But even admitting that we are a world power, despite our lack of colonies, the imperialist resorts to another, and as he sees it, a more convincing argument. "Trade follows the flag," he tells us, "and if we wish to find a market for our ever-increasing trade we must acquire colonies." That trade follows the flag is an old and venerated dictum, but is it true? Trade follows the flag sometimes; other times it does not. Markets do not depend upon the flag or armaments, but on prices. Men buy where they can buy cheapest. The only way to get a market is to sell goods cheaper than some one else can sell them. The sovereignty of the flag has nothing to do with it. When the English flag was driven out of this country, her trade rushed in. In recent years the trade between England and this country has been greater than between England and all her colonies combined. Some would attribute the wealth of England to her colonial system. This is not true. England is rich not because of her colonial system, but in spite of it. With the exception of Ireland, none of England's colonies pay taxes to her. Instead, they are a huge expense to her because they must be protected by the British navy. By reason of her trade with them, her colonies are, to a certain extent, a source of revenue to England, but this does not depend upon her political connection with them. Just the moment some

rival can sell goods cheaper in Australia or Canada than England can, those markets will be lost to her, despite the fact that her flag floats over the country. Canada charges a duty against English goods the same as any other goods.

History attests to the fact that the seizure of foreign territory does not promote trade but restricts it. The closing years of the past century were for England a period of extraordinary territorial aggrandizement, yet her trade failed to increase proportionately. France also had acquired foreign possessions, but at the expense of her trade. Germany, on the other hand, engaged in few imperial adventures, yet her trade increased by leaps and bounds, and has been nothing less than phenomenal, and all in spite of the fact that heavy drains were made on her purse by her military system.

It generally happens that foreign possessions sooner or later become the graveyard of nations that possess them. So long as Rome remained intact, she was invincible against a world of foes. When she expanded and conquered foreign tribes, the center of her power was weakened. The soldiers needed to guard the subjugated tribes became corrupt, they were no longer able to repel the invading foes, and at length Rome fell. Spain was once a vast empire, with colonies all over the world. But in time these colonies corrupted the people, demoralized the government and brought her to the impotence where she lies today. And now there are some who profess to see in England's colonial system the downfall of her power.

When the Imperialist is shown the futility of his arguments in behalf of trade and commerce, he abandons these sordid contentions and rises to a nobler plane. He tells us that civilization imposes upon us the duty of protecting territory inhabited by weak and inferior peoples in order that we may civilize them. Such is a lofty sentiment, but unfortunately it never works out satisfactorily. Any race, no matter how low in the scale of civilization, will always oppose the encroachment of foreigners. Any attempt to civilize them must necessarily be a civilization by slaughter. This method has often been tried and always found wanting. So long as a foreign power controls its affairs, no nation has an opportunity to develop self-government. Hence, a ruling power continues indefinitely to keep possession of a weaker country upon the pretext that the latter is incapable of self-government. There is but one successful method of teaching people self-government: impose upon them the duty of government. Let them suffer the consequences of riot and disorder; let them enjoy the fruits of peace and order.

The final result of imperialism is not that we may become a

greater nation; not that our commerce shall increase; not that we may carry the light of civilization to inferior peoples; but the end may be summed in the one word—Plunder. Not that every advocate of Imperialism has this end in view; but this is the outcome of such a policy. Plunder is not necessarily confined to that looting which takes place when a victorious army pillages a captured town. There are other forms, more refined and cunning. This latter kind is best explained by an example or two. India exists as a part of a British Empire. In order to maintain peace in this country, England keeps a part of her army there. This army each year offers positions to several hundred young Englishmen. These young men as a rule are pampered sons of the nobility who could not make a living on their ability. Hence, they are given commissions in the army at big salaries. And,—here is where the plunder comes in. These salaries are paid by the Indians themselves. The same condition exists in Ireland. Ireland is admittedly a peaceful country, yet England maintains in that country, in addition to an enormous police force, a large judiciary system. These judges and their clerks, together with other officials, draw fabulous salaries. And every penny of this money is extracted from the pockets of the Irish. These examples will serve to show the purpose of Imperialism. They also explain why the military class of almost every country favors Imperialism.

Putting aside the question of plunder, and granting that there be some merit in Imperialism, let us see a few of the results of such a policy. In the first place, it means the maintenance of a large standing army, with a part of it kept in whatever colony we would wish to hold and a still larger part kept at home ready to be sent away in times of danger. Now the evils of a standing army are too well known to be reviewed again. A huge standing army is contrary to a democracy, and it is certain that the American people are not yet ready to turn this country into soldiers' barracks. Not only would a standing army be necessary, but likewise a bigger navy, in order that we could protect our colonies in time of war. Then these outlying possessions would prove a vulnerable point of attack for any foe in time of war. Our present compact position, when fortified by a reasonable defence, renders us practically immune from successful attack. But let us acquire outlying possessions and we will thereby lay ourselves open to danger. The acquisition of foreign power would render null and void those advantages which this country possesses by nature of its isolation. At the present time we do not have to depend upon alliances with foreign countries for the protection of our possessions, as would be the case with outlying terri-

tory. And then, were we bound to other countries by alliances we would be drawn into war which would have no interest for us.

There is one more reason why it would be impractical for us to begin an imperial policy. It is too late in the day. Practically all available land for colonies has already been acquired by other powers. The Philippines are about all that is left, and Japan has her eye on them. Much has been written about the Yellow Peril, but we believe that whether the Yellow Peril shall ever become a reality or not, all depends upon the disposition of these islands. And the reason is evident. The Japanese people have outgrown their limits and must look for new settlements. In searching about, Japan finds three possible places for settlement. China is the first. It has been Japan's aim for some time to secure a foothold in China, but China already possesses her millions, and the numbers are increasing rapidly. Then, too, much encroachment would bring on trouble with the other European powers who also have their eyes on China. Finally, the Japanese consider themselves superior to the Chinese, and this social distinction would tend to resist intercourse between the two people. So it would seem that China offers little hope as an outlet for Japan's excess population. The United States is Japan's second possibility. Now it is evident to all Americans—but hard for the Japanese to understand—that the difference in social customs and manners of living between the two races makes it impossible that we hold an open door to the Japanese. There is nothing for us to do but to maintain our present policy of exclusion. And this leaves the Philippines as the only possibility for Japan. On account of the geographical situation and climate, these islands would make an ideal colonizing place for Japan. And it is towards them that Japan will ultimately move. And should we hold these islands permanently, we are bound to come in contact with Japan. If these islands were of any benefit to us, there would be some reason for keeping them. But instead, they are a burden and a costly one, too. The best thing for us to do is to get rid of them. They can do us no good, and are certain to bring us trouble.

In conclusion, we might say that a policy of Imperialism is not the policy for the United States to adopt. It will not fulfil the claim made for it by its supporters; it will in no way enhance the power of the United States; it will not promote our commerce; nor will it serve to civilize inferior races. Then it will necessitate a larger army, and a larger navy. It will draw us into trouble and lay us open to attack; it will destroy that geographical isolation which has meant so much for us. We can easily afford to pass up the opportunities

it would offer in the way of good positions to army and navy officers. And finally, the fact that the only available territory open to colonization would not be altogether desirable for us should once and for all times destroy all ideas of Imperialism as a policy for the United States.

The Flag That Would Not Protect

R. J. RUXTON, '16

“GOODBYE, mother, I'll take care of myself, and you needn't worry. Those reports in the papers about Mexico are greatly exaggerated. I'll write regularly from Durango, and next year I'll be back on my vacation. Well, I must hurry. Goodbye, mother!” and Jack Hanford embracing his mother, kissed her wrinkled cheek. Picking up his satchel, he dashed nimbly across the tracks to the train.

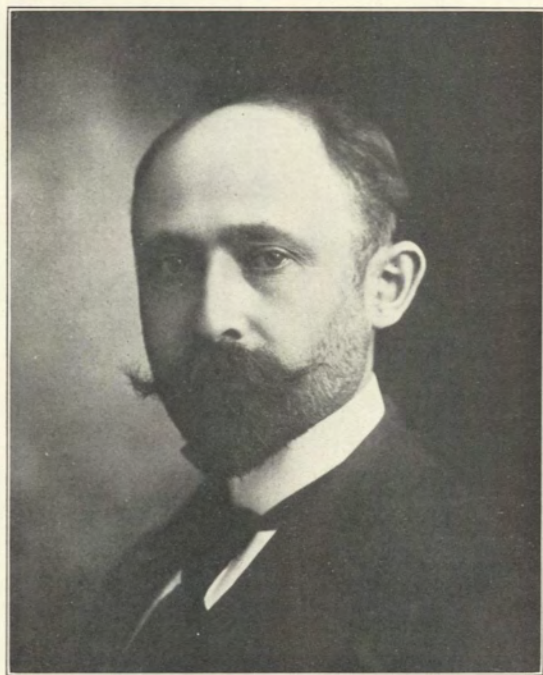
A strange feeling gripped his heart. He was going to leave old, quiet Celina, and take a position with the Durango Lumber Co., down in broiling Mexico. He would not have accepted the position if it had not been for the fact that he was up against it. In other words, half of a loaf was better than none. He had graduated from Celina High School and was looking for a position. Nothing satisfactory had offered itself, and he was anxious to start to work so as to be a help to his widowed mother.

His father had served in the 12th Volunteers at the time of the Spanish War. In the battle of San Juan Hill he was killed, leaving a helpless wife and boy for the government to look after. The pension was hardly sufficient to tide over the widowed mother and orphaned boy. She had worked hard. Jack had finished high school and was now ready to repay her who had so nobly raised him that he might take his place in the world and be a credit to his father and to the country for which his father had died.

Jack settled down in the plush seat of the Pullman and gazed out for a farewell look at his mother. He could scarcely see her. Tears welled up in his eyes. He was a good young fellow and the parting was hard. Brushing the salty drops from his eyes, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief to wave at her as the train started to grind and groan and chug off. Instead, his hand came in contact



In Your Charity
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of



Dr. William Plattfant

who died after an exemplary life
at Dayton, Ohio, January 2, 1916,
in the 62d year of his age

R. I. P.

FRIENDS and former students of the College will learn with deep regret of the death of Dr. William Plattfaut, which occurred January 2.

Dr. Plattfaut was born January 14, 1854, in Westphalia, Germany, and studied medicine and surgery in his native land. He came to Dayton thirty years ago, and shortly after his arrival in the city, became associated with the College. In the course of these many years, the College officials, members of the faculty and students all learned to esteem and love the devoted physician, who from the very beginning manifested the greatest interest in the welfare and development of the College. When his practice became so large that he could not take care of all the calls, the good Doctor informed the College officials that they should not hesitate to send for him if his services were needed. His presence in the Infirmary inspired the greatest confidence. All felt that this learned and experienced physician could grapple successfully with the most deadly diseases.

Dr. Plattfaut was untiringly devoted to his noble profession, and it was this devotion to duty that brought his career to an untimely end. He had been ailing for over a year, but was confined to his home only nine days. During this time, he received the Last Sacraments with the deep faith that characterized his Christian life, and he died a most beautiful death. The good Doctor is survived by his devoted wife, and one sister, a member of the Order of the Sisters of Charity in Germany, to whom the faculty and students of the College extend their deepest sympathy. May the Heavenly Father comfort and console them, and may He grant life eternal to our dear, departed physician and friend.

with a small silk American flag which his mother had taught him to carry about with him, being the son of a soldier, who died for the flag. Jack waved the Stars and Stripes, and as the train sped along, the speed and noise cheered him. He set to reading his letters of introduction to various officials whom he was to meet in Washington.

Arriving in Washington, Jack made his way to the office of the Durango Lumber Co., on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"So you're the young fellow looking for a job?" queried Mr. Bert Kessler, the President of the D. L. C., as he peered over his tortoise-rimmed glasses.

"Yes, sir."

"Kind-a young, but then you'll accommodate yourself the easier, and you'll stand the strain better. Now one word of advice, Mr. Hanford. You're going to Mexico; you'll not be in the good old U. S. A., so if you see anything strange, out of the ordinary, don't mind it; just stick to your business and don't ask too many questions. If you give satisfaction, we'll raise you from \$75 per month to \$100. Here's \$25 for you from your first month's salary which starts with tomorrow. You'll travel at our expense, and while you are traveling you get your pay. Now don't forget, mind your own business and don't be surprised at some of the strange things that go on in that section of the world," Mr. Kessler advised as he closed his check-book and told Jack to see Mr. Hoen about his traveling expenses.

The next day Jack climbed aboard the Southland Limited bound for San Antonio, Texas. After a week of dusty traveling he found himself in strange Durango.

"I guess the president of the D. L. C. was right when he said I shouldn't be surprised. Goodnight! what a burg! I wonder if I can stand this?" Jack murmured as he alighted at the one-room station marked "Durango."

The train rattled on over the sandy, cactus-covered stretches of arid land! Before him, lying sprawled out in the glaring, sun-baked sand, lay the village. Such tumble-down, rotten huts he had never imagined. No one seemed to care. Under a large Yuca tree a peon was trumming on a battered guitar. The place showed as much life as a country church-yard.

"Well, I'll be hanged, what in the world am I to do here?"

Just then someone touched him on the shoulder. Jack turned.

"Hello, stranger. Gosh! but it makes a fellow feel good to see a real American down here. What's your name?" drawled a tall, raw-boned ranchero.

"Jack Hanford from Celina, Ohio. That's me! Say can you tell me where the Durango Lumber Co. has its offices?" Jack asked as he lit a cigarette the stranger offered.

"Offices! Say, that's a good one. Come with me and I'll show you," and the ranchero's eyes twinkled as he led Jack down a side street, if such a thing can exist in a place where every thoroughfare is an alley.

"Say, what brings you down here in this devil of a hole?" drawled Jack's newly acquired friend.

"Well, money! I had to get a job, and this is the best I could lay my hands on."

"Well, if you've got the right kind of stuff in you, you'll beat it after a year or two; but if you're a devil-may-care sort of a cuss, you'll be knocking around here like myself for some time longer. Here's your place," drawled the leathern-legged cow-puncher.

Jack looked. A long, low one-story building glistened white in the sunshine. It looked like barracks.

"Much obliged. Say, what's your name? I'd like to get better acquainted. I'm going to be around here for some time," Jack asked, as the ranchero was about to cross the narrow street.

"Oh, I'm Al Newton. I'm working up on the Triangle Ranch. I'll call you up some time this evening, and off he strode.

Jack entered the building, presented his letters of introduction, and got right down to work within half an hour.

He found lodgings in an American family, and soon worked himself into the Mexican manner of life. His work consisted in doing all sorts of things, checking and filing in the office, banging off business letters on the typewriter, following up lost claims and surveying in the mountains. He became a fast friend of Al Newton's, and many a valuable piece of advice Al slipped him as they smoked their cigarettes on the porch of the hacienda.

One evening in early June, Jack strode up to the ranch.

"Say, Al, let's take a walk."

"All right. Come on," Al answered as he picked up his sombrero.

"Say, Al. I want to ask you something. Who owns that heavily timbered land up the San Jacinto River?"

"Oh, the government owns the most of it."

"I don't know whether I should let business secrets out, Al, but you're my friend, so I'll trust you. Listen!"

Al pulled down the brim of his sombrero, and carefully anchoring

his cigarette between his lips, dug his hands deeply into his pockets and waited for the story.

"This last week a gang of workmen was sent up there. I went along. We struck an old trail and made a complete detour of the whole timber land. That's some mighty good lumber up there. The boss reckoned it was worth between nine and ten million. Today we sent up a squad to cut the trees. I asked the boss when we got that land, and he said it was a little gift. I didn't quite get his meaning until I found in the office, while filing and checking bills, a letter from Gen. Arzow, giving to the D. L. C. a gift of the San Pablo region for a remuneration. I didn't get the full meaning of the whole dirty business until I checked off a bill from the New York Metallic Cartridge Co., for 5,000 cases of ammunition. We certainly don't use ammunition, and the only thing I can make out of it, is that Gen. Arzow is going to get that ammunition, and we in return get the lumber. Is my dope right?" Jack asked as he flicked the ashes from his weed.

"Exactly, and furthermore, the Triangle Ranch is going to send up its cattle to San Pablo, after you people get finished cutting. There's some mighty fine pasture land up on the hillsides. We're going to give old Arzow 1,000 rifles for his favor. See! Nothing strange. Jack, that's the way things are run in Mexico. It's been going on that way for years. No use asking questions. They are a bunch of crooks down here, and there are bigger crooks up in New York who do the game on a bigger scale."

"I guess that's what the boss meant up in the States when he told me not to be surprised at certain strange things that might happen," mused Jack as his mind grasped the truth.

"It's rotten all the way through. It was like that already in the early 90's when I was with the American force over in China during the Boxer uprising, and also when I served during the Spanish-American War. The big business in Wall Street runs the country." Al spat viciously at a toad.

"Were you in the Spanish-American War? Jack breathlessly inquired.

"I should say! I've been knocking about all over, a sort of a soldier of fortune." Al slipped the cut-plug in his mouth and continued. "But as I was saying,—Wall Street runs our government. Listen! Two years ago the Red Star Oil Company got seven million dollars worth of oil fields from Gen. Blanqueto for a few shiploads of bullets and guns. The ordinary people up in the States are being bamboozled and hoodwinked, and all the time the government

is doing nothing. Either they don't know about it, and that's hardly possible, or they know all about it but can't do anything, or don't care to do anything. Believe me, Jack, between you and me I think the U. S. government some way or other is mixed up in this whole unrest and discontent in Mexico," Al whispered as they came into the hotel.

"I don't believe that, Al," Jack retorted hotly. "The Stars and Stripes have ever been unblemished. Remember my father died for the flag and I think our government is the best ever."

"All Bull! I'll prove it to you. I'm going down to Tampico, Yucatan, for the boss about some cattle, and I'll nose around a bit. I won't dig in deep. I don't have to. The graft and bribery is so thick it can be found without a magnifying glass. I'll bring you some interesting facts that will lead straight to Washington, to some who are high up. See if I don't. I'll be back inside of two months. You watch. Well, Jack, goodbye. Tomorrow I'm going off early. I'll not even write to you. But I'll get what I'm after."

"I don't believe it, Al. The U. S. A. would never traffic so low. The Stars and Stripes are the cleanest flag that floats. So long, Al, take care of yourself."

Jack walked gloomily homewards. The stars twinkled serenely. They shone upon the land to the north. They were shining over the peaceful Ohio valleys. They lit up the quiet streets of Celina. They shone upon the soft, white, majestic dome of the Capitol at Washington.

"Al, is wrong. I'll admit Wall Street is crooked and is the cause of this boiling and unrest in Mexico, but I don't believe the government is responsible," Jack murmured.

The time flew rapidly. The heavy timber was cut at San Pablo and rushed to the States where the lumber commanded a fancy price. Jack was busy with surveying and office work.

One night he came home late. As he strolled through the deserted streets he stumbled upon a sobbing form.

"What in the world is this?" he ejaculated.

Hearing a groan, he stooped and turned over the shivering figure.

"What's the trouble?" Jack asked the man in Spanish.

"Ah, senor, my wife and child gone, my home gone, my all gone," the man sobbed. The beeg company came, and say 'you get out of your house; this land belongs to us.' I say, 'No I live here long time, so does my father.' They go to Gen. Arzow. He send soldiers while I am away working. They kill my wife and child and burn my

house. Then gringos get my land. Oh, San Deo," the man muttered as the weight of his woe overwhelmed him.

"So this is a result of the company's business," Jack muttered. What can I do? Nothing! The authorities did it," he concluded. Then turning to the poor unfortunate he said kindly, "Here are ten dollars."

"It'll give the poor fellow at least a chance to do something," Jack murmured to himself as he tried to feel blameless.

"Gracias, señor!" mumbled the victim of misrule as he remained lying, for one place was as good as another, now that his home was gone.

Jack was serious. This was downright rotten. He wished he were back in the States where the people were at least decent.

"I'm going to quit this job and get back to God's country," he resolved. "If I can't get a job, why I can enlist and serve my country for some time."

After three months of waiting, Jack packed his grip and made ready to leave. He was heartily sick of the whole country. The poor peons and other victims of government misrule, similar to the poor unfortunate that he had met, joined the bandits of the mountains. They defied the government that had wronged them and they wreaked their vengeance. The government became harsher and more suspicious. The common people had just ground for complaint whenever the government failed to protect them from the marauding bands. The trafficking in oil-lands and timber-lands went on more briskly than before. The government needed ammunition to quell the revolutions, and this was easily done according to the old method.

The country was in a turmoil. Sections of land were governed by various chiefs who lorded it over their domain as long as their short rule allowed. The United States had at first attempted to stop the wholesale murder and rapine, but then came "Watchful Waiting." The same story was told day after day in the papers. The army stationed along the Rio Grande was tied. Somewhere, the word "Go!" was withheld, American citizens were ruthlessly killed, and even American soldiers were shot in the brushes by Mexican bandits, and still the word "Go!" was withheld. Finally, to make matters worse, Washington acknowledged Carranza as the Mexican nation's head. This incensed Villa, Zapata and a host of lesser revolutionary leaders whose claims were as good as Carranza's.

"Well, it's goodbye to this old hole for me," Jack sighed as he swung aboard the last train from Durango. "I wonder what has

become of Al Winton. I guess he'll get my notice I left in case he should turn up. He's a dare-devil all right, and he'll meet his death sooner or later down in this hornet's nest. I'm glad I'm going to the good old U. S. A." he chuckled as he settled down into a seat and watched the burnt, battle-scarred fields of Mexico flit by.

The train traveled about five hours when the cars were suddenly stopped. It neared Cusiuhirachic. The passengers craned their necks out of the windows to see what was the trouble.

There, across the track lay a pile of stones and logs. Two bandits on horseback covered the engineer and fireman. Suddenly a number of ill-clad ruffians sprang from the bushes. They entered the cars.

"Viva Villa," shouted the intoxicated bandits.

"All the Gringos get off the car," yelled a desperate looking mountaineer, reeking with liquor.

A Kentucky salesman up in the front corner of the car, made a motion for his hip-pocket.

Bang!

He crumpled and fell lifeless to the floor.

"Hurry! you dogs," yelled the leader of the band, "or we'll shoot you now."

A newspaper correspondent of the New York News pretended not to hear the command.

"You dog!" yelled the leader and fired his revolver point-blank at the newspaper man's face. A horrible grin on the dead man's face, showed life had fled.

As Jack filed out of the car, he jostled someone coming from the other car. He looked up.

"For the love of Pete! Al! What does this mean?" he anxiously asked.

"Hang me if I know. They're pretty sore and we'll be lucky if we get out of this alive," Al warned through his clenched teeth.

"I left town. Did you stop off to see me? Where are you going?" Jack whispered.

"I didn't stop off. I have some very interesting stuff here," and he patted a bulky projection in his upper coat pocket. "I told you the trail of this dirty business would lead from New York to Washington. I have proofs here. Oh! but this'll upset somebody's plans for this coming election, when the people get to hear this," Al muttered.

"Shut up! you Gringos," yelled the leader of the bandits.

Out of the cars a little knot of Americans had stepped. There were nearly eighteen in the group.

"Now, see here, you Gringos," yelled the bandit chief. "Your presidente has recognized Carranza. You think we are fools. We will make each and everyone of you pay the price. Line along that middle car. Now, when I say "Fire" you will find out how much your Americano government can do for you," he sneered.

The men stood dumbfounded. Killed! To be murdered in cold blood, not for the sake of robbery or private quarrel, just because they were Americans and their government had recognized Carranza.

"He's bluffing, Al, isn't he," whispered Jack, watching the leader as he turned to give the soldiers instructions. "He can't mean to kill us in cold blood?"

"Bluffing? Not on your life. Hang it! I always knew I'd get into some kind of a mess like this," Al cursed as he kicked his foot deep into the sandy ground. "Just when I had such fine stuff to let the people know," he muttered. Jack stood as if dumbfounded. Death seemed so hard now while he was so young.

"Well, I'll die for my country because I'm an American like my father," he resolved as tears glistened in his eyes and he looked off far away to the north, to home and mother.

"Attention!" thundered the voice of the chief.

"The little line of men, backed against the train, looked over the hills to the north to home and country. Jack closed his eyes. He would die as a patriot. He pulled out the little silk American flag and placed it over his heart.

"T H— with the flag that won't protect you," hissed Al.

"Fire!" yelled the leader.

In that instant Jack looked at the soldier whose rifle aimed at his heart. He stared.

In the cold, cruel eyes behind that Springfield he recognized the man he had helped that night in June.

A flash!

He felt faint. He reeled and fell. His warm young blood crimsoned the Stars and Stripes.

Up in Celina a little widowed mother sat alone on the porch of a humble cottage. Her head was bowed and tears were streaming from her eyes. On her lap lay a newspaper, whose glaring headlines read:

EIGHTEEN AMERICANS SHOT

Death to Gringos, Bandits Shout!

Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

Madera, Chihuahua, January 15.—Rodrigo Gomez, the only known Mexican passenger on the train from which eighteen Americans were taken and brutally murdered by Villa bandits last Monday, today told the story of the massacre. Senor Gomez was formerly a Captain in Villa's army, but resigned three months ago to accept a position with the Madera Lumber Company. His statement follows:

"Never before in my career as a commander in General Villa's army have I witnessed such a spectacle of fiendish cruelty practiced by my countrymen as the massacre of the Americans last Monday. It was the most fiendish and cold-blooded crime that I have ever seen or that has ever come to my knowledge. * * *"

She looked further down the long article featured on the front page of the "Cincinnati Enquirer" of January 15, and suddenly there stood out bold the name of Jack Hanford in the list of the dead. Yes, "Jack Hanford, Celina, Ohio." There could be no mistake. The light of her life had gone out, and her soul was shrouded in blackness.

Across the long distance wire, from New York to Washington, the operator heard the following:

"Hello! That you Senor Felipe!"

"Yes! What do you want," came the answer from New York.

"What about that man, Winton, who was nosing around down in Mexico? He gathered a lot of information against us that will not stand the light of day."

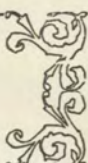
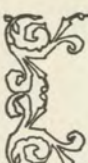
"Oh, that fellow. We got him and settled him. My agents knew he was coming north but they could not get at him. But they arranged to have his train stopped by some bandits. Look in this evening's paper. You'll see something interesting."

"They got him, then?" anxiously inquired the voice from Washington.


"Yes, they got him. They got a bunch of others, too.

"That's good. They had no business staying down here, anyway. So long."

And the operator wondered what it was all about, so are a great number of Americans wondering. Rodrigo Gomez knew these Americans and witnessed the brutal massacre. Facts are stranger than fiction.



Mr. Gilhooly's Troubles



CARL J. RYAN, '16

“HELLO, Pat. Ye look troubled.”

“I am, Tim.”

“What ails ye?”

“I’m huntin’ somebody, Tim.”

“Who’s he?”

“Some big stiff iv an Englishman. If ye see him, Tim, let me know.”

“How would I know him if I did see him?”

“Can’t ye tell an Englishman whin ye see him? Shame on ye, Timothy Mulligan.”

“Why, Pat, thir’s hundreds iv Englishmin in New York.”

“Don’t trifle with me, Tim. Thir’s only wan in partic’lar I’m lookin’ f’r. Don’t bother yir head about th’ rist. If ye see this wan jist let me know.”

“What do ye want with this gintl’mán?”

“I’ll have ye understand, Tim, he ain’t no gintl’mán; he’s an Englishman. But I’ll tell ye why I’m lookin’ f’r him. I was comin’ down th’ sthreet t’other day, an’ jist as I passed this guy, he sez: ‘Thir goes wan iv those uncultured Irishmin, whose co-patriates are incur’gin those Girman barbarians to disthroy our noble civilization.’

“‘Ye flanneled fool,’ sez I, ‘I won’t take sich talk fr’m ye or iny sich dephraved rheptiles as yirsilf. Do ye take that back?’

“‘No; ye uncouth ruffian,’ sez he. ‘I wouldn’t condescend to take wan wur-rd back.’

“Jist to teach him how to talk to a gintl’mán, I taps him wan on th’ nose. That gits him quite mad. He doubles up his fists an’ comes t’ward me.

“‘Oh,’ sez I, ‘ye wanna fight, do ye? Well come ahead.’ He came, Tim, an’ f’r tin minutes we had th’ foinest iximple iv th’ manly art a gintl’mán could wish to see. We were still on th’ first round, an’ he was jist about to sirrinder, whin a big Irish cop comes along, lays his hand on me shoulhder an’ sez: ‘Yir under irríst.’

“Think iv it, Tim. An Irish cop irrístin’ an Irishman f’r cleanin’ up on an Englishman. If St. Patrick or Robert Emmet would ivir

find that out they'd renounce thir nitionality. Yit, Tim, I thought this was a land iv th' free. Why in Ireland if ye bate up on an Englishman, yir name goes down in history with th' rist iv th' Irish heroes, sich as Daniel O'Connell an' Napoleon. Tim, had this scrap takin' place in ould Erin, Patrick Gilhooly's name would be famous by this time. An' whin I would die they would build a big monument on me grave, an' on it they would put this inscription: 'Here lies a famous Irish hero. By th' heartless world his motives were largely misunderstood; an' by a certain poor Englishman they were entirely misunderstood.' Yissir, Tim, that would have been me fate; but instead I got a night in th' lock-up, and th' Englishman wint free. In th' mornin' they took me to th' court room. They gave me a loiyer by th' name iv McShane. Iv course I knew he was a good wan as soon as I heard th' name. But whin th' jidge comes in th' court room whistlin' 'God save the King,' I knew thir was no chance. Well, pretty soon they starts th' case. Th' jidge sez:

"'Yir name?"

"'Patrick Gilhooly.' Th' jidge gives a kinda sniff an' thin sez:

"'Nationality—Irish, I presume.'

"'Pretty close presumin', sez I, 'presume agin.'

"'What's yir occupashion?"

"'Engineer.'

"'Have ye got a job?"

"'No; I got fired t'other day.'

"'Why?"

"'Do ye wanna hear th' whole story?"

"'Yes.'

"'Well it's this way. Whin I got th' job as ingineer th' boss sez 'The first time ye bring yir ingine in late, yir fired.' Thim wur-rds made a deep impression on me. Th' other day when I came into th' depot, th' boss becomes greatly ixcited an' sez:

"'Where's th' rist iv yir train? Ye've only got yir ingine an' coal car.'

"'Oh,' sez I real calmly, 'don't git ixcited, thir's nothin' wrong. It's jist this way. Ye remimber ye said whin I bring me ingine in late ye'd fire me. Well, I was onavoidably detained down th' line. Whin I got goin' agin I had th' ingine runnin' fifty miles per hour. I saw I couldn't reach New York in time, although I tried me best, an' in sheer desperashion I cut loose the six passenger coaches, an' me ingine relieved iv this onnicissary weight, wint up to sivinty miles per hour, an' I got in New York jist on time. An' thin without iny oneearthly reason th' boss cusses to beat th' band, an' sez, 'yir fired.'

"Mr. Gilhooly, d'ye wanna jury?"

"I didn't know what a jury was, so I turned to me loiyer an' sez:

"Do they cost inything?"

"No,' sez he. Thin I sez to th' jidge:

"Well since y're givin' thim away, I'll take wan.' An' thin to show their ignorance, Tim, they all laughed. Th' jidge sez somethin' to wan iv th' min in th' room, an' he left. He soon returned an' was followed by twilve other min, who took seats in th' little coop by th' jidge's stand. I didn't like th' looks iv thim, so I sez to th' jidge:

"Jidge, who are thim guys?"

"Mr. Gilhooly,' he sez, 'ye will hereafter address th' court as Yer Honor.'

"Aw jidge,' sez I, 'cut out th' foolishness. Call me Pat, an' I'll call ye Jidge.' Thin Tim, I got wan iv th' finest little sermons in politeness that I iver heard. I cut short th' speech by agreeen' to call him Yer Honor.

"Yer Honor,' siz I, 'who are thim twilve gintl'min?"

"They are th' jury.'

"An' what be they f'r?"

"They are to decide whither ye are guilty or not.'

"Yer Honor,' sez I, 'what th' divil do they know about this scrap. Thir wasn't a wan iv thim that seen it.' Agin they showed their ignorance by laughin'. Tim, whin I saw how ignorant th' whole bunch iv thim were, I knew thir was no chance f'r an intelligent gintl'man like me. Th' jidge sez:

"Gilhooly, are ye guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, Tim, I didn't know what to say. If I said guilty, he'd soak me sure; an' if I said not guilty, he wouldn't believe me inyhaw. Jist thin me loiyer turned to me an' sez:

"Plead not guilty.' I looked at th' jidge, but thin I couldn't think iv his name, but I knew it sounded like th' name iv an inimy.

"Aw,' sez I to me loiyer, 'what's th' use? I won't have iny chance.

"Plead not guilty,' sez he.

"Well jist to please him, I sez 'not guilty,' although I knew I was lyin' whin I sez it. Th' jidge sez:

"Th' plaintiff will now state his side iv th' case.' I looks around, an' who do you think come up fr'm th' rear? Nobody but this Englishman, th' viry fellow I'm lookin' f'r this viry minet. I didn't know he was in th' court room. But say Tim, he was a sight. He looked like he dropped from wan iv thim Zippilins an' got caught in th' proppillar on th' way down. Well Tim, this Englishman told th' jidge all

about th' scrap, an' th' way he told it y'd think he was a little infant, an' I was a big broot. Whin he finished I was almost ashamed iv mesilf. Thin th' jidge sez to me:

"'Do ye admit hittin' th' gintlman?' That was another wan iv thim foolish questions, f'r inywan that would look at th' poor stiff could see that I hit him. I didn't like to tell another lie but I had to be consistent with me former statement, so I sez:

"'I plead not guilty.'

"'Did ye hit him with malice aforethought?' I didn't know what that was, but it sounded like some tirrible instrument iv torchoor, so I sez real tinderly:

"'No, I jist used me fists.'

"'That means, did ye do it on purpose,' me loiyer whispered. Jist thin a brilliant idea struck me, an' I sez:

"'No, Yer Honor, it was jist an accident.'

"'Mr. Gilhooly, tell yer side iv th' case,' sez th' jidge sternly. Well Tim, I told him how this Englishman started th' scrap and I got in to uphold th' nitional honor iv Ireland. But faith Tim, what does a jidge care about th' nitional honor iv Ireland? Well, when I got done th' jidge asked me a few more foolish questions, an' thin told th' jury to git out an' bring in a virdict—whativer that is. Thim twelve min marched right out an' marched right back agin. But I didn't see inything that looked like a virdict, so I kinda thought I'd git free inyhaw. Thin I looked towards th' jury an' wan little shrimp gits up an' sez:

"'We find th' difindint guilty.'

"Tim, that got me sore. Here was a jury that was to find out if I was guilty, an' they niver seen th' scrap. Thin instead of lettin' thim hunt around f'r thimsilves, this guy tells thim th' whole story. Iv course they takes his wur-rd f'r it, an' sez they find me guilty.

"'Ten dollars an' costs,' sez th' jidge.

"'What's th' costs?' sez I.

"'Costs iv th' case: witness fees an' so f'rth. Thirteen dollars in all.'

"Well, thir was nothin' to do but to fork over thirteen hard earned dollars. An' thin what d'ye think? What d'ye think? Tim. Th' jidge hands this guy wan dollar as witness fee. Well, I didn't say inything, but I sez to mesilf, 'I'll either git me dollar back or thir'll be wan less guy to holler 'God save th' King' whin th' war's over.' Jist as he was goin' out, this guy winks his eye at me. This gits me crazy, Tim, so pickin' up me loiyer's law book, I slams it at him as hard as I could. Me aim was poor, however, an' th' book

gits th' jidge right on th' ear. But he didn't git sore. He jist sez good naturedly:

"'Tin dollars more.' While I was payin', the Englishman leaves court, and I didn't see him inymore. But I'm still huntin' him. If ye see him, let me know, an' I'll git me dollar back, or thir'll be another scrap. An' if thir's another scrap, it will take place where no Irish cop can disgrace his nitionality by arristing a fellow Irishman f'r definidin' th' honor iv St. Patrick an' his noble flock. Well, s'long, Tim."

"Good-bye, Pat."

Tommy's Diplomacy

CARL J. RYAN, '16

WHEN Thornton, Brown and Lawler entered the office one morning they found Tommy, the office boy, heaving the desks around unceremoniously. Everything was deranged from its customary position.

"What is it, Tommy, housecleaning?"

"Tommy looked around with an air of superior wisdom.

"Oh, I guess youse guys aint wise to the latest."

"Beg pardon, Tommy, would you mind repeating?"

"I says, I suppose you ginks don't know the latest."

"Well, well, don't you think Tommy's a little fresh this morning, especially for an office boy." Thornton turned to the others.

"Office boy!" flashed Tommy, "whaddumean,—office boy. Aint I got a waste basket and desk all to myself? Huh, I guess I'm just as much a member of the firm as youse ginks."

"Certainly Tommy, certainly. If it doesn't make any difference, hereafter we'll see you when we want to go to the ball game."

"Aw, put a brake on the comedy, but listen. In a short time you'll all be comin' to see me on more important matters than ball games."

"Really Bud? Explain yourself. And what is the latest you were speaking about?"

"Why," he chuckled. "We're goin' to get a new steno."

"A what?"

"A new steno—stenographer, if you please."

"From whence this information, Tommy?"

"Sh-h, I got the inside dope. Yesterday after youse gents went to the ball game, this young dame—"

"Oh, she's young and pretty, eh," interrupted Thornton.

"Shut up. I knew you'd be asking questions right away. But you'll soon get a chance to see for yourself. Now if youse guys will have the politeness not to interrupt a gent when he's speaking, I'll continue."

"Proceed, Tommy."

"As I was sayin' this young dame drifts into the office and begins speaking to the Old Man. Soon he calls me over and gives me a knockdown—which wasn't necessary at all. In a few minutes I was on good terms with her—in fact I walked home with her last night. Oh I can see youse guys gettin' jealous already, but I got a stand-in, so I don't care. Pretty soon the old man gave me the orders. 'Miss Williams,' he said, 'would like her desk near a window. Now I wish you would get here a little earlier in the mornin' and arrange things.' Those were his exact words and I'm followin' them out. Now see this place right here by the window. Yes. Well, that's where the new steno's desk will be. And see this place right side of it. Well, that's where Tommy's desk goes."

"Pray where do we come in?"

"Youse? Why your desks are right up there in the corner, facin' the wall. Oh, wait a minute." Tommy advanced towards the corner. "This lookin' glass has gotta come out of here. If I'd let this here, you'd all be pikin' in it all day to see what was goin' on behind you."

"Why, Tommy, what's the meaning of all this? Don't you think we ever saw a stenographer before?"

"You never saw one like this dame. Take it from Tommy, she's some doll. She's got anything beat that this Flagg Montgomery James person ever drew. Just wait till you see her. You'll admit that if Tommy hadn't shoved you all up in the corner there'd be little work done in this office. Down to your places, here comes the Boss and the latest addition to the firm."

A moment later they entered the office. Thornton, Brown and Lawler were soon introduced to the new stenographer. They secretly admitted that Tommy was right,—it was for the best interest of the firm that they were placed in the corner. Each one was willing to sacrifice the interests of the firm a little if he could exchange desks with the office boy. Throughout the day they noticed that Tommy

was quite friendly with the young lady. That evening Tommy walked home with her.

"I guess Tommy was right when he said we'd be coming to him on more important matters than ball games," Thornton volunteered. "As for myself I'm going to see Tommy and try to have him put in a good word for me."

"Don't think you have a monopoly on this interviewing stuff, I'm going to see Tommy myself," added Lawler.

"I've already told Tommy I'd like to speak to him confidentially," concluded Brown.

The next day, and every day thereafter, Tommy came in the morning and went home in the evening with Miss Williams. They all wondered what was the secret of Tommy's pull, as they termed it. They had a hard time getting Tommy alone, but one day their chance came when the Boss went to a directors' meeting and asked Miss Williams to go along and take notes.

"Say, Tommy, why is it that Miss Williams shows such preference for a mere office—"

"Whaddumean, office boy—"

"Oh, beg pardon, Tommy, I meant to say the youngest member of the firm. She hardly looks at the rest of us—including Brown, the handsomest one of the bunch."

"Oh," responded Tommy indifferently, "she doesn't care much for good looks, it's brains she admires. But youse needn't be discouraged on that account. I guess if I'd put in a good word, you'd have a stand-in, despite your handicap. In fact she wants to go to the Grand Central next Saturday night and would like to have some one to go along."

"What's doing at the Grand Central?" inquired Brown of Thornton.

"The big charity ball, the swellest affair of the season," said Thornton. "The fellow who takes her down will surely attract some attention. Say, Tommy, kindly let Miss Williams know that I am one of the classiest dancers in town."

"Tommy," nodded Lawler, "you know what a figure I cut in a dress suit. Let Miss Williams know about it."

Brown said nothing but slyly gave Tommy a knowing wink and showed him his pocketbook.

"Here's the point," began Tommy. "Next Saturday we close down for vacation. I wanta go campin' but ain't got the funds. Now the gent who is most liberal in helpin' me to go campin' the next two

weeks will be the lucky guy. Not so soon—I'll see you all one at a time, sometime before Saturday. Just remember there's no limit to your generosity."

The following Saturday evening Tommy and Miss Williams were sitting in the parlor of his home. Soon a knock was heard and Tommy went to the door and admitted Lawler who was arrayed in a dress suit. His face beamed with one huge smile. While they were chatting, another knock was heard, and Tommy admitted Thornton. Lawler and Thornton looked at each other questioningly, and then at Tommy, but he was careful not to meet their glances. It was a rather unpleasant situation, which was only augmented by the fact that in a few moments Brown arrived. They sat there in a quandary, each thinking the same thoughts but none daring to express them. They chatted upon a few trivial subjects, and all the while Miss Williams seemed entirely unperturbed and unmindful of the awkwardness of the situation. One thing was on the minds of the young men, and they sat there chafing under the suspense.

"I am glad you have come early. We shall have ample time." Miss Williams spoke so sweetly that their troubles were momentarily forgotten. It was impossible to tell for whom the statement was meant, or whether it was intended for all three. "Pardon me just a moment and I shall be ready."

As the door closed behind her they all gave their attention to Tommy.

"What does this mean, Tommy?"

"You've double-crossed us, eh?"

"Look here, Tommy, when I handed over the coin I thought I was to be the only one, now you bring all three of us."

"Well, gents, I'll tell you how it was," Tommy volunteered. "I said the lucky guy would be the one who was most liberal to me campin' fund. Then I found out that you were all three tie. Thornton, you gave me four dollars, and Lawler you gave me a three-dollar tent and a dollar to boot, and Brown—"

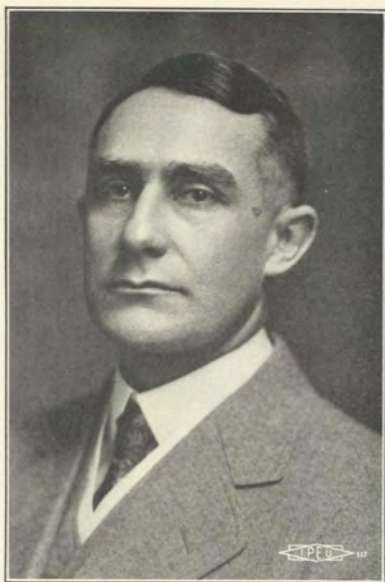
"See here, Tommy," interrupted Brown, "according to those figures I should come first, I gave you five dollars—five one dollar bills."

"Right you are, Brown, but on the way home I lost a dollar and so that makes you even with the rest."

"Blame it, Tommy, I couldn't help what you lost."

"Neither could I, Brown."

S. M. C.'s Football Coach



ALFRED McCRAY
(S. M. C. Football Coach)

Football at St. Mary's without its McCray would be music without harmony. And what's more, Attorney Alfred McCray is liked by the team and the entire student body.

Coach McCray has earned quite a reputation in the West as a football tutor, and justly so. He probably knows more than any coach in Ohio, and when he talks football you can put it down as fact.

He is in a class all by himself. His methods are original, his results are unique.

He is the life and the soul of the team at all times. He is with the team all the time,—win, lose or draw.

The first time we hear of McCray in college football is when he played with Cincinnati U, 1902-'03-'04, captaining the team the last year. He then coached Marshall College in 1905; Steele High School in 1906-'07-'08; Antioch College 1909-'10-'11; and St. Mary College 1913-'14-'15.

Here's hoping he remains with us for a long time to come!



VARSITY CLUB ROOM

"But what are we going to do about this thing. Three fellows can't take one girl to a dance, no matter how swell the affair is."

"Whaddumean, dance?" inquired Tommy with apparent innocence and surprise.

"Why you little shrimp, I don't suppose you know why we're here."

"Sure I do, your goin' to take her down to the Grand Central, but what has that gotta do with dancin'?" Not receiving any answer, Tommy paused a moment and then continued. "Youse gents look so dumbfounded I guess I'll have to explain myself. I suppose you know that Miss Williams is my cousin and has been stayin' here ever since she struck this burg. Tonight she is goin' home for vacation, and youse gents are goin' to take her to the depot."

"The depot!" they all blurted out.

"Sure, the Grand Central." Then Tommy's face brightened up.

"Say, I hope youse fellows didn't think I meant the Grand Central Dancing Academy?"

"Oh, no, Tommy. There was no misunderstanding at all," Lawler assured him ironically. "Only I'd like to turn you over my knee for a pleasant half hour or so."

"You ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretense. This is highway robbery to charge a guy for sharing the privilege of taking a girl to the depot," added Brown. The talk was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Williams. She soon bade good-bye to Tommy, and gave him a significant wink, which the rest took to mean that she was enjoying the joke as much as he was. A moment later all four of them were going down the street. As they left Tommy called after them:

"Hey, you'll pardon me for laughin', but it sure does look funny to see three young men dressed up like dudes takin' one girl to the depot. I'm awfully sorry you misunderstood me, but I guess you'll admit Tommy used some diplomacy, anyhow. Thanks for contributin' so generously to me campin' fund. S'long."

*City Laboratory as an Economic Factor in City Welfare

HERE was a time when laboratories were connected with scientific educational institutions only, not operated as an economic factor in any manner whatsoever, their purpose being educational entirely. It was not long, however, before thinking men appreciated the fact that such work as is carried on in the laboratory would be of great benefit to the various industries, simplifying many mysterious results and saving much time and money by fixing the result, as well as operation to be used, in bringing about the end, result.

After the good results obtained by individuals, corporations and educational institutions were made public, this same public demanded, (and right that they should), that the federal states and municipalities should adopt similar means to accomplish similar ends, so we arrive at the point where they have laboratories, and carry on the work, some very extensively, as with the federal and some state laboratories, and a few cities, and others in a small way.

With the federal government, its laboratories are scientific institutions, operated with three objects in view: first, of detecting fraud; second, of aiding in the promotion of public health; and third, of the scientific research work.

This is also true of some state and municipal laboratories. But only the laboratories of the large cities and states can afford to carry on research work; the smaller ones must be satisfied to take advantage of the research work of its more fortunate co-workers and confine their efforts along routine lines. The efforts of all, federal, state and municipal laboratories, should be exerted along line which have for its end, preservation of health. This should come first above all things, for what is our life worth without health. No matter how many millions we may possess, they will not purchase good health, while a few dollars may have prevented impaired or bad health.

Municipal laboratories are operated with three prime objects in view: first, that of detecting and thereby controlling contagious diseases; second, that of detecting and preventing the addition of harmful preservatives to food products; and third, that of detecting and preventing fraud through cheap imitations and adulterations. We

*This lecture was delivered before the Engineering Society of St. Mary College, January, 1916, by Dr. Floyd, City Bacteriologist.

might include a fourth group that of scientific research, and the manufacture of curative sera, such as is carried out very extensively by the City of New York. In New York, the City Laboratory carries on research work to a very creditable extent, and the sera made are dependable and in demand. These products require a scientific staff, and is laboratory work entirely. The work is kept in check by the federal authorities and must meet certain requirements. These requirements are quite strict, and it is only right that they should, as here again it has to do with preserving health. And what is of more importance to the human race than the preservation of its health?

In cities the size of Dayton, the man in charge must be versatile. He must know how to handle the contagious disease end of the work, the analysis of water and food products, and occasionally do inspections. The amount of desk work is very limited as the routine work keeps him busy. The larger cities have a specialist for each branch of the work. It goes without saying that the class of work as a whole makes a better appearance.

There are many, no doubt, who little realize the amount of work necessary in a City Laboratory. It is not only the actual work done in bacteriology, but the preparation that takes the time and energy. Let me give an example. Take the diagnosing of a swab for diphtheria. First, the swabs must be prepared. These are sticks of wood about six inches long, diameter size of the lead of a lead pencil. On the one end is wrapped some cotton. This is placed in a cleaned glass test tube which is corked with a cotton cork. This swab and container are placed in a dry heat sterilizer, and subjected to a temperature of 200 deg. C. for a few minutes. Then the heat is lowered to about 170 or 180, and held there for about thirty minutes. This is deemed necessary in order to be sure that all bacteria are killed. After the swab is cooled, it is then ready to be used by the doctors or nurses on the throats of the suspects. After the suspected throats are rubbed with the swabs, they come back to the laboratory, and are then rubbed over the surface of the culture medium, the making of which is a tedious job, and must be prepared ahead in quantity, sterilized, etc. This sterilization is done with steam, fractional sterilization, so called; steam for 3 days at 212 deg. F. for 30 minutes. After inoculation, this culture medium is placed in the incubator and allowed to remain for 12 or 18 hours at 98.6 deg. F., or 37.5 deg. C. This is our body temperature. Then it is ready for the smear to be made from the culture, and examined for the diphtheria bacillus. The findings are then reported to the doctor and a record kept of all such examinations.

I shall not impose upon you further with such detail, but it serves as an example of the minutia of our work. The chemical laboratory, with its quantitative determinations, often calls for much preparation, but nothing to be compared, I should say, to that necessary in bacteriological laboratory. The work necessary for sterilization is not a factor in chemical analysis, while the study of bacteriology without perfect sterilization is no study at all.

What is true of diphtheria is true to some extent of all bacteriological work. The container for the sample, whether it be for diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid, meningitis, etc., or milk, water, candy, air, etc., must be thoroughly free of all bacteria, so that in the results no bacteria foreign to the sample need be considered. The media upon which our bacteria grow is not only sterilized, but a control of an unused tube many times accompanies the test to aid in eliminating all possible sources of error.

In the bacteriological examination of water, we do not look for the typhoid bacillus or germ, but we do look for the germ, *Bacillus Coli Comm.*, that almost invariably accompanies it. This bacteria indicates pollution, and is more widely distributed in nature than the typhoid. Its presence in water renders it suspicious for domestic use, and unreliable and unsafe for drinking purposes, particularly. This bacteria is a rapid gas producer in media containing lactose or glucose. It has been deemed advisable to inoculate our culture media with 10 — 1.0 and .10 CC of the water and allow these combinations to remain in the incubator for 24 and 48 hours. They are then observed and readings recorded. If no gas is formed in any of the tubes, the water is O. K. for drinking purposes. If gas does form in any one of the three or all, the tube containing the smallest amount of inoculated water is further tested by spreading some of the tube contents with a Plat loop on an Endo Plate. No deepening in color or metallic deposition of the fuchsin tell us that the bacteria are not of the colon variety and are harmless.

There are numerous other tests that may be carried out to further differentiate, such as staining with the simple and grams method of staining. By the simple stain we gain the information as to shape, size and arrangement, and as to their readiness of taking up the stain. The gram method of staining is quite complicated, and not only conveys the information spoken of above, but adds the fact that certain bacteria when stained with aniline oil Gentian Violet, and subjected to a dilute sol. of Iodine with KI in water, will cause a reaction of the Iodine and Violet stain, which when placed in 95% alcohol will or will not cause the stain to wash out. If the original

violet stain withstands the washing in 95% alcohol, it is Gram Positive; if washed out, the bacteria are counter stained and called gram negative. Often much information is gained by examining the live unstained culture. We can detect any motility by this procedure.

So I could go on almost without end and give tests used in the differentiation of bacteria that are found in water; yet outside of the research laboratory their practical application is questionable.

In the examination of milk we have a peculiar situation confronting us: first, of course, there is the investigation necessary to determine its fitness for human consumption. Now, the skimming and watering of milk in themselves are not unsanitary, unless the skimmer or separator is insanitary, or unless the water used in washing the utensils or watering the milk is contaminated. But let us look at this watering and skimming from a different angle. Suppose you had a sister or brother depending upon this milk for its existence, and your doctor was modifying it to suit the needs of the baby. Say he was figuring on a 4% milk when a 3% was being delivered. Is it not an easy thing to see the grave result that might happen to the infant, even with sterile or clean utensils and good water. Then, too, the question of fraud enters. The state law requires that your dairyman furnish you with whole milk. If it is skimmed or watered, it is not whole. In our laboratory we examine milk, determining the number of bacteria per cubic centimeter. We cannot practically determine in each case the kind of bacteria present, as the time consumed in this determination would destroy its practical usefulness. Of course, if we find a dairyman with several cases of sore throat, diphtheria, etc., on his route, we make special examinations of his product. Once in a while we find milk of unusual color, and make special tests here for blood, pus, bacteria, etc. I recall one such example where in three-quarters of an hour after the sample was submitted, we had, through the aid of our dairy inspectors, the cow responsible for the pink milk isolated and under veterinary care. She had an acute inflammation of one-quarter of the udder due to injury. The dairyman had not noticed the color of the milk, or that the cow was ill.

In warm weather the grasping dairyman will endeavor to save money by not buying ice, or save labor by not properly cooling the milk after it is milked. In order to get around this and to prevent his milk souring as a consequence, he will put in a few drops of formaldehyde, sold under some trade name, guaranteed to keep the milk perfectly sweet, and to elude the most painstaking analyst. This you know to be impossible with this substance. It is not the

mere presence of the preservative that endangers life, but the fact that only enough preservative is added to prevent the weak, acid-forming bacteria from growing and making the milk sour, while having very little effect upon the disease-producing bacteria, which are more resistant, and will grow better when the acid production is low.

The old sweet milk, then, is more dangerous than the old sour milk. Examination of milk for the Tubercle Bacillus as a routine measure is seldom carried on. More information is offered by direct examination of the animals by the veterinary, and unless specified, this bacteriological investigation is omitted. This applies as well to milk suspected of carrying diphtheria, or the germs of septic sore throat. Of course, diphtheria is not peculiar to the sow, and the milk acts here as a carrying medium.

Some men contend that little relationship exists between number of bacteria in milk, and cleanliness of the product, yet if you put the question to them, they will admit that a clean product possesses few bacteria and a dirty one many.

We all know that the cow does not contract typhoid fever, yet we have records of many epidemic of typhoid being due to the disease being spread by the dairymen. This is brought about by either the well being contaminated, and the utensils when washed are contaminated; or when the product is watered the bacteria is poured into the milk, or some one on the dairy is suffering with a mild or severe type of the disease, and so infected the product. This latter condition has been experienced by a dairy furnishing milk to Dayton.

The butter fat of milk is determined usually by the Babcock method. This consists of using a fixed quantity of milk in the tube and adding Sulphuric Acid, specific gravity 1.84, until oxidation has been carried to the dark brown point, then centrifuged and warm water added. Another centrifugation follows, and the height of fat column on the scale is read. Total Solids are determined by evaporation to constant weight and weighing residue. Ash may be determined from these, these also give any evidence of watering or skimming. The chemical analysis of water, food products other than milk, is of great value to a community. The bacteriological analysis of water is a thousand times as delicate in determining the fitness of water for drinking purposes, unless the water contains arsenic or some poisonous substance. But with regards to contamination, the above is true. This is true also: that a water may contain large amounts of organic matter, and still contain no disease bacteria. Still the large amount of organic matter is a danger signal, and no bacteriological analysis would reveal the organic matter, yet the number of

bacteria present would probably be high, and so give some warning. The best results would be obtained then by a combination of the two.

We have quite a few food products that are examined chemically and bacteriologically. I shall consider them briefly from a chemical and physical standpoint. A few of these products are as follows: butter, olive oil, lard, vinegar, cider, catsup, pickled products, sausage, hamburger, ice cream, candies, soft drinks, beer poisons, cocaine, morphine, arsenic, strychnine and cyanides, etc.

As a rule, food products containing or entirely substituted by adulterations, are not deadly to the consumer, and he is only a loser in purse. There are quite a few exceptions to this rule, yet to my mind the bacteriological work of the contagious diseases is by far the most vital. How hard it is to make the people believe it. Every city neglects its health department. Why? Because so many of them are healthy, and they believe in letting well enough alone. Again, on the face of it, there is no visible returns on the investment. But let them study how health measures reduce the death rate in our large cities; reduces epidemics of smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc.; makes such disease-breeding holes, as Havana and Panama formerly were, healthy places to live in, and I know they will think a little, but they soon forget.

Much of the good produced by health measures owes its results to the guiding hand of the laboratory. Here we pick out the cases of diphtheria, typhoid, malaria, meningitis, tuberculosis, rabies, gonorrhea, syphilis, etc. There are quite a few of our contagious diseases, the causes of which are unknown. There the laboratory does not reduce the number of cases, except by controlling the fumigation and testing it for efficiency. Aside from the health question as it concerns the laboratory, the city can ascertain the quality of material purchased on the open market. This is being practiced in our city, and has resulted in the saving of many thousand dollars.

The present European war has impressed upon our minds the value of a human life. In the fact of the little valuation they place upon it, all the countries involved are encouraging the raising of children, in some instances offering bonuses for them. Now should the occasion arise, what a blessing it would be to any country to have many healthy beings to replace those killed in battle.

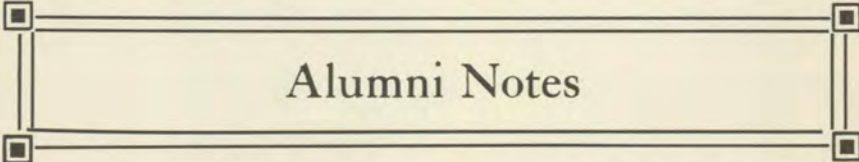
Each baby saved is an increased asset to the state. When protected from contagious diseases in infancy, through the aid of health measures, it is better able to meet adversity in one form or another and overcome it. So, in conclusion, I wish to emphasize the statement that the City Laboratory not only prevents fraud with foodstuffs, but aids in giving a first-class brand of unadulterated good health.

Mexico

The tragedy that is being enacted in the country to the south of us still continues. Perhaps he has been doing his best but has not yet had enough time, but Carranza does not seem able to cope with the outlaws who still scour the country. Villa and his band now seem to direct their attention especially against the Americans who still remain in Mexico. The recent massacre of a company of Americans seemed to open the eyes of the Administration and Congress to the fact that all is not well in the southern republic. Whether the killing of Americans has increased since the recognition of Carranza, or whether it is a case of more publicity being given to the facts that take place there than formerly was the case, is hard to say. In any event, American public opinion is becoming more impatient, and is beginning to demand to know the causes of all the trouble; for it is certain that there are more causes for the turmoil in Mexico than appear on the surface. It is hard to believe that the Administration does not know more about the condition in Mexico and its causes than it has seen fit to reveal. Perhaps during the coming campaign, in their attacks on the Administration, the Republicans can enlighten us on this subject.

A Suggestion

The "Koelnische Volkszeitung," a German Catholic newspaper, made the suggestion that Germany should free Belgium in return for England's freeing Ireland. This was in reply to England's proclamation that she was fighting for the freedom of small nationalities. When asked by an Irish member of Parliament whether the British government had considered this suggestion, the Prime Minister answered in the negative. Of course, no intelligent person would ever expect any other kind of an answer. However, it might serve to open the eyes of some persons who still believe that England is in this war, battling for the freedom of small nations.



Alumni Notes

Alumni!

When you run across some of the Old Boys you haven't met for a while, drop us a line, please, and tell us about them.

Then, again, if you've lost trace of some of your own friends, give us their names and we'll try to give you news of them.

NUGGETS

C. J. Herman, '08 We are indebted to Clem Jauch, '08, for the following information: "Be advised that C. J. Herman has taken down his shingle in Seattle, Washington, and removed same to Chicago, his former place of residence. His home address is 6251 Greenview Ave." Thanks, Clem!

Raymond M. De Castro, '09 The President of the College recently received a letter from Raymond M. De Castro, who is now located at Havana, Cuba. His friends can reach him by addressing letters to P. O. Box 938.

Raymond writes that he succeeded in leaving Mexico on February 28, and has the happiness of having his entire family with him. When we heard from him last, he was still in Mexico City suffering the hardships brought on by a revolution of several years' standing. He is fortunate to have escaped, and, we hope, that it will not be long until peace will be restored in his native land.

Alumni Contractors Ed Sweetman is back in town, after several months in the "trenches" in Columbus. Harry Finke, formerly of Geiger & Finke, is in business for himself. Shorty Wetzel, if we're not mistaken, is still out of the city on big jobs.

Francis C. Canny, '09 Francis C. Canny brought 30 Hungarians recently through the first stages of taking out naturalization papers. He is going at the task of converting West Side Hungary in a systematic manner. He gives weekly instruction in Civil Government and English to the Hungarians at their Club House. They all love Franz Josef, but Francis is getting them to admire genial old Uncle Sam.

H. L. Ferneding, '88 Judge Ferneding made a pronounced hit with all parties, and especially with lawyers, judges and party leaders. While he is a loyal Democrat, his work on the bench has never shown aught for criticism. Therefore, the Republican leaders are enthusiastically set on keeping out candidates from lining up against him from the Republican Party. It certainly is a grand tribute. The Exponent congratulates the "Judge," and feels proud of the alumnus of S. M. C. who has risen to the respect of everyone, irrespective of race, creed or party.

William Kuntz, '14 William Kuntz, his mother and sister, Mayme, enjoyed a trip, during the month of January, to Havana, Cuba. Bill wrote to the President of the

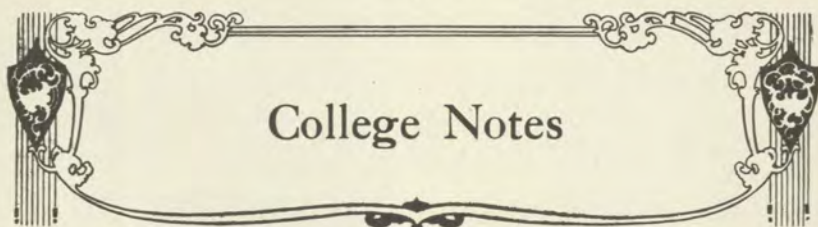
College that he was having a fine time. Like all visitors through Havana, he admired the wonderful cathedral of that city.

Elmer Klug, '09 Friends of one of our former students, Elmer Klug, will be pleased to hear of his marriage which took place January 3 at St. Thomas Church, Los Angeles, Calif. The girl of his choice was Miss Theresa Mahoney, of Los Angeles. The Exponent extends to Elmer and his bride best wishes for the future. If you ever get near Dayton, Elmer, don't forget the scenes of your first school days.

Columbus Loyal Alumni In behalf of the basket ball team, The Exponent extends its appreciation to Thomas Macklin and William Underwood for the royal time shown our team during their stay in Columbus. When any one in Columbus mentions St. Mary's basket ball team, Tommy puts on a huge smile, and is not a bit bashful about letting it be known that he can claim St. Mary's as Alma Mater.

Hall Bros. No; this is no ad! It's a forecast! "Be it known by these presents that James Hall and Edward Hall have resolved to renounce the single state of life."

Yes; Jim will join the ranks of "Larry" Strattner and "Yama" Yamashiro. Jim's marriage is announced for February 23. Ed isn't slow, so he is only a week behind with his date, that of March 1. Miss Jeannette Fitzpatrick and James Hall, and Miss Margaret Gibbons and Edward Hall are the two happy couples who will be married before the March issue of The Exponent comes from the press.



HIGHEST HONORS FOR JANUARY EXAMINATIONS Collegiate Department.

Senior Arts—Raphael Sourd, 93; Joseph Evans, 84.

Senior Engineering—Arthur Zimmerman, 92; Ralph Wirshing, 84.

Junior Engineering, (Ch. E.)—Joseph Windbiel, 89; Rob. Hummert, 89; O. Behrer, 89.

Junior Engineering, (E. E.)—Geo. Brennan, 92; Herb. Hook, 89; Alb. Krusling, 89.

Sophomore Arts—Lawrence Montanus, 96; George Kinstle, 90.

Sophomore Engineering—John Crowley, 92; Leslie Porter, 92.

Freshman Arts—Lawrence Weber, 93; Dean McFarland, 92.

Freshman Engineering—Jos. Schaefer, 94; Jos. Holters, 92; John Heier, 92.

High School Department.

Fourth High—Wm. Boesch, 97; Dan. Collins, 97; Emil Kessler, 97.

Third High-A—Henry Weinert, 95; Ivo Stelzer, 95; Colman Cetinski, 87.

Third High-B—T. Carroll, 95; R. Busch, 95; P. Hagan, 92.

Third High-B—F. Elardo, 96; C. Meikenhouse, 92; J. Murphy, 92; C. Sanders, 92.

First High-A—Lawrence Menninger, 91; Francis Farley, 88.

First High-B—John Duell, 94; Anth. Michniewiz, 94; Alvin Rabe, 93.

First High-C—Alfred Poliquin, 93; Jos. Nilles, 92; Edw. Moosbrugger, 91.

Business Department.

Second Year—Thomas Sunshine, 94; John Massing, 93.

First Year—F. Fletcher; Paul Starrett.

Elementary Department.

Eighth Grade-A—Norbert Westbrook, 93; George Meyers, 91; Y. Rohe, 83; C. Pethewicz, 83; N. Gross, 83.

Eighth Grade-B—James McCloskey, 90; Leo Poeppelmeier, 89.

Seventh Grade—John Holtvoigt, 93; Edw. Hadder, 90.

Sixth Grade—Lathan Brightman, 91; James Coffield, 90.

Fifth Grade—Edward Gerlaugh, 91; James Hatcher, 88.

Dr. Wm. Plattfaut The following account of the life, illness and death of Dr. Wm. Plattfaut, taken from the "Dayton Daily News,"

will prove of great interest to our readers who knew the

Doctor personally or who came under his care as college physician:

"Dr. William Plattfaut, one of the leading physicians of Dayton, died at his home, 50 Eagle Street, at 11:30 o'clock Saturday morning, after an illness of a little over a week. He would have been 62 years of age had he lived until January 14 of this year.

"Oedema of the lungs was the disease responsible for the demise of Dr. Plattfaut. It is a rather unusual disease, indicating a dropsical condition of the lungs. Dr. Plattfaut came home on Thursday before Christmas and complained of suffering severe pains. He went to bed immediately. Through the aid of remedies the pain was alleviated, and it was thought for a time that his recovery was assured. Since Thursday, however, his condition had been so bad that it was seen that he did not even have a fighting chance for life.

"Dr. Plattfaut was one of Dayton's most successful physicians for over thirty years. He was known to have an exceptionally large practice, probably larger than that of any doctor in the city. He was not only physician, but also confidential friend and adviser to many of the best families of the city.

"He devoted himself body and soul to his work of healing the sick, and he never faltered in the cause of duty. He had had a thorough preparation before he began practicing, yet he never became so much the doctor that he ceased to be the student. He kept himself continually informed as to the latest discoveries in medicine and surgery.

"Dr. Plattfaut's chief excellence was his ability to inspire confidence.

He made the patient feel that help and cure were within his reach provided that he was willing to obey the rules by taking the medicines prescribed for him. He was generally hopeful and optimistic, but he did not strain the truth for the sake of deceiving or buoying up the patient. When he knew that any malady was incurable, he frankly told the family that his continued visits could do no good.

"The many charities performed by Dr. Plattfaut are known only by the people whom he helped. He never said anything about them, sometimes not even to his wife. He treated many poor people who did not have sufficient means to compensate him, and instead of demanding payment for his services he was wont to assist them further with a basket of provisions or with a load of coal.

"He was a man of iron will and strong determination. This was shown by his refusal to give up practice during the last year when his health became so undermined. He went away for a time to recover health and strength, and returned somewhat improved, and resumed his practice. During his nine days of suffering he put up a tremendous battle with death, declaring that he was getting better even when it was plain to the watchers at his bedside that the sands of life were slowly sifting away.

"Dr. William Plattfaut was born on January 14, 1854, at Westphalia, Germany. He studied medicine and surgery in Berlin, Greifswald and Wurzburg, and practiced before he left his native country. For two years before he settled in America he was ship physician on one of the large ocean liners.

"It was in February, 1884, that Dr. Plattfaut took up his residence in Cincinnati. There he married Miss Emily Seinecka. The following October Dr. and Mrs. Plattfaut came to Dayton, where they have lived since. Dr. Plattfaut is survived by his wife, one sister, a member of the order of the Sisters of Charity, living in Germany.

"Dr. Plattfaut belonged to the Holy Trinity Church, and his religious sentiments and his unwavering devotion were beautiful in their endurance and simplicity. He lived such a busy life that he never united with any lodges or organizations. He belonged to the Montgomery County Medical Association, but he never held office or took part in the deliberations.

"Literature claimed most of the leisure of Dr. Plattfaut. He was familiar with the literature of many tongues. He had the knack of acquiring languages readily, and he was seldom content with translations. He wanted to do his reading first hand.

"Everybody who knew Dr. Plattfaut was familiar with his love and loyalty toward his native country. He was a German by feeling as well as by birth, and his sympathies during the present conflict were intensely pro-German. He returned home several times since settling in Dayton; in fact, he and Mrs. Plattfaut were in Hamburg, Germany, at the outbreak of the present hostilities.

"The index of a man's character is often found in the expressed opinions of his conferees. Three physicians who attended Dr. Plattfaut during his final illness expressed themselves as follows Saturday evening:

"Dr. J. K. Larkin—"Dr. Plattfaut was both my friend and physician. I loved him as a man, and I had the highest respect for him as a doctor. He had probably the largest practice in Dayton, and this among the most promi-

nent families. A wide circle of friends will mourn his departure.'

"Dr. G. A. Hochwalt—'Dr. Plattfaut was here many years, and he built up a large practice, which he kept until the end. He was an A-1 doctor, and a fine surgeon. He was a man of sterling qualities, peculiarly devoted to his friends. Those who knew him best appreciated his worth most."

"Dr. G. W. King—'As a man Dr. Plattfaut had many excellences of character. He had gentle, pleasant manners and he inspired confidence. I considered him one of the best doctors in Dayton.'

"Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the residence, 50 Eagle Street, and at 9 o'clock at Holy Trinity Church. Interment was made in Calvary cemetery."

Industrial Exposition

Dayton had a big Industrial Exposition and St. Mary College was there with its big booth. The exhibition covered seven floors of the new Delco building, 400x90

feet, and advertised Dayton manufacturers, Dayton products and Dayton's stores. In this mass, St. Mary College found it belonged, due especially to its College of Engineering. Large signs, displaying the course of engineering studies, groups of photos, portraying engineering laboratories; apparatus and machines from the engineering laboratories, giving an idea of part of our equipment; and last, but not least, our young men, students of the College of Engineering, who gave explanations and demonstrations to suit individuals looking for information—all combined to advertise St. Mary College and her College of Engineering.

Prominent city officials, manufacturers and business men of the city,—all were enthusiastic over the St. Mary College booth. They pronounced it one of the most interesting of all the exhibit, and admitted it was a revelation to them and to the city at large. The College of Engineering has not been so well known as it deserves to be known, and the exhibit at our booth, one of the very largest on the second floor, has gone far to advertise, to make known the fact that St. Mary College has a College of Engineering—that St. Mary College is the ideal place to educate Dayton's young men in Engineering.

The Exponent takes this opportunity to acknowledge the generous service and devoted work of the students and faculty who helped materially to make the St. Mary College Exhibit an enthusiastic success. (See frontispiece for illustration.)

Wood Briggs

Wood Briggs, "The Kentucky Story Teller," entertained the patrons of the College Lyceum Lecture and Entertainment Course royally. He joined together a series of

stories taken from the best current literature, with sparkling comments of his own, using all to make a composite mental picture. He was, indeed, a genuine entertainer, humorous, sympathetic, attractive.

Canadian Rockies

On January 28, the students enjoyed a stereopticon lecture on the Canadian Rockies, by Mr. L. O. Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong is returning from the Panama-Pacific

Exposition where he lectured for ten months in the service of the Bureau of Commercial Economics.

O'Meara Lectures Beginning in January, Mr. Joseph O'Meara, teacher of Dramatic Art at the College of Music, Cincinnati, opened a course of lectures for the students of the College. Mr. O'Meara has a class of twenty-five students who, according to reports received, are enthusiastic over the lectures at which they have attended. We hope that the series of lectures will be taken up again next year, and, that Mr. O'Meara will become definitely associated with St. Mary College as teacher of Dramatic Art.

A Winner In a contest, planned by the Jovians of Dayton, for students of high school grade, William Boesch of S. M. Fourth High won Second Prize. We congratulate William Boesch for his good work on the one hand, and on the other, feel proud that he brought honor to St. Mary's through his capturing a prize.

Branch No. 1 Sodality B. V. M. Branch No. 1, Sodality of Blessed Virgin Mary, made a collection of \$2.00, which was sent as a Xmas Gift to the Missionary Society at Maryknoll, N. Y. The members are enthusiastic and urge the readers of The Exponent to learn of the needs of missionaries around the world by subscribing to the Field Afar, 50c a year.

A feature of Branch No. 1 is the series of practical talks by members. The talk in the month of January was made by Joseph Holters on the subject, "The Evils of Flirtation." Weekly Communion and even Daily Communion are practiced by the members.

Branch No. 2 Sodality B. V. M. The sodalists together with the other students rejoice that the mid-year examinations are now past history.

At the beginning of the new semester, they dispatched the election of officers for the second term very quickly. Every member seemed to have determined just how he would cast his ballot before coming to the meeting. Francis Hook became president by acclamation; Ralph Busch was elected Vice-President; Thomas Carroll, Secretary; and Joseph Gilvary, Treasurer.

The report on the Section work was very encouraging. The Eucharistic Section is most in favor with the sodalists. With very few exceptions all the sodalists are members of this Section. They voluntarily obligate themselves to receive Holy Communion at least once a week. At the regular meetings each sodalist makes out his report. He furnishes information on two points: on his fidelity to his self-imposed obligation of receiving Holy Communion at least once a week, and on the number of times he has approached the Holy Table since his last report.

That a veracious statement may be facilitated and that the report may not assume the form of an exposition of conscience, no signatures are affixed to the report. The secretary of the Section gathers the reports and publishes figures and establishes comparisons at the following meeting. The Eucharistic Section is in a flourishing condition.

The Catholic Literature Section claims fewer members. It obligates its members to read at least ten or fifteen minutes every day from a Catholic book or periodical, and in general to cultivate a taste for and an interest in Catholic Literature. According to the last report this Section had not a single delinquent. What it lacks in quantity it redeems by its quality. It is

noticeable that the members of this section are never in a quandary for subject-matter when called upon to address their fellow-sodalists. Crescat C. L. S.

The Foreign Mission Section is third in the order of time in our Sodality but second in popularity and in the number of its members. Those who have enrolled in this section recite a prescribed prayer for the conversion of heathens every day, gather canceled postage stamps and contribute a portion of their pocket-money for the support of the missionary priests and brothers and sisters engaged in the arduous labor of evangelizing the pagans and for the upkeep of the good works founded by them.

When we remember that there are about nine hundred million men, women and children living in the world who worship creatures with divine honors, who do not know that a Savior was born to them, that He instituted His sacraments for the sanctification of their souls and that He established His Church to guide them unerringly in the truth on their pilgrimage to heaven, we believe that all the sodalists ought to become members of this section and contribute largely of their weekly allowance of spending money for this worthy cause. Be this as it may, we will gladly receive alms for the Foreign Missions from anybody who is interested in the work to that extent, even though he be not a member of the Sodality.

Music Notes

Upon the invitation of the Sister Superior, the Student Orchestra gave a recital at St. Elizabeth Hospital on Thursday evening, January 20, for the entertainment of the inmates, internes and attendants. All who were physically fit, assembled in the large room on the lowest floor, where our musicians entertained them for over an hour. Besides orchestral numbers there were given: violin solos by Joseph and by Edwin Moosbrugger; piano solos by George Kinstle and Lawrence Montanus; cornet solo by Thomas Sunshine; and several guitar solos by Henry Lai Hipp. Afterwards, a light lunch was served by the good Sisters.

On Tuesday evening, January 11, the members of the S. M. C. Orchestra attended in a body the concert given by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Mr. A. F. Thiele was kind enough to furnish complimentary tickets for all on this occasion. The following is the body of the letter of thanks which was sent to him by the grateful recipients of his favor:

"In recognition of your generosity, through which we, the members of the S. M. C. Orchestra, were your guests at the concert given by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, January 11, we take this occasion to express our sincerest thanks for so kind a favor."

We use this opportunity of again thanking Mr. Thiele for his consideration in our regard.

Bernard Kuhlman Literary Circle

The election of officers of the "Bernard Kuhlman Literary Circle" for the second semester took place January 21. President Busch was re-elected, as were also Treasurer Eslinger and Class Historian Hook. Percy Hagan was elected Secretary. The elections were followed by a short talk on the "High School Basketball Team" by Francis Hook. After this, ways and means of working for the History Contest were discussed, and one adopted, namely, that the Weekly Talks were to have as subjects, topics taken from that period of American History. It was also decided to have the second number of the Stereopticon Lecture Course in the near future, members of the Circle

however, to do the talking. The following are the subjects to be dwelt on: "Mohammedan Lands," F. Hook; "Hills and Dales," W. Eslinger; "Good Roads," P. Hagan; and "Niagara Falls," A. Genard.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dr. Wm. Plattfaut Our readers will find an obituary notice of Dr. William Plattfaut in this Exponent. He had been intimately associated with the College for the past thirty years. During these years the Doctor manifested his interest in the welfare of the College in a material way. Many of the pictures that decorate the walls of the Infirmary, Study Halls and Class Rooms are gifts of the Doctor, and only recently he presented the Novitiate Chapel and the new Chapel at Mt. St. John with a "Way of the Cross."

Just as we are about to go to press, we learned from Mrs. Plattfaut that it was the wish of the Doctor that his library and a large telescope should become the property of the College. The Doctor's library is composed of very valuable books in literature, science, philosophy, religion, history and travel, and will be an important addition to the College Library. It will be known as the "Dr. William Plattfaut Addition." We hope that it will not be long until we can make the required changes to locate the telescope in the proposed observatory in the Tower of Nazareth Hall.

In the name of the faculty and students of the College, we wish to express our grateful appreciation of this gift of Mrs. Plattfaut in memory of her dear, departed husband.

Rev. Wm. J. Egan Another generous contributor to the College Library is Rev. Wm. J. Egan of Yellow Springs, Ohio. Father Egan donated many books and many volumes of the best educational magazines published in this country and England. A keen interpreter of English literature, himself, he has given St. Mary's the choicest of literature, especially in the magazine field today.

Kindly accept our sincere thanks. We appreciate your gifts of the past, and the faculty and student body find them of great literary help to them.

THE APOSTOLIC SCHOOL OF JAPAN

Fourth Endowment.

Total cash on hand December 28, 1915	\$437 59
Contributions received since December 28, 1915:	
January, 1916, dividend	43 36
Hugo F. Schneider, \$4.00; A. Friend, \$1.00; Mr. & Mrs. Hirsch, \$2.00; Mrs. Adam Schantz, \$10.00; John P. Breen, \$20.00; J. T. Barlow, \$1.00; Anton Amann and Family, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hallameyer, \$5.00; A Friend, \$5.00; A Friend, \$10.00; Mrs. S. H. Adelberg, \$1.00; Notre Dame Academy (Sr. Marie Gertrude), \$60.00; Dr. John Ranly, \$5.00; M. Sieben, \$10.00; Mrs. Barbara Sauer, \$5.00; John Sullivan, \$1.00; Mrs. Joseph Boesch, 50c; Mrs. Schaefer, \$5.00; Mr. Rudolph Schneble, \$1.00; Ellis J. Finke, \$1.00; Kemper Bros., \$2.00; Anna Brost, \$5.00; Mrs. Frank X. Liebl, \$5.00; Anthony P. Kass, \$2.50	163 00
Total	\$643 95

Expenses	
Stamps	\$15 00
Postals	2 00
1,000 letters (3 forms)	6 00
Letter Head (printing)	1 00
Total expenses	\$24 00
<hr/>	
Total cash	\$619 95
Notre Dame Scholarship as above sent to Japan.....	\$60 00
N. N. Scholarship sent to Japan	60 00
	<hr/> 120 00
<hr/>	
Total cash on hand February 1, 1916	\$499 95

Athletic Notes

V. C. MURPHY, '17

VARSITY BASKET BALL

St. Mary's—45
vs.

Capital U.—26

Resuming their basket ball season after the Christmas holidays, the Saints defeated Capital University by the score of 45 to 26. During the first ten minutes of play it looked as though it would be a nip and tuck game, but about the middle of the first half the Saints again hit their old stride, and from there on to the final whistle the Saints lead in the scoring. Hochwalt held the spotlight during the evening dropping the ball through the net eleven times from the floor, and once from the foul line. Sherry and Windbiel also took leave from their guard positions long enough to annex four baskets apiece. Al Mahrt handled the whistle and his work proved highly satisfactory.

St. Mary's—57
vs.

St. John's U.—26

With the reputation of having a fast and unbeaten quintet, the St. John University aggregation of Toledo, came to Dayton fully expecting to defeat the fast Red and Blue. But they received a setback, and their tussle to keep their slate clean was all in vain, for on this slate was chalked the score of 57 to 26, with the short end of the count as their share of the scoring.

In the start it looked as though they would live up to their reputation of having the fastest team but soon they began slipping and the Saints taking advantage of the slump annexed several goals so that at the end of the first half the count was 34 for the Saints and 17 for the visitors.

In the second half the good work of the Saints continued. The work of Hochwalt, Sherry and Windbiel showed brightly throughout the game.

Czelusta, center for the visitors, upheld his reputation and easily showed himself to be the star of the Maumee aggregation.

In the closing minutes of play Mahoney gave all the players a chance to get into the game.

St. Mary's—50 vs. Otterbein U.—37 In the opening game of their two-day trip to Westerville and Columbus, St. Mary's defeated Otterbein in a closely contested game by the score of 50 to 37. St. Mary's outclassed their rivals in pass work and guarding, but the sensational basket shooting of Otterbein was the real feature of the game. The close guarding of Sherry and Windbiel kept the home team away from the basket. As a result Otterbein used long shots. Fully two-thirds of their goals were thrown from near the middle of the floor. The small floor with no out-of-bounds handicapped the Saints, and it was only after the hardest kind of playing, that they were able to make their pass work and guarding offset the phenomenal shooting of Otterbein.

St. Mary's—50 vs. Capital U.—26 The following night St. Mary's met Capital, and after being held fairly well in check by Capital in the first half, opened up with a whirlwind attack in the closing session and came within two points of doubling the score on their opponents. The final score was 50 to 26. Our boys found the court at Capital much like their own, and when once they got used to the floor they played fast. Up until a few moments before the end of the first half the score stood about even, a little spurt putting the Saints ahead at the end of this session by the score of 19 to 12. Mahoney, with nine field goals in the second half, led the attack on the Capital goal in this period, and the Saint's style of play was entirely too fast for the home lads.

The playing of our boys made them many friends at both Westerville and Columbus. At Otterbein they were booked as the fastest team in the state, and after the second game Capital fans pronounced them state champions. The line-up:

St. Marys: Mahoney, r. f.; Hochwalt, l. f.; Krusling, c.; Sherry, r. g.; Windbiel, l. g.

Capitol: Baumgartner, r. f.; Mueller, l. f.; Eberle, c.; Rickert, r. g.; Winterhoff, l. g.

Field goals—Mahoney 12, Hochwalt 3, Krusling 3, Windbiel 3, Sherry 2, Eberle 4, Mueller 4, Baumgartner, Rickert, Rantzer. Fouls—Hochwalt 4 out of 9; Rickert 4 out of 11. Referee—Raymond of Ohio State.

S. M. HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL

A new wrinkle developed at S. M. C. in athletics. A basket ball team composed of students of S. M. High School Department, resident and non-resident, is a reality. The team looks good, creates double interest in basket ball and should prove to be a good "feeder" for varsity material. Coach "Bill" Sherry succeeded in rounding up a fast team in Capt. Ed. Kuntz, R. Eilerman, F. Ligday, N. Last, W. Brennan, R. Grote, H. Hachman and E. McCarthy.

St. Mary's Hi—30 vs. Fairview Hi—16 The young Saints opened their initial game January 15. Fairview High were the victims to the tune of 30—16. The first half ended 8—8, the Saints having difficulty in locating the basket. The second half was far better, Ligday and Hackman starred for the Saints. Fields annexed were those of Ligday (9), Kuntz (3), Grote (2), Eilerman (1).

St. Mary's Hi—35 Centerville High was defeated January 28, at Centerville,
vs. by the score of 35—18. The Saints were slow at the
Centerville Hi—18 start due to the strangeness of the floor. Eilerman and
 Capt. Kuntz were easily the stars of the game, the latter's
 pass work being a feature of the game. Field goals shot were those of Eiler-
 man (8), Kuntz (4), Ligday (3), McCarthy (2); Foul goals, Kuntz (1).

St. Mary's Hi—36 The third game of the season was played against Middle
vs. High School January 28. The visitors came confident,
Middletown—3 but left with a high regard for our High School guards.
 Hackman, Grote and McCarthy held Middletown's for-
 wards that they failed to get a field goal. Three points were obtained on
 fouls. Eilerman and Kuntz were the main point-getters. The line-up:

St. Mary's Hi: Kuntz (Capt.), l. f.; Eilerman, r. f.; Ligday, c.; Grote, l.
 g.; Hackman, r. g.

Middletown Hi: Bolen, l. f.; Rettling, r. f.; Wyckoff, c.; Moore, l. g.;
 Otterbein, r. g. Substitutions: McCarthy for Grote, Ligday for Eilerman,
 Last for Kuntz, Brennan for Ligday. Field goals: Kuntz 4; Eilerman 6,
 Ligday 5, Grote 2. Foul goals, Kuntz 4, Rettling 3.

THIRD DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENTS

A new team has been organized in the Third Division under the name
 of "Midgets". The Midgets are composed of the following players: G.
 Edmondson (Mgr.), C. Brunner (Capt.), G. Schmidt, L. Menninger, N.
 Buerer, J. Pabst. They have played four games and have been victorious in
 all. They have defeated the following teams: Scouts 3, Midgets 20; Yonkers
 8, Midgets 14; First High 6, Midgets 19; Arrows 3, Midgets 12.

FOURTH DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENTS

Minims—0 In the preliminary to the Capital-Varsity game, the
vs. Minims met their first defeat of the season. The time of
Ramblers—6 the halves was cut and the Minims could not get started.
 Roderer of the Ramblers secured the three winning
 baskets.

Minims—24 In the second game, the Minims showed their speed by
vs. defeating the Ramblers 24—0. Roderer was the main-
Ramblers—0 stay for the Ramblers, while Hannegan and Piatt starred
 for the Minims.

Minims—30 Although handicapped by the absence of Keyes, the
vs. Minims defeated the Eagle Cadets through the brilliant
Eagle Cadets—9 work of Fleck, Hannegan and Meyers.

Minims—28 The Minims beat the heavy Sacred Heart quintet through
vs. their speedy work. Fleck starred with nine baskets to
Sacred Heart—13 his credit.

ST. MARY'S CADETS BASKET BALL

St. Mary's Cadets opened their basket ball season, the ninth consecutive,
 by defeating the Friars of Cincinnati, by the score of 109—21. The Cadets
 were masters of the art of locating the inside of the net and repeated with

perfect regularity. The only defeat suffered by the Cadets was that at the hands of the T. B. Rayls at Detroit. The floor was a dance floor, covered with canvas, which was a handicap to the Cadets. Besides, the T. B. Rayls really won the game, 25—23, on fouls. The Cadets met their worthy opponents three days later on the S. M. C. Court and won back honors to the tune of 30—17.

The team this season is composed of Hugo Sacksteder, N. Sacksteder, Al Mahrt, "Babe" Zimmerman, Harvey Sollenberger, Bill Varley, Bill Sherry. "Diddle" Baker quit the game this year. Alphose Schumacher, Martin Kuntz and Louis Rotterman are the remaining three of the quartet of former stars in the Cadet line-up.

The record to date is 183 games won and 12 lost in the past eight and one-half years. The games played this season resulted as follows:

21.....Jan. 11.	Friars vs. Cadets at S. M. C.....	109
19.....Jan. 20.	Cadets vs. Kenton Reds at Kenton.....	32
25.....Jan. 25.	Richmond Quakers vs. Cadets at Richmond, Ind.....	30
34.....Jan. 26.	Celina vs. Cadets at Celina, Ohio	36
24.....Jan. 27.	Clyde vs. Cadets at Clyde, Ohio	39
18.....Jan. 28.	Toledo Paints vs. Cadets at Toledo, Ohio	31
25.....Jan. 29.	T. B. Rayls vs. Cadets at Detroit, Mich.....	23
31.....Jan. 31.	Christ Church vs. Cadets at Cincinnati.....	57
17.....Feb. 1.	T. B. Rayls vs. Cadets at S. M. C.....	30
20.....Feb. 3.	Plain City vs. Cadets at Plain City	22

February Frolics

NEWS ITEMS

Steve has gone back to Kentucky. It's a habit with him. Like Bryan, we can count on his coming back.

Not enough snow for Rabbit hunting!

"Mathematics and what I know about them," is a subject of a new series by Heier.

The Sophs looked weak after that dose of Physics in the January exams. We fear it was an overdose.

Brennan, the Keylectrical Expert gave another startling sensation in early February.

Stanton tried to hook the Chem. exam. Caught in the act!

Crowley has been under cover of late. He must be ill.

The Sophs have located a pretty spot for Club Rooms. They have a suite of parlor, dining room, rest room, capped by the advantages of a large ice box and a private entrance. Porter is secretary of the Club. A Treasurer is needed.

Phil Wagner is upholding the honor of Sidney.

WAS THIS IN DAYTON?

"Num———ber, pleeeeseeee."

"Main 2332."

"M—a—i—n threeeeeeee twooooooooo threeeeeeee twooooooooo."

"I will ring them a gain."

"I will ring them a gain."

"I will ring them a gain."

"I will ring them a gain."

"Re peat yur num ber and I will ring them a gain."

"Main 2332."

"M—a—i—n threeeeeeee twooooooooo threeeeeeee twooooooooo."

"The line is biz zeeeeeeeeee."

THIS YOU, GARRISON?

Friend—Enjoy your car?

Father—It might as well be a milk wagon; the only time my son doesn't use it is between 4 and 7 in the morning.

HIS FEAT

"Lause did a regular automobile stunt in his attire when the warm spell came!"

"What was it?"

"He cut out his muffler."

WHOA!

"They tell me that the restaurants in New York are making a feature of horse meat," said Crowley. "I wonder how it is served."

"A la cart, of course," replied Stanton.

SOME TEST, YE CHEMISTS!

Tetramethyldiamidodiphenylmethane is a test for ozone.

"WM. FOCKE SONS" KNOW EVERYTHING

Student—Paw, what is a groundhog?

Butcher—A sausage, my son.

HIS HOME TOWN!

(Ovington: "They have some fine glass works in my home town.

Krusling: "Yes, the finest 'blowers' in the country seem to come from there."

WHO WAS IT? 'FESS UP!

The house was dark, and naught but a drawling voice broke the stillness of the night:

"Say, Macklin, where is my room, anyway? I don't know where I'm at. Aw, Tommy, where in the dickens is my bed?"

The speaker groping around in the darkness took four steps in one, and didn't land on his feet, either.

"Aw, Tommy, I'm down here in the cellar; come on down and take me back to my bed. I'm tired and wanna get to sleep."

Any information in this matter will cheerfully be given by Krusling, and corroborated by members of the basket ball team who spent the day in Columbus.

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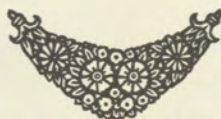
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Home Phone 11199

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The Finest Ice Cream in Dayton

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Fifth and Ludlow Streets

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36 Ludlow Street Arcade

Rear of D. C. & P. and D. & X.
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THE SHOP FOR SERVICE

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The John A. Murphy Co.

COAL
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The fuel without a fault

Main Office, 224 S. Ludlow St.

Old Reliable S. M. C. Boys Buy

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Jobbers and Retailers of

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Sewer Pipe, Building Material
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\$2.00 Bill Cody

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\$3 worth of hat quality for \$2.

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St. Store, Gents Furnishing. Popular
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Successors to the Bowersox Studio

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By purchasing your House Furnishings of us you not only get quality—but you save at least 10% from "Other's" prices on whatever you buy.

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Laurel Butter Crackers

BEST ON EARTH

Manufactured only by

THE DAYTON BISCUIT COMPANY

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Not built on EXTREMES
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CUT RATE DRUGS
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Sole Owners of Nipgen's Malt Rye

The Best for the Palate and Medicinal Purposes in the World.
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Is the place to buy Razors, Strops,
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**CARLAND
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Dayton Ice Cream

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**Dayton
Ice Cream and Dairy
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If there is anything new in
Hats and Caps, we have it.

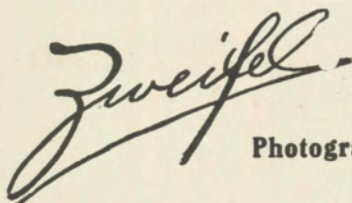
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**Exclusive \$1 and
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DAYTON, OHIO

Office Phone—Main 6050

Residence Phone—Main 7701

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1107 CONOVER BUILDING

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Monday and Thursday, 9 a. m.-5 p. m.

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Manufacturers of

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DAYTON

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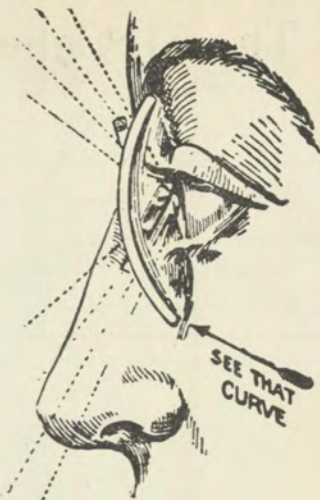
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