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THE EXPONENT

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Madonna and Child.

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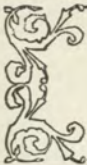
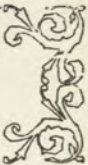
MARCH, 1916

No. 3

Solitude

O Solitude! thou rest for weary minds,
Thou balm of wounded hearts! to thee I flee
From scenes of strife and noisy revelry;
Within thy depths the saint, the sinner finds
Peace and assuagement from the glare that blinds
The speaker for the fruit of Wisdoms tree,
So rare abroad; thou leav'st the spirit free
To soar beyond the paltry aim that binds
The common throng. Within thy silent halls
We learn to know ourselves, to know our end,
To feel the emptiness of all that leads
Not heavenward, and hearkening the calls
Of grace divine, embrace the means to blend
The lofty thought with equal lofty deeds.

—G. M.



Jimmy McGuire, No. 47



R. M. LENT, '18

THEN, since the color we must wear is England's cruel red, sure Ireland's sons shall ne'er forget the blood that they have shed," Jimmy McGuire hummed to himself as he stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Lennox Street, a newspaper containing the latest war news tucked under his arm. He was thinking of what England had done in Ireland, and his one wish was to see the accounts balanced.

"They're a set, those jelly-fed English, and I hope I see the day when they get their share," he muttered as he recalled how fifteen years ago he was Lieutenant James McGuire in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and how he had been snubbed and forced from his rank by the meanness and snobbery of a clique of English petty officers. Things had been made uncomfortable for him, and goaded on, he had done something rash, had worsted his captain in a fight. Jimmy left Ireland under a cloud; he came to America and succeeded in getting a good start in life. But the fire of revenge had not died out; it slumbered.

"I guess I'll go up and see about that place, Carl told me about. I hope I land the job." Jimmy stuck the paper in his pocket and boarded a Bronx car.

In the car, Jimmy carefully studied the features of those around him. He had done this often, and had found the same not only interesting but very useful. In fact, once he had saved his own life by recognizing a certain somebody in the neck of time. There are such vague possibilities in a crowded car. The man next to you may be a detective. Perhaps the lady next to you is a foreign spy. It might be that the young sport reading his newspaper is a member of one of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Jimmy was not only imaginative; he was wide-awake and knew what he was doing.

"Rive-side Av'noo" mumbled the conductor between his teeth. Jimmy's ears quickly caught the jangled words. He jumped off the car.

"Number 3175! That's the place! I hope I have luck. I need

a job like this one to keep me agoing," he murmured as he walked up the granite steps.

He rang! Soft footfalls were heard on the heavily carpeted floor. Some one was at the door. Jimmy felt he was being scrutinized. He had that feeling often. The door opened.

"Good afternoon! I came to see about obtaining the position as advertised in the papers," he greeted a liveried footman.

"You should have come round the back way. That's where the servants' entrance is," growled the florid, crabby servant.

"All right! I'll go round that way."

"Jimmy tipped his hat, ran down the step and made his way to the servants' entrance.

"I'll fix that old crab if I land this job," he mentally resolved as he rapped at the side entrance.

The door opened and the same hawk-nose footman led Jimmy in.

"That's the way for you common folks to do when you enter the house of a noble. You're name?" he wheezed and then continued. "I'll tell Sir Herbert someone wants old Alfred's position.

"James McGuire! Here's my card!" And Jimmy handed a cheap visiting card to the pompous footman.

Some time elapsed before the said cantankerous Archibald appeared. Jimmy had noted that all about was luxury chastened and subdued by a cold indifference. The walls were well painted, but of a cool gray. The chairs were neat and serviceable. The pictures were few, but well chosen and tastefully framed. Jimmy felt he was in a place of means, but that nothing extravagant or superfluous was allowed.

"Sir Herbert says as you should come up," growled Archibald, as if he were angry that such a favor had been allowed a plebeian.

Jimmy was ushered into a well furnished apartment. The room was spacious, airy, orderly and luxurious. In one corner, a tall, grey-haired gentleman was sitting in back of a mahogany desk. He looked up as Jimmy came in.

"Here's the man, sir!" answered Archibald, and then withdrew. Jimmy noted that Sir Herbert was eagle-eyed, for his sharp, grey eyes were cold and piercing. His nose had a downward hook, while his mouth was small and puckered. The man impressed Jimmy as being sharp, shrewd and suspicious.

"You saw our ad in the paper," Sir Robert iced his words.

"Yes, sir!"

Have you any references?" he loftily inquired.

"Yes, sir! I served in the Royal Irish Fusiliers in Dublin. Here's

my papers of enlistment and promotions." Jimmy handed over the documents.

"Sir Herbert glanced at them. He noticed the seal of the realm. His eyes brightened for a fraction of a second.

"That's good! Have you any experience as a butler?" inquired Sir Herbert a little more interested.

"No, sir; but I was waiter down at the Diplomatic Club at Washington," Jimmy shrewdly informed England's unofficial representative.

"That is very useful," commended Sir Herbert. "Archibald show James his room." "You are acceptable," he said to Jimmy. Then wrinkling his brow he set to work; so did Jimmy.

Jimmy soon got on to his work as butler. In fact, James, so they called him, made a fine impression on all except old Archibald.

"You, never can tell. Appearances are deceiving. He's too wide awake to be a butler," the hawk-nosed Englishman observed to Carl, the handy-man.

"Same as ever, always suspicious. I suppose you suspect me, you old, cranky door-opener," Carl joked as he poked his royal highness in the ribs with a duster.

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't," coughed Archibald as he loftily strutted away.

"If that old guy ever gets funny to me. I'll break that beak of his," Carl muttered as he began dusting Sir Herbert's private office.

Sir Herbert was very busy. In fact he had a great deal of work to do. The number of visitors to 3175 Riverside Avenue was not small. They came at all times, some by day and some others by night. Jimmy noticed the latter, especially, as they usually stayed longer.

One night Sir Herbert rang for James.

"James, I am going to have a visitor tonight. I want you to get a bottle of our oldest Moselle. Be ready at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir!" James nodded.

James got a bottle of the oldest Moselle and wondered who this visitor might be. James was greatly interested in visitors. Of course, he never showed it; he was too polite, but yet he was so inquisitive.

That night James served, but Jimmy was watchful.

"Well, Mr. Armstrong, we've got to do something," Sir Herbert confided as the rare old wine warmed his stiff and strained self.

"Yes; I should think we must. Now, see here!" Mr. Armstrong paused and looked inquiringly from James to Sir Herbert.

"James, you may leave," Sir Herbert remarked as he flicked the

ashes from his smoke, and throwing his right leg over the left one he settled back to hear what Mr. Armstrong had to say.

James had disappeared, but Jimmy had not gone; he had stepped into an alcove between the library and the dining hall. He was personally interested in Mr. Armstrong as he looked very much like the same Capt. Armstrong, whom he, Jimmy McGuire, had once laid out on the parade ground.

"Now, see it's like this, Sir Herbert. Things are not going as well in England as they should. Blast the luck. Them Deutchers are too aggressive for us. They stick their mailed fist into everything. They are making too good an impression on the rest of the world, besides leaving an awful impression on us, Allies, ha-ha!" chuckled Mr. Armstrong at his little joke. "You see, the world loves a winner. That's why them Deutchers are getting ahead. Look at this Appam affair. Here we were boasting that the German flag was wiped off the face of the ocean, and up bobs this ship Moewe and makes monkeys of our cruisers and destroys our merchant vessels. The Americans admire nerve, and that's what these blooming Deutchers have, and too much of it for us. See?" he inquiringly looked at Sir Herbert.

"Yes; go on!" Sir Herbert added.

"Well, now here's what we have to do. We have to rouse up the American people. We'll let them feel that Germany's aggressiveness is directed not only at the Allies but at America as well. Here's my plan," and he bent over until he appeared to Jimmy McGuire, ex-lieutenant of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, like some vulture, his beady eyes roving to and fro in search of prey. Armstrong's voice fell to a whisper.

"We must get some naval plans from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We'll copy them and keep the duplicates for reference while we will contrive to have the originals found by U. S. officers on one of our men who will pose as a German officer. Of course, he'll go to prison, but then it'll make an awful fuss and set the Americans against Germany,—and that's what we want." Armstrong banged his fist on the table, making the glasses tinkle.

"Clever idea, George, clever!" commented Sir Herbert. "Here, take another glass!"

"Here's to Merrie England, the Mistress of the Sea!" toasted Armstrong.

Sir Herbert called for James. James came. To all outward appearance he was the same staid human automaton as ever, but he

had heard all, and in George Armstrong he now recognized Capt. Armstrong.

"James, bring Mr. Armstrong's coat!"

"Yes, sir!" James answered as he left the room, but Jimmy McGuire answered "Just wait!"

Mr. Armstrong called several times, and on one certain occasion Sir Herbert asked Mr. Armstrong if he had not been in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, noticing a R. I. F. badge on his lapel.

"Why, yes I was. Why?"

"James, our butler also served in the same. Wait till I call him."

Sir Herbert rang, but no James appeared. He had heard the conversation and did not relish a meeting just then.

Archibald appeared.

"Tell James I would like to see him," Sir Herbert informed old Hawk-nose.

"Yes, sir!" Archibald drawled and bowed himself out.

After five minutes, he appeared flushed and puffing.

"Indeed, sir, I can't find him. He's not around," announced the dignified footman.

"Oh! well, never mind. His name is James McGuire. I'll have you two to meet the next time. Good-bye!" And George Armstrong jumped into his auto and sped away.

And they did meet.

"I say, Carl, what's the matter with Sir Herbert. Is he sick? He has hardly eaten anything these last two days. He's up in his office all the time," Jimmy inquired of the genial handy-man who kept No. 1375 Riverside Avenue clean and tidy.

"I don't know. Jimmy, he always keeps his door locked, and I didn't clean his room since Monday, and now this is Thursday morning. He gave me orders to stay out until further notice, and orders is orders for me." Carl shrugged his shoulders and kept on sweeping the hall.

That day Mr. Armstrong came to dinner. Sir Herbert kept him waiting for some time, but finally came hurrying down.

They sat down to a well prepared dinner. Sir Herbert seemed in unusually fine spirits.

"They haven't found out yet, have they?"

"No, but they will."

"Well, I've finished the job. The originals are on my desk and the duplicates, too. That is some monster submarine the U. S. Navy has, isn't it?" Sir Herbert commented.

"I didn't get a good look at the papers, but we'll see them after-

wards. Then the rest will be easy," chuckled Armstrong as he began picking at a tender lamb chop.

"Just a minute, George, I left my door open," and Sir Herbert hurriedly left, and all unbecoming his frozen dignity, he hopped up the steps two at a time.

James had also left the dining room.

Sir Herbert raced into his room. There was Carl, stooping over the desk.

"What are you doing here?" angrily demanded Sir Herbert, his eyes flashing.

Carl jumped. He colored for an instant. Then very quietly he answered, showing his dusting brush.

"I was cleaning up. I haven't tended to this room for three days, and you left the door open, so I thought I would clean up."

"Sir Herbert eyed him suspiciously. He strode to the table. The original plans of the latest sea-going submarine of the United States Navy were gone. The duplicates were folded together, ready to be placed away.

His cheeks whitened.

"Where are those papers," he fiercely asked as he grasped Carl by the shoulder and leveled a cold, blue-steel revolver at his face.

Carl never flinched.

With a quick twist he broke loose from the Englishman's grasp. But before he had made a step, Jimmy, hidden in back of a curtain, saw a flash, and Carl toppled over, the blood flowing from a wound in the face. He was game.

Sir Herbert quickly searched his pockets and drew out the originals.

"You'd better give me those, Sir Herbert," James quietly but firmly demanded.

Sir Herbert looked into a very business-like looking revolver.

"James?" he gasped.

"James, like thunder! I'm No. 47, German Secret Service, and I mean business. Hand them over!"

Sir Herbert did so. What could he do? He wasn't game.

No. 47 kept England's unofficial head backed in a corner, then quietly slipping the duplicates in his pocket, he drew out a phial and throwing the contents into Sir Herbert's face, the latter crumpled insensible into a heap in the corner.

Just then steps were heard in the hallway. No. 47 stepped behind the curtain.

Armstrong entered. Jimmy McGuire glared at his man. A fist

shot out which caught Capt. Armstrong of the Royal Irish Fusiliers well under the chin. He blinked.

"That one was for old scores! Here's one for old Ireland!" and Jimmy landed a hot jab on the ear. "And here's one for the Fatherland," and he sent Armstrong sprawling into the corner with a nasty clip right on the nose.

"Poor old Carl! You died game, old boy! The Kaiser lost a good man in you. Jimmy McGuire will have to work alone, now. So long! Good-bye, old pal!"

Mrs. Watkins' 94c. Poodle Dog

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16

LIKE all other landladies, Mrs. Watkins was noted for her weak tea and stale bread, but unlike them, she dearly loved poodle dogs. She imagined that if she had a nice, soft, fuzzy little dog to pet, and to while away her spare time, she would be a happy woman. She envied her star boarder, Miss Wilkinson, because she had a high-priced French poodle that so many ladies had come to see. Mrs. Watkins was sitting in her kitchen, musing over her prospects and wishing that her husband made enough money for her to buy a high-priced poodle, when Miss Wilkinson came in.

"Mrs. Watkins, my relatives in the West have invited me to come out there with them, and if I like it they want me to stay."

"You don't say! I am very sorry to lose you, for you are so much company, and besides I will miss Tricks so much for I just dearly love poodle dogs."

"That is just what I was going to speak to you about. He will be very much trouble to take along, and I do not know whether my relatives want a poodle about the place, so if you do not care, I will leave him with you for two or three weeks."

"I certainly will be glad to keep him, for he is such a pretty little creature, so white and nice, and he does such cute tricks."

"Yes; he jumps through one's arms and plays dead dog and other things, and he barks so softly. You may keep him until I write to tell you what to do with him."

For over two weeks Mrs. Watkins was in her glory. Her heart's

craving for a poodle dog was filled, and there was only one thing she dreaded—how could she part with the creature when the letter came? She simply couldn't. She would wait until then, and when she did get orders she would find a means to keep the dog.

About two days afterward she received a letter from Miss Wilkinson, informing her that the dog now belonged to her friend, Mrs. Burdsell. Oh how Mrs. Watkins did cry when she received the news! Of all the luck! Tricks who had come to be so dear to her was to be given to the woman she most disliked in the neighborhood. But she resolved that she would not give the dog to its new owner, and with a scheme in her mind, out the door she goes, straight up the street until she reaches the dog pound.

The astonished clerk waits for her question.

"Have you got any white poodle dogs that play dead, and jump through one's arms?"

"Why, yes; I believe we caught such a one about a week ago."

"Would you let me see him. I would like to buy one like that."

The man going to the poodle dog cage, brings back one that does the tricks and suits Mrs. Watkins' fancy.

"How much is he worth?"

"Ninety-four cents, and a cheap bargain."

Mrs. Watkins having put the dog in her basket, walked back home, complacent in the thought that she can now keep Tricks.

The next day Mrs. Watkins, with the high-priced poodle hid in the closet, and the 94-cent dog in the room, meets Mrs. Burdsell at the door.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Burdsell! How are you this fine day?" says the feigning landlady.

"Oh! I am very well," replied Mrs. Burdsell, who had little love for Mrs. Watkins. "I suppose you know that Miss Wilkinson has given her poodle dog to me."

"Yes; she wrote to me about it, and I am almost heartbroken to lose him, for he is such a nice dog and so much company. But, of course, he is yours."

"I am sorry to take him, but Miss Wilkinson was such a good friend that I feel like I will have to take the dog from you as a gift from her whom I liked so well. Then, too, little Tommy likes dogs so well."

The landlady's conscience bothers her, but she summons up courage at the thought of the high-priced poodle.

"He is such a pretty little thing and so full of tricks. See! He

will jump through your arms and play dead." At the word of the landlady the fake Tricks played dead real natural.

When the unsuspecting Mrs. Burdsell had departed, Mrs. Watkins thought that now she would have Tricks' all to herself.

In the meantime Mrs. Burdsell had gone home and presented the fake poodle to the exulting Tommy. Now, Tommy was a regular boy and with his mother's eye off of him, started to tease the dog which of course responded by barking. Hearing the harsh bark of the dog Mrs. Burdsell first thought it very funny that the poodle should have such a coarse bark, when the letter from Miss Wilkinson stated that he barked so softly. But she thought perhaps he had a cold or had barked too much. So up she went to the veterinarian and got some medicine for him.

Tommy had the dog barking again at supper when his father came in, and Mrs. Burdsell said to her husband:

"I believe the dog has a cold, and I have some medicine for him from the veterinary."

"Oh, bosh! There is nothing the matter with the dog," snapped her husband. "Either you misunderstood Miss Wilkinson's letter or he is the wrong dog."

"He cannot be the wrong dog, for he is white like Miss Wilkinson's poodle, and does the very same tricks and answers by the name of Tricks."

Not deterred, however, by this, Mr. Burdsell orders Tommy to get the letter.

"I will hold the dog and examine him while you read the letter," Mr. Burdsell says to his wife.

She reads: "He is such a nice little creature, so soft and fuzzy, with such a soft back that I dearly love him."

"Yes; he is all of that," says her husband stroking the soft fur of the dog.

"Then she says: oh! here we have it. Her dog had a small black spot almost under his chin. Has he one?"

"Wait! I will bring him closer to the light. No; he has no black spot. I believe you haven't got Miss Wilkinson's high-priced French poodle. That's what I'll wager."

"I wonder how I got this one. Could Mrs. Watkins have done this. I know she did now, for she gave me the dog so willingly, and she dearly loves Miss Wilkinson's dog, and the letter mentions she will probably hate to part with it. But where in the world did she get this one?"

"Probably at the dog pound," answers her husband.

"I will go up there tomorrow morning," says Mrs. Burdsell.

"If the dog was bought from the pound by Mrs. Watkins, you will have to go to her house in the afternoon, but be civil to her and do not let her suspect your errand."

The next morning Mrs. Burdsell goes to the dog pound and discovers, as her husband thought, that Mrs. Watkins bought the fake dog the day before. The price was 94 cents.

"Of all the brass," exclaims the angry lady "for her to substitute a 94-cent street cur for that dear little poodle of Miss Wilkinson's which cost so much. I'll soon find out."

With these words on her lips, she heads towards the house of the landlady, which personage feeling perfectly safe from discovery, admits her visitor into the room next the one where Tricks is hidden.

Mrs. Burdsell, unwilling to broach the subject, awaits developments. They talk about the weather, the neighbors, the village scandals and other things common to a visiting afternoon. Finally, out in the street a group of dogs come barking along, and as they pass the house, the dog instinct in Tricks forces him to bark, too. Mrs. Watkins is caught.

Mrs. Burdsell sarcastically remarks: "Why, have you a dog, Mrs. Watkins?"

Flushing, Mrs. Watkins stammers: "Yes; my husband brought him last night."

"What kind is he?" Mrs. Burdsell knowingly asks.

"Just a common dog," says the landlady, hoping against hope that she would not ask to see it.

"Would you let me see him? I love dogs more now since I have one of my own," says the visitor.

Hoping that her visitor had not discovered the substitution, Mrs. Watkins unwillingly fetches the dog. The poodle runs over to Mrs. Burdsell, who sees immediately the black spot on his chin, and taking him in her arms, moves towards the door with this sneering remark:

"Your plan was pretty good, but your fake dog had no black spot on his chin. Tommy will bring you back your old 94-cent dog."

Why a Catholic Cannot be a Socialist

CARL J. RYAN, '16

SOCIALISM is primarily a philosophy of life which forms the basis of an economic system. The object of the latter is to improve the condition of the working classes. In attempting to show why a Catholic cannot be a Socialist, special attention is given to the philosophy of Socialism. If it can be shown that the philosophy of Socialism is inconsistent with, and directly antagonistic to the doctrines of Christianity, then it necessarily follows that one person cannot accept both teachings—a person cannot be a Socialist and at the same time a Catholic.

The doctrines of modern Socialism were first formulated into a system by Karl Marx. The theory upon which these doctrines are based is known as the materialistic conception of history. Marx was an avowed Atheist and interpreted all history and life itself from an atheistical viewpoint. His philosophy, materialism, is the basis of his doctrines. This materialism is tersely and clearly defined by Joseph Dietzgen, whom Marx called "our philosopher": "The world evolved from eternity. It consists of matter, force and motion—the materialistic trinity. Everything that exists is matter, and besides matter there is nothing."

Such is the basis upon which Socialism rests. Now compare this doctrine with the doctrine of Christianity. By maintaining that nothing exists besides matter, Socialism denies the existence of all things spiritual, especially God and the soul. The belief in the existence of both God and the soul is the first and most necessary tenet of Christianity. Socialism holds that the world evolved from matter; Christianity teaches that God created the world. Socialism looks upon all existing things as mere matter; Christianity, as matter and spirit. Socialism denies the existence of a future life; Christianity maintains the existence of such a life. It is easily seen that these two bases are directly antagonistic to each other; and two systems of philosophy founded upon these bases, if logically carried out, must necessarily be antagonistic. That this is true will be evident by examining some of the consequences flowing from these antecedents.

First: Socialism denies the existence of a God, soul or a future life. It maintains that man's highest concern is a happy social life



MADONNA AND CHILD



ST. JOSEPH

on this earth. To live this life to the fullest extent, to get out of it all that is possible, to be unhampered by any restrictions of morality, mortification, penance for sins, and the like—such is the ideal of Socialism. Christianity holds that man's highest concern is not the affairs of this world, but the salvation of the soul which is to live forever. It teaches that the soul is more important than the body, and its salvation is man's real aim in life. It restrains man by a moral law, teaches self-control, mortification and the necessity of penance for our sins.

Second: Socialism acknowledges no moral law, no authority higher than man himself. If man, or a majority of men, the state, possess all authority, then any law they make must necessarily be lawful. The iniquity of this doctrine is self-evident. The state could pass the most unjust laws, trample upon and treat with impunity the rights of the minority, yet the righteousness of its action could not be questioned, since it possessed all authority. All its actions would thus be lawful. It is for this reason that the rights of religious freedom, religious education and the like, would, to say the least, be jeopardized in a socialistic state. Christianity maintains that all authority rests in God, and man's authority comes from God. The moral law is superior to the human law. The law which man makes by virtue of God-given authority, must always conform to the moral law. This assures us that no law can be passed contrary to right and justice that will be binding on men. When the human law violates the law of God, our obligation to obey it ceases.

This viewpoint as to the source of authority is very important in Socialism. It is upon this that Socialism justifies its proposed confiscation of private property. It argues as follows: "Man possesses all authority. A majority of men, the state, must rule and make laws. The laws they make must necessarily be lawful. If the state decides to confiscate all property, such confiscation would be lawful." The perniciousness of this doctrine is easily seen, and it is certainly no doctrine to which a christian could subscribe.

Third: Socialism overlooks the spiritual side of man. Christianity holds that if society is to be cured of its evils, the cure must come from within. It must begin with man himself. Man must become improved before he can renovate society. Hence, Christianity would first build up a strong character in man. It would teach him to do right and avoid evil, to act with justice towards all. If men were just towards God and their fellowmen, then practically all the evils that Socialism promises to remove would disappear. Socialism would renovate society from without. It would improve society first, and

then man himself would become better, for Socialism maintains that man's character is shaped by his environments. If this be so, then man's environment is more important than his character, which is in direct conflict with the teachings of Christianity.

By overlooking the spiritual side of man, Socialism, if it ever became established, would be different, or perhaps hostile to this important part of man's existence—at least it is important for many people. The duties of religion, the religious education of children, the ministering of the sacraments might be interfered with seriously. Certainly no Catholic could support a system of government that could not guarantee to him absolute freedom in these matters.

Fourth: According to Socialism man's highest responsibility is to his fellowmen and the state. The state itself is not almighty; it cannot know everything. Many actions of men are never found out by their fellowmen. Applying the Socialist principles, men could do anything they pleased, whether right or wrong, and so long as they escaped the notice of the state all would be well. The outcome of such a doctrine would be that many men, whose inclinations are so easily prone to evil, would be committing secretly one crime after another, and in a short time society would fall under the weight of its own corruption. Christianity prevents this by teaching that man's highest responsibility is towards God Who sees and knows all things. This serves to put a check upon men's evil inclinations.

Fifth: In Socialism there is nothing of the spiritual or the infinite. Its power of inspiring men and elevating them in their ideals must therefore be limited—and it is a low limit indeed. Those finer qualities of man, those qualities that show him to be so much higher than the brute, could never be fully developed by a philosophy that regards man as but a brute of a higher nature. Christianity, on the other hand, with its belief in the spiritual, is pre-eminently fitted to develop infinitely those higher and nobler faculties of the soul.

Economic determinism is a doctrine peculiar to Socialism. The gist of this entire argument is this: "the social, political and religious institutions of a given period are determined by the prevailing methods of production and distribution." This doctrine at first glance may seem harmless, but a brief examination will reveal it in its true light. It is a doctrine fraught with the gravest dangers: from its antecedents, consequences flow that are hostile to Christianity.

First: This economic determinism with reference to religion should be considered. The position briefly stated from a socialistic point of view would be: "since there is no God, religion cannot be the fulfillment of the obligation of man to God. Instead it is like

all other social and political institutions, the result of economic conditions. When men were held in physical and economic bondage, religion was invented. By telling the subjected class that all their sufferings in this life would be recompensed by a life of infinite and everlasting happiness after death, their discontent was allayed and their wretched conditions made more endurable. Now, when men are economically made free and are no longer subjected by a ruling class, it will not be necessary to delude them with the idea of God and a future life. Hence with the advent of Socialism, religion will disappear."

The fallacy of this argument is too obvious to need refutation. Suffice it to say that its very explanation shows it to be a death thrust to the idea of religion in general. It is a doctrine to which no man of religious faith, whatsoever, be it Christian, Jewish or Mohammedan could subscribe.

Second: This doctrine also has an explanation for the existence of marriage. It shows how the advent of Socialism would abolish marriage. Its position is this: "marriage is the result of economic conditions. Most women cannot support themselves under the present economic conditions, hence they must marry. Such marriages are not prompted by love, but by the need of a home, shelter and protection. Such marriages are wrong, as love alone should be the basis of marriage—and love constitutes marriage. Socialism will change the economic conditions of women: they will become self-supporting the same as men. Hence they will not marry for the sake of a home and support, but for love alone. Now as love alone constitutes marriage, the binding contract will not be necessary, and will vanish. Hence, marriage as we have it now will pass away with the advent of Socialism."

The fallacy and perniciousness of this argument is likewise too visible to merit discussion or comment. It will be sufficient to point out that it is upon this argument that the socialistic doctrine of "free love" is based. As Socialism maintains that love alone constitutes marriage, then it logically follows that if love ceased, marriage by that very fact would be dissolved. The couple would separate without any interference by a third party. This is practical "free love."

This doctrine is a direct attack upon the bulwarks of the sacrament of matrimony. Likewise, it would strike at the vitals of any government where it would be applied, for history only too well attests to the fact that any attack on the sanctity of marriage is the first step towards decline and ruination.

There is another phase of Socialism that comes into conflict with

the principles of Christianity. It is with reference to private property. Socialism demands that all the means of production and distribution shall be made public property. Purely personal property may be retained by the individual, but any property capable of producing profit or wealth must be owned by the state. But today practically every form of property, especially real estate and land, is capable of producing profit or wealth. Hence Socialism in practice, virtually denies the right of man to private property.

This is in direct conflict with the doctrines of Christianity, which not only sanctions the possession and use of private property, but guarantees to him the inviolability of such rights. As Leo XIII has pointed out: "The authority of the Divine Law adds its sanction, forbidding us in severest terms to covet that which is another's: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor his house; nor his field,' etc."

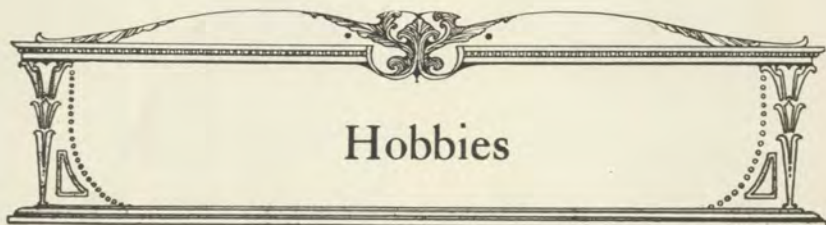
Pope Leo has shown that private property is in accordance with the law of nature, and that man acquired private property prior to the existence of the state. Hence the state has no right to abolish private property. Since private property has received the sanction of God Himself, any system that attacks the validity of private property is inconsistent with, and even antagonistic to Christianity.

These arguments have been adduced for the purpose of showing that the basic principals of Socialism and the doctrines that flow therefrom are inconsistent with, and directly hostile to Christianity. No attempt has been made to quote socialist authorities to prove these points. Anyone at all familiar with the literature of Socialism realizes that such authorities could be cited by the score, especially to prove that Socialism is opposed to Christianity. But the antagonism between the two is so self-evident that no authorities are needed to prove it. Furthermore, quotations to this effect have been used so often and in so many different places, that they have become trite and hackneyed.

Many professed Socialists, especially among the rank and file of the members, are prone to deny certain doctrines of Socialism which to them appear repulsive or harmful to the propaganda. They especially deny any hostility of Socialism to Christianity. But what does this prove? Simply that many professed Socialists do not understand the philosophy of Socialism. So long as Socialism is based upon the teachings of Marx and the materialistic conception of history, they must accept or reject all the doctrines of Socialism and rise or fall therewith.

Briefly, then, it is evident that Socialism, founded upon the ma-

terialistic conception of history, is opposed to Christianity inasmuch as the fundamental basis of Socialism is directly opposed to that of Christianity. Also, it holds that man's highest affairs are of this world; it acknowledges no moral law; it lays stress on environment rather than character; it affirms man's highest responsibility is to the state, and its power of spiritual uplift is almost negligible. The doctrine of the economic interpretation of history is also hostile to Christianity in its attitude towards religion and marriage. Furthermore, the socialistic view of private property conflicts with the Christian idea. Hence, Socialism, founded upon the materialistic conception of history must be looked upon as an atheistic philosophy of life, from which it follows that a Catholic cannot be a Socialist any more than he can be an Atheist.



L. V. MONTANUS, '17

WE are all inclined to allow our own will and desires to direct our conduct. Moral obligation, together with force of circumstances, however, kindly aid us in making a discriminate choice of those pursuits which give us pleasure. Of these, the one which we like best and which we prosecute with enthusiasm we call our hobby.

Now, when we speak of hobbies we usually mean some side issue in our lives from which we derive pleasure and recreation. These issues may change under the guidance of Circumstance, just as our likes and dislikes vary under the influence of Age and Position. Some persons have been fortunate enough to be in a position to follow their favorite pursuit—to make it their lifework. Others, whose likes were equally strong, were obliged to adopt as an occupation, a profession more lucrative than the one nearest their heart. Regardless of the fact that a number gain their sustenance by their favorite pursuit, they are inclined to be entangled in at least one pet "side line"; so that we can regard all hobbies as something complementary to an individual's routine.

We can infer from this that no one is without his hobby. The

schoolboy must continually be "makin' somethin'," while the gray-haired veteran must tell his war tales. The schoolgirl must have a daily change of hair-ribbons, and the housewife must make her fancy work. The day laborer must have his game of checkers, while the Oil King must play his golf. The village councilman must discuss "Preparedness," while the Chief Executive investigates delicate points of international correspondence. Thus, from nimble childhood to stiffening old age, we must give expression to our playful disposition.

Hobbies are not a parasitic growth. They are something springing directly from ourselves; they are rooted in our disposition and they thrive in our tastes. They are the most accurate index of character, for we choose a hobby, not to please others, but only ourselves. Hence, what is to be our most refreshing recreation is not likely to be a hypocritical one.

Neither are hobbies a mushroom growth. In fact, they are the result of a continuous force exerted upon our tastes by our environments. The spring existed in youth and fed the brook, ever enlarging, which flowed through the Valleys of Opportunity in the land of Time, until in maturity, it has become a stream—not so mighty and so deep as the great waterway, Profession, yet bearing its burden of traffic. Perhaps we are unaware of its sluggish, yet persistent progress, until we vainly attempt to stay it by a dam of Policy. Like Habit, long enroute, it would not be halted.

In this stream, Hobby, there are three kinds of currents. And just as members of the equine class may be grouped as racers, workers or drivers, so all of the hobbies of which men are willing jockeys, may be grouped as those which amuse us, those which educate us, or those which better us financially.

The end of all hobbies is amusement. But in mere amusement there are so many idle and frivolous practices, that in justice we cannot refrain from segregating them from more praiseworthy means to an end. To really serious-minded people, how else but disgusting could such things appear: temporary complexions, flashy garments, sensational picture-shows, light and loose literature, prize fights, and a chain of others?

The educational hobby is not nearly so obtrusive as the "amuse you" variety. Thus, a really intelligent, energetic and ambitious person finds boundless pleasure in pursuing his favorite study. Sometimes it is history; sometimes, mathematics; then it may be literature, or music, or a language, or a system of philosophy, or a science, or any branch of the great educational tree. To such hobbies the world today is indebted for additions or discoveries along nearly

all of these lines. To such can we trace many efforts to fraternal enlightenment, because they are not followed with that grasping spirit of commercialism.

Since hobbies are a means of amusement, they are seldom a factor in replenishing the pocketbook. But this last class is one which is well able to direct towards us an orderly procession of shining dollars. In other words, we have as our hobby some employment by which other people make a living. We enjoy it because we are so inclined, and because we are free to pursue it or to leave it untouched. Thus, some of us pride ourselves upon our fancy chickens, others glory in the rival hues of our garden-grown roses, while others revel in the seeming mysteries of the dark-room. So each one of us in our own sphere daily give expression to our tastes.

What, then, can a hobby do for us in every-day life? Have you ever noticed how flowers, drooping from the scorching rays of a noonday sun, brace up and take new life after a refreshing shower? That hobby of yours does exactly the same for you. When you are tired and irritable, and feel inclined to punch everything in sight, what makes you feel better than a good "round" with your favorite? Doesn't it send youthful blood through your veins, and put a youthful spring in your step, and a youthful light in your eye? Isn't it the best safety-valve that could be designed? If you are "on" a hobby you know how good it is; if you never have been "on," you do not know what you're missing. So mount and ride fast to make up for lost time.

THE ANGELUS

In tones more mellow than the soft guitar,
An unseen harp of tremulous silver strings,
(Is it the flutter faint of seraph wings?)
The "Angelus" floats upon the golden air!
Bright hosts of heaven hover everywhere
In robes of iridescent glistenings,
Their lips a-thrill with reverent whisperings
Of Gabriel's "Ave"—heaven-inspired prayer!
And man and woman, toiling in the field,
With head uncover'd and uplifted hands,
Amid the solemn stillness that befalls,
To rapt devotion heart and temper yield,
In unison with quiring angel-bands.
"Sursam Corda!" List we Redemption's calls!

—M. M.

President Wilson Today

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17

WHO, at the present time, is more adversely criticized and more ardently admired than the President of the United States? These two emotional terms are contradictory, of course, but they define President Wilson's position today. He faces two fires: the dying embers of popularity and the soaring flames of unpopularity. Judging from the press and public opinion, I am lead to picture our nation's executive as futilely fanning the dying embers into glowing flames. The sunset of his presidential term is drawing near. To the Democratic Party, he pledged renewed loyalty; to the clamoring populace, he extends the past records and mistakes of his master-mind.

Among the restless populace, we find admirers and critics. Both classes are essential to society. It is said, to be a critic of any kind, requires, as a first requisite, total ignorance about the thing or person to be criticized. Jurymen are often selected because of their ignorance of the case or of the law. However, this does not mean that all critics are empty-heads. Very often, the pen of criticism is guided by judicial opinions, even though they be rare thoughts of an empty-head. Let this self-defense suffice to express opinions and to judge President Wilson position today.

It is not uncommon to hear the assertion: "We have never had a President who has been so loyal to his political party." But has he? The Democratic Platform of 1912, under the caption, "Merchant Marine," reads as follows: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." The steamship companies of Canada, backed up by England's "navalism," objected to this proposed exemption. Shortly after his election, President Wilson vigorously persuaded Congress to destroy a plank of the platform that carried him to the presidential chair. Now our vessels pay the same rate of toll to use our canal as any foreign vessel. England chuckles, and rubs her hands with proud satisfaction. What secret influence suddenly planted our President against this toll-exemption issue? That is

one more of President Wilson's actions that was severely criticized.

By reading the daily press and studying the various issues of the day, one can readily see why the President is subject to criticism. His implication and inaction in the Mexican muddle have roused the indignation of a large percentage of the people. Had our government recognized President Huerta, probably, the heart of Mexico would not have been stabbed and mangled by the cut-throat generals of Mexico. At least, Huerta had control of the political reins of Mexico's revolutionary spirit. Our "watchful waiting" Executive looked on horrified, and at the same time allowed train-loads of ammunitions and coffins filled with rifles to enter the revolutionary camps. Today, the bandit Villa says he will not lay down his arms so long as despotic principles exist. A pleasant oath from the "father of Mexican despotic principles!" Those are the arms which we shipped into Mexico. But you may say, "Wait! Wilson's policy will win." This scarcely seems possible, for this month of March ushers in another star actor in the tragic drama of Mexico. Diaz has entered the lists of leaders to organize another revolution. Yes, and Villa's raid into the United States is still more recent.

The tariff question is another much debated issue of the day. This alone places the Democratic Party, or rather President Wilson, in an unfavorable position before many of the people. Statistics prove that the Democratic hobby, "low tariff," was the cause of the recent supposed "war-tax." The industrial conditions of the country also point a finger of ridicule at our low tariff. Now, and particularly after the present war, we will need a high protective tariff. The American markets will be flooded with cheap-labor imports from Europe, once this war is over. With taxes so high, the people of Europe will economize. The Democratic low tariff will then invite a raid of imports. Sixty per cent of all our imports are now coming in free of duty. This is not a matter of argument, but of fact. These facts offer us an indirect route to judge our President's position. Our present low tariff acts more beneficially to foreign countries than it does to our own markets. Why not protect our workmen from the cheap labor products of Europe?

The mention of Europe brings President Wilson's pro-Ally attitude to mind. It was particularly this attitude that caused ex-Secretary Bryan to disagree with the President and consequently resign on June 8, 1915. Bryan refused to attach his signature to notes that favored England's diplomatic stunts of drawing us into the war. And we point to our President as the "father of peace"! It is very true that we are not in the European War; but we might as well be

fighting with the "Bonnie Lads" and "Tommies," with our President urging us on. We are tools for England's shrewd tactics of diplomacy.

Is President Wilson a diplomat? To form a judgment we must make a comparison. Therefore, let us compare Wilson with the diplomats of Germany, England and France. These men have a lifetime of specialized experience to guide them. History proves that European diplomacy far exceeds ours. Every four or eight years we elect a new executive. We may take him from a demagogue's chair or from a gubernatorial office. As a rule, our presidential candidates have had no experience with foreign relations. They have grown up in an atmosphere of domestic affairs. A diplomatic president will not be guided by the opinions of editors nor by the whims of "navalism;" and instead of piloting the ship of state alone, he will place it in the guidance of his cabinet, House of Senators and House of Representatives.

Judging from the tone of this article, one would accuse the writer of unpatriotism and disloyalty to the nation's President. Probably your opinions are similar to these. Then, again, you may admire the very necktie worn by your nation's ruler. Your liberty to vote is the decisive means of approving or disapproving with "The Psychological President." When interviewed by newspaper reporters, the President's silent private-secretary replies: "leave it to Wilson." So say we all. But then, are the mass of the people really in back of President Wilson? Would each and every American citizen say: "I agree with your method of neutrality, Mr. President?" No! by far not. As human units of an argumentative and opinionated democracy, we write and speak our views. "Some of us admire and some of us criticize President Wilson's position today."

Lowly Occupations

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16; EDW. STUHLMUELLER, '17

EVERYONE admires a great building whose massive proportions and splendid architecture are pleasing to the eye. But in admiring the grandeur of the sight,—the perfect construction, the architecture wrought out in detail, the splendid arrangement for effect, and the other points which naturally are of interest to the observer, there are but few who consider those things which are almost unnoticeable but are nevertheless absolutely

essential to the permanency of the structure. The foundation, unless it be of stone finely worked on the surface, and the framework, for the most part hidden, are almost unobserved by the casual onlooker. As it is in the case of a great building, so with the world of labor. The high, honored and lucrative positions catch the public eye. The men who are fortunate enough to obtain them are admired by their fellow-citizens, and the lowly occupations are of interest to but few. The men who hold these menial occupations, if not despised by their more fortunate neighbors, yet are not considered as equals by them. But just as the almost unobserved frame-work and foundation stones are absolutely essential to the building, so are the menial and lowly occupations and laborers the essential groundwork of industrial activity.

In the performance of the functions of government, on whom depends ultimately the bulk of the burden—the servile work? Does it all rest on the shoulders of a few higher-ups? Indeed not. It is, of course, necessary that there be some higher-ups, but it is more necessary that there also be many more who carry out the more laborious part of the burden. If it were not for the numerous petty officers, who in the end perform the ultimate business of government, a state would be an impossibility. Diplomatic relations, the enforcement of laws, the carrying of the mails, the coining of money and the various other functions of government could not be performed, if it were not for the men in the lowly positions.

The menial factory-worker is indispensable to the life of the business. While he labors in an almost unknown atmosphere, he is nevertheless the main force on whom depends the output of the factory. Take him out and the business is at a standstill. The consequences of the numerous strikes bear witness to this statement. While the results of his personal labors are insignificant in comparison, take him away and you will find that the wheel of the factory industry ceases to turn.

The lowly and hard life of the miner is despicable to many, but if it were not for him how would railroad transportation be effected? How would power be produced to turn the wheels of industry if it were not for the coal he mines? What would winter mean for us if we had not coal with which to keep warm? The poor miner, working under the ground in dark and dangerous tunnels, is certainly a lowly and menial laborer, but he is nevertheless a necessary element in industrial activity.

In the carrying on of a great railroad system, many are the menial occupations connected with it, and all are necessary. The watchman

is a necessity in order to safeguard the lives of passengers and persons in dangerous places. Who will say that the brakeman is not a necessity, and has he a very high and lucrative position? Even the tattered individuals who are hired to throw salt and sand on the slippery tracks are almost indispensable to the safe and successful railroad system. Besides these, we might name scores of other occupations connected with railroad systems which are menial and lowly but nevertheless quite necessary.

A city must also have its retinue of lowly servants. If it were not for the street cleaner and the garbage collector, its condition of cleanliness would soon become very unsavory. If it were not for the bootblack, how many sallow-eyed dudes would have to bend their precious backs in this occupation which they despise. The newsboy in performing his lowly task is considered a necessity by the majority of readers. The life of a city thus depends on these and many other servile occupations, and without them the higher officers could accomplish nothing. Just as the hairspring of a watch stands in comparison to the mainspring, and is just as necessary, so do the lowly positions and occupations compare with the higher offices and with the life of a city.

We have seen that it is necessary for some to perform menial and lowly tasks in the carrying on of government, in the factory, in the mines and for the welfare of a city, and in all the different branches of social activity we will find this to be true without exception. While an occupation may be lowly, it is no reason why it is to be despised. Because some positions are servile, we have no cause to believe that their holders are our inferiors as men. A man who has a lowly position may be as honorable and contented as the one who has a more dignified and lucrative one, for it is true that very often an excellent hair spring is encased in a watch of the cheaper grade as well as a more costly timepiece, and is it not also true that a man in a lowly occupation may be just as good as one who holds a higher position? A lowly occupation in no way reflects on the character of a man, for any work is honorable be it high or low as long as it is done for the betterment of society.

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16.

Dreamers we must never be. It is easy to imagine life with certain of its troubles and disappointments eliminated, but think as you may, they are there. To ignore them is to dream. School children long for the day when they can leave school and go out to earn money in the factory or workshop. Young men dream and plan for a suc-

cessful career in their chosen occupation. Naturally, they aim high and aspire to reach that goal. Very often, they shun and overlook the lowly, but honorable occupations. That is very well. But imagine the turmoil in society if all of us would avoid the lowly occupations and strive to control the forces of labor. What an unhappy lot we would be! Luckily, there are factors that guide you and me to the humble and lowly occupations, and others to higher and more responsible positions in life.

A few years ago a young man returned from services in the United States Navy. Professional activities had appealed to him. He advertised in the daily papers as follows: "Wanted! Work by a young man of 24 years,—any work that is honorable." There is a splendid moral contained in this advertisement. It carries with it an atmosphere of uprightness and a certain sagacity that many of us lack. He reminds us that lowly occupations are honorable instead of disgraceful. His visions of the pleasures and disappointments of life are extensive, very extensive. His services as a seaman had carried him around the globe. He had seen ambitious men hopelessly ignoring the inevitable factors that check their dishonest strides to wealth and power. He saw that the humbler occupations and honest pursuits of men and women returned a more lasting happiness and content. Now he had returned to settle down and live and work as one of the community. His advertisement for honorable work called him to dig trenches for the city contractors. His lot was a lowly occupation. Today he directs the erection of bridges and skyscrapers.

What occupations would you regard as lowly? Is it the street-cleaner's daily routine, the factory hand, the office clerk, the stoker or the hadcarrier? Which pursuits shall we term as lowly, and which as lofty? Who shall be the judge to make the distinction? Let your own principles and desires guide you in answering these interrogations. Remember that the ladder of success is steep and the climb is difficult and wearisome. To complete the figure, we shall say that it is graduated from bottom to top. To succeed, we must climb. The first step is generally a lowly occupation in comparison to those higher up. Now, what is success and what is failure? A prosperous or an unfortunate termination comes to men of all occupations and pursuits. Napoleon the Great overawed entire Europe and then failed. St. Francis Xavier directed a million souls toward man's Redeemer and died the death of a pauper. The great spirit of Columbus bowed to the ignominious burden of chains. So you see, the humble pursuits of life are really the germs of great men. Worldly suc-

cess and worldly wisdom do not mark the zenith of a truly successful man.

I believe the environments of a young man are the strongest factors that lead him to his chosen profession. The commercial ideals of his family and companions, the local industrial opportunities of his community, the pleasures and pastimes—all these tend to shape the young man's occupation. If his community should be a great steel-mill, coal-mining, manufacturing, cotton or wollen center, it is very natural that the young man be attracted by those industries. There is a young city out at Los Angeles, California. It has been named: "Universal City." Eighty per cent of our photo plays are staged and produced there. It is said that the pesky little literateur germs have attacked every Tom, Dick and Harry of Los Angeles. Street-car conductors, policemen, cigarmakers, chauffeurs—everybody is struggling to write scenarios for the local film companies. This is due to the presence of the great photo-play center.

Let us assume that some occupations are lowly, that is in comparison to others. Because of insufficient education, many young men are compelled to follow the more humble occupations. This takes us back to the prime cause, lack of means. A large sum of money is required to obtain a high school and college education. The lad of fifteen enters a factory to serve as an apprentice. In time he may develop into a skilful mechanic. But here his rise is halted, unless he trains his mind for greater things. As a mechanic his wages are about twenty dollars per week. The wage is sufficient to live moderately and contentedly. This life promises no more than that. Shall we designate the occupations of manual labor as lowly? No.

But then, there are some occupations that the public brands as lowly and undesirable. Have you ever thought of the consequences if every man and woman refused to perform these occupations. Even though they seem unpleasant to some individuals, it is a fact that they are not so to others. What if the city refuse-collector, the janitor, the servant-girl and the street-cleaner suddenly laid down their arms to clamor for jobs higher up, not because of ambitious motives, but rather because they despised those jobs of the lower rank. They would plunge society into a similar predicament that the Socialist State would drive us; no one would care to perform the lowly jobs. Reflect and picture society thrown into such a muddle. But just as we see God's diversion of beauty in nature, so we shall find an unchangeable rank and order in occupations.

As a rule, young men do not weigh the sublimity and lowliness of their chosen professions. I dare say that eighty per cent of our

young men are obliged to go to work at the age of sixteen. There is no disgrace in that. They enter offices, stores, mills and factories. The duty of family support and livelihood rests upon them. Yes, and so does the stability of a nation, for they are the backbone of stable governments. Wiser heads may direct the course of the state, but humble labor acts as the motive force. Is it humble labor? Yes and no! All occupations are lofty in the sense of duty and citizenship. Truly, there is a different remuneration, ability and appearance. Therefore, let us eliminate the term "lowly" when we speak of occupations: Before God and man, all honorable occupations are lofty.

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17.

The City Asleep

JOSEPH EVANS, '16; GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17

THE time is during the small hours of the morning; the place is a large American metropolis. We walk slowly down the main thoroughfare, and the striking contrast of the quiet streets to the same streets, which a few hours before were teeming with life, gives us much food for thought and enlivens our imagination in no small degree.

A short while ago the whole city was a mass of activity. The streets were crowded with people on their way home from the day's work, the factory laborers and office men, and later the theater-going and pleasure-seeking class, each hustling to his destination. But now all this activity has subsided. We see not one hundredth so much life, and the impending silence strikes us with successive sentiments of admiration and reverential fear. We hear a footstep, and startled we look to see a policeman on his regular beat. Our fear is changed to a feeling of safety when we see this man of the law guarding the city while its people sleep. We go still farther, and in a modest structure we see a light gleaming. On looking in at the window we see the night fire chief, wide awake and ready at a moment's notice in case he and his men are wanted to defend the city against the ravages of fire. We stop for a moment to contemplate the seriousness and responsibility connected with the duties of both the policeman and fireman. In the stillness of the night we more readily realize the city's dependence upon them, and the possibilities

for action by the enemies of order and society which they must thwart:

We continue through the city and occasionally we see a human being. Now we encounter the night watchman of a large department store or of a factory. We see a traveling salesman who has just arrived in the city and is making his way to a nearby hotel. We pass the government building and see a number of lights, each of which flashes a night clerk who toils while the city sleeps. We meander slowly from the business district. Now we are attracted by the noise of the owl car, and then by the rumble of an auto bearing the emblematic red cross. This brings to our minds a new train of thoughts. We think of the sick who lay helpless and unable to sleep, of the anxious relatives and friends who watch continually by the bedside of their sick, of the telephone operator through whom the doctor is summoned. We follow the direction taken by the auto and find it in front of the city hospital. We enter and see the city's sick, the greater per cent of whom are far from being asleep. We see them all with their individual complaints. We are impressed by the gentleness and careful attention of the nurses who watch and wait upon the sick not only during the day but continually. Here we see many awake in *The City Asleep*.

We go again into the city and to the railroad station. There we see the various clerks who must work while others sleep. A limited train comes in, unloads its burden of human souls, and after taking on others goes its way; then a freight train, and a crew who cannot sleep, and a few hoboes whose safety demands that they remain awake. We turn and go past the newspaper office, and here we see men in a busy stir, editors, typesetters and pressmen, all working hurriedly and mechanically in order that the daily morning paper may be on the breakfast table of every home. Next we pass the power and light plant and see the men at work through whose efforts we have light at any hour of the night.

We retrace our steps over the same streets. We are wandering and admiring the large number of people who work while the city sleeps, who work in order that the city's rest might be secure. We notice that all whom we have thus far encountered are working in the interests and comfort of humanity.

Our reveries are suddenly disturbed. On the opposite side of the streets we perceive a dark object come from the alley and move stealthily in the shadows of the buildings. It is a man. He stops in front of a jewelry store, fumbles with the lock and finally enters, but not unobserved by our friend the policeman. At that moment

we are startled by a dull explosion. We look in the direction whence it came and in less than a minute we see several men hastening from the bank, get hurriedly into an automobile and escape.

Again we start our musings, this time on that class of people in *The City Asleep* who work against the interests of society. And thus we stroll about contemplating on both the good and bad intentions of those whom we have seen awake, and the various duties and circumstances which keep them awake, until the dawn in the eastern sky and the rumble of morning delivery wagons tell us that another day of activities has arrived. Yet we are impressed with the fact that, although we have seen *The City Asleep*, we have indeed seen *The City Awake*.

JOSEPH EVANS, '16.

The city is asleep. Silence reigns about the deep slumber of thousands of the weary. Day has long been vanquished by the blue pall of night. All is subdued. The din of commerce is hushed; the wheels of industry no longer turn. Worried brows and weary minds and anxious souls are lying in the soothing balm of sleep. The cares of the day have ceased; its toils are accomplished, its wrongs, its rights, and its deeds of love are things of the past. Strength will revive under the magic touch of sleep, "sweet nourisher in life's feast." Tomorrow will bring its own successes and deeds of valor, for while everyone has slept, a blessed power has repaired the past and prepared the future.

But everybody does not the same thing at the same time, and while some are asleep others are performing the duties of a chosen life. Others are enjoying the pleasures a certain life might bring. Others still are engaged in that which fate or circumstance might thrust in their way. Yet, whatever the sleepless individual is doing in the hours when others sleep, he is affected in his own way by the imagination, the feeling and the sensation the darkness and silence of the midnight hour combines with his experience. Some will philosophize upon the relation between their actions and their environment. Others will act without thought because they do things only mechanically. However the individual acts, there is, notwithstanding, a bit of deep thought connected with him and his actions. To analyze the feelings of everybody not asleep in the sleeping city would be a delightful task for the philosopher. The hours of midnight seem dead, and everything dead haunts its surroundings with weird, uncanny emotions which are characteristic of the person and his deed.

Not the least among the affected is the midnight prowler, the thief, the burglar, the criminal. Is the hour he chooses in his favor? He thinks it is. That is why he uses that time. All is dark and no one sees him. Nobody is around and he is alone. Everything is hushed. Ah, here is his stumbling-block. The very quietude of the night makes him more capable of being heard. Here he is deceived. The stillness of the smallest corner echoes back his least stir, even his insignificant thought. The very baseness of his deed resounds in the form of conscience. His own feelings speak aloud to him. He is about to perform a terrible injustice to his neighbor, whose very sleep forbids vengeance. Anybody who takes such an advantage is not a hero. Anybody who will choose the midnight darkness in order not to be seen by others is certainly not brave. That is what the burglar does. To say the least, he is a coward. Let him defy the daylight to watch his deed and he is powerless because of fear; he is deceived by his own wicked skill.

To dwell upon a class of that kind is not pleasant. There are other types of the opposite nature which encourage more. There is the officer of the law who walks about to protect the city and its sleepers from the harm of the midnight coward. He is a necessary factor when the city sleeps. His presence commands order and forbids interruption in the rest of others. He garrisons the right and stands as the guardian of the law. His case is quite different from that of the prowler. Just as the darkness filled that one with the pricks of remorse, so it fills the officer with the strength of bravery, and the might of right makes him conquer.

The chosen duty of one's life makes him also awake at night. There is the doctor. His heart is large, and a large heart must be brave. He has been softened by the sight of human suffering. His own eagerness to relieve human pain makes him a lover of mankind. Therefore, when the summons calls him forth he will abandon his restful sleep. He will sacrifice his slumbers to ease one's pain, to encourage the sick and to ward off death. He becomes at once infused with a forgetfulness of self, and as he wends his way to the bedside of the suffering, the darkness of the night is sacred to him. It brings nothing but peace to him, and fills him with a desire to save, and with a love of his profession. He will bring comfort to an anxious household.

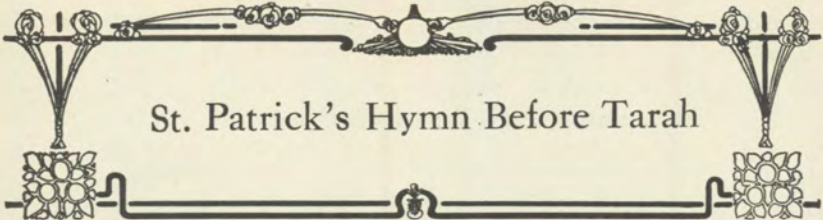
This in itself brings us to a class which circumstance has forbidden to sleep. Visit the hospitals at the hour when the city is asleep, and the wails and moans of the sick and the dying pierce your ear. This pitiable class of people could not sleep even if they wished.

They are tossing upon a bed of pain. They cannot rest. Physical ailments rack their bodies. Theirs are the miseries of this life. They think of the peaceful and healthful sleep of others and beg for pity for their own condition. To whom shall they go? Beside the bed sits another who will gladly wake with them in their hours of pain. The nurse or the nun has sacrificed much to watch with the sick. They shoulder the burdens of the infirm to console them in suffering and to give relief to their pain. Day will soon return and perhaps bring with it the reward of sleep to both the watched and the watcher. They will feel stronger because of the pain they endured.

Many are the various cases of sleeplessness when the city is asleep. While some are pursuing the empty pleasures of an aimless life, others perhaps are doing that which only Heaven will behold and bless. The mother, crooning over the cradle of her sleepless child is a beautiful example to those seekers of vain amusements. She is the woman of the home, the loving mother of a happy family. Perhaps she is well and would like to sleep and rest, but her sleepless babe forbids her. At the lonely hour of midnight she hums a lullaby for her own beloved. Hers is the picture of devotedness. Her reward is the smile of her little one. She is the example of true bravery and self-sacrifice. She is the heroine at the hour in *The City Asleep*.

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17.





St. Patrick's Hymn Before Tarah

(Freely rendered into English from a probably genuine production of St. Patrick)

At Tarah today, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity:
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the elements, Father and Son
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
 The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah today I call on the Lord,
 On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
 Who came to redeem from death and sin
 Our fallen race;
 And I put and I place
 The virtue that lieth and liveth in
 His incarnation lowly,
 His baptism pure and holy,
 His life of toil and tears and affliction,
 His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
 His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
 His resurrection to life again,
 His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
 And, lastly, his future dread
 And terrible coming to judge all men—
 Both the living and the dead. * * *

At Tarah today I put and I place
 The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
 And the virtue and grace
 That are in the obedience
 And unshaken allegiance
 Of all the archangels and angels above,
 And in the hope of the resurrection
 To everlasting reward and election,
 And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
 And in the truths the prophets foretold,
 And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
 And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
 And in the purity ever dwelling
 Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
 And in the actions bright and excelling
 Of all good men, the just and the blest. * * *

At Tarah today, in this fateful hour,
 I place all heaven with its power,
 And the sun with its brightness,
 And the snow with its whiteness,
 And fire with all the strength it hath,
 And lightning with its rapid wrath,
 And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
 And the sea with its deepness,
 And the rocks with their steepness,
 And the earth with its starkness,—

All these I place,
 By God's almighty help and grace,
 Between myself and the powers of darkness.

* * * * *

May Christ, I pray,
 Protect me today
 Against poison and fire,
 Against drowning and wounding;
 That so by his grace abounding,
 I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
 Illumine and guide me!
 Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
 Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
 Christ be beside me,
 On left hand and right!
 Christ be before me, behind me, and about me;
 Christ this day be within and without me!
 Christ, the lowly and meek,
 Christ, the all-powerful be
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me, or hear me!

At Tarah today, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity!
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the elements, Father and Son
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are One,
 The ever-existing Divinity.

—James C. Mangan.



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LESLIE PORTER, '18

The Navy League

The Navy League is an organization whose purpose is to arouse interest and agitation in favor of a larger navy. It is actively engaged in backing up the present campaign of preparedness. Its officers claim that the organization has no ulterior motives or interests but that of the welfare of the country.

We would like to take these statements at their face value. However, not long ago, Representative Tavenner, of Illinois, in one of his speeches showed that many of the powerful business men of the country,—ammunition, armor plate and war supply manufacturers, were backing the Navy League. J. P. Morgan, Fricke and other wealthy men had helped to found the League.

Now, while it is possible that these men are acting from purely patriotic motives, yet the fact is that they stand in a position to make millions, should this country decide to embark on a program of preparedness. This position is liable to give them altogether abnormal views on the subject. Whether this is the case or not, people in general would be inclined to put more faith in the agitation of the Navy League, were it not backed up by so many men who stand in a fair way to make enormous fortunes out of the program it advocates.

Preparedness

Whether the present campaign of preparedness is inspired by ammunition makers, or whether it is

really sincere in its efforts to protect the country against an attacking foe, can easily be determined by a very simple process. Let Congress make it clearly understood that in case the country decides to increase its defenses to any great extent, the government will make its own arms and ammunition; or in case of war, the government will assume control of all factories supplying war material. In other words, take all profit out of war and war preparation, and if the preparedness campaign is inspired by selfish interests it will soon die out. If not, then we may conclude that at least it is not inspired by the "war trust."

We may add in passing, that if this present agitation for preparedness is sincere, it should first seek to stop all shipment of ammunition and war supplies from this country. Ammunition is shot off far more quickly than it can be manufactured, and it is our first duty to lay in store all the ammunition we need, and not ship it out of the country, perhaps to be used against us by a future enemy. Complete preparedness does not consist in ships and soldiers. This is all the preparedness advocates seem to demand, however. We have not yet heard of any preparedness advocate who demanded that we keep our supplies at home, so that in case we are attacked we will at least have weapons to fight with. -

The Brandeis Case

When it was announced that President Wilson had selected Louis Brandeis, the Boston lawyer, for the Supreme Court bench, it was easily foreseen that such an appointment would meet with bitter opposition. Mr. Brandeis knew too much concerning the workings of trusts and huge corporations to suit big business, and they at once determined to fight this appointment with all their power. Mr. Brandeis was once a corporation lawyer, but soon gave this up and began to advocate the rights of the common people. Just now, high-salaried lawyers are attempting to show how unfit he is for the toga, and to do this they are showing his record as an attorney for the corporations. Of course, it is to be expected that a lawyer for some of these big trusts and corporations would have to do some things that would not appear exactly ethical under the glare of a searching investigation. There are few people, however, who will be misled by this attack on Mr. Brandeis. The fact that he soon gave up corporation practice in favor of working for the people's rights, is a strong recommendation to most persons. Should he finally take his place on the Supreme Court bench the vast majority of people will have cause to rejoice.

Catholic Action

There is a quite prominent weekly magazine emanating from the Metropolis that seems to be somewhat affected by the "danger of Romanism." Of course it does not descend to the level of the baser sheets, but still it beholds with apprehension any action suggestive of power on the part of the Catholics. Recently it recalled the fact that the Holy Name Society of Philadelphia has succeeded in suppressing the play *Marie Odile*, a play offensive to Catholics because of the vile caricature of a nun as one of the characters. The magazine then protests against the fact that any group of persons should be able to exert power of this kind. It states that no play should be suppressed unless it tended to debase the morals of the general public.

Of course, not! You can put some pretty rotten stuff on the stage and it will not "debase the morals of the general public," provided the play insults, slanders and ridicules the Catholics. While no producer would dare to insult any body of non-Catholics or other religious denomination in this manner, Catholics are supposed to put up with it and keep quiet. It's just about time that the Catholics are getting enough backbone to assert their rights in matters of common decency. *Marie Odile* is not only slanderous, but vile and impure.

Alumni Notes

Thomas F.
Hart, '03

Thomas F. Hart, '03, and Emmett Sweetman, '04, called at the College on March 2. This was the first visit of the famous pitcher of the 1903 baseball team in many years. Needless to say, he found many changes. He said he could scarcely believe the report given to him by his brother, Harry, who graduated in 1914 from the High School Department, concerning the progress made by the College in late years; but, after visiting the different departments of the College, he felt satisfied that Harry's report was not exaggerated. "Tommy" now holds the position as Efficiency Engineer for the Pure Oil Company, Marcus Hook, Pa. His brother, Harry, and Victor Schlitzer, '04, the well-remembered pitcher of the team of 1904, are employed by the same company.

Emmett Sweetman, '04, is now located at Bellefontaine, Ohio, and his friends will find him in the City Engineer's office. He has been City Engineer for the past two years.

William Seidensticker, '11 William Seidensticker, '11, called at the College on February 19 to see his former teacher of Chemistry, Bro. William Wohlleben. As often as "Bill" comes to the city, he never fails to call at the College to see his former teachers. He now has a cousin, Thomas Doyle, taking his place at the College.

Joseph Seidensticker, '08 We have a suggestion from Joseph Seidensticker. He remarked that the Alumni Notes are not so extensive as interested readers of the Alumni Department would like to see them.—The reason why the Alumni Notes do not cover more pages of The Exponent is due to the fact that the Alumni themselves do not correspond with The Exponent Editor. Joe suggests that an Alumnus in each city be requested to write to the Alumni Editor each month, giving information about graduates and former students of the College. We would like to hear from several of our Alumni on this subject. Volunteers, we feel, will be more devoted to this work than Alumni who are correspondents through appointment.

Leon Anderson, '15 Leon Anderson is holding down a position as a chemist with the Atlas Powder Company, Landing, N. J. Over 1,000 laborers are employed, and 25 chemists are kept busy. Leon writes that his company manufactures "nitric acid, nitroglycerine, dynamite and various 'powder dopes.'" He is much pleased with his position, and while he has offers from two other munition manufacturers, he intends to stay where he is.

Lawrence Strattner, '15 Lawrence Strattner is settled, after his honeymoon, at 127 N. Main Street, Mechanicville, N. Y. He holds the position of assistant superintendent of the Electrolytic Bleach Plant of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, which is located along the Hudson. He likes the people in the East and is captivated with the scenery of the Hudson.

Larry and Leon, I suppose you will read further the glad tidings of the wedding of your classmate, Jim Hall, and the wedding of his brother Ed. Let us hear from you again!

S. M. Cadet Boosters The S. M. Cadets met many of the old college friends on their trip during February. At Fort Wayne, Ind., John and Walter Berghoff entertained the Cadets at the Berghoff home. Frank Senn and the Adelberg

brothers showed the Cadets a pleasant time in Louisville. John Brucken, '99, an old pal of Mgr. Al. Gessler, entertained the Cadets at Evansville, Ind., in Liederkrantz Hall. At Kenton, Ohio, Walter Stephen took the Cadets out to dinner, and Allen Ochs did the honors after the game, at his home. At Clyde, Ohio, the Cadets looked for no friendly face, but were more than glad when the genial face of Theo. Klos loomed up. He came over from Fremont to attend the game. James Casey and the Kranzes were at the Toledo Paint game. The Cadets called to see Joseph Scheuplein at St. Elizabeth's Hospital of Toledo where he is recovering from a thirteen weeks' siege following a broken leg. (Our sympathies.) Walter Neuman, medical student at Indiana U., was at the Em Roes game at Indianapolis. Oppenheim Bros., "Longshot" Moehlman and others were conspicuous at Celina, Ohio. Teddy Oppenheim kept time at the game.

The Cadets thank their many friends on the trip for the glad hand and the good time shown them.

WEDDING BELLS

James E. Hall, '15 Characterized by extreme simplicity, and impressively solemnized, was the wedding of Miss Jeanette Fitzpatrick, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerien Fitzpatrick, of Riverdale, and James E. Hall, of Bellemonte Avenue, which occurred Wednesday, Feb. 23, at half after seven at Sacred Heart Church, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends.

The impressive ceremony was read by Rev. Charles Hickey, the nuptial music being sung by Joseph Murphy and the choir of the church. Acting as ushers were Torrence Makley and Robert Hall.

Following the service an informal reception was held and a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents on McDaniel Street.

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Hall left for a honeymoon trip to New York, and upon their return they will make their home in the Hall homestead on River Street.

Edward A. Hall, '13 In a beautiful church service conducted Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, at Sacred Heart Church Miss Margaret Gibbons became the bride of Edward A. Hall, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends.

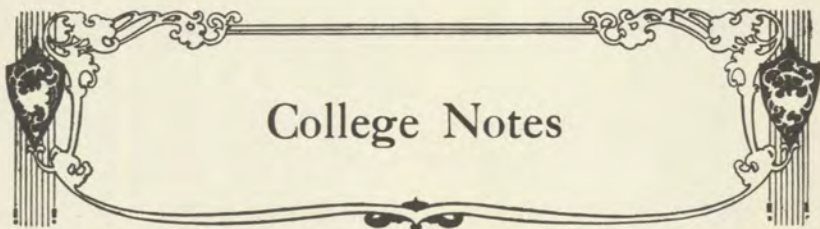
Leading the bridal procession were the two ushers, Robert Hall

and Nicholas Nolan, and they were followed by the bridesmaid and best man, Miss Katharine Elizabeth Gibbons and Jay S. Gibbons, brother and sister of the bride.

The bridal party were met at the altar by Rev. Charles Hickey who read the nuptial mass, the music of the service being sung effectively by Joseph Murphy.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, left for a honeymoon trip to New Orleans, and on their return, they will reside temporarily with the parents of the groom on Bellemont Avenue.

Congratulations! Best of good wishes for the choicest of blessings! Don't forget to call at S. M. C. on your return.



HIGHEST HONORS FOR FEBRUARY

Collegiate Department

Senior Arts—Raphael Sourd, 91; Joseph Evans, 89.
Senior Engineering—Arthur Zimmerman, 91; Ralph Wirshing, 90.
Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Robt. Hummert, 89; Jos. Windbiel, 87.
Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Albert Krusling, 92; Geo. Brennan, 90.
Sophomore Arts—Lawrence Montanus, 94; George Kinstle, 93.
Sophomore Engineering—John Crowley, 90; Leslie Porter, 90.
Freshman Arts—Dean McFarland, 95; Law. Weber, 94; Willis Lynch, 92.
Freshman Engineering—John Heier, 96; Jos. Holters, 93; W. Schmidt, 93.

High School Department

Fourth High—William Boesch, 98; Emil Kessler, 97.
Third High-A—Henry Weinert, 95; Ivo Stelzer, 94; Colman Cetinski, 92.
Third High-B—Thomas Carroll, 95.
Second High-A—
Second High-B—Frank Elardo, 91.
First High-A—Lawrence Menninger, 91; Frank Kronauge, 89.
First High-B—Ant. Michniewiz, 92; Ray. Helmig, 93; Henry Schroeder, 92.
First High-C—Al. Poliquin, 94; Matt. Mackmull, 91; Jos. Nilles, 91.

Business Department

Second Year—Thomas Sunshine, 95; John Massing, 94.
First Year—Paul Starrett, 89; Carl Brunner, 89.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade-A—Norman Westbrook, 91; George Meyers, 85; J. Gottbrath, 85; C. Petkewiez, 84.

Eighth Grade-B—Jas. McCarthy, 91; Leon Ruder, 91; Leo Poeppelmeier, 90.
Seventh Grade—John Holtvoigt, 92; William Janning, 92.

Sixth Grade—James Coffield, 91; Wesley Meyer, 91.

Fifth Grade—James Hatcher, 92; James Conkle, 82.

Dr. Wm. Plattfaut

The following article is taken from the "Greater Dayton German Gazette." It contains information about the late Dr. Wm. Plattfaut, which, we know, will be of interest

to the readers of The Exponent.

"In the death of Dr. Wm. Plattfaut, Dayton has lost a citizen and physician who enjoyed the highest respect of the entire community. The thorough scientific training which Dr. Plattfaut received in Germany, and, which is universally recognized for its excellence, the broad views which he attained through travel, joined with his personal amiability, won for him an exceptionally large practice and a host of grateful friends.

"Dr. Plattfaut was born in Westonnen, near Soest, in the province of Westphalia, on January 14, 1854. He studied in Griefswald, Berlin and Wurzburg, and in the latter city it was his good fortune to be a student under the famous surgeon, Professor von Bergmann. After securing his medical degree, he practiced medicine for three years in Germany, and then accepted a position as physician on the large ocean steamers sailing between Europe and North and South America. His great love for travel, and the ardent desire to advance in medical science, and to become acquainted with the latest discoveries, took him at various times, in company with his wife, to foreign lands.

"Dr. Plattfaut had acquired an exceptional knowledge of medical literature. No new symptoms of disease or surgical discoveries escaped his attention. As a result of persistent study, he possessed a vast knowledge in all divisions of medical science.

"Dr. Plattfaut and his wife were in Germany at the outbreak of the war, and only under great difficulties were they able to return to the United States. The Doctor's sympathy being with his Fatherland, his heart and soul were with Germany. The burden of the war weighed heavily on his active mind. With a saddened heart he saw the pro-English spirit predominate in this country, and observed the unfavorable conditions resulting from this attitude of the American Government. When the opportunity presented itself, he never hesitated to express his opinions frankly.

"The horrors of the war became more vivid to the Doctor when he received the news that his two nephews (the sons of his brother, who died seven years ago) lost their lives on the battlefield.

"During the entire year of 1915, the Doctor's health was noticeably declining, and in October he was seized with a severe attack of malaria. After taking a short trip for recreation, his former vitality seemed restored, but it was only temporarily. Two days before Christmas, after visiting his patients he came home very sick, complaining of severe pains. Doctors Larkin, Hochwalt and King were asked to attend him, and help to save his life, but all

in vain. The physicians diagnosed the case as Oedema of the Lungs. They did everything to prolong his life, but soon were obliged to declare that he was beyond human assistance and skill. He died January 1.

"One of Dr. Plattfaut's fundamental characteristics was his reserved and unassuming manner,—a distinguishing trait of the Westphalian. He always retained his individuality as a German. He was admired and respected by all, regardless of nationality and creed.

"Dr. Plattfaut came to America in February, 1884, and first settled in Cincinnati. The following April, he married Miss Emily Seinecke, and in October, 1884, Dr. and Mrs. Plattfaut came to Dayton to make their future home.

"Because of his extensive practice, and his many travels, the Doctor had no time to devote to society work. He belonged only to the Montgomery County Medical Association, without, however, being an active member.

"The deceased was a member of Holy Trinity Church on East Fifth Street, from which he was buried on January 4th.

"His wife, one sister who belongs to the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, and a sister-in-law, survive him.

Blind Musicians We look upon blindness as one of man's saddest misfortunes. But those who heard Louis and Barbara Tremmel reveal their talents have imbued the optimism that Mr. and Miss Tremmel displayed. As brother and sister they are passing through life without a sight of each other. They visited the College about ten years ago. Today they return with a rare treat of music and dramatic features. Their program consisted of the works of masters. The afternoon of February 23 was indeed a pleasant one to the students. Pleasure and sympathy mingled to hear blindness render its accomplishments. Mr. and Miss Tremmel are touring the country with their musical program. We wish them success and appreciation.

Joseph O'Meara Joseph O'Meara, of the College of Music of Cincinnati, closed the St. Mary College Lyceum Lecture and Entertainment Course on February 28 with an interesting Miscellaneous Program. Mr. O'Meara, a master of elocution and dramatics, gave the large crowd present one of the most enjoyable evenings furnished by lyceum talent for several years.

The Bryant Literary Circle Secretary Mason reports the following on the Bryant Literary Circle of Third High-A, session at 2:00 p. m. February 21. The meeting was opened by President Heile, with a few general remarks and the reading of the program:

Tribute to Washington, Ex-Pres. Grote; Psalm of Life, Robert Eilerman; Sleep Now and Take Your Rest," Theo. Lienesch; Off for Detroit, Edw. Horan, Wm. Haag, Colman Cetinski; Conrad Lichtenwal, Richard Punch; Killing Three Birds in One Shot, Alphonse Weckesser; Taking of the Census, Ivo Stelzer, Henry Weinert; Life, Andrew Kuntz.

Ex-President Grote succeeded well in making his selection interesting as was shown by the applause he received. Robert Eilerman's "Psalm of Life" was memorized well, and he is due great credit for delivering it in such

grand style. Theo. Lienesch's selection appealed directly to the humor of the class. The Trialogue rendered by Wm. Haag, Edw. Horan and Colman Cetinski gave promise of their future success as class speakers. Vice President Punch was easily the central figure of the assembly in his fluent relation of a sparkling short story on "Conrad Lichtenwald." Alphonse Weckesser certainly surprised his auditors by his "Killing Three Birds in One Shot," a juicy bit of humor. The Dialogue entitled, "Taking of the Census," by Ivo Stelzer and Henry Wienert, proved the ability of the speakers for this form of essay. Andrew Kuntz concluded the program with a poem entitled, "Life," the last number but not the least. After the session, an invitation was received and accepted from the "Forum Literary Circle" to attend an illustrated lecture.

Holy Name Services

The annual Holy Name Services were held in the College Chapel February 19. These devotional services are held each year under the auspices of St. Mary's Holy Name Societies. The entire student body assembled to attend benediction and offer praise to the Holy Name of God. Rev. Father Sieber, pastor of Emanuel Church, Dayton, Ohio, delivered an eloquent sermon. He carried his listeners back to the fountain of all goodness where the name of Jesus was emblazoned on the Babe of Bethlehem. History and tradition revealed countless saints and martyrs who have loved and honored the sacred Name. Today, there are millions of Catholics who have banded together to revere and guard that Name. The services closed with a renewal of the pledge and a firm purpose to check the wave of profanity. "In this Name shalt thou conquer!"

Third Division

Dayton the home of a thousand factories furnishes abundant opportunity for learning something about the various manufacturing processes. The lads of the Third Division inspected the model bakery of the Edgemont Biscuit Co. They were led around personally by the superintendent. The best part of the inspection came when the samples were tested. The Beaver Soap Co. was visited, and though the smells were not agreeable, the finished product was agreeable in smell and use. Some boys had enough samples to last for some time. A trip to the large factory of Reynolds & Reynolds resulted in gaining a knowledge of the important paper industry. The souvenirs in the form of note-pads, tablets and memo slips proved very useful in class.

We beg to extend our thanks to our kind friends and if we ever are in a position to buy their wares will not forget them.

Minims.

The boys of the Fourth Division were well entertained on Washington's birthday by the Minim Dramatic Club, which has been lately organized. The program consisted of poems, songs, recitations and original shadowgraphs. The latter created many a hearty laugh on account of their originality. The evening's festivities were concluded by a luncheon. Ice cream, cakes, candy and lemonade were substantial arguments, for the Minims, in favor of patriotism. The championship of the Fourth Division in pool and billiards was settled after the refreshments. George Schreck defeated all comers in billiards, while George Meyer cap-

tured the pennant in pool. The Fourth Division also defeated the Third Division in a handicap match of pool.

The Forum

The Forum Literary Circle held a patriotic meeting the day before Washington's birthday. Unusual interest was aroused in the work by the offer of a cash prize by Richard Deger for the best talk on any chosen subject to be taken from United States History. Everyone in the class chose a subject, and wrote a composition about the same. The ten best compositions were selected, and the writers of the same competed for the prize. Edwin Moodie was the winner. The meeting was preceded by a stereopticon lecture on America. The members of the Bryant Literary Circle were invited to this lecture, and they came to a man. Thus far, the members of the Second High-B have attended the following stereopticon lectures: Hawaiian Islands, through the courtesy of the Bernard Kuhlman Literary Circle; China, Mr. Henry Lai Hipp, lecturer; Egypt, held jointly by the history classes of both Second High's; Greece, also held jointly by the two history classes, and America by the Forum Literary Circle. Plans are being discussed for the celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary in April.

Second High-A

The omitting of Highest Honors of the January Exam. in Second High-A (Feb. Exponent) was due to the fact that the Managing Editor of The Exponent failed to correct the omission made by the linotyper. We regret that the mistake was made on our part. The professor of the class handed in the names of those deserving Highest Honors for the January Exam. It was no fault of his. We plead guilty in this particular instance, and can only offer as excuse that the Managing Editor does make mistakes and at times flagrant ones. He is human.

Acknowledgment

The Curator of the Museum desires to make grateful acknowledgment of a collection of weapons from the Philippine Islands. The weapons are a donation of Lieutenant O. A. Manseau, U. S. A., who had been in the Philippine Islands for the past ten years. The Lieutenant brought the weapons with him when he was on a furlough to visit his mother in Louisville. It was through a suggestion of Brother Xavier's that Lieutenant Manseau decided to donate the weapons to the College Museum. The collection contains the following weapons:

FROM SOUTH MINDANAO.

- 5 Spears from Malabang District.
- 1 Bow, Arrows and 1 Quiver from Parang. Wood of Bow is Palma Brava.
- 3 Malay Kris (or Creese-waving knives) from Jolo.

SULU ARCHIPELAGO

- 1 Bolo (straight knife) from Lake Lanao Region.
- 1 Kampilan (long knife) from Potabato Valley, given by Dato Piang, a sub-Sultan.
- 1 Beheading Knift (small size) from Jolo.

The Managing Editor of The Exponent takes this occasion to inform

our readers that Brother George Schneider is the Curator of the Museum. It is due to his generous devotedness and sacrifice of time that the Museum in its new quarters today surpasses the Museum of old in order, arrangement and general upkeep. The enthusiasm of our Curator is contagious; hence faculty and students have co-operated with him in his grand work.

Brother George Schneider will be pleased to receive gifts and curios for the Museum from friends and readers of The Exponent.

Peter Pence

That the first collection of tithes for the Holy See was a decided success, was evidenced by the magnificent sum of \$23.86. The spirit of generosity was enthusiastic, but nowhere so well as in the Senior Business class, where an average of 50 cents was realized. Eighth Grade B was second with 22 cents, while the High School classes were led by the 17-cent average of Third High-A.

The Apostolic School of Japan

FOURTH ENDOWMENT

Total cash on hand Febraury 1, 1916 .....\$499 95
Contributions received since February 1, 1916:

Miss M. Banzer, \$2; Rev. Godfrey Schlachter, C. P. P. S., \$7; Miss Margaret Schirmer, \$1; Miss Jennie Gunzelman, \$4; Mrs. Joseph Lander, \$1; A. C. Wintermeyer, M. D., \$1; Mrs. M. C. Roberts, \$1; Mr. Louis Goetz, \$5; Mrs. Adam Deger, \$1; Mrs. Ferdinand Schneider, \$1; P. Krainz, \$5; Miss Mary Frohmiller, \$1; Miss Barbara Frohmiller, \$1; Mrs. Mary Reuber, \$1; Mr. I. Sunshine, \$1; Martin & Peter Synnett, \$2; Mr. Gottbrath, \$2; Mrs. Fey, \$5; H. Hammert, \$10; Miss Anna Lorenz, \$1; Mrs. Theresa Lorenz, 50c; Louisa Huber, \$2; Cath. Hambrecht, \$1; Cath. Kummer, \$1; John & Helen Meyer, \$1; Mr. & Mrs. Anton Abel, 50c; Anna Hofman, \$1; Anna Reis, \$1; Julia Jacobs, 50c; Mary Schillo, Sr., 25c; Henry Schade, 50c; F. & C. Rehm, \$1; Theresa Baier, \$3; Louis J. Mueller, \$2; Mary Merfy, \$1; Elizabeth Resch, 15c; V. Resch, 10c; Richard Letsch, 50c; Mary Klein, \$5; Theresa Zillner, \$2; Adam Meyer, \$5; J. A. Henggeler, \$1; Chas. J. Frohmiller, \$2.... 70 00

Total \$569 95
Expense—100 postals 1 00

Total cash on hand February 29, 1916 .....\$568 95

Athletic Notes

V. C. MURPHY, '17

VARSITY BASKET BALL

St. Mary's—61
Defiance—13

The quintet from Defiance College failed to bother St. Mary's and the result was that our own boys rolled up a score of 61 points while the visitors had to content themselves with 13. In this game, Coach Mahoney gave all the squad a chance. The work of the second string men, especially that of Roth, was of the highest class. The game was too one-sided to pick a real star, but all the Red and Blue players showed up well. The pass work of the Saints was of the finest variety and far too fast for the visitors.

Alumni—27
St. Mary's—25

The Old Boys came back! And they came back just strong enough to defeat the Saints by the score of 27-25, and incidentally to turn a trick which no other quintet has been able to do this year. There was a reason! And that reason was that the "Old Boys" seemed to still possess their skill, speed and endurance of old.

The score tells just what kind of a game it was. It was close all the way. At the end of the first half, the score stood at an equal count, 15-15. It was a game between youth and speed, and experience and skill. The latter finally won out and gave to the "Old Boys" a victory with a two-point margin.

Baker, Charlie Whalen and Solimano showed up to the best advantage for the "Old Boys," while the playing of Hochwalt and Sherry featured for the Saints. Harry Solimano, the "Grand Old Man" of the "Old Boys," played in old-time style and led the scores of both teams with five goals to his credit. The work of all the players is worthy of much comment. Line-up:

St. Mary's: Hochwalt, l. f.; Mahoney, r. f.; Krusling, c.; Sherry, l. g.; Windbiel, r. g.

Alumni: Martin, r. f.; Whalen, l. f.; Boll, c.; Baker, l. g.; Solimano, r. g.

Field Goals—Solimano 5, Whalen 3, Martin 2, Boll, Baker, Mahoney 4, Hochwalt 3, Krusling 3, Sherry. Four goals—Martin 3 out of 5, Hochwalt 3 out of 7. Referee—Sajowitz.

St. Mary's—39
Otterbein—12

On a second occasion, St. Mary's showed that they were superior to the quintet from Otterbein, when they again defeated them by the score of 39-12.

Several minutes of playing passed without either team scoring, but finally the Saints opened up when Hochwalt put one in the net from near the middle of the floor. Having started the scoring, the Saints kept it up with regularity throughout the game. Otterbein did not score until near the end of the first half. The first half ended 29-4. Otterbein came back and played much stronger in the second half, but the Saints had a big enough lead to insure them a victory.

At no time in the game did the Saints have their regular first team in the game. Hess and Nugent started the game in Windbiel's and Mahoney's places, and in the second half, Hochwalt gave way to Roth, and Windbiel took Sherry's place. Krusling featured for the Saints. His floor work and passing were superb, and he annexed 7 field goals. Schnake played best for Otterbein. Nugent also showed up well.

St. Mary's: Hochwalt, r. f.; Nugent, l. f.; Krusling, c.; Sherry, r. g.; Hess, l. g.

Otterbein: Sechrist, r. f.; Pedan, l. f.; Schnake, c.; Moore, r. g.; Turner, l. g.

Field goals—Krusling 7, Hochwalt 4, Nugent 2, Sherry 2, Roth 2, Hess, Sechrist 2, Schnake, Turner. Foul goals—Hochwalt, Sherry, Schnake, 4. Referee—"Babe" Zimmerman.

ST. MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL

Although Saint Mary's High School team lost its last two games, the team still has hopes to better their standing in the games remaining to be played. Manager Busch, as yet, has been unsuccessful in booking games with the local highs, but he hopes to do so before the season closes. Both games were played on visiting courts. This fact atones for both games being lost.

St. Mary's Hi—17 Due to a poor start, and the numerous fouls called on **Stivers' Cont.—23** them, Saint Mary's High lost its first game to the Stivers'

Continuation squad on Saturday, Feb. 12, on the latter's floor. A good start by Stivers, and the accuracy of Anglemeyer's foul shooting, making 9 out of a possible 11, gave them their victory. The game was well fought, but rather rough at times. In the last few minutes of play, Bill Sherry's lads came back strong, but they could not overcome the lead taken by Crook's athletes. Ligday played good for the young Saints, assisted by the excellent work of Eilerman. The guarding of Hackman deserves mention. The line-up was as follows:

St. Mary's High: Kuntz, l. f.; Eilerman, r. f.; Ligday, c.; McCarthy, Grote, r. g.; Hackman, l. g.

Stivers' Continuation: Anglemeyer, l. f.; Schlaffin-Beard, r. f.; Johns, c.; Steger, l. g.; Fauver-Bodem, r. g.

Field goals—Kuntz 1, Eilerman 2, Ligday 3, McCarthy 1, Anglemeyer, Schlaffin 2, Beard 3, Johns. Foul goals—Anglemeyer 9, Kuntz 2, Ligday 1. Referees—Nugent and Hattery, alternating.

St. Mary's Hi—20 On Saturday, Feb. 26, St. Mary's High took a trip over **Xenia Hi—25** to Xenia to play the local high school team of that place.

The game was fast and interesting throughout, and only by sheer luck did Xenia come out the winner. Towards the end of the second half, the young Saints rallied and finished strong, but they could not overcome the lead taken by their opponents. The Xenia guards worked hard in trying to break up the Saint's pass work. But the Saints could not cage the pill at first, and thus the game was lost. Eilerman and Kuntz broke even in highest honors for scoring, while the close guarding and floor work of Grote deserves praise. Geyer was the mainstay of Xenia five.

THIRD DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENTS BASKET BALL

After a very successful season in football, the 120-lbs. champions of the Third Division Regulars decided to have a fast team on the floor.

Under the splendid coaching given them by Coaches Underwood and Last, they were able to pick the following boys as their pill tossers: John Dineen, Charles Sullivan, Henry Lai Hipp (Capt.), James Slattery (Mgr.), Walter Grote, Will Grote, Thomas Kehoe and Harold Weed.

Regulars—26 The first team that these young athletes wished to tackle
D. Gym. Jrs.—22 was the Dayton Gym. Jrs., who had always given them trouble on the basket-ball floor. The Gym. Jrs. were surprised to see all new faces on our team. When the game was started, the Regulars seemed lost, and the Gym. Jrs. caged 6 baskets before Dineen rolled the pill into the net. The Regulars soon had their style of playing and won in the final minutes. Dineen deserving credit for his brilliant playing.

Regulars—37 The next team these boys got hold of was the Irish lads.
Irish Five—20 The Regulars gave them their first trimming. Hipp shined throughout the game.

D. Gym. Jrs.—33 As a return game, the Regulars played their opponents
Regulars—22 on the Dayton Gym. floor. The entire division accompanied their team in order to help them win the game, but were sorry to see their fast team bow in defeat. Slattery and Dineen were the shining lights for the Regulars.

Regulars—32 As a preliminary game to the Otterbein game, the Regu-
Irish Five—24 lars gave the promised return game to the Irish Five. The game was fast and close guarding existed on both sides. Weed and Dineen were the stars of the game.

FOURTH DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENT BASKET BALL

Minims—22 The Minims again defeated the fast Corpus Christi Five,
Corpus Christi—12 22 to 13. The game was close until the very end. Then the Minims managed to forge ahead and secure a safe lead. The passwork of both teams featured the game. Piatt and Sprunck surprised the hall by their deft dodging and quick footwork. Boggan as usual hung on to his opponent with dog-like tenacity and ploughed furrows in the gym floor. Hannegan and Fleck's accuracy in shooting the pill was simply marvelous.

Minims—33 The Minims can't be left behind! They succeeded in
Yonkers—3 whipping the Yonkers to the tune of 33 to 3. The brilliant passwork of the Minim quintet made up for their lack of weight. Fleck and Hannegan starred for the Minims. Boggan's close guarding was one cause of the difference of score. This promising sport will some day bring the Varsity to honors.

NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS BASKET BALL

Scouts

A new team has appeared among the day-scholars. St. Mary's owes her athletic prowess to the athletes she trains from their youth. The Scouts, composed of boys from the First Highs have shown that they not only have ability, but that they are sports, in the true sense of the word. Thus far they have played the following games:

6.....	Scouts vs. Minims	0
11.....	Scouts vs. Turners	20
26.....	Scouts vs. Yonkers	4
10.....	Scouts vs. Minims	25
8.....	Scouts vs. Trinity	50
12.....	Scouts vs. C. C's.	8
14.....	Scouts vs. Eagles	11

During noon hours, the Scouts have played any combination of other first high boys and have always come out on top. They even took the measure of the Arrows on one occasion. A regular game between the Scouts and the Arrows should prove interesting. We hope that such a game may be played some Thursday afternoon.

ST. MARY'S CADETS BASKET BALL

St. Mary's Cadets played ten more games during February, eight of them on a trip. They suffered two defeats. The first occurred from the Toledo Paints where Al Mahrt was injured early in the game; the second occurred at the hands of the Em Roes at Indianapolis, where "Babe" Zimmerman, who missed the train, was in sore need to hold the Indian guard down. The Toledo Paints, however, have been already defeated on previous occasions.

The game that proved a thriller was that played on the St. Mary's College Court against the Buffalo Germans.

S. M. Cadets—33 Germans—25

The Buffalo Germans, 20-year students of basket ball played a great game. The Cadets' speed, however, won out. The first half was a heart thriller. After ten minutes of play the Cadets lead 10-2; at the end of the first half, the Germans had the lead, 20-14. In the second half neither team scored for the first five minutes. Then the Cadets fought hard, and in the next eleven minutes changed the score to 32-24. With four minutes to play, the Germans put in big Schell, but the Cadets air-tight guarding prevented scoring.

Diddle Baker who played his first game with the Cadets this season, replacing Mahrt, starred with Sollenberger, the Cadet center. Post was the big noise for the Buffalo Germans.

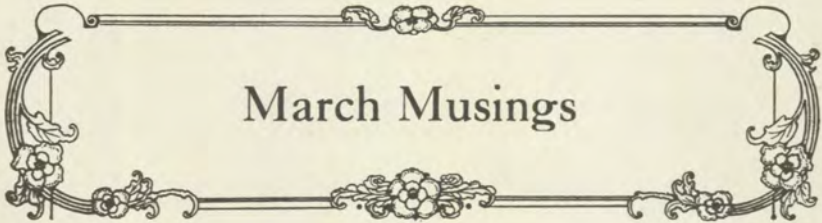
The Cadets record to date is 193 games won and 14 defeats. The games played since February 3, resulted as follows:

42	Cadets vs. Columbus at Columbus, Ind.	19
50	Cadets vs. De Sales at Cincinnati, Ohio.	10
56	Cadets vs. Y. M. C. A. at Evansville, Ind.	25
21	Cadets vs. Apollo Club at Jeffersonville, Ind.	48
19	Cadets vs. Em Roes at Em Roes at Indianapolis, Ind.	35

47	Cadets vs. St. Paul's at Fort Wayne, Ind.	19
30	Cadets vs. Vandenbroechs at Napoleon, Ohio	24
27	Cadets vs. Y. M. O. at Detroit	16
22	Cadets vs. Toledo Paints at Toledo, Ohio	22
32	Cadets vs. Buffalo Germans at Dayton, Ohio	24

346

252



March Musings

NEWS ITEMS

Porter ordered a cheese sandwich—and he got it. Tell them the whole story, Leslie!

Who offered the Professor of English five dollars to get in the Oratorical Contest?

Hochwalt, pay up! You have a little rent behind—on your basket ball suit.

Crowley, the Soph. Agitator, attended the Victoria. In company with Lause, they were in a good position and well equipped to see the show. Have you returned the field glasses you used in the front row?

Hess will probably lay off for two weeks to have an operation performed on his throat. He has a spasm—odic laugh.

Lause, leave Wagner alone. Call the wagon!

The Junior Engineers are trying to discover a substitute for gasoline. Judging from "roomers," the secret preparation must be strong. Of course, it's a basement odor; probably their's pigment in it.

The Mooney Literary Club, will award prizes for the shortest speeches. Synnet will meet all comers.

Some of the Juniors look good for prizes for college yells!

Get your lamps peeled on our palm beach cheer leaders.

Underwood promises to train Romer well for the Romer-Ligday Fight. Dunne is offering big odds on his man. Romer promised his trainer to cut out smoking to ensure good heart action.

NO EYE TROUBLE THIS TIME, ROMER!

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, Doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

IS THIS YOU, BILLY?

"Yes, I am a-leaving dis place tomorrow."

"Why, Billy, whatever can have displeased you with your position? Haven't I been treating you well?"

"O, yass, indeed you have. But to tell de truf, in dis house dey am too much shiftin' ob de dishes fo' de fewness of de vittles."

THE EASIEST WAY

A company of select colored artists were rendering a version of "Othello." The scene between the Moor and Desdemona demands the handkerchief which he has given his wife as a wedding amulet.

"Desdemona," he cried, "fetch me dat han'kerchief!"

Still the fair one parried the issue with talk of Cassio, and the lordly Othello, now thoroughly incensed, bellowed:

"Woman, fo' de third and las' time I tell you to get me dat han'kerchief! Away!"

And as he was just about to open his mouth again, a big, leather-lunged patron in the top gallery shouted down at him:

"Fo' de Lawd's sak, nigger, why doan' you wipe yo' nose on yo' sleeve an' let de show go on!"

INFORMATION BUREAU

Dear Editor—I am a college boy. Please help me. The Vice-President opens all my letters. How can I prevent it?—Goldcamp.

If you are a college boy it is too late to help you. You can prevent the V. P. from opening all your private correspondence by having it sent to you on a postal card.—Editor.

Dear Editor—If the late eclipse of the sun had occurred a day earlier, and had been a total eclipse instead of a partial one, and had occurred exactly at noon, and the sky had been clear, would the groundhog, upon emerging from his hole and failing to see his shadow, have remained out, thus predicting an early spring, or not?—Moehring.

Yes and no. Or not. Aside from that, you did not state which groundhog. If you will be more explicit we will endeavor to give you the information you seek.—Editor.

Dear Editor—Kindly explain why so many people are clamoring for a larger navy.—Synnet.

Surprised at your density. It's got to be larger, if anything, because it couldn't be smaller.—Editor.

Dear Editor—Isn't it true that we have a larger navy than Switzerland? And couldn't we whip Switzerland with our navy?—Oberlander.

Your first question is debatable. As to your second question—it is doubtful if we could, because if we got our navy into Switzerland they would probably push it off an Alp.—Editor.

Mister Editor—Why do the Germans wear those spiked helmets?—Wagner.

Would you have them go into battle bareheaded? Don't you see the point?

Dear Editor—What does this Shakespeare tercentenary mean.—Garrity. It means that Shakespeare died in 1616, and, as far as we know, he is still dead—hence the celebration.—Editor.

THE WRONG TRAIN!

When St. Marys left for Columbus there were two "Weary Willies" of the better class also awaiting for the train. One started through the gate when his partner grabbed him.

"Say, that ain't our train."

"Sure it is."

"Naw, it ain't. Can't you see them cars is got windows in 'em."



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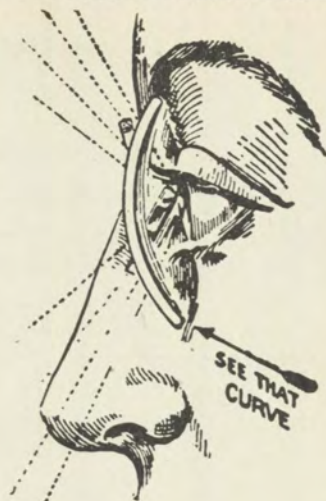
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