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THE EXPONENT

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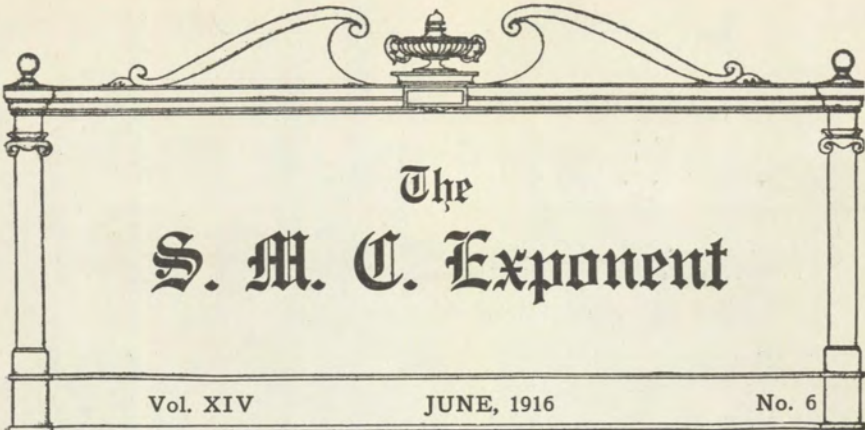
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THE GOOD SHEPHERD



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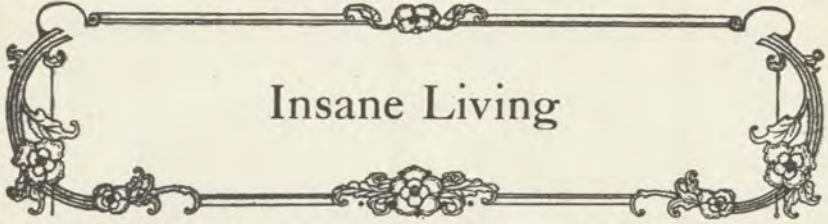
With God Is Peace

I met my friends from many lands,
The gay, light-hearted, free;
That eve in June our hearts and hands
Were joined in merry glee;
The hours sped by on winged feet,
And when we parted, day
Was peeping thro' the silent street,
As home each went his way.

I met my lover when the star
In tender radiance glowed,
Its silvery beamlets spread afar
O'er woodland, stream and road;
I drank the music of his vows,
Ah, love's low words are sweet,—
How blest the time beneath elm-boughs,
Yet too, alas! how fleet!

I met my God within the dim
Enclosure of a shrine,
I sought the riven Heart of Him,
And He spoke unto mine:
And when I left, sweet peace had found
A home within my breast;
No calm above, below, around,—
To be with God is blest!

—F. J.



Insane Living

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17

IT IS a wonderful thing to live, to see and admire the beautiful designs of an Almighty Creator, to hear the consoling strains of His omnipresent voice echoing from the sanctuary of a rock-bound Church, to touch the uniformity,—the technique of His universal landscape, to feel the warmth and vitalizing rays of a distant planet as it runs its course through day and night, to love humanity,—God's masterpiece of creation. Yes, my friends, to live is to know and enjoy all these. But there are—tonight—this very moment—in this wide, wide world, many of God's creatures who forget, who hate the real pursuits of life. They would fain seek and kiss the lips of a phantom,—to reach out, as it were, and embrace the luring shadow of life's voluptuous pleasures.

During the art exhibition of 1898, in the Paris Salon, an insignificant painting became unequalled in significance; an unknown artist became famous. It was the creation of a Frenchman, Louis Laubadere, who entitled his masterpiece, "The Charity Ball." A sight and study of the picture would interpret the thoughts of the artist far better than my unvivid description. Imagine a charity ball composed of characters taken from the various walks of life. Yes, some are taken from the very same walks that you and I tread on. Who knows what hearts beat under the masques of those pleasure-seekers? Nobody cares! And the dance goes on, and the crowds flock to the ball-room; the music throbs, the wine flows, and the air is full of merriment and laughter and sport and revelry.

How many of us can see ourselves in that whirlpool of vain and deceptive charms? At the flower-strewn steps of the spacious and glittering ball-room is seated—almost prostrated—the humble figure of Jesus of Nazareth. In the guise of the beggar sits the Lord of the World. It is not a new guise; those are no strange habilaments. He is more lonesome than he was in the desert. Beauty, riches, rank and talent are at the Charity Ball, but they see Him not. His own eyes are all-seeing. His face expresses—what? Is it scorn? No! Is it condemnation? Perhaps. Who

can read that stern and inscrutable countenance? One thing is sure: the unutterable and undying patience of a God is upon it. He is begging alms for His neglected poor, just as Lazarus cried for crumbs from the rich man's table. The revelrous crowd rushes past the proffered hand with dignified mockery. The sceptic, the money-mad schemer, the pseudo social-reformer, the intemperate weakling, even the disguised strumpet shouts her challenge of defiance and scorn at the innocent Alms-Seeker. It is the "Spirit of the World!"

But why do we find so many characters of these types? Why such degrading and insane mode of living? What are the real charms and causes of "The Charity Ball?" Who are those characters who mock the very thought of a God?

Foremost in that restless throng of irrational beings I see the bold figure of the sceptic. He points a finger of denial and mockery at the humble Beggar. "Away! Away!" the sceptic cries. "Thou art no God! My God is Fate! My law is license! Why should I be hampered by thy burdensome rules of charity? I'll have none of thee," he shouts. "Thou art an impostor!" My friends, am I not right? Do you not meet the sceptic in your daily pursuits? Do you not hear his ranting in your daily life? He may be the victim of pride or of ignorance, of levity of morals or of blind prejudice, but he walks with you and me and boasts of his Godless beliefs.

Who can say that the young man whose mind is crammed with salacious literature, perverted history and unguided Bible readings will seek out and stay within the bounds of sane living? You and I know there is no education complete without religion and morals. We see the young man armed with a materialistic desire, placed in society to make his career. Pushing all moral obligations aside, he enters, yea, plunges into the universal mart. You may find him raving at the ticker, or floating bogus mining stock, or cornering cotton markets. Oh! there are many of these money-mad schemers drowning their worries in the pleasures of the Charity Ball.

You can find mingling with these moneyed-men a figure not uncommon in modern society. He is disguised. He is not in his true colors now. Out in the busy world he is the pseudo social-reformer. He is the agitator of class-hatred and of radical Socialism. He conducts a school of anarchy in our metropolitan city, where the curious and frank foreigner is taught to feel as the underdog of society, that the world owes him a living at any cost. He is told that the employer is living on the pains and blood of labor. With

a smoking bomb he is sent on a mission of death and destruction.

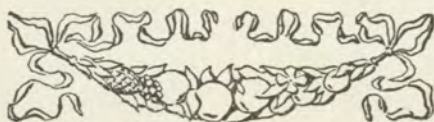
In that "Charity Ball" I would place another character. Probably the artist conceived of him as hidden and lost back in the boisterous crowd. His tottering form cannot hold pace with the rushing masqueraders in the foreground. His clothes are dirty; his face is swollen; his eyes are bloodshot and almost concealed by the long dishevelled hair hanging over his forehead. He looks more like a beast than a man! The disgusted host of the ball orders the unfortunate drunkard to be put out. But where to! Home? This man has no home. Drink had done its work. The good wife had struggled hard to feed and clothe her little darlings. But it was too much. The burden was too much for her delicate body. Death would have been a far greater relief if she could have taken her little ones along. That was her dying thought. This is a sad, sad picture to draw, but it is taken from reality. Bitter tears will not erase it. Ah! the world is full of insanity.

The violation of God's Commandments too often leads to the downward path of uncleanness, where men and women, created to God's image and likeness, listen to the purring call of wicked insanity. Their animal passions lead them down, down to the undercurrents of a sinful society, down where the eyes of the world do not see. Like the invisible moles, they live and burrow in the underground of human life. There you will find the human moles of society; but, my friends, come back to the daylight and let me picture a little tragedy of the butterflies of society,—the fleeting moments of youth, beauty, riches and death.

It is a sad, sad tragedy so commonplace in the fast set of modern society. Come with me again to the Charity Ball. From behind the spreading palms we can study the characters of that tragedy. Their masks are removed now. Ah! here is our feminine character. You are captivated by her beauty as she trips lightly over the ball-room floor. The restless blood of youth flows through her veins. Her coquettish eyes seem to lure the attention of men, men who are deceived by irresistible charms,—men who have not the right to her intimate friendship. Yes, she is married—not to her husband, but rather to his riches—not for love, but rather for a life of ease. Just two years before she had pledged herself to him, a man of fifty. It was only a mockery, but love is not sacred in society. Her acts of scandal and impropriety drive him to jealousy and revenge. The world is startled by the flash of a murder—"A wealthy banker and prominent member of society shoots his

beautiful young wife." As the tainted heart of that human butterfly gives up its last drop of blood, she gasps a dying word: "What will people say?" But, my friends, what will God say? What will God say to her immortal soul when it bows before His judgment seat? Will He stretch out a stern hand, the same hand that begged for alms at the Charity Ball and point to the torturing flames of Hell? You and I cannot answer that; we can only pray and weep for a misguided soul, a soul that ignored the problem of life, and perished.

This same problem confronts you and me. It unfolds itself to us in our dreams and in our thoughts. It spreads out as a panorama, a gathering, as it were, of the human race on the side of the mountain of life. Standing at the crossroads of real and false happiness, behold, I can see down into the beautiful valley,—but its beauty and sunshine is false and deceptive. I can see victims of insanity choosing the vain pleasures of the world. The sceptic is there, boasting of his irreligious doctrines, of his God-defying scientists, of his lax divorce laws, and of his liberty of speech. I see the miser clutching his gold and refusing the outstretched hands of God's neglected poor. I see the idle rich wallowing in the debaucheries of society. Yes, and I see the pseudo social-reformer dreaming of his earthly paradise. I see the tottering figure of the drunkard, his wife and little children huddled back in the corner, as the human beast enters a shabby home. Ah! my friends, 'tis a sad panorama to look on, but the world is such. Floating over the victims in that valley I see the deathly mist of moral uncleanness, the scourge of the human race. I must turn away from it, for up on the thorny and rocky mountain top I see an awful and solitary figure of a dying Man upon the Cross. He looks down and painfully weeps at the sight of that valley. His lips, His bloody lips are moving. I hear Him pleadingly calling to you and to me: "Why hast thou forsaken Me?" "O Lord, the pleasures of the world are tempting, but, Lord, I will follow Thee even unto death!"



Parental Authority Today

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17

THIS is an age of sweeping reforms, of woman suffrage, of confused liberty, and of French poodles. It is an age of sweeping reforms because men have confounded true reformation with its direct opposite and have utterly failed in their cause; of woman suffrage, because our creation's noblest creatures have outgrown their God-given sphere and have left their ideals fade before them; of confused liberty, because on the one hand, wicked men would destroy a nation with the venom of unbridled license, and on the other, well-deserving men must forfeit the rights interwoven in their nature; of French poodles, because children have been unfortunately surmounted by their more successful, shaggy rivals. And this is the height of civilization. If so, I wonder what meaning civilization will convey to our children's children in the fourth generation. The present might be an era of new-fangled ideas, but as sure as every effect has a cause, this is an age of degeneration.

What a state of affairs, when one considers that the world initiated its progress already twenty centuries ago. The principles formed at that time, and from that time until now, would be abrogated by the mere plurality of a certain class of voters. Likewise, that same majority can destroy the existing order of things, and can replace it by one far inferior. What is the cause of the new order? It is the absence of a good authority in the home. What is its outcome? The outcome is a defective home, a degraded society, and a ruined nation tottering on the remnants of better days. The one prime, central basis of all this is lax parental authority.

That "the child is father to the man" has been proven to be no sophism. It seems that every year brings with it a smaller amount of respect from the younger generation. In other words, children are more and more becoming their own masters and are less prone to accept advice from their parents. A child might ask for advice, but when it is given, it is used or disregarded at will. The young people of the present day have constantly increasing liberties. They come and go as they please, so it seems, generally speaking. They seem to forget that their parents are placed over them for their own good. This is quite a contrast to the days of their parents when a stricter authority strove to guide them aright. Our mothers and

fathers never dared to disregard the admonitions of their parents, otherwise they would be guilty of a very great crime. Moreover, since then, times have become more worldly, and there is no reason why children need less vigilance.

Since in many countries of former days, a disregard and disrespect for one's parents were a crime punishable even by death, why is it that this same crime is presently considered trivial? The decalogue has not changed, neither has the law of nature. There are too many adverse circumstances darkening the young ideals of children. The home no longer is the sacred sanctuary of other times. The gaudy dance-hall, the stifling photo-domes are claiming the rivalry over the hearth. The street is the common meeting place of all classes, where the innocent young mingle with ignoble elders, and are tarnished by their wicked example. The steady increase of juvenile courts and of houses of correction gives proof of these facts. And all this because of the lack of genuine parental authority⁸ in the home.

For this, the parents themselves are principally to blame. When one enters upon any state of life, he must be ready to shoulder every burden included in that state. Now, the prime duty of parents is the **proper care of the children** committed to them. They should therefore keep an ever-watchful eye upon the children. Still, how few parents ever really care where their son and their daughter are, and in whose company they are! Who has a better right or a greater duty to know where they are and what they are doing? Upon the life of the child depends the life and success of the man. The success of the man is the basis of a successful nation. Consequently, since the life of the child is moulded by parental authority, the parents are gravely owing to the nation. However, that is not all. The parents have a more sublime standpoint from which to view the training of their children. Every child has an immortal soul which he will either save or lose according to the training he receives at home. If the authority of the home is weak, the parents are held gravely responsible to Him Who has entrusted the children to their care.

Although I do not pose as a teacher and critic of parental duties, I can say this much, that many parents do not know how to properly enforce authority over their children. They are either constantly scolding the child, or they disregard entirely its ill behavior. One of these faults is as bad as the other. When a child is habitually scolded he soon pays no heed to such admonitions. When he is not corrected or punished, he grows up carelessly and without a knowledge of better habits. Parents should admonish their children with

kindness and true love, because in this way only will they learn virtue and a sweet, submissive obedience.

Today there are many things combining to counteract genuine parental authority. Such an institution as Woman Suffrage is accomplishing more harm in this way than it might good in another. This is especially noticable in the higher classes. Fashionable women must spend most of their time away from home. They must figure in bridge parties, and mingle with the rougher sex in politics and in political offices. Their woman's feelings and sentiments are nipped with frost, and they return home with a half-hearted instinct of a mother to place upon the brows of their charges a cold kiss—a kiss so necessary to gentle childhood. The father, too, has his clubs to attend. He must "take in" all the photo-plays. The longer he is away from his home the better he is—a disposition anything but fatherly. Thus, both parents become estranged from the children, and become mere machines in the make-up of a home.

It is true that the hearth of today is no longer the hearth of yesterday. The fireside is growing cold and gloomy. Wrinkles add on the brow of the parent as fast as the innocence fades from the heart of the child. The world is advancing with rapid strides. The babe looks up for a smile from its mother, but finds only disgust and despair. It is true that parents today are lax in their duties. But they must first learn to appreciate their station, their noble calling; they must fix their ideals higher and higher in a hopeful sky before we can look forward to the dawn of a brighter day.



A Study of the Newspaper

CARL J. RYAN, '16; GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17

THE newspaper of today is but the outgrowth of the news or bulletin sheet. Before the art of printing was invented and widely used, the latest events in the community were written up bulletin sheets and posted at various places in the community, where all might read. But with the advent of printing, people no longer went to the bulletin boards for the news. The news was brought to them. From then on the newspaper became an established and important factor in every city, town and community. The early newspapers contained simply the news of the day that happened within a limited area. The invention of the telegraph and telephone gradually increased this area, until today the newspaper records the events of the day the world over—and does it the same day it happens.

The newspaper of today wields a powerful influence because it is so widely read. It is one of the most important factors in our present day needs, and there is hardly a home that does not take a newspaper. Literature of any kind necessarily influences us one way or another. Newspapers should do likewise. We read them day after day, and will invariably be led by their policy, whether for good or bad.

Just as the modern newspaper is made up of three different departments—news, editorial and advertising—so also its influence is found in each field. The news proper is supposed to be presented just as it happens, without prejudice or bias. Many persons believe it is so presented, when in reality it is not—in some instances. It is true that in most cases the straight news is presented; but in those cases where it is colored, the real harm is done. It is almost impossible to detect colored news—and such is all the more harmful. With the editorial columns it is different. The editorial column is supposed to represent the opinion or policy of the editor or the publisher. Since everyone is entitled to his own opinion, people are apt to agree or disagree with the opinions of the editorial column, and for this reason are not easily misled. The advertisements may likewise wield a powerful influence. They are generally written in popular, catchy styles, and are very persuasive. Newspaper men

are realizing more and more the influence of the advertisements and are eliminating the more objectionable advertisements. The vendors of quack remedies and patent medicines, etc., are finding it harder every year to buy space in our leading newspapers.

There are two evidences of the influence of newspapers. The one is the fact that grafters, blue sky operators and their ilk take great pains to avoid the glare of newspaper publicity. They realize that "publicity corrects all errors," and that the influence of a newspaper turned against them would quickly put them out of business. The other evidence is the care with which news is selected to fill news columns. Every bit of news that reaches a newspaper office does not find its way into print. Editors carefully go over all news to verify it, if possible, to eliminate that which seems suspicious and sometimes to eliminate the purely vicious items. Newspapers are careful—although at times not careful enough—in printing anything that reflects upon the character or reputation of a person, for while they may and will harm the person, they may likewise result in costly libel suits.

As a rule, the opinions of the editorial columns are expressed only after sufficient reflection and judgment. Editorials are not jotted down in a hurry and intended simply to fill up space. Those editorials that express opinions upon important events are generally the result of editorial conferences, in which it is determined just what stand the paper will take and what opinions will be expressed. In some newspaper offices conferences are held each day to determine the contents of the editorial column.

There are newspapers today advocating various reforms, movements and the like. The influence of these is generally for good, although some undesirable papers creep in now and then. The very fact that the advocates of these various movements are anxious to receive the support of a newspaper speaks volumes for the influence of the press.

The evils of a bad paper generally arise from a desire to grab the almighty dollar. It is not the desire of such papers to pursue an evil policy, but too frequently it allows itself to be bought up and its policy influenced by outside interests. The main defect comes in connection with advertising. Papers will sometimes carry any and all kinds of advertising, objectional and otherwise. It will not stop there, but in order to suit its advertisers, will mutilate and color its news columns. This is the worst evil of a bad newspaper.

Today the tendency is to weed out the undesirable newspapers.

Those that are able to remain are firmly established and generally trustworthy. The time is long past when any person with a set of type and a printing office could start up a newspaper. Formerly this was frequently done, especially to serve political purposes, and much of the evils of the press arose from this source. Today it requires, in capital alone, thousands of dollars, and for this reason, if for no other, publishers are careful as to the policy and make-up of a newspaper, for when once public opinion is set against it a newspaper is on a swift way to failure. And as public opinion is, to a large extent, a check upon newspapers, it is able to determine the influence of a paper for good or bad, if only it is properly used.

CARL J. RYAN, '16.

From the petty soap-box orator to the ranting, restless crowd of followers; from the whole-souled orator to the eager multitude of enrapt listeners; from the quiet office of a learned editor to the vast bulk of outside world, lingers an all-powerful means to an end—popular agitation. It is a necessary means to an end. The influence it embodies changes the minds of men, guides the destiny of a nation, and shapes thousands of lives with its all-pervading power. Its abode centers about two principal propelling factors—the orator and the editor.

Is there a difference of power between an orator and an editor? Indeed, there is. Usually the orator speaks his ideas but once to the same audience, and at one specified time. The editor, on the other hand, essays to his readers with force and might at all times and at many places at once, his beliefs and opinions. From this it is easy to infer what rank a newspaper has as an agitator. It is the instrument by which the editor sends out his message. It is the greatest means affecting civilization, and it carries the destiny of a people in its grasp.

After seeing that the newspaper ranks first as an agitator, it would be inconsistent to deny its necessity. If a newspaper influences so skilfully and successfully the minds of men, how could the world do without it? We can readily say that the newspaper is a landmark of civilization. A retrospect of social progress will prove this statement. Before the invention of the printing press, progress was much slower than it is now. Practically the greatest advance of civilization came with the invention of printing; and, if Time constantly demands higher civilization; if Time steadily clamors for better ways and noble methods, certainly Time clings and al-

ways will cling to the newspaper as an indispensable factor in its march.

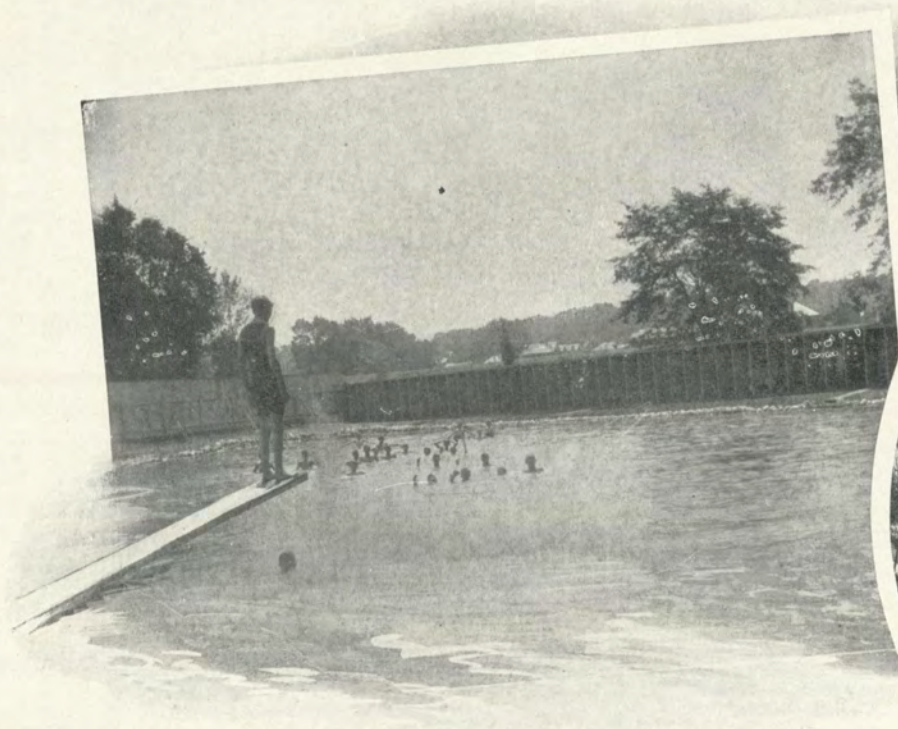
If a newspaper is so necessary, it certainly must have extraordinary aims and purposes. The purpose of the newspaper is to give people a knowledge of every-day affairs. It informs people of the actions of its neighbor, and links together, as it were, all places into one universal family. With this as its greatest use, the newspaper is also a powerful means of advertisement. It is practically the only means of advertisement. Every day millions of factories and stores demonstrate in the paper their latest and best novelty. Indeed, the first glance of many people over the daily paper is directed toward the advertisements. In this way sales are increased in number, and, consequently, commerce and the industries receive a constant impetus. As to entertainment, suffice it here to say that the class of amusement-loving people will, in its turn, judge a paper from that standpoint, and, therefore, if it does not live up to a wholesome standard and purpose, it will be condemned as a positive evil.

Right here we are brought to another point in the nature of a newspaper, namely, its influence from a moral standpoint. The power of a newspaper for good or for evil is vast. The deeds of bravery recorded in its columns inspire to noble heroism. Likewise, the good habits and actions of past and contemporary men goad on to fruitful emulation. The newspaper is for many the only promotion of culture, and were it not for this fact, our lands would be filled with that many more unliterary minds. With these points in view a newspaper should have as its highest aim a clean and wholesome standard.

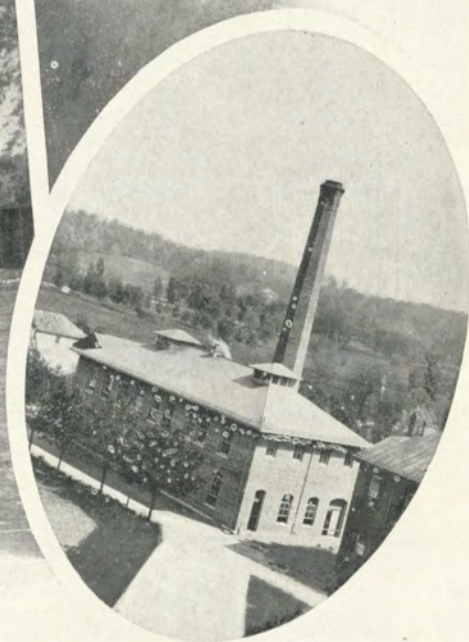
Too frequently, however, is this not the case; and opposite its power for good, the newspaper is unfortunately a greater influence for evil. Let us turn to its cartoons. Cartoons are a useful aid to a newspaper, and is even a powerful means to learning. Yet, how often are not the faculties of a cartoonist abused by his digression from what is clean and profitable. Too often does the cartoon instil into the minds of young ones an unhealthful atmosphere. The minds of these easily influenced people are readily poisoned by the venom of this abuse. Like the billboard evil, and the evil of the so-called sidewalk education, it has ruined the future of countless youngsters. It has done this even to a greater degree than the other two, because the newspaper comes into nearly every



THE WORLD GIVING HOMAGE TO THE TRINITY



SWIMMING POOL



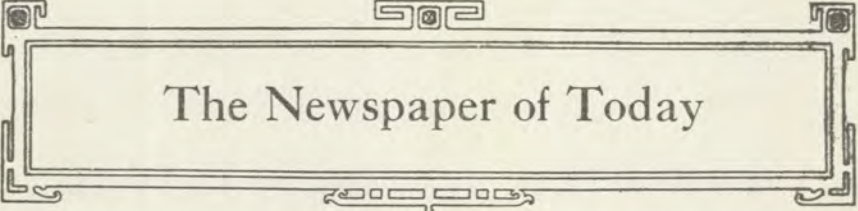
POWER PLANT

home, and the little ones are easily enticed by its appalling attractions.

With these influences in view, has the newspaper fulfilled its mission? Yes, it has. It has fulfilled its mission for good, and, alas, also for evil. It has, indeed, promoted culture; it has broadened the mind; it has augmented historical knowledge; it has aided commerce and industry. Nevertheless, it has truly promoted the cultivation of wickedness and has broadened the mind of too many with evil; and in too many cases it has caused an anti-climax of civilization, if such a thing exists.

Since the influence and rank and necessity of newspapers are so great, these qualities must not be degenerated by a bad standard. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary for us to clamor for wholesome methods. And, not until the editor sets his aim as high as the heavens; not until the ethics of the cartoon are unblemished and worthy; not until truth is dispensed from the columns of the newspaper, not until then will it produce true success and civilization.

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17.



The Newspaper of Today

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

THERE are numerous forces which contribute on the one hand to evil and on the other to good. One of the most powerful among them are newspapers. Even the fellow who denies everything else will have to admit it, for everyone knows what a powerful influence newspapers have in moulding public and private opinion.

In the present war the influence of the press is one of the most potent factors in forcing us to take sides one way or another. Therefore, if they have such an influence, it is either for good or evil. The daily newspaper, the one which is read by the masses, usually stands in a position midway between good and evil. The accounts of murders, robberies, divorces, and even worse affairs, have certainly no influence for good. But against this evil must be measured the good that a daily newspaper can do when in com-

petent hands. When a man does some great and noble deed for the benefit of the community, the newspaper has a long account of the affair in its columns. This is a factor for good, for the readers of the newspaper desire that they also could do likewise. The accounts of good works in different parts of the city inspire the citizens of other parts of the city to emulate them, and in this manner the daily newspaper is a force for good.

But it is the class of newspapers which were established for the prime purpose of enriching the owners and which use any means to that end, which deserve censure. The press used in this manner is one of the most potent agents of evil. The worst types of newspapers of this sort are the Menace, the Yellow Jacket, the Sentinel, and their ilk. No true Christian is free from their immoral columns if they wish to dump a little more rotten gold into their coffers. To libel is their motto, and when they are caught, lawyers who stoop at nothing, no matter how low, carry on the cases, usually getting the owners out of the scrape with very little trouble. But these spreaders of immorality, such as the ancient Romans would not stoop to, are not the only ones who run their newspapers for gain.

Another powerful factor for evil are the syndicates, for if the head of the syndicate has any news which he does not like, or might injure his associates or himself, he colors it in order to further his objects and enlarge his purse. We have a concrete example in the accounts of the trouble in Mexico. The United Press and the Scripps-McRae League of newspapers are run by men who do not believe in Catholicism, and in order that the cause of the priests and sisters in Mexico might not have the sympathy and support of the American public, the news emanating from Mexico is colored to suit their low ends.

Another example of the injustice of the owners of these syndicates is the contradictory write-ups of the different newspapers. The head of one syndicate may have sympathies for the Allies, and so he colors his news to suit his taste. A German sympathizer may be the head of another syndicate, and so everything in his newspaper is the Kaiser and his deeds in humiliating England.

We have seen some of the forces for evil. Newspapers have an equal influence in the moulding of public sentiment for good. We know this from the fact that impartial newspapers have such a wide circulation. Every true man welcomes the facts as they stand, not colored or covered over by the ingenuity of the writer. If a

fact stands against his particular party or religion, he welcomes it because it is the truth. Newspapers, too, may be another force for good in correcting false impressions. For example, the Sunday Visitor stands as a force for good in correcting the false impressions which a reader of the Menace gleams from the immoral and libelous columns of the Aurora sheet.

The excellent literature which we find in some of our newspapers, particularly our weeklies, is a force for the advancement of the readers in literature which is a most practical factor for good.

In reviewing the relation of the newspaper to good and evil, we find that, taken as a whole, the newspapers of our country stand half for good and half for evil. Since in this line evil is just as powerful as the good, it is our duty, because we as readers of newspapers have the power, to exert all our influence for the triumph of the good results of newspapers over the evil done by them. No matter in what field, be it in the field of the spreading of news or any other, concerted action for good will bring results. Let us, therefore, demand that the immoral, the colored news-sheet and such trash be taken from the public, and in its stead substitute good, clean newspapers.

RAPHAEL A. SOURD, '16.

A year ago the gentle ethereal waves that hovered over the Atlantic Ocean were abruptly disturbed. They were burdened with a message for eager men. Little electric sparks flashed from wave to wave and seemed to spell out the message: "Lusitania sinking." These appalling words travelled fast. In a few minutes all the principal cities knew of the disaster. Every wireless station was flashing forth the Lusitania's fate. But who is to carry the news from house to house? Ah, Mr. Newspaper volunteers. He boasts of speedy records, of pleasant and accurate reports. Let us try him.

The newspaper stirred up and carried unconfirmed reports of the Lusitania disaster. It fixed public opinion and sentiment before the truth was obtained. The newspapers in England blamed Germany; the German papers shouted at the top of their voices. But we are concerned only with the newspapers in the United States.

During the present war our newspapers are partially unfair to the citizens of the United States. Americans are a conglomeration of nations united under the Stars and Stripes. Therefore, our

citizens are entitled to news fair to all belligerents. Our newspapers would have us believe German militarism. They would tell us to condemn German culture, science and arts. They publish England's accounts of German atrocities. Yes, but are these pages of news fair to American citizens? Our consul at Metz says "No!" He knows, because his eyes have witnessed all. Consequently he resigned his position to tell us the truth. Now, that speaks very unfavorable of American newspapers, doesn't it? While you are admitting that it does, the crafty English censors are hiding their guilt. They are the cause of unfair newspapers in America. One British son controls the big London papers and several New York papers. He needn't go to the battlefields of Belgium, nor crawl in the trenches. No; he merely takes an anti-German pill and dreams his news. After a sudden awakening, he cables to the New York papers, and our citizens yell, "Down with German militarism!" Don't you see the effect it has on America. Probably you have felt it. But that is only one spoke of the newspaper wheel. What is the matter with our modern newspapers as regards to news and events that happen on our own soil?

The newspaper of today is not elevating to the human mind. It spreads news of crime, stealth, deceit and success. Its pages are uninteresting to the public. Truly, society asks for news and stories of the day. But wouldn't it be better food for the mind if the sins of other minds were left out? Just think of devoting several columns to such trash as prison records and crimes of weak-kneed millionaires, and a half a page to attract a bankrupt Count from European shores. Such news does not interest Americans. The newspaper cannot better society with serial stories like "Who Pays?" and "The White Slave Traffic." Who can read the first page of modern newspapers and say, "I am interested"? Surely, assaults, mob demonstrations, divorces, murders, bank robberies and suicides do not interest and elevate the mind of the public. But, then, the public must accept the papers or do without them. Even politics is corrupted with the newspaper game.

The political boss is often found to be the owner of several newspapers. He controls the leading papers of his community. In this way the influence of the daily press is thrown his way. He will not stop at scandal or bribery, if his purpose must be won. The affairs of the municipality are governed by his whims. His morals and standard of living are somehow passed down to ambitious young men.

The real damage of vulgar news is done to the youth of our nation. They are forming their ideals of public welfare, public government and public news. Their professions are already selected. They are looking and waiting for models to imitate and follow. Can they be found in the newspapers? The only purpose of life to be gathered from the newspaper is, "Live for today!" It offers no aspirations to the lad of the commercial professions. Theft and embezzlement is certainly no worthy incentive to the youthful merchant or banker.

What is the ideal newspaper then? There are many ideal periodicals of the day. They are scarce among the daily papers. You will find them among the humble but worthy publications of pure-minded editors, who have a purpose in life. One of our large cities may soon be the field of a Catholic daily paper. It has promised to give the public clean and wholesome reading. Judging from the Catholic press in general, they will indeed change the newspaper game of the country. They will answer the question of this paper, "Newspapers are a good, not an evil."

EDW. STUHLMUELLER, '17.

Faces

WILLIAM SCHLEINITZ, '16

WERE I possessed of the skill of a Michael Angelo, I would carve and shape the lifeless marble instead of addressing you. Were I imbued with this talent, I would fashion the living forms of humanity out of the cold, unresisting marble. As the skilled sculptor in his Curio Shop can characterize his lifeless gems in order to be read by the public, so can the observant man read the characters of faces which the Omnipotent Sculptor has placed in this world.

Shakespeare, a true judge of human characters and faces, quotes in his Macbeth as follows:

"There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face."

So it is that a man's face betokens all things good or bad, and can be called an open book where men may read strange matters.

Look at his face and classify him accordingly. Yes, he is a man with some ideals in life exerting themselves to reach the goal

of their ambition. Shakespeare again says in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Finds written in the margin of his eyes.”

Look at the composed man. His face is calm and in his eyes rests the spirit of contentment. He is the man with no higher purpose in life than to earn a comfortable living. His face betrays his satisfaction. He is better satisfied living in content than being “perked up in glistening grief and wearing a golden sorrow.”

Finally, we come to the classes of people in which their characteristics are most discernable, namely, those people having no other purpose in life than to feed on the hard earnings of their fellow-men. Their faces betray their hapless, reckless nature. They are branded on their faces with the marks of indolence.

As the sculptor but specializes in particular individuals, and not in universal mankind, so will I mention a few of the faces we meet every day, among which are the most conspicuous:

There is the “sour ball,” which is the most noticeable. He is the veritable grump. Indelibly his character is imprinted upon his face. Reflection is not needed to place him in his proper category. Those downward shaped lips, with those impatient eyes, show his dissatisfaction with the world. He is the man whom the world has cruelly maltreated. His presence is not desirable. He is the man who would have the shop whistle blow at seven o'clock instead of six. Things should be entirely changed in order to suit his tastes. The entire world is a misfit. Shakespeare has truly described him in a passage from the *Taming of the Shrew*, as follows:

“Unknit that threatening brow,

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads.”

He is a volcano that is nearly extinct, but is too much spent to make an eruption. And so the sour-faced failure growls and grumbles at everything and everybody and accomplishes nothing. His nature is indelibly imprinted upon his face.

But gaze intently on the face of the toiler returning homeward from his daily labors. What a pity that his countenance should seem so worn out. His rugged face shows suffering. His tired frame seems limped as he sits in the street car with basket under his arm. Read his countenance; his face tells all. Those rugged lines imprinted upon his face are his only receipts for the labor which he has given humanity. It was the determination in that face that built our present day railroads. It was those rugged men who dug our ditches. They are the men who are digging deep into

the bowels of the earth to produce our minerals. That face signifies suffering. The laborer's face is an ambitionless face. Its vitality has been sapped out by labor. Those facial lines not only signify hard labor without a reward, but also ridicule. What harsh words have been uttered to these heroes of industry? What mode of ridicule were those faces forced to witness, as the boss cursed them and called them ignorant. That face, from its outward appearance, seems to be wrapped in honest thought. Notice it as it stares wistfully into space. That face depicts privation and suffering, a privation and suffering which will perhaps some day aid to realize his greatest dream, the return to his fatherland, in the vineyards or pastoral lands of Europe. What lines could be more appropriate to the toiler than the words of Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*?

"Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it, tho' thy tacles torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel.

As a person's speech is an index to his character, so is also his face. What face is more joyful to gaze upon than the happy, smiling face? Jolly fellow, we say, as the playful lines of mirth titter over that face. Wreathed in smiles, we judge him as a true blessing to humanity. As the mouth broadens and the eyes nearly close, hidden by the wave of smiles, our soul is enlivened also. The happy face is the face we would not hesitate to go to for a favor of any kind. That face assures a warm welcome. It is the owner of that happy face who will share his time with you as well as that happiness which it contains. Byron, in his *Don Juan*, characterizes the essentials of a happy person:

"All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin."

His aim is happiness. As a brilliant diamond sparkles in a costly setting, so also the rays of happiness sparkle and flow from the soul and is given to the external world through that happy face. The costly diamonds of darkest Africa cannot equal the sparkle, the glow of a radiant face.

And as we gaze at the faces of humanity and note the striking characteristics, there stands forth midst the maze of faces a noble, pure and tender face enkindled from above. It is the face of sweetness and gentleness, a face portraying self-sacrifice and care. Upon that face is shown the semblance of the two sweetest words in language,—Mother's love. It is this dear face that influenced our childhood. Having disobeyed her, that gentle face would appear

before us. Those lips kissed away the cares, those kind, sympathetic eyes appealed to us, and we were better children. What face impresses us more than the face of mother. Longfellow says:

"The light upon her face
Shines from the window of another world.
Saints only have such faces."

And so we may closely scrutinize and notice the various faces of this world. We can detect the grump. His disposition is engraved upon his face. We may gaze at the face of our foreigner and immediately sympathize with his hapless lot. We may welcome the radiant glow of youth happiness which bubbles over from the channels of the face of the happy, satisfied man, but the sight of that sweet, gentle face of Mother kindles in our heart the veneration, the love, the remembrance of the sweetest name in the language,—Mother.



Some Rookie!

R. M. LENT, '18

"**Y**OU asked me, who is that young fellow doing guard over there?" Sergeant Joe, Company K. Thirteenth U. S. Cavalry, yawned in reply to my question concerning a very young corporal who walked up and down the hot stretch of mesa comprising his beat.

We were at Coahuila, in Mexico.

"You newspaper fellows don't get all the news you're looking for," Joe mused as he knocked his pipe against the heel of his cavalry boot and eyed the young soldier, who had just shifted his gun to his right shoulder.

I hitched my camp stool up closer, expecting a story.

"You see that rookie," Joe pointed the stem of his briar in the direction of the young corporal. "He's the bravest or the most foolish rookie that ever shouldered a gun. His name is William Alfred Ador. He came to Co. K from some little burg in Ohio. Of course, we all guy the rookies, just to see what stuff they're made of. Well, William Alfred Ador's looks were against him. You can easily see for yourself. Just look at him, he's turning around now.

He is a lightweight, has blue eyes and blond hair, a reg'lar society boy. The boys guyed him and got kind-a rough at the game until the Cap'n put a stop to it. Joe spat viciously, as if he hated to have the Cap'n butt in, but I knew Joe better.

"Well, Willie, that's what the boys called him, not plain, rugged Bill, but Willie, mama's darling, was having the time of his life taken out of himself. About a month after he had joined the company we got orders to go after Villa. Now we had a chance to see if Willie had any sand. Well, either he's got a carload of sand, or he's nuts. The boys were feeding him some pretty raw stuff about Mexican snipers, rattlesnakes and desert marching. Willie never batted an eyelid; he just listened, and spoke very little in his quiet, soft voice. But he sure is some rookie." Joe deliberately cleaned his pipe and meditatively gazed across the sun-baked mesa across to Coahuila. I waited, Joe yawned, and then continued.

"Well, we were loping across the hill-country, hot on the trail of a band of Villistas who had cut our field telephone wires. The boys of Company K were strung out in a long, irregular column, and Willie was bringing up the rear. I thought he was all in, but that rookie has more stuff in him than I thought. The trail was getting hotter and fresher every mile we covered. We came to the hills and the trail led right up a ravine. About a fourth of a mile up the ravine made a sharp bend, as fine a place for an ambush as there ever was. The sides of the hills were covered with boulders and clumps of sage brush—darn good places for snipers. There we were, ready to ride right into a nice surprise, with all the surprise on our side. Well, the Cap'n orders us to halt and asks for someone to go up and find out if there's any Mexicans in back of that bend waiting for us. We all were thinking kind-a hard of the advantages of riding up and posing as a target. Willie comes riding along from the rear and finds out why we're stopping, and before we could say anything, he volunteers to ride up and see if any company is waiting for us in back of that bend. Some of the boys butted in and wanted to go; none of 'em wanted Willie to show 'em up. Well, the Cap'n says O. K. to Willie, and he rides up as cool and careless as if he were going out for a ride before breakfast. You wouldn't think that that rookie walking up and down over there would do such a thing. Yep, he did that and then some more." Joe squinted through his half-closed eyelids and let out a deep sigh full of meaning.

"We watched him ride up and disappear behind the bend. It's

all over now with Willie except the funeral, I says to myself, and then hearing no shots, I think maybe Willie might come back. Just then he came around the bend, a-riding as careless as if he were a clown. Then I let out a yell. I saw the glint of a rifle along the top of a boulder, and I knew where one sniper was there would be a hundred. As soon as I yelled like a fool, there was a blaze of fire and the bullets came thicker than hail. At the first shot Willie's horse stumbled and down fell Willie. He lay as still as the stones around him. We spread out and shot at the snipers in their hiding places. The fight was soon over. We beat it. That night there was about two hundred to our handful. We camped about two miles away and threw out a double guard.

"Late in the night Willie comes stumbling into camp, tired, dusty and hungry. He had lain down in that ravine until it was dark enough to sneak out, and we had thought him dead. Think of it! lying in front of all those Mexicans the whole afternoon and any one of them liable at any minute to plug a few ounces of lead into him just for the sake of practicing. It beats me how that rookie acted." Joe shook his head.

"Next morning he looked for me, and say, wasn't he angry," Joe chuckled.

"'You big boob,' he called me, 'what in the world did you yell for and spill the beans?' You see, the kid had recognized my voice.

"'I saw those guys hidin' in back of the boulders and sage brush. If you hadn't yelled I would have rode right past them and they would never have suspected that I knew they were on the sides of the hill instead of in back of the bend. We could have cleaned out the whole bunch,' he yells at me, shaking his fist in my face. Say, he took me right off my feet.

"'And you knew those fellers were hiding on the hillsides?' I says to him.

"'Sure, I saw some of 'em as soon as I got within fifty feet of the ravine,' he answers.

"'Well, I don't know whether it's foolishness or bravery,' I says, walking away, but he sure is some rookie."



be well to draw your own conclusion, and realize that St. Mary's owes naught to those who chose her as Alma Mater? And should not the loyalty and privilege and duty that is by right that of her Alumni, inspire those same Alumni and parents who have profited by the preparedness afforded them or their sons at St. Mary's with substantial results, elevating them socially and financially, to contribute liberally towards the endowment and equipment of their Alma Mater, who has made them what they are?

The time is ripe for the Alumni and Friends of St. Mary's to come to the front and help substantially Old St. Mary's. Her Faculty laboring without remuneration these many years have made possible the growth evidenced by the cluster of buildings that grace the spacious grounds today. But there is a limit to what can be done with "savings," and now is the time for Alumni and Friends to show their appreciation for the devotedness of the Faculty, and pay back, in part at least, the debt they owe St. Mary's for the instruction and religious education that has made them what they are today—successful men of the world.

We feel that the time has come, and the time is at hand when men who are able to help S. M. C. substantially are but waiting to be asked. The Exponent makes a urgent appeal to its readers to step forward and raise funds for a Greater S. M. C. Yes, friends, and not for worldly glory, but *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!*

Commencement With the word Commencement associated the idea of graduation exercises: flowery speeches, eloquent tributes to teachers, and affectionate farewells to school life. This is but the external form, that which stands out most evident. There is another side, less easily perceived, yet infinitely more important. Commencement is the time when the young graduate commences the battle with the world. As he faces the world with his life before him, it is time for most serious reflection. It is a time when he should determine the ideals that are to guide him on the way of life. Each person has a mission to perform, and in fulfilling this mission certain principles should guide him. We should all recognize a high standard of morality to which we shall always adhere. This is most important in our present day, when so many infractions of God's law are condoned by the world. If we are not guided by certain principles we are easily led astray.

A person's journey through life may be compared to the voyage of a submarine. So long as the periscope remains intact, a submarine pursues its course safely. It avoids the dangers that lurk

in its path. But when the periscope is gone, it becomes blinded to the besetting obstacles. It is a helpless craft tossed about by the waves of the sea, awaiting its inevitable doom—destruction amid the throes of the sea. So is it with man. So long as his moral principles guide him he can avoid the pitfalls that beset his path; but when the eye of his conscience becomes blinded, he can no longer see the lurking danger. He is tossed about blindly and soon is wrecked on the crags of temptation.

You who are about to begin the realization of your youthful ambition, take heed. Determine the goal of your ambition and the principles that are to guide you en route. Steadfastly abide by them, and you may rest assured that the pitfalls and temptations of life will be avoided, and the goal of your ambition will be reached in safety.

The Past Year

Another scholastic year has passed into history. Have you taken time to reflect a few moments over those hours that were yours? As a social being, a college man, can you look back with pride and say you have done your duty—not a slavish fulfillment of what would further your selfish interests, ingratiate you with those above you, but on the contrary, devoted part of your time, your brains, your energies, that the little college world about you might be improved, built up and perfected?

Generous activity for unselfish ends keys the doer up to a degree of efficiency that perfects the regular work of daily routine. On the other hand, the selfish-grained man, turned unfalteringly one way, the way of least resistance, invariably turns out to be a sluggard, his work becomes a drudge,—all because of the small vision before him. Strange to say, even adults are slow to learn the secret of happiness—ridding oneself of "self." What better way, what other way is there than by generously co-operating with those about you to help along in the many things that need your time, your strength, your leadership, that little things and big things be accomplished.

Therefore, look into yourselves. If you have led a selfish life the past year, look deeper and admit that it has been an unhappy one, one that made the world about you gloomy, the activity of others a reproach to you, and yourself one big morbid grump. Yes, it was that selfish nature of yours that did not let you rest easy, stirred up the only latent activity in you into perverted energy that expended itself in destructive criticism. Yes, and those at whom your

blunt shafts were sent, gauged the small caliber of your mind, never flinched while you whizzed your poisonous shafts about them, but kept right on ignoring you and your pygmy brained shots.

College men, beware! Habits of laziness and destructive criticism are easily contracted. Once a habit, it is hard to rid oneself of it. If, unfortunately, you have been addicted to this pernicious habit, rid yourself of it, be a man, and co-operate to make the world about you better because you have lived in it.

"I Have No Time" "I have no time" is a common excuse heard every day. Sometimes it comes to jar us when someone who has hours to read novels offers the lame excuse to escape doing something that would benefit the many. All of us, no matter what our station in life may be, will be brought face to face with the problem of doing our mite to boost something or help somebody.

"I have no time" is out of tune with the harmony of life; it reveals a soul that is either embittered or selfish. If all men would say "I have no time," what a cold world this would be, every man living for himself. Think of the social work that would be left undone, the deeds of kindness unperformed, and the world made cold and dreary because selfishness would keep men apart.

The so-called composed beings who can look on with a simian smile at those who find time to interest themselves in something outside of themselves, are never really happy. Possessors of either blank minds incapable of refined pleasure, or carping critics ever alert to say how things done should not have been done, these men of leisure act as a drag on healthy society today. The world would be better without them, for their very presence discourages some of our fellow-men who fear their covered scoffs and silent criticisms. Fortunately, the majority of men of action totally ignore these parasites of society who are eager to profit by things accomplished, the last to give a word of encouragement, and the first to whisper the cowardly word of destructive criticism.

The men who find time are those already crowded with work. Their capacity for work is unlimited. On the other hand, those who say "I have no time," are either too proud to confess their unfitness to undertake anything of importance, or too lazy to do just a little more that might help their fellow-man.

Remember, that the world about you analyzes the expression "I have no time," and analyzes it correctly. It means "I am too selfish to be interested, too lazy to be active."

Reputation

Some years back there was an urgent plea made for fair play in political campaigns. Candidates for office were maligned and abused, stories told of their lives and actions that were devoid of truth, and reputations were all but blasted in the bitter contest for supremacy in the political arena.

This evil of falsifying the purpose of another's action, of adding a little of one's own coloring to the action itself, or, worse still, spreading stories that are known to be untrue, is unworthy of a gentleman. There is nothing to be gained by such low methods, for the "little world" that surrounds the would-be wrecker of reputations learns only too soon the story that is back of the malicious attempts made, and measures the calibre of the vicious mind that revels in low play unworthy of a gentleman.

True, at times these attempts are successful for a while. But "murder will out," and the shafts sent forth to besmirch another's character return sooner or later as a boomerang to point out in that "little world" the man back of the "dirty work." That is why the man of any "size" seldom bothers about the attacks made on his character. He scorns to recognize the originator of the petty plots.

Strange to say, but it is none the less the workings of a Just God that the "would-be" wrecker of reputations makes life miserable for himself. He lives in his "little world" of petty jealousy; worries himself day and night planning his share of the devil's work, and as a rule fails in his purpose—that of blackening the character of another. His innocent victim lives on, ignorant of the attempt made, or if conscious of the underhand working of his enemy, is big enough to smile and live on, leaving the evil-doer to ply his diabolic trade.

Young men of today would do well to learn a lesson. The habit of blackening another's reputation is easily acquired, especially if one is unfortunate in possessing a jealous disposition. Be magnanimous; congratulate your fellow student when he is successful, and stifle the feeling of resentment that may creep into your breast when another wins out or comes to the front. Thus, with control over a disposition that might otherwise lead you astray, you can take your place in the battle of life, work for the betterment of society, satisfied to feel that you are doing a man's work in the uplift of humanity, ever scorning to soil your hands in work that would besmirch the character of another.

**What Is
Genius?**

Genius is a word of mystery to many. To the initiated, however, it is no more than "extraordi-

nary capacity for work." Talent may lessen the laborious work, but with talent missing at the outset, the man with "extraordinary capacity for work" can plod along despite the handicap and prove the greater inspiration for his fellow men.

Men on all sides, blessed with opportunities in their early training, sit comfortably in positions that entail no work on their part. Opportunity not only knocked at their door, but broke in one bright summer day while they were dreaming, without ambition or a capacity for work. They had but to nod and the wealth of knowledge became theirs.

But that is no reason for less fortunate individuals to jealously bemoan Opportunity's slighting them. Genius is the "extraordinary capacity for work," and if men less fortunate than their favored brethren can take their places and brush shoulder to shoulder in the battle of life, an encouragement, an inspiration to the rank and file, they have full right to smile with satisfaction at the results they are achieving in going their limit in capacity and endurance. True, the pace may tell, but these men with "extraordinary capacity for work" prefer to wear out than to rust out. "All the world's a stage," and some must take leading parts in portraying life's tragedies. The task may be difficult, but if fated, we can be brave, brush away the tear, play our part, and smile at its close.

Alumni Notes

Commencement Day June 15 will draw to a close another successful year in the history of S. M. C. It will be featured by large graduation classes, a big attendance at the Alumni banquet, and evidence on all sides of a Greater St. Mary's.

THE SPEAKER FOR COMMENCEMENT

Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, D. D. Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, D. D., will deliver the Commencement Address Thursday, June 15. Bishop Hickey is an eloquent speaker. The Alumni and friends of the College can be assured of hearing a splendid address. The College is indeed fortunate in securing Bishop Hickey as the Commencement speaker.

COMMENCEMENT DAY PROGRAM

- 7:00 A. M. Memorial Service for Departed Alumni of S. M. C.
 10:30 A. M. Awarding of Honors to Elementary Department.
 12:00 M. Dinner.
 2:00 P. M. Commencement Address by Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey,
                   D. D., Bishop of Rochester, N. Y.
 8:00 P. M. Alumni Banquet.

ACTIVITIES OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Meetings Several meetings have been held in the month of
Held May, preparatory to planning a successful banquet. Committees have been appointed and all bids fair to make the Alumni Banquet of 1916 a grand success.

Nominations and Elections President Canny appointed a nominating committee of three, according to Article III of the present constitution, which reads: "A nominating committee of three, none of whom shall be members of the Board of Governors, shall be appointed by the Board, said nominating committee to present names of twelve (12) members, one-half of said number to be resident and one-half to be non-resident members, at the annual election."

Circular Letter The following letter was mailed to all the members of the Alumni Association. Its purpose, as its contents show, was to notify the members of the Alumni Banquet, the nomination and election of officers, and the arrangements for Commencement.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
 DAYTON, OHIO

Office of Board of Governors

Dear Alumnus:

We enclose ballots for the election of officers for the Board of Governors, the term of one-third having expired. Kindly mail ballots in enclosed envelope to reach Dayton June 3.

The Nominating Committee, appointed by the Board to take full charge of the nomination and election of officers are the following: Bernard M. Focke, '02; the Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M.; Emmett White, '09.

The Commencement will take place Thursday, June 15. The Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D. D., Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., will deliver the Commencement Address.

The Annual Alumni Banquet will be held Thursday, June 15, at 8 p. m. at the Phillips House. The price per plate will be \$2.00.

The Entertainment Committee, composed of "Fingy" Connors, '05; "Chop

Suey" Ward, '09; and "Henry Ford" Finke, '02, promise novelty stunts for the evening. "Nuf Ced." The menu which we enclose speaks for itself.

Kindly give us your full co-operation through personal attendance, and make June 15, 1916, the biggest day of class reunion. Commencement will be featured by an address by a brilliant orator; the Alumni Banquet, by the most successfully planned evening of goodfellowship and a royal menu ever carried out by the Alumni Association of S. M. C. Kindly mail enclosed card to J. Clarence Hochwalt, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, informing us of your intention to spend the evening with us.

Assuring you, Fellow-Alumni, of our active interest in your regard and in the welfare of the Alumni Association and of Alma Mater, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

BOARD OF GOVERNORS,

Alumni Association of S. M. C.

Per Francis C. Canny, '09.

The Banquet

Lou Moosbrugger, '00, was called in by the Banquet Committee to ensure the success of the banquet this year. Lou has a "rep" among the Alumni for Banquets and Homecomings, so with Lou on the job the Alumni can be assured of a royal menu, good entertainment, and excellent service at the Phillips House.

Election Ballots The following is a facsimile of the Election Ballots sent out by the Nominating Committee:

Ballots for Board of Governors, 1916-1919

Vote by placing X before 3 Candidates of each division

Dayton Alumni

3 to be elected for a term of THREE YEARS		
Edward C. Hegman,	'91	
Joseph J. Abel,	'93	
Al. J. Ward,	'99	
Walter L. Connors,	'05	
Chas. J. Schaefer,	'06	
Elmer J. Focke,	'09	

Vote by placing X before 3 Candidates of each division

Out-of-Town Alumni

3 to be elected for a term of THREE YEARS		
John A. Hiller,	'91	
John F. Maher,	'96	
Rev. John C. Angel,	'02	
Rev. Martin Varley,	'06	
John C. Wickham,	'09	
August J. Janszen,	'11	

Board of Governors, 1915-'16 The Board of Governors for 1915-'16 is composed of the following. The term of the last six expires June, 1916.

Dayton Alumni**Out-of-Town Alumni**

Term Expires June, 1918

Bernard M. Focke, '02
 Harry F. Finke, '02
 William A. Pflaum, '07

Edward C. Shoen, '03
 Henry G. Janszen, '04
 Edward M. Miller, '94

Term Expires June, 1917

Carl W. Cappel, '13
 J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06
 Francis C. Canny, '09

Harry C. Busch, '96
 Matt. N. Blumenthal, '97
 Rev. Aloys C. Angel, '04

Term Expires June, 1916

Frank J. McCormick, Jr., '88
 Richard P. Burkhardt, '92
 Harry F. Cappel, '98

Rev. F. Jos. Kelly, '90
 Thos. F. Couglin, '93
 John F. Maher, '96

Finance Committee The Finance Committee of the Board of Governors, composed of President Francis C. Canny, '09; F. J. McCormick, '88; and Harry F. Cappel, '98, plan to raise \$2,000 by Commencement day to contribute towards equipping the Third Year of Mechanical Engineering at St. Mary College. The Cincinnati Chapter of the S. M. C. Alumni Association are actively at work raising \$1,000 for the same purpose.

St. Mary College is practically fully equipped for four years of electrical and chemical engineering. A few of the alumni contributed towards part of this equipment, but the Society of Mary itself bore the burden of the cost of the entire equipment.

The Finance Committee, knowing the loyalty of her alumni, is fully confident of raising the proposed sum. It will allow the college to take up the Third Year of Mechanical Engineering this fall. The first two years are already equipped. Do it for Alma Mater.

THIS IS A PRINCETON IDEA FOR RAISING MONEY

Insuring their lives in favor of their college is a means which has been devised by the senior class at Princeton University for raising an alumni memorial fund. The system has been approved by both the Princeton Graduate Council and the Board of Trustees, and it is expected that after twenty-five years the class will have at least \$60,000 to present to the university.

The insurance policies will be taken out individually by the members of the graduating class, and the premiums will range roughly from \$4 to \$15 per year, bringing in a return of from \$100

to \$400 each. The policies are to be held by a large insurance company and will be divided into three classes, the entire principal being paid to the university after twenty-five years.

This is the first Princeton class to have undertaken this system of raising funds. Previous classes have organized memorial committees, and through these committees received contributions each year. In addition to the insurance scheme, the present seniors have also offered to make individual contributions.

BUILDING PROJECTS OF OTHER SCHOOLS

University of Michigan. Plans for the new half-million dollar library have been approved.

University of Oregon. A novel plan has been adopted to construct bungalows and a cafeteria for the use of students.

University of Virginia. The University of Virginia has just completed a new road system throughout the college grounds at a cost of \$1800 per mile.

Union. Union College is to have a \$100,000 chemical and physical laboratory.

Amherst. A library to cost \$250,000 has been presented to the college by an unknown donor.

Wisconsin. Wisconsin University has just completed plans for a new boat and bath house on the Mendota for the benefit of the women.

A new \$190,000 physics and political economy building is being erected on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. The building is absolutely fire-proof and contains fine large laboratories, one lecture hall and numerous class rooms.

CAMPAIGN AT ROSE POLYTECHNIC

A new Rose is to blossom in a new field from a new plant, a beautiful creation. After having passed through several years of struggle and decline, the new life to be instilled into Rose is to place the Institute in one of the most attractive locations and to build in an artistic and practical manner, to be a credit to the community and to the Alumni.

"A committee of eight members of the Alumni was called to meet December 3, 1915, to examine plans that had been drawn for the new plant and the arrangement of the buildings on the new site, which is 5 miles each of Terre Haute, on the National Highway.

"The estimated cost of the new buildings necessary for the housing of the school for the next few years is placed at \$400,000

and of this sum there is \$100,000 on hand from the sale of the old plant. This leave \$300,000 yet to be raised, and it is the intention of the ways and means committee to raise half this sum from the citizens of Terre Haute and the other half from the Alumni and manufacturing concerns who are interested in the life and progress of the school.

"The loyalty of Rose Alumni men has been shown by the work that has been done by the advisory committee and the four members of that committee which constitute the ways and means committee. These men who are some of the busiest of all the Alumni, have given their time to come to Terre Haute, some of them from New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville and Indianapolis, to attend these meetings, and have offered their time and very liberal money donations to the building funds. It is the loyal spirit of the Alumni, and their desire to see Rose grow and come to the front as the greatest technical school in America, the school whose graduates lead in the industries and professions, that is going to make the reconstruction possible.

"Each alumnus will give according to his wealth, or his income, classes will vie with one another to see which can give their Alma Mater the greatest help, the Rose Tech Clubs everywhere will have meetings at which some one posted in the work of building the new plant and the requirements to be met, will put the matter before them. Members who are not in the clubs will be asked to help and even those fellows who have registered as students, but who for some reason never graduated, will be asked to lend their help if so inclined.

"The work of systematizing the campaign now rests in the hands of Mr. James S. Royse and Mr. Bruce F. Failey, who are both Alumni members of the board of managers, and their efforts will be to push the work of raising the funds necessary as rapidly as possible."

OMAR C. MEWHINNEY, '91,
President, Rose Alumni Association.

CINCINNATI CHAPTER OF FORMER STUDENTS OF S. M. C.

Meeting Held The Cincinnati Chapter of the S. M. C. Alumni Association held their annual meeting at Heidelberg, Newport, on Wednesday, May 10. The attendance was not large, but made up in enthusiasm what was lacking in numbers. A storm broke out shortly after 6 o'clock which may have hindered a large

number from attempting to cross to the Kentucky side of the river. The following loyal Alumni were present: Frank J. Heile, Leonard Heile, Elmer H. Heile, Edward Gross, Herman H. Berding, Joseph Janszen, Henry G. Janszen, August J. Janszen, Jr., John S. Hogan, Bernard Eilerman, F. J. Olberding, Paul A. Olberding, Cyril Claugens, P. W. Wintermeyer, J. Janszen, H. J. Robben and Harry C. Busch.

A committee was appointed, composed of Jos. Janszen, Chairman, Harry Robben, Harry C. Busch, Elmer Heile and Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly to devise ways and means to raise a sum of \$1000 to be presented to the College on Commencement Day for equipment in the Engineering Laboratories. The committee was called to meet on the following Tuesday.

CHICAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Their Organization The Chicago Alumni have reason to boast of the oldest branch alumni association of the College. A spirit of loyalty to Alma Mater and goodfellowship reigns among them. Social meetings are held throughout the year.

We have been informed that it is the intention of several of the members to attend the Commencement and remain over for the Banquet. One of their number has been invited to be one of the speakers at the Alumni Banquet. The Chicago Alumni are the donors of a medal for the student who is adjudged by a committee as the most "all-around athlete" at the college, a condition being that the "star" keeps up in his studies. Chicago Alumni! we welcome you to Dayton June 16. Lest we forget, alumni, the Chicago Alumni donated a dynamometer to the Engineering Laboratories when St. Mary's opened the College of Engineering.

COLUMBUS ASSOCIATION OF FORMER STUDENTS OF S. M. C.

A Delegation We are expecting a delegation of Columbus Old Boys to attend Commencement and remain for the Alumni Alumni Banquet. Columbus Old Boys have for years turned out in numbers at Commencement, as well as journeyed to Dayton to meet their former teachers at the Annual Retreat in July. Do it again for Alma Mater!

Bro. Thos. Eichhorn, S. M. The following taken from the Dayton Evening Herald should prove of interest to many alumni as they know Brother Thomas Eichhorn or those who attended the banquet:

"After 39 years the class of '77" of Emanuel parish school gathered at the Phillips house last night to banquet and pay their respects to their former teacher, Brother Thomas Eichhorn. It was the first reunion the class has had since its graduation.

"Brother Eichhorn has spent about 36 of the 39 years since the class graduated in the Sandwich islands in missionary work. He returned to Dayton a short time ago and is now residing at St. Mary's college. More than 60 members of the class were present, only seven members of the class were absent.

"The principal speakers were the Rev. Joseph F. Sieber, D. D., pastor Emanuel church; the Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, president of St. Mary's college; the Rev. John Lampe, assistant pastor Emanuel church; Brother Thomas Eichhorn, teacher of the class; Herman J. Scheckelhoff, president; Joseph A. Wenz, secreatry; and Louis L. Wehner, treasurer of the class. Each member present delivered a short talk.

"They were the following: Rev. Jos. S. Sieber, Rev. J. Lampe, Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M. C., Brother Thomas Eichhorn, Herman J. Scheckelhoff, president; Jos. A. Wenz, secretary; Louis L. Wehner, treasurer; Wm. J. Baeker, R. P. Barkhardt, Ed. Bauman, Wendel Bausback, Louis E. Bauman, F. C. Bucher, Ed R. Bucher, J. P. Bender, R. V. Barkhardt, John W. Chamberlin, Adam Deger, Louis L. Ehret, John H. Engel, Frank F. Froendhoff, Peter Folz, Val Gress, Henry Schmacker, Chas. J. Thies, Frank C. Weaver, Frank E. Wenz, Jos. A. Koehler, Frank Hegman, Elew Hockwalt, Henry Hotvoigt, Chas. A. Huff, Geo. Heck, Ben Heet, Chas. Horstman, Jos. Krebs, Wm. H. Makley, 9ug. E. Meyer, Frank Noe, Wm. Ostendorf, Jos. Sacksteder, Louis Sacksteder, Richard Sacksteder, John Sacksteder, John Sacksteder, H. M. Seattle, John J. Spatz, Frank L. Sutter, John Schumaker, Chas. J. Sherer, Henry Schneble, Wm. J. Yackley, Chas. J. Zwiesler, Geo. J. Zitt, Jos. M. Zink, J. Leonard Sacksteder.

Roman T. Roman T. Gerber, '86, a contractor and builder in Gerber, '86 Chillicothe, Ohio, writes as follows:

Gentlemen—Enclosed please find one dollar for my renewal of the subscription to the Exponent. Am always pleased to receive the Exponent as I often learn the whereabouts of one of the old boys of '86 and '87. Trusting that the brothers and boys are all enjoying good health the same as myself, I am as ever one of the old boys.

ROMAN T. GERBER.

Paid Up Alex M. Blumenthal, '94, writes:

to 1920! "To my dear old Alma Mater: Enclosed will pay for my subscription to March, 1920. The Chicago boys are so busy that they have not had a formal meeting in sometime, but arrangement are now under way for an old-time reunion. Good luck to you all."

Alex is Assistant Superintendent of Ratings of The Chicago Board of Underwriters. He added in his letter to us: "Why not tell us through The Exponent of some of our old teachers: John A. Waldron, Albert J. Kaiser, Ferd. Leimkuhler, Father Weckesser, Father Meyer, etc."

Thank you for the suggestion, Alex! Bro. Waldron is Inspector of our schools of the St. Louis Province, address "Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo." He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Educational Association and ranks high in that body as one of the active, persistent members for progress.

Bro. Kaiser is head of the Normal Dept. of the St. Louis Province, address, Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo. His health has been very poor, but has improved under treatment and an extended rest.

Bro. Ferd. Leimkuhler is located at St. Louis College, San Antonio, Texas, as graduate teacher under President Rev. August Frische.

Very Rev. Joseph Weckesser, S. M., is provincial of the St. Louis Province and has as co-laborer in his field of education, Bro. John Waldron. His health is not of the best, though he keeps at his work without intermission.

Very Rev. George Meyer, S. M., is provincial of the Cincinnati Province and Bro. George Sauer, S. M., is his Inspector of Schools. Father Meyer, although well advanced in years, visits the schools of his province regularly and appears to stand the strain of his work well. Under his provincilate, the Society of Mary has made rapid strides. Chaminade Hall, a new Novitiate and a large Normal School are monuments that speak more eloquently than words of the progressive strides made by the Society of Mary under the leadership of Very Rev. George Meyer, S. M.

Alex! we've tried to give the foregoing news of individuals as requested. Here's hoping that other alumni will follow your example and help us to make Alumni Notes live news.

John W. Heck John W. Heck is an Old Boy of S. M. C. He is a candidate for County Commissioner. His son attended St.

Mary's also. We recommend him to our readers at the Ougust primaries.

This is the story of John W. Heck, as told in the Daily press:

'John W. Heck, Democratic candidate for nomination for county commissioner, was born and raised in Harrison township, and was a gardener until 1900. He then moved to the city and conducted a grocery and meat market for the last 15 years. As a gardener and grocer he has certainly made a success, and if elected to the office of county commissioner he will make one of the best commissioners that Montgomery county ever had.

"He has never held a public office and your kind support at the primaries to be held on August 8, 1916, will be appreciated.

"He resides with his wife and five children at the northwest corner of Hopeland and Albany streets, Edgemont, Dayton, Ohio."

Rev. James Henry, of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, '59 nati, Ohio, writes:

"I have been sending my subscription to The Exponent to extend congratulations and good wishes for the old home at Nazareth. I read with pleasure in the October number the account of the dedication of Mt. St. John. It bespeaks progress from the days, when as Father Meyer remarked at the Jubilee Celebration of Brother Edward and Brother Philip, things were not as they are now.

"Will you kindly greet them both most cordially for the good work they have done and express to them the sincere wish that health and strength may be theirs in the twilight that is falling on their pathway.

"I read Mass for Brother Thomas Mooney. He and Brother Michael Donnelly were good religious. Kind regards to you.

"Sincerely,

JAMES HENRY.

All the Old Boys remember Father Henry with the highest regard. He has honored us with his presence at our celebrations these past years. Join us, again, loyal Alumnus, if possible at our Commencement and Alumni Banquet, June 15.

OBITUARY

Rev. Joseph Pilon, '05 The following communication was received from Stephen A. Barrett, attorney at Spooner, Wisconsin, relative to the death of Rev. Joseph Pilon, '05. At the present writing, it is the only story of his death available.

"Dear Father O'Reilly:

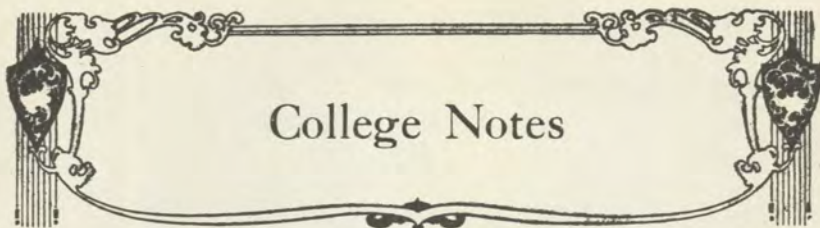
"I received your letter of the 28th instant relative to Father Pilon. Owing to ill health, he was compelled to leave us last September. He had been gradually failing in health and it was hoped by him and those who loved him that he would regain his health in the warm, sunny air of New Mexico. Up until three or four days of the time of his death he had firm hopes of recovery. I received a very cheerful letter from him about a week before his unexpected end. He died at Albuquerque, New Mexico. His death came so sudden than no relatives had an opportunity to get to him before the end. He was prepared for death about twelve hours before he passed away. He hoped for life to the last breath thinking of the heart-broken mother he was leaving. The loss is keenly felt by his congregation at Spooner. He was buried at Superior by the side of his father. Our former pastor Father Schmidt, of Rice Lake, delivered the funeral sermon at Superior. He was a close friend of Father Pilon's. About an hour after he had talked to us he dropped dead near the church after returning from the cemetery. Both were in the prime of life and we can never repay the good they did for us. I knew Father Pilon very well and it is hard to part with such a friend who gave all that he had for us.

"I was appointed executor of his will and wish you would sign the enclosed waiver of notice of hearing to prove the will. This is to save the expense of publication and to make an immediate hearing possible.

"The Superior papers contained a number of articles concerning his character and his unexpected death and his short life as a Catholic priest. I will endeavor to get copies of them for you. With best wishes, I remain,

"Obediently yours,

"S. A. BARRETT."



College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR MAY

Collegiate Department

Senior Arts—Raphael Sourd, 94; Joseph Evans, 90.
 Senior Engineering—Ralph Wirshing, 92; Arthur Zimmerman, 91.
 Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Robert Hummert, 94; Joseph Windbiel, 91.
 Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Albert Krusling, '92; George Brennan, 88.
 Sophomore Arts—Lawrence Montanus, 94; George Kinstle, 93.
 Sophomore Engineering—
 Freshman Arts—Dean McFarland, 95; Lawrence Maher, 94.
 Freshman Engineering—W. Schmidt, 97; John Heier, 97; Jos. Schaefer, 96.

High School Department

Fourth High—William Boesch, 97; Emil Kessler, 97.
 Third High-A—H. Weinert, 94; Col. Cetinski, 90; A. Kuntz, 89; R. Grote, 89.
 Third High-B—Thomas Carroll, 95; Walter Westendorf, 90.
 Second High-A—Herbert Abel, 95; Geo. Edmondson, 91; Edw. Long, 89.
 Second High-B—Francis Elardo, 92; Joseph Murphy, 91.
 First High-A—Francis Farley, 97; Law. Menninger, 96; Edw. Menker, 93.
 First High-B—John Duell, 94; Ray Helmig, 93; Alvin Rabe, 92.
 First High-C—Alfred Poliquin, 94; Joseph Nilles, 94; Carl Krug, 90.

Business Department

Second Year—Thomas Sunshine, 96; Nicholas Last, 94.
 First Year—Joseph Fletcher, 98; Paul Starret, 97.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade-A—Leon Ruder, 94; N. Westbrook, 92; G. Meyers, 90; Farrell Johnston, 90.
 Eighth Grade-B—N. Gross, 83; H. Piatt, 83; C. Petkewicz, 83.
 Seventh Grade—John Holtvoight, 93; Wm. Janning, 91; Carrollton Roberto, 91.
 Sixth Grade—James Coffield, 94; Latham Brightmann, 93.
 Fifth Grade—James Hatcher, 95; Thomas Doyle, 84.

The Mooney Literary Club

The Mooney Literary Club held an interesting debate the second week in May, "Resolved, That the Philippines Should Have Their Independence." The club entertained its members with a picnic at Tecumseh Park. The Seniors defeated a picked team in a game of baseball.

The day proved to be a most enjoyable one. Carl Ryan, of "camp fame," was the chef for the occasion. The luncheons, the sports and the ride itself were all heartily enjoyed. A large "hell-bender," was "hooked" by Carl Ryan

and Adolph Roemer and brought home as a trophy. Brother Wm. Beck "pickled" him and he now is "jarred" in the museum.

The Mooney Literary Club closes a year that has proved beneficial to all the members in public speaking. The Art students of next year should be able to stage public debates in the College Hall. The success achieved reflects much credit to the initiative of Carl Ryan, the able president of the society.

Engineering Society

Tuesday, May 23, the Engineering Society held its Annual Picnic and Election of Officers and closed a most successful year. Through the kindness of Mr. Harry Delscamp, the picnic was held at his summer home along the picturesque Stillwater about six miles north of the city. Situated as it is in a beautiful grove, the spot formed an ideal location for the outing. There were seventeen in the crowd that left St. Mary in three automobiles, and all returned sunburned but contented late in the evening. The day was spent in various ways, boxing, wrestling, swimming, shooting and baseball being on the program. The chief event of the day was a ball game in which the Sophomores challenged the rest of the crowd and were defeated 15 to 3. In the evening a meeting was held at which officers were elected for the coming year. Otto P. Behrer, '17, was elected President; John T. Roth, '18, Vice President; Eulogius M. Lause, '18, Secretary, and John L. Crowley, '18, Treasurer.

The members of the picnic committee deserve great thanks for the manner in which the outing was conducted. The members of this committee were: Robert Hummert, John Roth and Russell Garrison, and due to their careful planning the day was a most enjoyable one.

The society also wishes to thank Mr. Delscamp for the use of his grounds, and also Mr. Lause, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Roth for the use of their machines.

The society held many interesting meetings during the year at which prominent men along engineering lines spoke to the members. Many papers were read by the different members at the various meetings so that the year was a profitable one to all concerned.

The Cyma

The fifth anniversary of the foundation of the CYMA was celebrated on Thursday evening, June 1, in the Senior Club Room. The CYMA was organized in 1911 and known at the time as the "Little Giants." The addition of other interests besides athletics led to the adoption of the name CYMA in 1913. A religious, a physical, a social, an educational and a civic program are outlined for its members. The officers of the CYMA are: William B. Sherry, President; Daniel Collins, Vice-President; Joseph J. Schaefer, Recording Secretary; Edward J. Kuntz, Treasurer; Norman C. Hochwalt, Executive Secretary. During the first part of the evening the following addresses were delivered by the officers: "The Ideals of the CYMA," "The CYMA and the Parishes," "The History of the Dayton CYMA," "A Great Lay-Apostle—Thomas M. Mulry," "Planning a Nation-wide CYMA," "A Plea for Enthusiasm."

The second part of the evening was spent in discussing new business of the CYMA. Under the able direction of John Hanahan, Joseph J. Finan, and John T. Roth, eight new members were admitted to the society. The following young men were admitted: Edward Stuhlmüller, Paul Stanton, Edward Lechleitner, Dean J. McFarland, Emil Kessler, Robert Eckenrode, Aloysi-

us Huber, John Breen. A luncheon was served, in the course of which Hawaiian airs were sung and played. Impromptus were in order, and brought to a successful close a very pleasant evening.

The Tridium

Rev. Martin Varley, '05. preached a tridium for the student body. His subjects had the direct appeal and were delivered eloquently. "Prayer" and "Confession" will long be remembered by the students as brilliant and appealing sermons. The entire student body received Holy Communion at the close of the Tridium.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin

In the last issue of The Exponent under Sodality Notes, the Sodalists were urged not only to buy but also to help distribute Catholic pamphlets by mislaying them "accidentally." Another way of aiding in the spread of Catholic literature is to send our Catholic weeklies and monthlies to the addresses of individuals and institutions that cannot afford to subscribe to them. This particular form of charitable work was recently taken up by several members of the Sodality Branch 3. They are Carl Krug, Edwin Moosbrugger, Charles Sherman, Elmer Sherman, Raymond Westbrook and Vincent Westendorf. A list of names was readily secured by applying to the Catholic Truth Society and the Catholic Church Extension Society. Each member of the section takes charge of as many addresses to which he can conveniently and regularly mail a portion of the Catholic reading matter that is received in his respective family. Thus, within two months about forty pieces were sent, which otherwise should have gone the shortest route to the waste-basket.

This implies a suggestion that might well be carried out by many a Sodalist with a little attention and sacrificing spirit. Edwin Moosbrugger, the chairman, will gladly furnish further details in the matter.

The Making of a Magazine

Chas. Sumner Crosman of The Curtis Publishing Co., gave an interesting lecture to the student body on the subject, "The Making of a Magazine." Two interesting films and many slides were used to illustrate the lecture. The lecture was secured through the Bureau of Economics at Washington.

Fourth High

Mr. Francis E. Canny, Attorney-at-law in Dayton, accepted the invitation to address the students of the Fourth High on May 3. In his interesting and instructive talk on the "Elements of Jurisprudence" he imparted a succinct and clear view of the development of the present legislative system. He emphasized as a condition of business success the necessity of knowing one's rights and duties as a citizen of the Union, and encouraged his hearers in case of prudent doubt to seek advice from competent authority.

Peter Pence

The collections of Peter Pence were brought to a close this month with the magnificent sum of \$42.45. Some classes that had not been heard from before reported a splendid sum this month, while the "Old Reliables" announced as great a sum this month as for the previous ones. In general averages for the year, the classes that showed up best are as follows: First High-A, 61c; Eighth Grade-B, 56c; Senior Business, 50c; First High-C, 44c; Second High-A, 32c; Third High-A, 27c; College Department, 25c; and Fourth High, 20c.

Athletic Notes

VARSITY BASEBALL

Antioch—4

vs.

St. Mary—2

On May 13 the Saint Nine traveled to Yellow Springs, hoping to again defeat the fast aggregation representing Antioch College. But disappointment was their lot, for they were forced to defeat, losing by the score of 4 to 2.

It was a hard fought contest from the start to the finish. Both pitchers displayed the best of form and the fast infield work of the Saints featured with four double plays. In this game the team was without the services of Lai Hipp and Nugent, who were with the Track Team at Denison. The score:

S. M. C.	A.B	H.	O.	A.	Antioch	A.B.	H.	O.	A.		
Sherry, 3b	4	1	1	4	V'd'vort, 1b	4	1	12	0		
Mahoney, 2b	3	1	4	5	Corry, 3b	4	1	2	2		
Evans, cf	4	0	0	0	Little, p	4	1	0	9		
Ohmer, 1b	4	2	14	0	Jenkins, lf	4	1	2	0		
Unger, c	4	1	3	0	Brown, ss	4	0	0	3		
Ryan, ss	4	1	0	1	V'dale, c	4	0	10	1		
Last, rf	4	1	1	0	Dunne, rf	4	0	0	0		
Roth, lf	4	0	1	0	T'bolt, cf	4	1	1	0		
Conway, p	4	1	0	3	Smith, 2b	3	1	0	4		
	35	8	24	13		35	6	27	19		
S. M. C.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—2	8	2
Antioch	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	*—4	6	3

Runs—Evans, Conway, Vandervort, Little, Jenkins, Tagboldt. Errors—Ohmer, Ryan, Brown, Vanorhsdale 2. Two-base hit—Smith. Three-base hit—Conway. Stolen bases—Ryan 2, Evans 2. Double plays—Conway to Mahoney to Ohmer; Sherry to Mahoney to Ohmer 2, Ohmer (unassisted). Struck out by Little 9, by Conway 4.

S. M.C.—5

vs.

Capitol—7

On May 18, the Red and Blue played the team representing Capitol University at Columbus, and although playing better ball than the Columbus lads, nevertheless were defeated owing to the fact that the Saints were on the

bad end of the breaks. The Capitoliens staged a four-run rally in the sixth inning. Bernhlor of the Capitol nine showed up well on the paths, having five stolen bases to his credit. Baumgardener led with the stick, getting three safe bingles. The score:

Capitol	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	2	*—7	11	2
S. M. C.	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0—5	9	1

Batteries—Sittler, Ice and Pilch; Roth, Conway and Unger.

Alumni—5

vs.

S. M. C.—12

The Saints captured their annual game with the "Old Boys" on May 20, winning by the score of 12 to 5. The first part of the game was a closely fought affair and it looked as though it might prove to be one of the most interesting games seen here this season, but about the middle of the game

the Saints figured out Sourd's curves and aided by wildness of the latter, annexed enough runs to put the game on ice. Roth relieved Sourd in the seventh inning and pitched good ball, holding the Varsity to one lone run. The hits of both teams were well scattered so that not a man on either team connected safely more than once. Cyril Hochwalt performed well behind the bat, and Finke played the initial sack well for the Alumni. Conway and Ohmer were the best of the Saints' crew. Score:

S. M. C.	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	Alumni	A.B.	H.	O.	A.						
Hipp, cf	3	1	0	0	N. Hochwalt	5	1	4	0						
Mahoney, c	3	1	8	0	Kersting	5	1	4	5						
Sherry, 3b	3	1	2	2	Kuntz, 3b	3	1	1	4						
Ohmer, 1b	4	1	8	0	Finke, 1b	5	0	6	0						
Nugent, rf	3	0	1	1	Garrity, rf	5	1	0	0						
Evans, lf	2	1	2	0	Sherry, lf	4	1	0	1						
Ryan, ss	4	1	1	2	Powers	4	1	0	0						
Last, 2b	3	0	2	1	C. Hochwalt, c	5	1	9	4						
Conway, p	3	1	0	12	Sourd, p	3	0	0	2						
Unger, c	1	1	3	0	Roth, p	1	0	0	6						
	29	8	27	18		40	7	24	22						
S. M. C.				1	0	2	0	3	6	0	0	0	12	8	2
Alumni				0	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	*	5	7	4

S. M. C.—8

vs.

Capitol—4

By bunching hits in two innings, S. M. C. had little trouble in winning from Capitol University, closing the season with an 8 to 4 victory over one of the best college teams in the state. Johnny Roth held the visitors safe up until the last inning, when with an eight run lead he eased up a bit and allowed six hits which netted the visitors four runs. The game was by far the best game seen here this season.

Pilch of the visitors was the best batter of the day, getting four hits out of four times up. Hipp for St. Mary got three safeties out of five times up. The score:

St. Mary	0	0	0	4	0	0	4	0	*—8	10	0
Capitol	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—4	14	1

Election of Officers

On Thursday, May 26, the Association held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The count of the ballot box showed that Edward Stuhlmueller of Hamilton, Ohio, was elected President. Joseph Schaefer of Dayton, was chosen as Vice-President. Joseph Holters of Covington, Ky., as Secretary, and Norman Hochwalt was chosen as Business Manager.

Smoker

Tuesday evening, May 30, the members of the Athletic Association were entertained at a Smoker given in the First Division Club Rooms. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Progressive euchre, pool and billiards furnished the amusements for the evening. In the euchre, Joseph Leonard won first prize and Edward Stuhlmueller, second. At pool and billiards, Francis Ryan won first prize and Frank Laffey second. In the prize waltz, the waltzers were so evenly matched that it was declared a draw and prizes were awarded to Joseph Evans and John Oberlander, and also to Clarence Nugent. Refreshments were served throughout the evening and the "smokes" were in abundance.

VARSITY TRACK TEAM

Denison—71

vs.

St. Mary—46

In the dual track meet held at Granville on May 13, when St. Mary met the team representing Denison College, Denison was returned the victor, winning by the score of 71 to 46. The meet was featured by two performances

that excelled any accomplishments in Ohio college dual meets this year. Speeding down the track in the hundred yard dash, Lai Hipp crossed the tape for a record of ten seconds flat, with Porter of St. Mary's only a foot behind. This was the best time made in any college meet this year. Brock of Denison eclipsed all broad jump records made in dual meets this year by jumping twenty-one feet, one inch. Denison took nine first and seven second places, while St. Mary took five first and seven second places. At the end of the first six events, St. Mary's was ahead, but later in the meet was forced to defeat. The summaries:

100-yard Dash—Lai Hipp (St. Mary), won; Porter (St. Mary), second. Time, 10 seconds flat.

220-yard Dash—Lai Hipp (St. Mary), won; Weber (Denison), second. Time, :23 3-5.

440-yard Dash—Hickman (Denison), won; Nugent (St. Mary), second. Time, :56.

880-yard Run—Weber (Denison), won; Schmidt (St. Mary), second. Time, 2:18.

Mile Run—Chase (Denison), won; Lyman (Denison), second. Time, 4:56 4-5.

Two-mile Run—Lyman (Denison), won; Baldwin (Denison), second. Time, 11:23 2-5.

120 High Hurdles—Decker (Denison), won; Lai Hipp (St. Mary), second. Time, :16 2-5.

220 Low Hurdles—Decker (Denison), won; Seagrave, (Denison), second. Time, :27 3-5.

Shot Put—Bush (St. Mary), won; Willis (Denison), second. Distance, 33 feet, 2 inches.

Hammer Throw—Willis (Denison), won; Alston (St. Mary), second. Distance, 98 feet, 3 inches.

Discuss Throw—Ligday (St. Mary), won; Alston (St. Mary), second. Distance, 102 feet, 3 inches.

Pole Vault—Seagraves (Denison), won; Willis (Denison), second. Height, 10 feet.

High Jump—Lai Hipp (St. Mary), won; Alston (St. Mary), second. Height, 5 feet, 4 inches.

Broad Jump—Brock (Denison), won; Wynne (Denison), second. Distance, 21 feet, 1 inch.

Relay Race—Denison won; (Weber, Chase, Hickman, Seagraves). Time, 3:43 4-5.

Otterbein—58

vs.

St. Mary—73

The athletic season at St. Mary's closed with the track meet with Otterbein, June 2. The Dayton Journal had following to say about it:

"St. Mary's won an interesting and hotly contested track

meet from Otterbein University yesterday afternoon on the college campus, the score being 73 to 58.

"The meet was a nip-and-tuck affair throughout, the final result being in doubt until the last few events were run off. The time in all the events was fast, especially in the dashes. The South Park lads completely outclassed the visitors in the dashes and it was these events that finally decided the meet.

Lai Hipp Sparkles

"Lai Hipp, the sensational Hawaiian runner, was the chief point getter of the afternoon, having five firsts and one second for a total of 28 points to his credit. He made some very good time in some of his dashes, finishing the 100 yards in :10 and the 220-yard dash in :23 4-5. Porter, of St. Mary's, pushed him hard in several races, finishing but a fifth of a second behind Hipp in the 100-yard and the 220-yard. He was second in the 220-yard low hurdles and ran in the mile relay, which was won by the Saints.

Oppelt, the long distance runner for Otterbein, ran two fine races in the one-mile and two-mile events, finishing well in advance of the rest of the field. Nugent, of St. Mary's, made good time in the 440-yard dash, finishing in :52 2-5, but a step or two in front of Underwood, also wearing the red and blue.

Miller Wins Hammer Throw

"Miller, of Otterbein, threw the hammer 108 feet, 11 inches, which is the best record ever made on St. Mary's field. Peden, of Otterbein, easily made 10 feet in the pole vault and could have cleared the bar at a greater height if he had been forced to extend himself.

"Before the track meet an exhibition drill of calsthenic work was given by the students under the direction of Physical Director Metler. The drill showed the results of several months of training and was performed with great precision by the several hundred students who participated.

"The summaries of the meet follow:

"100-yard Dash—Hipp, St. Mary's, first; Porter, St. Mary's, second; Neally, Otterbein, third. Time, :10.

"Mile Run—Oppelt, Otterbein, first; Ryan, St. Mary's, second; Love, Otterbein, third. Time, 4:45 1-5.

120-yard High Hurdles—Hipp, St. Mary's, first; Nugent, St. Mary's, second; Fellers, Otterbein, tie for second. Time, :17 4-5.

"220-yard Dash—Hipp, St. Mary's, first; Porter, St. Mary's, second; Neally, Otterbein, third. Time, :23 4-5.

"440-yard Dash—Nugent, St. Mary's, first; Underwood, St. Mary's, second; Thrush, Otterbein, third. Time, :52 2-5.

"880-yard Run—Fellers, Otterbein, first; Schmidt, St. Mary's, second; Ligday, St. Mary's, third. Time, 2:08 2-5.

"220-yard Low Hurdles—Hipp, St. Mary's, first; Porter, St. Mary's, second; Thursh, Otterbein, third. Time, :29.

"Two-mile Run—Oppelt, Otterbein, first; Schmidt, St. Mary's, second; Barnheart, Otterbein, third. Time, 11:51 2-5.

"High Jump—Barnheart, Otterbein, first; Hipp, St. Mary's, second; Fellers, Otterbein, third. Height, 5 feet, 2½ inches.

"Discus Throw—Eans, St. Mary's, first; Miller, Otterbein, second; Ligday, St. Mary's, third. Distance, 104 feet.

"Hammer Throw—Miller, Otterbein, first; Stuhlmuehler, St. Mary's, second; Lingrel, Otterbein, third. Distance, 108 feet, 11 inches.

"Broad Jump—Hipp, St. Mary's, first; Thrush, Otterbein, second; Miller, Otterbein, third. Distance, 19 feet, 4 inches.

"Pole Vault—Peden, Otterbein, first; Barnheart, Otterbein, second; Evans, St. Mary's, third. Height, 10 feet.

"Shotput—Lingrel, Otterbein, first; Higelmire, Otterbein, second; Bush, St. Mary's, third. Distance, 36 feet, 8 inches.

"Relay Race—Won by St. Mary's: Nugent, Porter, Ryan, Underwood. Time, 3:38 2-5.

"Final score—73 to 58."

THIRD DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENTS

Regulars Coaches Underwood and Richter have picked the following men to represent the Regulars on the diamond: Hess, Grote, Dineen, Sullivan, Berghoff, Leander Bohnert, H. Bohnert, McFadden, Weed, Schmidt, Menninger, Walter Grote and Edmondson. James J. Slatery, '16, was appointed manager and Gerald Hess was elected captain.

Regulars—11 The Regulars opened the 1916 season on May 14, with a
vs. well-earned victory over the Corpus Christi Cadets by a
C. C. C.—10 score of 11 to 10. The game was fought hard from the start to the finish, and the game was not decided until in the ninth inning. Hess and Rodway carried off the pitching honors, each having thirteen strikeouts to their credit, while Spatz and Duffy of the Cadets, and Sullivan and Wm. Grote of the Regulars carried off the batting honors. Mueller and Marshall officiated.

Division Three league teams have been organized in the division.
Leagues The Cubs, Reds and the Braves. Sullivan was elected captain of the Cubs, Hess captain of the Reds and Edmondson captain of the Braves. The Braves are leading the league with two victories to their credit and no defeats.

FOURTH DIVISION RESIDENT STUDENTS

Minims Despite the fact that the Easter Holidays were late, the Minims managed to book quite a few games for the short baseball season remaining. They have games with Sacred Heart, St. Mary's, Corpus Christi, Purates, Holy Trinity and a return game with some of the teams already played. The Minims expect to win a majority of these games, even though they are playing some larger teams. The following men have been picked to represent the Minims for the present season: Schroeck, Harold Piatt, Ball, Hadder, Hannagan, Hayes, Boggan, Meyers, Amersbach, Scales, Herschell Piatt, Deery, Malo, Sprunck, Brightman, Fleck, Stephens-Rahe has been selected as the mascot.

Rubicons—5 In the initial game of the season, the Minims triumphed
vs. over the Rubicons, the score book showing that the Minims had nine runs to five for the visitors. Heavy hitting
Minims—9 featured throughout the game. The Minims secured sixteen hits off Snyder, while Piatt held the visitors to nine scattered bingles.

Scouts—21

vs.

Minims—5

In the second game, however, the Minims who were much lighter than their opponents, were defeated. The Scouts netted themselves 21 points while the Minims contented themselves with five. The Minims made many errors and this accounts to a certain degree for the one-sided score. The absence of their star flinger also made the team weaker.

Aetnas—4

vs.

Minims—7

In the third game the Minims again hit their old-time stride and came out the victors in a hard-fought game, as the score will show. Excellent fielding on both sides was the feature of the game, Meyers showing up exceptionally well in the garden.

Eurekas—6

vs.

Minims—3

In playing the Eurekas, the Minims showed that they had grit to tackle teams far out of their size, but not out of their class. The game was so well fought for that when the regular amount of innings had been played the score stood at the tie count of 3 to 3. This time lasted until the eleventh inning, when the Eurekas secured the winning three points. Piatt pitched an excellent game and the playing of both teams was of the A-1 variety. Sprunck secured a three-bagger, which was the longest hit made for the game.

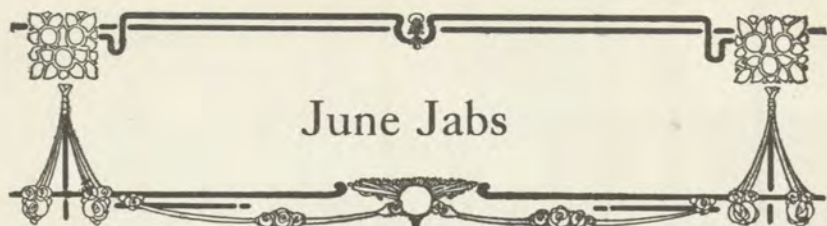
TRUST

A little cross,
Some pain or loss,
God gives to us each day to bear;
Beneath a cloud,
In whitest shroud,
Sleeps some ideal pure and fair.
It is His will,—
My heart, be still!

Let us not grieve!
Let us believe
God meant it for our better weal,—
Tho' burning tears
Thro' weary years
Tell how the sorrow will not heal.
His Heart, too, bled!
His tears were shed!

While here below
We may not know
His loving ways, nor understand:
The crown above
Will prove His love,
And we will kneel and kiss His Hand.
Our God is just,—
Shall we not trust?

—F. J.



June Jabs

Having completed his course in Sophomore Mathematics John Roth is now able to prove conclusively that there are four quarters in every pie.

Virgil Murphy by dint of diligent work has at last qualified as an explosive chemist. All the puffs to be had in the Chem Lab are not of the Old Nick variety. Ask Murphy, he knows.

Just a little hint to Crowley. Wear tennis shoes; they won't make a noise when dropped on the stairs at 1 a. m.

Lause, get numbers painted on the doors at home then you won't be embarrassed for want of an explanation.

We wonder who got the worst of it in the battle royal at the Engineering picnic. Somebody must think it takes three Germans to lick an Irishman, for Lause, Behrer and Zimmerman all hit Crowley at the same time. At that, there was some German blood shed.

Behrer is a sociable fellow. He always says, "Come on in I am going to buy one."

And, Behrer, did you really stand in front of The Metropolitan and wait for "Blue Beauty"?

SUPPOSE THAT—

Sourd should lose his childish treble.

Kinstle should boost modern women.

Richter should lose his foghorn.

Hess should quit playing clown.

Porter should stay away from Hill Street.

McFarland would attend a picnic.

It leaked out how Ryan and Roemer "hooked" that waterdog.

Garrity couldn't blush.

"Obie" would cut out his impersonations.

Lechleitner avoided Wyoming Street.

Synnet becomes a public speaker.

Murphy died on picnic day from eating wieners.

Crowley lost his melodious laugh.

Lause would forget to say—"I say so."

Mahoney would go back on the South.

Ohmer felt warm in winter.

Dunne had to spend another year in the First Division.

Brennan lost his burglar keys.

Swift Bros. would come back in their "touring car."

Hummert would hate chemistry.

Chemical Engineers would go back on Old Nick.

We found out why Murphy had only 19 candles on his 20th birthday cake.

Did not the year he lived in Urbana count?

Primaries—Tuesday, August 8, 1916



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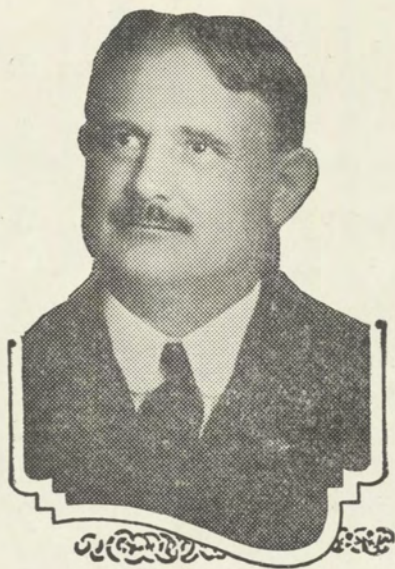


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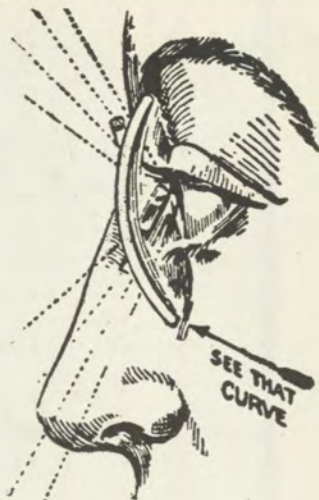
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