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THE EXPONENT

Published Monthly in the Interests of the Students of
St. Mary's College

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class mat-
ter under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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The Rail Splitter—Frontispiece

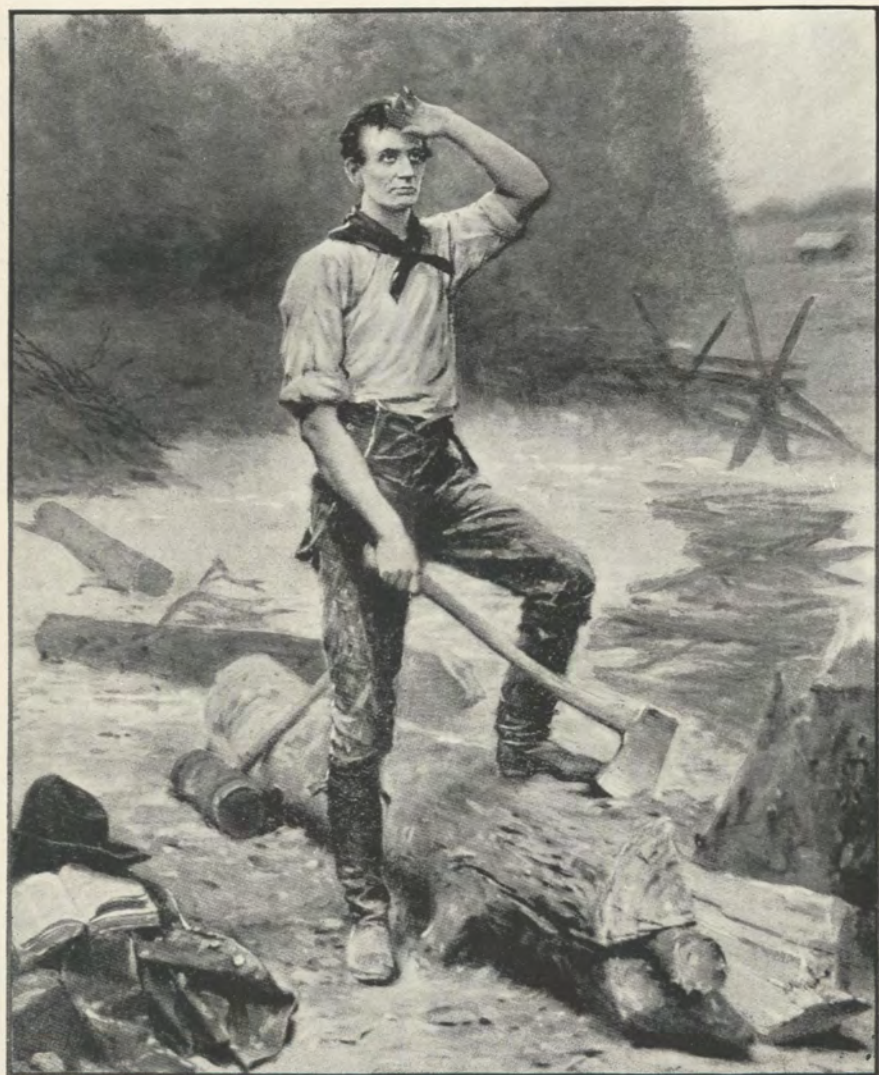
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THE RAIL SPLITTER

The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 2

ANNOUNCEMENT

1817—1917

THE

Centenary Celebration

of the foundation of the

Society of Mary

will take place in

October, 1917

The occasion will be an event of great interest to all the Members, and the Alumni, Benefactors and Friends of the Society of Mary.

The Exponent will keep its readers in touch with the plans for the celebration as soon as they mature.

Wait for the next number for the first details of the celebration.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. * * * In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded. * * * Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. * * * Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essen-

tially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships and enmities. * * *

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation (as ours)? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. * * *

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far

above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Should the Study of English be Slighted by a Student in a College of Engineering?

JOSEPH HOLTERS, '19; CARL DECKWITZ, '19

MANY students in an engineering department think that English is not essential to the engineer. Their ideas about the study of engineering is to get the mathematics and the sciences, and think that sufficient. They put aside English because they think it is not essential. How stupid they are! They do not realize how often an engineer is called upon to give a lecture. If he can speak in public he will be higher in the estimation of his employer.

Many engineers tell us what a great drawback to them it is to be unable to speak in public and write a good paper. Then again, we hear of engineers who have obtained high positions because of their ability to write and speak good English. Any number of examples could be cited where engineers have obtained large salaries because of their ability to convince other people that their goods were the best, and that their engine or generator was the most efficient.

Besides speaking in public, an engineer must be able to write a good report. Suppose that a young engineer were to hand in a report which his employer could not understand, or would have difficulty in understanding. Do you think the employer would raise him to a higher position? He would be foolish if he did. An engineer must be able to write a report which can be clearly understood by all who read it. He must be able to systematize his report, so that at one glance the person reading it can see the main points. This all comes under Engineering English.

A young engineer, when he applies for a position, must be able to write a good letter of application. When a young engineer applies for a position, he is often asked to write a letter of application. Some may ask why? The answer is very simple. The employer wishes to know if the applicant can write good English, and can put good form in letters. Besides letters of application, he must also be able to write a good circular letter that will catch the eye of the busiest business man. Indeed, every day the engineer is called upon to write a letter of some sort or other, perhaps, a circular letter, or perhaps a letter of recommendation.

However, the writing of a good report and the writing of letters

are not all. The engineer should be able to write articles for the different engineering magazines. How often is an engineer called upon to write papers. He is looked upon as a man who knows his business. Should he happen to use poor English in an article, he would be lowered in the estimation of his readers, while if he know how to use good English, the reader would have a far better opinion of him than he had before reading the article. If we pick up an engineering magazine we would find that a number of our most prominent engineers write lengthy articles for the magazines. If these men write articles for magazines, do you think the young engineer can become famous without doing the same as these men did?

The young engineer may say that he studied all this in his high school days. Take it for granted that he did. However, he did not study all the technical Engineering English in his high school days. He must gain a knowledge of the technical English in engineering writing and he must know how to apply this in his reports, articles or letters that he may have to write. He must also know when to use technical language, and when he should not use it. For instance, he would not use technical language in a report to a board of directors. However, he would use technical language if he were writing a report to another engineer.

Thus, we see that a young engineer cannot afford to overlook English. It is essential to him every day. He must write letters, reports, instructions to foremen, specifications, and write them with clearness, emphasis and conciseness. The main points must be so placed that they can be picked out at a glance. Above all, however, the engineer must be well versed in the technical language of engineering. If he is not, another engineer might think he is ignorant, or perhaps he may lose a job because of the lack of technical language. If the young engineer could only realize the great part that English plays in engineering, he would devote more time to it and less to the other studies of engineering.

JOSEPH HOLTERS, '19.

"Should the study of English be slighted by a student in a college of Engineering?"

To this question there is but one answer and that answer is "No"! The study of English should be considered more important than a branch of mathematics, for what can ever become of an engineer, a graduate of a good school, if he cannot express himself correctly and write correctly, even though he be a master of engineering studies?

The reason that a student in the Engineering school will slight English is this: English is the language in which he talks, thinks and works. He believes that when he has studied four years of high school English, he has accumulated everything that is to be learned in English. He has read Shakespeare and a large number of classics. He has memorized a few small poems, and he has by that time trained his mind to memorize after one or two readings of any poem. But give him a subject on which to write, say a four hundred word composition, he will throw up his hands in horror. Why? Because it is so easy to do. Give him some letters to write and he will growl, because you have failed to give him something to do which is equal to his capacity. True, there are engineering students who are able to do all these things correctly, but their numbers are not legion.

The engineering student should consider English as one of his most useful studies. Of course, the subject is not so difficult to show a fair front as his mathematics, and for this reason he will slight English. But if he can be made to see its importance, he will gain much by diligent study. He should be as sure of his English as he is sure of the use of formulas in his mathematics. But it seems that this idea of the importance of English will not sink into the gray-matter of some ambitious young engineers. Some day they will see their mistake, but not until they have lost their first or second position.

Let us learn by an example. A young chemical engineer starts out to take a position, with his degree and diploma and plenty of theory in his head. His work requires reports of all analyses made in the laboratory. English is necessary for good reports, and the advancement of an engineer depends largely on just the kind of reports that he makes. Then again, he is sent on the road by his company to sell their product. Here again, English comes into use. If the product he is selling is similar to that made by several companies, he must convince his prospective purchaser of the better qualities of his product. If his product is new on the market, he has a job before him. By the use of good English, which he thought was unnecessary, he is able to convince buyers of the superior quality of the product.

This idea holds not only for the chemical engineer but for any engineer as well. Good English is of the utmost importance to the civil engineer. In his business he is required to write many specifications and estimates and contracts. On the job as resident engineer, reports are daily routine, for the head of the company or chief engineer wants to know how the work is progressing. The resident engineer must send these reports regularly. Usually, a young engineer

just out of college, is given this job of writing reports, as the resident engineer is too busy with running the job. Of course, English is of no importance, whatever!

Let us take a look at it from another angle. The young engineer is striving along to make an impression on his employer, so as to get a better position. But when the employer tells him he has been selected to give a talk to the foremen of the shop on a certain subject, he wishes that the employer were dead. But is it not true that the educated man will be called upon for such assignments as this, no matter what his profession may be. An address, I think, is the supreme test of one's ability to use good English. In the case I have just mentioned, the shop foremen expect to hear something of interest, and also they expect to hear the address delivered in good English. Why? Because they believe that an engineer should have the command of good English, and is there any reason why he should not?

In all that I have said, I have tried to show the important part that English plays in the professional life of an engineer. In his everyday work and in his social life, good English is a necessity. It is for this reason that the student in an engineering school should study English with the same spirit that he studies his mathematics and science. Many an otherwise good engineer has lost out because of his inability to use good English.

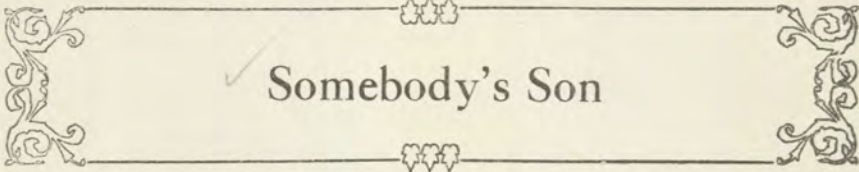
C. W. Baker, in *Engineering News*, Vol. 61, No. 25, page 538, expressed the importance of English when he wrote:

"Every engineer of long experience knows that the ability to write a clear report or a strong letter, to speak forcibly and convincingly, either to one man alone or an audience of hundreds—ability to do things like these is as valuable to an engineer as technical knowledge."

John Lyle Harrington voiced his opinion thus: "It is frequent to hear objections on the part of the student to this or that study because it is not practical; because, so far as he can discern, it has no bearing upon designing and constructing engineering works, which in his opinion constitute the sum total of engineering. The study of English is especially subject to such criticism, just as though it were not necessary to employ the language understandingly in the preparation of specifications, contracts, and advertisements, in instructions to other engineers, to contractors, and to foremen, in technical papers and books; in business correspondence, prospectuses, estimates, reports and other business papers, as well as in the social relations. It is singular how prevalent is the idea that this, the instrument most commonly used of all, the one upon the quality of which all others

depend, should be considered of little consequence. If you have neither knowledge to gain nor thought to convey, the study of English is evidently useless; but, in that event, so is the study of every other subject."

CARL DECKWITZ, '19.



Somebody's Son

R. J. RUXTON, '18

DR. GRAFTON sat in his private office on the third floor of Mercy Hospital, leaning back in his swivel chair and staring gloomily out of the window.

Outside, a cold drizzle hid the foggy outlines of the gaunt factories and tenements. The gas lights cast a sickly glow upon the splashy, muddy pavements. The tired workers hurried home and shivered as the chill wind blew from down the yellow river.

"Fate, fate!" muttered the doctor. What are we here for, anyhow? Most of us are mere human machines. When we are broken beyond repair, the scrap heap awaits us. Osler is right when he recommends ether for old, wornout wrecks."

He continued glaring out of the window, his spirits agreeing with the dark, heavy clouds outside.

"The seventeenth of February!" murmured Dr. Grafton as he thoughtfully scanned a photo above his desk. "Fifteen years ago and it seems but as a day."

Evidently the doctor was not feeling well today.

"Dick! Dick! where are you now?" and the doctor closed his eyes and was lost in a reverie.

Fifteen years ago, he and Dick had disagreed. Hot tempered and fiery, Dr. Grafton had met the same obstinacy in his son, Dick, which had been his own peculiar trait. Rather than give up his cherished plan of becoming a writer, Dick had left. Dr. Grafton had remained obdurate and encased himself in an armor of coldness and aloofness. He plunged madly into his work, devoting night and day to the practice of surgery, so that now his name was spoken deferentially by his fellow-doctors and respectfully by the internes.

How long the head of the staff of Mercy Hospital sat dreaming,

is not known. He was brought to his feet in a jump by the loud, clamorous ringing of his phone.

"Hello!"

"....."

"Accident? Very serious?"

"....."

"Yes! In a minute!"

He hung up the receiver, switched out the light and hurried down to the operating room, murmuring, "Another poor devil!"

In the white operating room a man lay groaning, while spurts of blood jumped from his mangled leg. The white-robed doctors and nurses were moving busily about, arranging knives, forceps and gauze. The sweet, nauseating smell of ether oppressed the air. The groaning died down to a moan as the injured man lapsed into sweet unconsciousness.

"What's this we have here?" Dr. Grafton growled as he neared the table, while a nurse swathed him in white.

"Accident, doctor! Leg smashed, veins and arteries severed, bone chipped and some internal injury," mumbled one of the white-clothed figures.

"H'm! About useless to work on him," he commented as he examined the moaning thing before him. "If he lives he will be a cripple and a charity-burden to others."

"Poor fellow! He's somebody's son," murmured the sweet-faced nurse as she held the limp arm of the man.

Dr. Grafton paused. It was unusual for him to delay work. Yet he paused and thought.

True, he was somebody's son, and perhaps there was a wrinkled, old mother waiting somewhere in the darkened kitchen, wondering why her boy didn't come home.

"Somebody's son!" repeated Dr. Grafton and then he set to work. Quickly and surely he cleaned the mangled leg. Deftly he arranged and sewed together the mangled parts. Feverishly he examined the internal injury. His breath came fast as he became more and more interested in this case. Here was a chance to show what science and skill could do. He gloried in his work, and as the last stitch was sown, and the last splotch of blood cleaned away, he felt that he had done a good night's work.

"Keep an eye on him and let me know the first thing in the morning when I come, how he is getting along, nurse," Dr. Grafton instructed as he drew off his rubber gloves and washed his hands.

"That was a neat job, doctor. You sure did fix him up fine,"

congratulated the house-surgeon as he pulled out his cigar case and offered one.

"Yes! I guess we fixed him up pretty well," Dr. Grafton assented as he puffed away.

That night Dr. Grafton did not sleep well.

"Guess it's that cup of coffee," he growled as he tossed about in his bed in the lonely house up on Grand Avenue.

But it was not that cup of coffee. It was something else.

"I might as well get up as lie here tossing about," he argued as he arose. Slipping on his bathrobe, he set down at the table and read a magazine.

But the book had no interest for him, though it was the latest number of the "American Surgical Journal."

"Wonder what's the matter tonight?" he murmured as he laid aside the magazine.

He sat there and thought of Dick. "Where is he tonight, my boy?" mused the old bent man as he rested his gray-haired head in his nervous hands. "Where is he? If he only would come back!" wished the broken heart, as it throbbed in the aching breast.

He awoke with a start. Was that the phone bell ringing? Stumbling downstairs, he snatched up the phone.

"Hello! hello!"

No answer.

Growling and grumbling, he groped upstairs and went to bed. He dozed, and had just fallen asleep when he awoke again. Was that the bell?

"That confounded nuisance!" He went downstairs. Angrily he grasped the receiver.

"Hello!" he thundered.

"Number, please!" drawled a sleepy voice.

"Number!" he shouted.

Then slamming the receiver on the table, he went up, grumbling and cursing.

It was two o'clock when he rested his weary head, for he heard the loud, deep-toned booming of St. Mark's.

He fell asleep, but not the peaceful sleep of quiet nerves and a good conscience. It was a troubled sleep, a sleep of the senses but not of the mind.

Early morn found him pacing up and down his room till breakfast would be ready. "Oh God! what a night!" he exclaimed as he wrung his hands and waited.

At breakfast James was unusually silent and reserved. With

the morning paper propped against the pot of coffee, he nibbled at his toast.

Impatiently he scanned the headlines.

"H'm! still killing one another over in Europe. Fools!" he muttered as he turned the paper.

A little paragraph caught his attention. He read:

"Doctor Performs Skillful Operation!

"Patient May Live!

"Dr. James Grafton, chief of staff at Mercy Hospital, and one of the best surgeons in this section of the country, performed a very skillful operation upon a young man who had been hurt in a railroad accident at East End. The young man is unknown, and only a few old letters and some verses written on bits of cardboard were found in his pockets. The young man has a chance to live."

"H'm! Guess I'll see him as soon as I get down. He's sort-a taken my fancy," commented Dr. Grafton, as he laid aside his napkin and arose.

On the way to the hospital he speculated whether the young man was still alive.

Arrived at the hospital, he was met by the night-nurse, who was waiting for him at the entrance.

"Oh, doctor! Didn't you get our message?" she asked at once.

"Message? When?" he replied.

"Half-past two we rang and rang until the operator said 'They don't answer.' He was getting worse, poor fellow," she added sympathetically.

They had come to the door. Inside the room all was still. The doctor listened.

"How's he resting, now?"

"Peacefully. He's dead!" she whispered.

"Dead?" and the doctor drew aside the coverlet from the thin, drawn face.

He looked long and steadily.

"Nurse, how did he die?"

"Very easy, doctor. He seemed tired. He spoke of mother and father, and murmured something we couldn't understand. It sounded like 'sorry, sorry,' " she sighed.

Dr. Grafton stared. On the table lay a few faded letters and some bits of cardboard. He walked over and examined them. He sat down and read first one letter, then another. His brow contracted and he appeared puzzled. Then he became deeply interested. Slow-

ly he understood. He sat there in the deep rocker and gazed absently at the still form in the bed.

With a sob choking him, he stumbled to the bed.

The nurse wondered why Dr. Grafton should act so strangely.

She left him, holding the cold hand of death, sobbing, "My boy, Dick, my boy."

He had found "somebody's son."

Why Some Young Men Are Failures

DANIEL COLLINS, '19; VIRGIL MURPHY, '17

TO open this article with the trite statement that many young men today are moral failures would be foolish, inasmuch as you already know it. But what are you going to do about it? Every upright man will answer, "Remedy it." And so we must. But to cure the disease we must first find the cause. Why are many young men moral failures? They have education, and should have culture. But the fact of the matter is that they leave neither of these in their true sense. Why?

The source of much of the trouble is in the home, where, of all places, it should not be. It may surprise some readers of this article when I say that nine-tenths of the moral degradation of a person today begins about two years after birth. The parents coddle and pet the child until it rules the home. This sway continues and grows stronger day by day. The boy is sent to school, where a well-meaning teacher tries to induce him to study. The result is a flare-up, and one of those spiteful, malicious squabbles that lasts for years. The lad is finally shoved through high school by teachers glad to be rid of him. He goes to college and perhaps squeezes through on the "Old Man's" money or reputation. More frequently he is kicked out. He goes all through his worthless life, thus, with charity toward none and malice toward all.

Suppose, however, that the young fellow has received a good Christian training at home. The time arrives for him to go to a secular college. There he attends courses which educate him mentally, but not morally. Not a word of God does he hear except in a course. He is away from home. Temptations assail him. He remembers the Christian precepts taught him at home. But they are childish! No

one at college thinks of them, so he reasons, and not infrequently falls.

Now, for the young man in the ordinary working paths of life. He starts to work, let us say, at the age of sixteen. At the shop he usually falls in with companions of his own age. Like many of our modern youth, he has received an indifferent religious training. He may not be bad, but he is not good, either. Now, it is a well-known saying that when boys gather together, what one cannot think of, another will. So they tell stories, and the lad dirties his soul with their filth. He is started now, and in time will undoubtedly become as the rest of them. But here is the question: "Why are so many lads like this one? Why are they indifferently trained in religious matters? Why are the homes deficient in this regard?"

The fault lies at the parent's door. Why did they not train their child according to the Ten Commandments? Probably, because they themselves had forgotten them. It is the old story over again. Ancient Greece and Rome are trite examples of degeneration and its consequences, but they preach a terrible lesson. It will be remembered that when pride, luxury, and ease and idleness crept in, so did wickedness. It existed not only among the rich in those days, but with the poor as well. That was long ago, but God pity us, we have it now also. We have become proud, forgetful of our duties in our ease and luxury, sinful in our idleness.

But frequently, the young person, trained carefully in the precepts of righteousness, seems bent on his own downfall. In some of these cases, nothing can be done. We make a great mistake, however, with this young upstart. We let him stay home, or rather use the home for eating and sleeping, instead of kicking him into the street. He carouses, he disobeys, he abuses his parents, and still he is allowed the freedom of the home, when he is not fit for the clean mud of the pig-sty.

Why do our young men fail? Ask those writhing in anguish in the world below. Ask the wretched, rotten derelicts who crowd the streets, the saloons and gambling parlors in search of questionable amusement. Ask the parents, abused, disgraced in their old age by their boys—their boys, and they will answer with one voice: "We have lacked in obedience to the one great Lord."

It may seem useless for me to turn your eyes to misery-haunted Europe. But there men have found, in the punishment of an all-merciful Master, that lack of religion has brought misery, starvation, and death to their homes. Are we to wait until such a calamity assails us, before we turn to duty's path again? Shall we provoke such

consuming wrath? But words are useless, but the wail of starving children, the moans of dying men, and the gaunt faces of suffering women may some day prompt us to do our duty to our homes, our children, our country, and our God.

DANIEL COLLINS, '19.

"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today," is a familiar adage, and the worth of this proverb has no better exemplification than that portrayed in the "young-man failure."

It is the constantly putting off of some duty to perform, the habitual shirking of some task, the lack of interest in his work, the carelessness and laziness with which he performs what little work that he does, and the eternal watching of the clock, that same piece of mechanism which is constantly, tick by tick, shortening his life in the world of success, which cause the young man, "might have been," to be relegated to the heap of "couldn't bes," and "hasn't beens." This refuse pile where Success dumps her non-diligent suitors, is daily growing more and more enormous. We will name it the "Mountain of Fools." It is in the land of Carelessness, which is the land for all of those who attempt to thwart the justice of that goddess to whose allegiance we should be loyal.

Where do we find these conditions which tend to lead a young man down the path of Failure? Everywhere! Satan is everywhere. He is the sole agent for these "quick sellers" which cause a young man's "quick failure." These quick sellers are always present, and it is always the "bargain-hunting young man," he who always bargains for something for nothing, namely success without work, that gets in on the first-choice assortment. But where he gets home in the land of Carelessness he finds to his chagrin that he should have bargained with a little more shrewdness. The bargain counter of life is individually watched over by that strict yet ever welcoming goddess, Success. She is the dispenser of the goods. Her scales and measures are exacting, but whoever has received his allotment from her measurements can feel assured of a constant quantity.

Are those who fail simply the dupes of a determined nature? Is it their fate to be put down in the book of life on the failure-side, or is it their own negligence, in overcoming the tendency of man, to shirk trying to conquer or the tendency of sloth. It is usually the fault of the one who fails. He is one who does not understand life. He has even failed to try to acquire any knowledge of his existence. Nine times out of ten he can be classed with that collection of beings known as the "dead ones."

It is always inherent in man's nature to be averse to expending energy in trying to attain something. Every man in a certain sense of the word is a bargain-hunter. Yet he who succeeds always uses his will and intelligence. He must. He who succeeds, perseveres. He who fails does not persevere. The word, as it were, is the cross that he who succeeds must take up and bear. He who fails, would not carry the cross. Perseverance is the backbone of the man who succeeded. It was the wish-bone of him who failed.

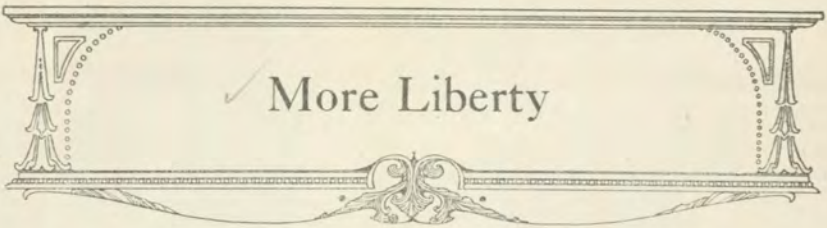
There is a man who for a while "slipped" his way into the halls of a dilusory Success, but soon he found that he was led into the dungeon of despair, for he had failed. There are some who under the disguise of pretended diligence, have sneaked into the ranks of those truly trying for success, but the reckoning must inevitably come, and they will fall by the wayside, unseen by those who follow, with eyes full in front and up-looking to that all desired destination, the land of Success.

The failures seem to increase daily. Statistics tell us this much. Is it because there are more temptations, more things which lend to lead astray of the road to Success? If these have increased, then also the fact is assured that the opportunities for success have also increased. They stand in a proportion of equality. They are relative. Is it the educational tendency of the day, which leads the flowering youth to forsake his opportunities, and consequently to be numbered with the slain, which piles up the "Mountain of Fools." The social tendencies of our modern life are tending to conscript our young men, and to make them serve in the ranks of the failures, that mighty army who had their chance but failed.

These questions and numerous others have both their pros and cons for the young-man failure. But it is not a question for the community to decide. It is a question of each and every young man to decide. When going out into the world he should know his power. Let him be up and doing. He should have the desire to be one of the individual spokes in the wheel of life. He should try to lead others to obtain success so that that old saying might be eradicated which says, "The failures we have always with us."

VIRGIL MURPHY, '17.





More Liberty

DEAN MCFARLAND, '18

FROM the birth of humanity, down through the ages, the world has witnessed changes, innumerable changes, some for the betterment of mankind, others for her detriment. These changes have invaded every walk of life, scientific, religious, professional, and that of laymen. Among these changes and revolutions, the cry most prevalent in this early twentieth century is, "More Liberty" at College.

This, indeed, is a subject which demands much reflection, for it is during these very periods, the time spent at college, that the characters of our future generals of the world are formed. The average student, upon leaving the academic course, looks forward to the days of the early fall, when the town newspaper will carry the clipping "John Wilson will leave tomorrow for the University of ———, to study law. The success of his father in the legal practice assures a rapid rise for the boy." What a sad mistake to have his success warranted from that of a father.

Yet that paper forgot to say that John Sr. was not educated at this University, but at a little school in the most remote plains where people were as scarce as golden nuggets, and privileges as few as those allotted to wives by hard-headed husbands. This is where he studied, plugged, played, and formed the foundation of his future success. He had no fraternity where he might while away the early morning in dissipation as will confront his son. No card tables were present to snatch away his allowance, for he had no allowance. Nor were there any ball-rooms in the father's college town, where a man was an outcast if he appeared in other than fashion's latest evening suit.

"You say times have changed." True, only too true, but how? The world herself is at fault in this respect, for she praises, she eulogizes and celebrates the victories of the large universities, and it is the small college that gives her men to check her finances, wield her power and devise means of overthrowing a rival world.

Many parents plan brilliant careers for a son or daughter at the

fashionable school, knowing they have always been diligent pupils at home. But how often they are foiled and why? The lure, the temptation is too great. There is a fraternity dance tonight; tomorrow the team plays Owens and we must charter a car and go there; Friday the Phi Kappa Gamma have initiation, and Saturday we are going to motor to the sea and spend the week-end. Have you a son who can resist the temptation. If you have he ought to be crowned with jewels and placed beyond the reach of humans, for he who lives in the danger shall perish in it.

It is at this very time of year that the phrase "More Liberty" means much to all. Think of the many students who will be dismissed after failing to reach a certain mark for the first semester. Why is this? Is it because they are dull? Is it the teacher's fault? Is it because their preparatory course was not thorough enough? No, my friend, these are not the reasons. They are as apparent to you as the sun which sinks in the western sky. 'Twas liberty caused it.

Some assert the greater the liberty, the greater the college spirit. What is college spirit, may I ask you? College spirit is of two kinds. The first consists of lawlessness, dissipation and rowdyism. Perhaps, this is the college spirit that increases with liberty. The second is something finer than this. It is that eagerness to make a grateful use of all the opportunities which enable a student to keep his own body fit through moderate exercise, and a mental training that knows no such season as examination. Yes, to some, college spirit is this and far more. They see that vision of an ideal life beyond commencement, which shows a man that only through the rigid subordination of transient and trivial pleasures, can he hope to become the only great victory a University ever wins, a trained, devoted and inspired alumnus working for the welfare of mankind.

At boarding schools the restrictions must be greater than in day school, for here are gathered together several hundred students of the different dispositions. The rules are made not as handicap for some, but in order to meet the wants of all. Some smoke, others drink, a few gamble, a few others curse. In order to check the effect these natural failings would have on companions, rules are made which prohibit drinking, gambling, cursing, and limit smoking. It is a well known physiological fact that the most harmful impediment to the growing mind is smoking, and yet it is as hard to impress this upon the minds of young America as it would be to attempt to stop the Mexican trouble by shooting from the border at Villa.

Any gentleman who is in any way connected with court dealings, will assure you that the beginning or starting place of all vice is the

street, and yet this is where the modern student craves to be in his idle hours, and especially so when the dusk of nightfall has arrived. Education is not only the mental upliftment, but the moral upliftment as well. Are the streets carrying out their program of educating you?

If you desire greater liberty show by your actions, your studies, and your character that you can stand more. Most of those who crave the most can stand the least. In your cravings have in mind something loftier than spending an evening in a hotbed of vice like an improper show or pool room. There are plenty of educational places to go, without frequenting places that you could not converse about with your best friend.

Should you ever desire to choose a school either for yourself, your child or another's, be not solicitous, saying, "Which has the greater teams, the greater frats and is best known? Think over the question seriously before arriving at a conclusion; weigh the vice of the one against the purity of the other; athletics against physical training; application against frivolity, and then decide. I need not tell you what your answer will be, but I assure you that if this were the case, many far-famed highly endowed institutions of learning would make room for a new regime of education, conducted under the auspices of the small college. I ask you, Mr. Schwab, thou noble endower of thy Alma Mater, are you not satisfied that the small college well fitted you for your life's work, and that little did you miss the liberty denied you at your Alma Mater.

The Cur

R. M. LENT, '18

"GET out of here, you cur!" bellowed a harsh voice. The swinging doors of Pat Casey's saloon swung open, and a drunken sop stumbled out, aided by a vigorous push from Pat Casey, himself.

Inside, the humming of the electric fan and the tinkle of ice in the glasses made its merry sound. Outside, the roar of the elevated as it clattered past, and the rumbling of the heavy ice wagon jarred upon one's nerves. The hot July sun shone glaringly upon the sticky asphalt. The man rose slowly, steadied himself against a telegraph pole, which seemed to sway to and fro, so that he clutched it with

both hands. Finally, he gave it up as hopeless, and slid gratefully down upon the pavement. He rested his back against the offending pole, and stretched his unsteady legs to the curbstone.

"A curbstone cur!" remarked the milkman as he rattled by in his white wagon.

There was a blare of bugles and the thundering of drums. The cur squinted one eye upwards to see if it was going to rain. Satisfied that there was no danger, his head sank upon his beer-stained shirt and the flies buzzed around him.

Again there came the blare of bugles and the thundering of drums, accompanied by the rumble of marching feet.

The cur braced himself, blinked his bleary eyes and hiccupped "can't—sl—eep—!"

The brown lines of khaki-dressed men rose and fell in even beat to the rattling of the drums. The band crashed into the opening bars of a march.

"Sold-iers!" hiccupped the cur, and he waved his hand and became maudlin.

It was night. The cool wind from the harbor chilled a sordid, hunched figure, seated on a bench in Patterson Park. The cur rose, tried his legs and found they were steady. He looked about. The park was dark. The leaves rustled in the night breeze, while over there the city lay dark and silent.

"How'd I get here?" wondered the cur as he recognized the familiar bench and bushes. "Guess I must-a come here in my dream. Funny, ain't it?" he commented as he searched in his pockets for a pill.

"Broke!" he mumbled, and then sat down, as he had nothing else to do.

He looked across the bushes and saw lights, bonfires, and groups of men darkly outlined against the red glare.

"'Tain't election," argued the cur. "Soldiers, maybe. Yep, heard about trouble in Mexico. Goin' to fight. That's the stuff, boys. Fight like,—and the cur fell asleep.

Next morning the twitter and chirping of the birds awoke him. He rubbed his eyes and gazed over to the camp.

"Guess I'll see what's doing," he muttered, as he painfully rose from the wet, dew-laden grass and stretched his stiff limbs.

"Gosh! I'm hungry," he exclaimed as he tightened his belt. The odor of good coffee came floating from the camp.

"Pretty soft, boys!" commented the cur, as he saw the boys of the Third M. N. G. line up for their morning meal.

The cur turned away and began to walk briskly. Likewise, he did some tall thinking.

"Funny, ain't it? Gran'dad was in the Civil War, Dad in the Spanish War, and here's my chance. It's going to get cold soon, and down along the border it's always warm, besides you get good eats. Guess I'll enlist," he concluded as he walked to the recruiting station.

Two months later, down on the border, near the yellow Rio Grande, the Third M. N. G. camped. The sun was blistering hot, and the sand glared and burned. Seated in the shade of his shelter tent, Private Land sweltered.

"Gosh, she's hot!" he exclaimed, then he cautiously looked around. No one was near. Deftly he pulled a quart bottle from under his blanket, covered it with his hands and took a good, healthy swig, because he was the cur and it was his nature.

The bottle was not idle. One swig demanded another, the second provoked the third.

An hour later the guard picked him up.

The cur awoke slowly, fumbled in the dark and cursed loudly.

"Shut up! you bum! You'll have the captain on you soon. You're drunk!" yelled the corporal of the guard.

The cur, otherwise when sober known as Private Land, did time in the guardhouse. He was becoming notorious for the great quantities of ratgut he could absorb. How he got the devilish stuff was a puzzle, but he got it.

Company K was ordered on scout duty. Rumors of bandits came thick and fast. In light marching order, the brown line trailed across the sandy wastes. The cur was in line and sweating like a horse.

His canteen contained water.

"That ain't no man's drink," he grumbled as he swung his heavy rifle from his right shoulder to his left.

"Halt!" shouted the dust-covered captain.

The line slowed up, then stopped. They were in a narrow valley, and the hill slopes, studded with boulders and cactus bushes, were safe hiding places for the wily bandits.

"Boys! we're in a ticklish place. Who of you will go up to that hilltop and scan the country around? You can see pretty well from there, and we want to know where we are."

Several men stepped out. One of them was Private Land. He scented trouble and he ached for a fight.

Captain King eyed them critically. He chose three, Corporal Kerg and Privates Brown and Land.

"Might as well take Land and get some good out of him," murmured the captain.

The three tightened their belts, slung their rifles over their shoulders, and with an automatic in the right hand they snaked and toiled up the hill.

Company K made camp, threw out guards, and settled down to wait. The sun sank, lighting up for a few minutes with a golden glare the sandy slopes of the rugged hills.

Up the hill climbed the three. Each rock and boulder, each bush and shrub were examined for a possible hiding bandit. By evening they reached the top. Sweeping the country round about with their powerful field glasses they did not notice the crouching figures hidden in the shadows along the hillside.

"Ping!"

Corporal Kerg crumpled upon the sand, his field glass rolling down the hill.

Brown and Land ducked. They unslung their rifles, but in the gathering gloom could not make out their hidden foe. They pulled the dead body in front of them and with this as a breastwork, waited and listened.

The sun had disappeared and the stars rushed out. The night settled upon the dead and the two watchers on the hill.

"What's that down there, Land?" whispered Brown.

"I can't see anything," Land answered.

"Well, I'm going to take a chance on it." Brown rested his rifle on the dead body, aimed and fired.

The flash of the rifle betrayed his position, a dozen rifles flared, and the bullets whistled. Two of them found their mark.

"They've got me," gasped Brown, who shuddered and grew still. Land dug himself into the sand.

"Good night! They've got my number, but this old bird ain't going to give up without a fight. Darn if he will."

Dragging the two dead ones together, he placed them side by side, with enough space between for him to wriggle in. He placed the three rifles handy, put the automatics where he could grab them, and waited.

The wind rustled gently and the stars shone upon the lone watcher on the hill.

"Need a drink!" the cur mumbled, as he felt his lips and searched for his canteen.

"Empty!" he grunted and laid it aside. A slight noise of pebbles rolling down the hill made him cautious.

Wriggling deeper into the sand, and covering himself with the two dead ones, he listened.

Away down in the valley the red camp fires glowed, then gradually died out.

"Diablo!" hissed a serpent voice, "he ees not here."

"The fun I ain't, Mex, but you got to get me," chuckled the cur as he dug still deeper into the loose soil.

A flash of light flared. Land, peering from under his cover, saw two Mexican bandits flaring their flashlights under bushes and in back of boulders.

"Darn if I wouldn't like to plug 'im," Land thought as they went groping about.

Down in the valley a light flashed. Land watched. They thought he was signalling and they were answering.

"Let's see what they say?" the cur mumbled as the light flashed and died out.

"C-o-m-e—d-o-w-n."

"Thanks! Show me how?" he sniffed as the odor of roast meat and coffee came to him from the bandits' hiding place.

"Gosh, I'm thirsty. Wonder if old Brown or Kerg has something." He reached for their canteens.

"For the love of Pete! What's this?" the cur smelled. "Whiskey! Well if I ain't the lucky devil. Here goes, boys. One pull! God stuff! Two in honor of the Mexicans!"

Land was getting sleepy.

"Got to have another drink to keep awake," he mumbled as he took another, and still another healthy drink.

"All gone!" he thickly coughed as he drained the last drop.

Down in the valley, the light flickered and spelled.

"W-h-a-t—i-s—t-h-e—t-r-o-u-b-l-e?"

"Trouble? There ain't no trouble," murmured the cur as he rolled over the dead ones and stretched out for a sleep.

"Good night, boys! I'm on my way to Mandalay," he hiccupped and snored.

"Diablo, what's thees, Panchite?" exclaimed a burly, greasy Mexican as he kicked the cur in the ribs.

"Another one of those American pigs," answered Panchito as he quickly rifled the three laying there, and then turned away to let the others help themselves.

Brown and Kerg they threw into a gully. But the cur lay where he had fallen, asleep, a disgrace to himself, with only John Barley-corn for a friend.

✓ The Family Album

JOHN B. KILLORAN, '18

ALBUMS are albums. Of course there are all kinds, but that goes without saying. Some are old, some are new; but whether they are made of the finest quality or just common ordinary albums; whether they are in the homes of the rich or in the homes of the poor, they serve the same purpose and are respected in the same manner.

Ancestral deeds are a source of pride to every family. Even in the olden days, when photography was unknown, warriors and knights were inspired to accomplish great feats by the reciting and singing of the mighty deeds of their ancestors. Even so today. Children love to hear that grandfather or great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War, or helped Bruce win back freedom for the Scottish race, or even accomplished so great a feat as crossing the ocean. They will in their childish quarrels endeavor to vanquish their foe by flaunting these heroic deeds in the face of their enemy. The other, if he is not able to retaliate with so great or greater achievements, is forced to concede the victory to his opponent.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for dukes and counts, especially from England, to repair their broken fortunes in America. They are most gracious and condescending when they agree to take the hand in marriage of some young, beautiful, richly-endowed, but alas, light-headed American princess, and magnanimously and without the least qualms of conscience, give in return their title and their ability to trace an ancestral tree back a few centuries, perhaps.

Since the "family tree" proves to be such a valuable asset in life, it is only natural, that the album should come into existence, to act as proof and as witness in case of any dispute as to the existence of any part or the whole of that tree.

So I say, albums are albums, no matter where found. Could these queer objects of respect and love but give to the world all the sorrow, love, hatred, disgrace and noble deeds that their sight recalls, what knowledge might the world possess! But alas, their lot is to remain silent. Locked between their covers are coveted secrets which no man may obtain and there they will remain, unless the "keepers" desire to unlock the doors and delight an audience by the unraveling of magical signs in the form of ancestral photographs.

I had the pleasure, as a boy, of learning the mystic signs of an especially interesting album. It was while on a visit to my aunt, who lived in a little town in Indiana, that I became quite friendly with a little, kind, old Irish lady, who lived but a few doors from my aunt's palatial residence. On one particular visit to the kind old soul, my attention was drawn to a large black, brown-faded book, that had been placed with careful consideration on the center of a stand. Silver tips embellished the corners, and a silver buckle kept its covers fast. On the center of the front cover was embossed an oval picture of the Lakes of Kilarney, the pride of all the Irish race. The questions of a child were not long in obtaining all that could be learned concerning its history and its contents.

It is not my intention to enter into details as to this album, but merely to relate in my own words, a few of the interesting facts as they were given to me, and to prove that every album has the power of recalling memories that are near and dear to those that possess them. This album was one of the few treasured articles that the old lady would not part with on her trip across the ocean. To be sure, it did not contain pictures of many, nor could those, whose likeness were kept within, be numbered among Ireland's beloved chieftains, but they were near and dear to the old lady's heart.

The first picture, as I distinctly remember, was one of a man who possessed a kindly countenance. He was dressed in the peculiar garb of his day and clime, and upon questioning learned that it was the likeness of her father. He had been a strict, just and kind man to all who knew him, and most especially to his large family of thirteen children. He had been a most influential man in his day, having a lease on the largest farm for many miles around, according with the Irish custom, for as long as "the waters run and the grass is green." But the fairies, though he would never harm them, were not content that he should remain happy and prosperous.

One night, while they were seated at the table, a knock was heard. A withered old hag begged shelter and food for the night. This was granted. In the morning before leaving, the woman conveyed tidings which soon was to have effect on their united family. She foretold of death, failure of the season's crops, and a plague among the cattle. The father was loath to believe all that she told, and chiding her, bid her begone. "My good woman," he said, "it is not for me to question what God has in store for me. He has blessed me with a large family and with wealth. If it be His desire to take from me any part or the whole, I am content."—"Be not so rash, my good sir, nor scorn my warnings. Do as I say. Tomorrow at

sunset kill one of thy fattest fowl. Do you then walk to the boundary of the next county, and pitch its carcass as far as you can throw. Sprinkle its blood on thy cattle and scatter its feathers over thy fair fields. I am not able to avert all thy misfortunes, but at least in part I have power over them." With this she departed, leaving the whole household in a state of sadness. The father determined to ignore her commands, and bid the entire family to forget her and her foolish prophecy, saying, "pray to God, and in Him alone place thy trust."

A month after, the cattle were stricken with a disease and in a fortnight not one remained. The crops were then destroyed by a terrible storm, and within the following year the mother and nine children were laid to rest. The father, coming home from a county fair, soon after, found rest from all sorrow at the hands of a hostile clan. Thus, a family, which was begun under such happy circumstances, found sorrow written on the hearts of a few members that remained.

Wiping away a truant tear that was wending its way down her furrowed cheek, my indulgent friend with a sigh turned to another page, the sight of which brought a smile to her kindly face. Here was the picture of a brother, who after the death of the father had migrated to America, where, after much suffering and hard struggling, he had been ordained a servant of the great Master. How that kind old soul dwelt upon the greatness and the accomplishments of this idolized brother. None ever had taken or could take the place of him who had consecrated his services to the Almighty.

Next, I remember, was the picture of a little chap of meek and humble appearance, with long trousers, a double-breasted coat that was meant for someone else, a large white sailor collar, the custom of those days, set off by a large flowing tie to complete his costume. On the whole he presented a pleasing appearance. He had been the trial of his sister's life on the road to Dublin and to America, demanding everything that he chanced to see, and refusing to go further unless his wants were supplied. Sure he was the "black sheep" of the family, who never would work, but kept wandering around and could never content himself in America.

Her stories were many and varied. I only wish I might give them to you as they were given to me. Pictures of aunts and uncles in the old country, a bachelor cousin who still retained the old farm, with the life-long lease, and who was ever waiting endeavoring to learn if "Johnny" the wandering brother could be found. His one wish was that he might return and take over the old farm, thereby keeping it in the family, where it had been for several past generations. Pictures of these and others brought forth stories of interest

by their sad and amusing incidents, until the dying rays of the sun, foretelling the close of another day, awakened us to the fact that we were still living in the present.

Might I convey to you the trials and troubles of a few of Ireland's unhappy people; might I convey some of the folk-lore and doings of the "fairies" of that Emerald Isle, as they were conveyed to me, my heart would be content. Might I arouse in each of you that read, a little of the sympathy deserving to that persecuted race, for all the blood shed in freedom's cause, my efforts would be more than well repaid.

Of Irish descent, my heart aches for all those poor wretches that have thus far been and will continue to be under the rule of England, the so-called "defender of the weak." May God see fit in His all gracious mercy one day to permit the Irish nation, which has ever kept faith with Him, again to come into their own, that in peace and contentment they may exist a united nation, a right they so richly deserve.

The Presentation of Mary

How beauteous are thy steps, O royal Child,
As, young in years, but unapproach'd in worth,
Thou, spurning all the blandishments of earth,
Didst give thyself, a victim undefiled,
Unto thy God forever! Heaven smiled
In pristine, radiant, cloudless mirth,
As on the day of thy immaculate birth,
For God again with man was reconciled.

Oh! teach us, tender, lofty-minded Maid,
To keep our hearts for Him who gave His own
As ransom for the heavy debt of all,
Contracted 'neath fair Eden's fateful shade;
Let each heart yield itself His loyal throne,
Responsive to no other save His call!

—G. M., '18

Are College Young Men Students?

GEO. R. KINSTLE, '17; LAW. V. MONTANUS, '17

FROM what source springs this apparently contradictory question? Naturally, an answer without forethought would contain the statement that a college young man is a student, otherwise he would not receive the name. But it is not an unwise question. If it were, our college authorities, professors, parents, and ourselves would not put for a plausible answer, the question. It cannot be forgone, when we consider the actions of certain classes of college men, who seem to have buried in the depths of the unknown and the unknowable the ideal which they have planted, and which their parents have helped to grow. The question is very timely, since, modernly speaking, we do not know whether a certain class of individuals is in earnest or not. Moreover, excluding the man at college, and considering the apparent failures of these who had been there at one time, was graduated, and made an attempt at life and lost in the long run, it cannot be doubted at all that not every college young man is a student.

What, however, is meant by study? This is what is thought by some: namely, to perform the tasks assigned, and that, slovenly and meagerly, indifferent as to whether they are entirely correct, partially correct, or not correct at all. If a true, through and through college man were asked what he calls study, he could not adequately answer. He does not know just exactly what study is, but he can say that it is a craving, a longing of his higher faculties which he cannot very well appease, but which on the contrary increases in zeal in proportion to the amount of energy he exerts. Is this ideal? By no means. It is no more than what every young man should realize, if he bears in mind what he is sent to college for. Hence, those who do only what they must do, do not study. They drudge.

The drudgers are those who go to school because they have to. Perhaps this is not the proper name for that class. It will suffice, however, if we consider them from the point of view that they study like slaves, that is, because they are driven to it. They can be compared to a mule whose make-up seems to be stubbornness. We often

wonder at the way in which these animals sometimes do their work. They are literally beaten to it. The same may be said of some college men. They must be eternally coaxed unto doing the required work. Sometimes they are honeyed to it. And in the end they hand in a poor specimen of imitation, and infringement on the copyright of another fellow-student. By this we are led to admire the sublime patience of some teachers, whose pedagogical careers are blemished by the stubborn unwillingness of some college men. Such men will agree with me when I say that the best part of this so-called student's day consists in the time spent away from college, that is in the fulfillment of "permits" to town. And their professors will agree with me when I say that their final end is unpopularity with others and ill success in later life.

The idle man cannot be called a student. I do not wish that the idler be classed with the drudge; although often this must be done. A man may appear to be diligent and industrious, and still he is idle. In other words, he does not do the right things at the proper time. Now, every college has its library in which the free periods of a student are spent. It is the place and the time to study, to prepare for future courses. But that is just what the idler will not do. On the contrary, he will read the most attractive magazine before him, irrespective of its educational value, and for the sole purpose of amusement. He will even amuse himself with the pictures contained therein, a thing unpardonable in a college young man. At his courses he is distracted, finding it very difficult to be attentive, and more difficult to banish the images aroused in his mind by his idle readings. He will be content, however, with inattention and with learning nothing. He will find time to criticize his teachers, blaming them for his lack of education, just because foolish reading has blinded his intellect to the truth and the serious. Such a young man is not a student.

Should we, then, despair of the college young man's career? Not at all. For every drudger and every idler there is a worker or two, a student in the strict sense of the word. We can always pick him out from among the others. He always bears the expression of contentment. He is always satisfied,—not with the knowledge he has acquired, but with the treatment of his fellowmen, and the zeal displayed by his professor in imparting the knowledge. He will not rest on his laurels, but will strive for an end which he cannot fully comprehend, but which he knows to be, nevertheless. If he is assigned one duty, he will augment it, or perform two. He does not study because he must, but because he wills it. When he hands in the demanded work it has the imprint of industry and assiduity, of

a duty well done. This is the man who goes beyond the necessary and assumes other tasks. He helps to boost his college by the example he has shown, by the work he has left behind him. He is the college young man who succeeds. He is the student.

Thus, we see that not all college young men are students. Some attend college for the fun that is in it. Others attend college because they have a career to fill, a national constitution to support. Is it difficult to be classed with the better sort? No; not if we remember that man's intellect can never be fully satisfied while on this mortal earth. Remembering this, we shall never rest on what we have learned, but go abroad and beyond the sea of the seemingly learned. Holding this in view, there can be no room for the clamorings of the pseudo-student. There will be no place for "more liberty," "more time," and more "permits." Hence, although he should be, not every college young man is necessarily a student.

GEO. R. KINSTLE, '17.

The primary object of the college is to start men on the road of education. It does not intend to make out of anyone a finished scholar after three or four years spent under its directing hand. With such an end in view, then, the college, like every kind and farseeing guardian, endeavors to awaken, nourish and perfect, to some degree, all of those traits in its wards which go to make up what we call a student.

If this topic were to be the subject of a laboratory practice we might proceed to define it, describe its essential characteristics, indicate its location in nature, and the like. But that is too dogmatic and dry. It is true that we will stand for being told things occasionally, but where it is possible we like to be left to ourselves in drawing conclusions. Let us, then, take a lingering "squint" at some of the virtues of modern college men.

Judging from the loving epithet which many earnest people apply to a college career, we must conclude that young men at college are far from being students. Just as with anything else, good goes with the bad in being branded as junk. Among college young men there are students and real students, otherwise there would not be any colleges. There are, likewise, those who are not students, and whose majority, I might say, is responsible for the inferior opinion held of many college men.

Not entirely unfounded, therefore, is this accusation, for if an outsider could see the avidity with which sporting and society sections of Sunday papers are devoured, he would not wonder why that branch of knowledge just edges out all time for serious investigation.

It is a deplorable fact that the college of today houses more society bodies than a hotel of corresponding size. The aim of many good-fellows is not to see how many nights they can burn overtime the light in their "cell," but to see by how much they can increase the light bill of somebody's father. Another more deplorable fact—because it has swelled to the proportions of an epidemic—is that the magnet of sport draws so many minds to itself that such topics form their sole daily sustenance.

Why college men are so undeserving of the term, students, is due to a legion of reasons. Among the first and foremost is one which in America, at least, is a real evil. Parents who have worked hard to acquire what worldly goods they do possess, realizing the great handicap of a poor education, consider it an indispensable duty to give their children a higher education. Perhaps, the boy has an inherited dislike for books and school. Nevertheless, off to college he is packed. Truly, then, is college life for him nothing else but a sentence. Scarcely can he become what his parents would see him—a student—for the first element is lacking,—he isn't interested.

Another sorry tale to hear is that the coming generation is light-minded. Whether it is the cause, or whether it is the effect of that lust of pleasure which has seized and now controls men's minds, is hard to tell. Waiving that point, only that which is trivial, that which pleases for the moment, that which is acquired and retained without much effort is in demand. Serious study is sacrificed at the shrine of Luke McLuke, and useful knowledge needs dusting from sheer want of handling.

In all this slighting of real, profitable work for the sake of pleasure, who is to blame? Is it the college? It certainly cannot be, for every institution labors to accomplish the end of its existence, and uses the necessary means. The college sets before every one of its newly received applicants for admission a table of rare foodstuffs. Here they are awaiting the mere touch of a conveying hand. But, no! The pleasure-seeking youth, with vim in his veins, refuses to eat for fear of the indigestion of inconvenience. He prefers to dissipate his present strength and run the risk of receiving his food from some other sources, and thus becomes unworthy of the name, student.

LAW. V. MONTANUS, '17.

✓ Religious Intolerance

JOHN B. KILLORAN, '18

THE oldest question seems ever to be the newest question. From the birth of our Lord, which ushered in a new era, down through the years which brought the barbaric nations to sweep over Europe, which saw the gradual decline of the Roman Empire and the destruction of paganism,—on through the Middle Ages to the door of the twentieth century, do we find the world-wide problem in Religious Intolerance.

After two thousand years of existence we would imagine that the world long ago should have settled this question, but so conflicting have the opposing forces been that the outlook for a peaceful settlement seems impossible. Racial hatred is not to be compared with the hatred that exists among the various religions, and especially has this hatred ever been manifested toward the Roman Catholic Religion.

Intolerance in its broadest sense implies the want of a capacity to endure. From this, any individual, society or community is intolerant, if it is not able to endure. An individual may be intolerant on account of certain opinions, habits, associations or religion, a society on account of its laws, a religion on account of its doctrines. Each and every one of us are governed by certain ideas. We have our opinions concerning everything, right or wrong. We have our individual tastes in dress, in what we eat, in what we see, where we go, whom we meet and what we do. This is human nature and human nature is weak. If we do not love a particular person we may, perhaps, by our actions make it known. This is our own affair, but we have no right, neither is it permitted by any law in our land to hound him or her with blasphemous lies, dastardly insinuations, or by a series of plots, plans, bribes and secret warnings, endeavor to rid ourselves and a few of our companions of this human being. I say we have no right, and that it is not permitted, but who can say that it is not done. It is, and likewise with religions.

Here in this beautiful country of ours, which so many years ago proved a haven of rest to the persecuted, which has ever held itself up as a free country, and whose very backbone contains the written word, "Liberty," here is a religion persecuted. Here in this country a constitution exists which ordains that all are free and shall enjoy equal rights with one another, and that liberty of conscience and free-

dom in religious worship shall be tolerated. At the present day there exists in the United States over one hundred religious sects or denominations. Apparently all are enjoying the rights accorded them in our constitution. All are working according to their various views toward one end, the salvation of man. The Roman Catholic Religion, since it was established by Christ, has ever been foremost in working toward this end, but her efforts have been repeatedly hindered by those whom she would assist. She has been persecuted most bitterly. Her children have been torn limb from limb. She has been robbed of her possessions, her churches and monasteries have been destroyed and banishment has been her lot in several countries. And why, I ask you? Why among so many other religions must she alone endure insults, persecutions and death? Do you know the answer? It is not a hard one. It is because the Catholic Religion harnesses men's conscience, controls them according to the law of God.

In our present day there are many who hold themselves up as free-thinkers,—atheists they are called. They are men who acknowledge no God, scoff at religion and ridicule holy things. They are governed solely by what tends to their own interest and nothing more. Blinded by greed they are ever stretching out their gaunt hands in a vain hope of snatching power, riches, fame and social position for themselves. They will lie, cheat, steal, and even murder to gain the end toward which they are striving. Do men such as these desire a religion to exist that exhorts its members and others of the whole world to keep their hands away from such crimes? Do they desire a religion, which condemns such practices? These men are working for their own interest in this world, while the Catholic Church is working for the interest of all in the world to come. Men such as these hate truth because it forces their conscience to admit they are committing crimes. On this account, have these same men given birth to such organizations as the A. P. A's, Socialists, and the Guardians of Liberty, which by their preaching and teaching endeavor to incite animosity towards Catholics. Not content with these, they go farther and palm off on the American reading public papers and magazines that are only hell-holes of infamous teachings, but pass as modern literature. Yet we pride ourselves as living in an age of civilization, refinement and culture. I am afraid we boast this pride too readily, for in permitting such things to exist we show ourselves far from being cultured and refined.

It is not only that these papers are doing an injustice to a religion not deserving of such treatment, but they are undermining the

morals, to a certain extent, of the American youth. These papers are circulated in almost every town and are within the easy reach of all who desire them. They have even gone so far as to endeavor to place them in our public libraries. Since they are floating about so freely it is a positive fact they fall into the hands of innocent youth and corrupt and fill their pure mind with rottenness. Oh! this is surely a noble work! They should be encouraged in their cowardly efforts of defaming the innocent, destroying truth, and corrupting the youth. And that is just what the people as a whole are doing, by reading and subscribing to such filthy papers. The old pagans forced Socrates from the earth with a cup of hemlock because they believed that he was corrupting their youth, we, who are civilized, aid the corrupters of our youth.

There is an old saying, and I think it a true one, and it is, that "history repeats itself." Scientists claim the earth revolves about on its axis. It would almost seem that the progress of humanity is in a circle, revolving about on axis, likewise. The people of the earth seem to reach a certain degree of virtue, and then they begin sliding backward. Every nation, it seems, must take its turn. They fall lower and lower, and finally end in civil strife. In every such struggle vice has attempted the destruction of the Catholic Church. In every such struggle the Church has been triumphant. It has been during such times that a certain class of men accused the Church of being the cause of the sin that prevailed, and they undertook upon themselves the task of purifying the world by so-called reforms. By reviewing a little history we can readily see that these reforms were not undertaken for the good of the people, but for personal benefits, and for revenge, as it were, upon the Catholic Church. I have no doubt were reforms undertaken in the right spirit and by the right men, they would produce good results, but when a wife-murderer like Henry VIII is at the head of them, it is impossible. Instead of aiding humanity they add to her burden. Henry VIII in his endeavor to rival Nero in his persecution against Catholics, which occurred during his so-called reform, plunged the countries of England, Ireland and Scotland into such misery, that even to the present day they are suffering from the effects. Cabbot, an unprejudiced historian, in his history of the "Reformation in England and Ireland" gives us an honest view of the times.

Before this reformation began these countries were in a flourishing condition. The lower class of people were able to obtain a fair living from their rented lands, because of the reasonable returns they were asked to make to their landlords. But when Henry VIII con-

fiscated the churches property and bestowed them on a few of his willing servants, all was changed. No improvements were made, excessive rents were demanded, and the poor became no better than slaves. Another thing! The finest cathedrals and churches that England today possesses were built by the Catholic Church. Hospitals, universities, schools and other buildings and institutions of renown still exist as monuments of Catholic labor. But with the advent of that so-called reform, this work ended, nor was it sufficient that they put an end to the good work. They destroyed much that should have survived; they stripped God's holy tabernacles of wealth and leveled many of them to the ground. Monasteries and convents were desecrated and their inhabitants expelled.

And all this was brought about through the power of one man who was a slave to his passions. Oh! what weak creatures are mortal men! How insignificant our will-power when evil presents itself! Here was a man whose early life was virtuous, who by his position and power could have rendered great services to man and the world. But he was overcome by his passions. He gave way to a determination to do wrong, and soon the devil possessed him body and soul. His desire for greater power and wealth soon produced his "reformation," which caused the blood of Christians to flow again in his day of civilization. And so it was with all reforms. The motives that produced them were not pure, consequently, nothing resulted from them but evil.

Do we wish one of these reform movements in our country? Are we desirous for a civil war? Do we wish to see our country destroyed as Mexico, and ourselves starving or in exile? No; I am sure no one would rejoice at such a calamity. But my friends, unless the attitude of the country changes it will not be a great while until we find ourselves as Mexico finds herself today.

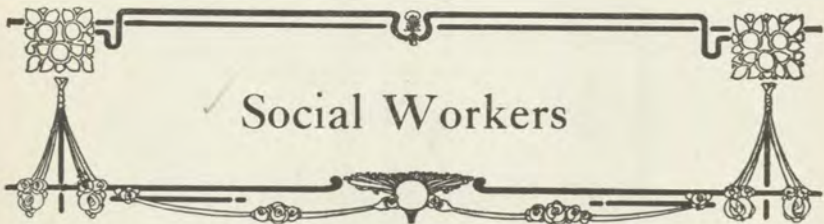
This mad, insane race of all Americans after wealth is corrupting the country, and where licentiousness reigns law and order cannot exist. The Catholic Religion by her teachings would prevent this, but men refuse to listen to her. Many of her own children, blinded by the alluring sight of the world, become steeped in crime and heed not her call to obey the laws of God. Because she seeks to aid the world, the world persecutes her and takes every means to destroy her. But their efforts are fruitless. This edifice of all good, begun by the Master Workman, who laid its foundations with His blood, will never fall. Every block of marble with which it is built was polished and cemented together by the blood of its martyrs. It was built to endure the cyclones of bigotry and the earthquakes of

hell. For nineteen hundred years it has graced the earth with its magnificence, and the healing balsams which flow from her interiors float out into the world to soothe and heal the blackened consciences of men. All the persecutions against her have failed. The blood of her martyrs fell, as it were, like dew among drooping flowers to give life to those scorched by the withering sun.

But why need she be persecuted? Has she not as strong a right to exist as all other religions? If our country grants religious liberty than why is it denied to any one creed? Certainly, this is not the American spirit of freedom of which we are all proud.

Men and women of today, the answer to these questions and the solution to the problem of intolerance remains entirely in your hands. It is for you to answer and to settle the question. Are you going to demand your personal liberty? Will you stand by and see your country sunk into ruin? Will you permit a few to dictate laws contrary to your conscience when you are able to prevent it, or will you be governed by that accursed gold? Consider these questions well, I pray you, else destruction is awaiting.

A day of reckoning will come. A time will arrive when the sun at the close of day shall not sink slowly to rest, when the sky shall not be arrayed in all its splendor of intermingling colors, when that ball of fire shall no more give its light. The earth with all its beauty shall then not matter much to anyone, nor shall we then be able to soothe our conscience with the thought of a better tomorrow—for the world shall then be at an end.



CLIFFORD STUHLMUELLER, '18

EVERY city has its social workers. In fact, a city without its social workers is not a city, it is like the play, "Hamlet," without Hamlet in it. We poor urban natives simply must have them, we are lost without them and our communities would go to the scrap heap were it not for them. Now, as we have admitted that we cannot do without them, as we certainly have an abundant and assorted supply of them, let us take an inventory of the stock we have on hand. Let us consider this question of

social workers from the viewpoint of necessity. Do we need them? Are they to be considered among the assets of a city or among its necessary evils.

Mankind is essentially a social being. No matter where we are and under what conditions we are living, we desire company, we seek society. This is especially true of our cities. And this just where we need the social worker. Were it not for this love of social intercourse, a social worker would be a nonentity.

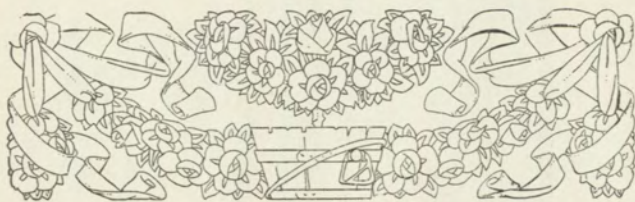
Where there are 100,000 people in one city, it is natural that evil and crime will crop out. And not all of these criminals, not all of these evil-doers are the victims of their own misdeeds. A good apple in a barrel of rotten apples is sure to become as rotten as the rest. A young boy or girl raised in a criminal environment is sure to develop into a criminal. It is for these poor unfortunates, for these children of the underworld, for these lonely human beings, whose only wish is to be given a chance, to come out under the open sky and secure a breath of God's pure air,—it is for these that we need and demand our social workers.

Yes, our social workers are a necessity. We have men and women who could live a life of ease were it their will and desire. But these people are aware of the lives led by their less fortunate neighbors. They wish to render the assistance which God has so bounteously given them. They recognize the falsity of the answer of Cain, and they sacrifice a life of luxury in order to help a fallen human being. They are, indeed, our brothers' keepers.

It is, indeed, a blessing to a city to possess such characters as these. Life seems nobler and brighter because the prince reaches down a helping hand to a pauper, because a Sister of Charity bends over an emaciated form, because a poor Salvation Army girl stands shivering in the cold to collect a few pennies for an unknown orphan. These are indeed true social workers. True, it is that we never hear of them endowing a library, or building a magnificent home for the poor. They are not so well blessed with this world's goods as that. But they give something more grand, more sublime than money. They give a penny here and a penny there; they go down into the slums and slip a coin into the hand of the pauper or whisper a much-needed word of encouragement into the ear of the derelict. The height and grandeur of the characters are not written in gold. The good deeds they have done do not adorn the headlines of a paper, with an illustration thrown in. They live and die, leaving the example of true charity and the sweet fragrance of a life spent in the noblest of God's services,—a true social worker.

But a community does not always possess true social workers. We often find men and women whose sole motives of social charity are notoriety and publicity. Their gifts may do an immense amount of good, and we should be thankful for their generosity. But let us not think so much of the gift as of the spirit of the giver. Some of our pseudo-social workers would die of disgust were they but sent to do real social work. And it can be said that often they do more harm than good. Their acts beget a spirit of distrust in those whom they try to assist, and they can be numbered among the necessary evils of a city.

So let us always recognize true social workers, whether their hearts be hidden beneath a stiff bosom shirt, or a Sister's sombre black. Perhaps, it may only be the faded blue of an Army girl. But let us remember their motives in doing social work, and thank God that he has given them to our community. We need true social workers.





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Examinations Examinations are a test of the students' worth. They should be taken seriously by the students, and given rigidly by the professors. Results of examinations are either an encouragement or an awakening. The students who need the awakening are generally the ones who would, if they could grasp the reigns of power, banish forever these critical tests of their efficiency.

Examinations can be made to serve a good purpose by students, especially the Mid-Year Examination. The awakening that it jolts the sluggard with can be made to serve profitably. It tells to the sluggard student, if he will but look ahead, that "credits" will be lost, and eventually graduation postponed, if the sluggard continues on the broad path of play, pleasure and pastime. But, alas! it seems inevitable that the students of today must follow in the footsteps of the "has beens" of the past.

Learn the lesson that the January Examination has taught you. It has either taught you that success is the sure reward of labor, or that failure is the certain lot of the persistent sluggard.

**Season
of Lent**

The Season of Lent is again with us. Let us heed the lesson it teaches us, and which we must learn. The Master said: "Unless you do penance, you

will all likewise perish." The truth of this text must be understood, and the Season of Lent is the time to practice, in a special manner, penance, as ordained by Christ, Himself.

The Church, from time immemorial, set aside the Season of Lent as a time of penance and a time to prepare for the great feast of the Resurrection of Christ. Let us consider the reason for the existence of Lent as a time for penance.

Christ prescribed penance. The Church, knowing man's proneness to postpone the performance of irksome things, sets aside a special season, prescribes fasts and abstinences, and urges us to do voluntary acts of penance besides. Among these voluntary acts are recommended abstinence from worldly pleasures, especially attendance at theatrical performances, the giving of alms to the poor or for missionary purposes, and the mortifying of one's appetite.

Let the student-body enter into the spirit of Lent from the very start. Resolve to abstain, first of all, from whatever sinful habits unfortunately have been yours; secondly, put the ban on the theatre, avoid daily faults of disobedience, petty dishonesties in personal conduct; and lastly, mortify the flesh by partial or total abstinence from the use of candy, tobacco and vanities of dress.

The A-P-E's "More Liberty" is the cry at the Small College to-day. But who are the young men who are using their healthy lungs to spread the propaganda. To be frank, you will find, if you take the trouble to look up their records, moral records and class records, that it is precisely these young men who can not be trusted to experiment with more liberty. They cry for "More Liberty," when in reality there are regulations at the Small College that were made just to keep **them** in check. The young men who have some right to complain, but who do not register a complaint, are the manly young men who would not abuse of any privilege, but who enroll under the same college flag of protection and control, that was unfurled to take care of the unmanly young men who cry for "More Liberty." These latter ape the Big Colleges.

"More Liberty," as shouted about by these unmanly young men, means uncontrolled, go-as-you-please, just-be-in-time-for-class attendance at college. How can a college, worthy of the name, especially a Catholic College, permit such go-as-you-please methods, and pretend to parents that the College is taking care of the mental, moral and physical growth of their sons?

It is absurd to think of catering to the cry of "More Liberty," even though some parents favor it, for it is well known to college

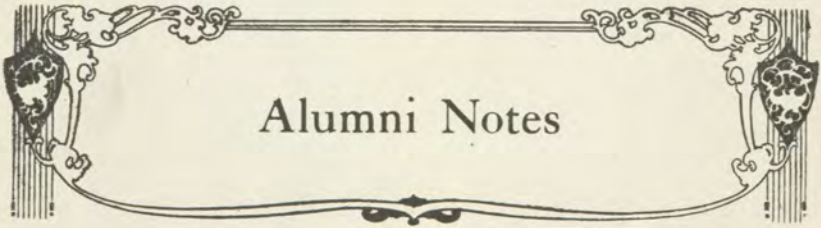
authorities that some parents do not know what is good for their own sons. The college authorities know this to be a fact because of the specimens they receive annually, upon which professors try to graft true principles to stay the growth of the rank shoots that sap the very life of young men today.

The more one analyzes the situation, the more one admits the seriousness of the problem. "More Liberty" is the demand for unbridled, unlicensed walking of the streets, holding up of street corners, attending questionable places of amusements, and picking up of acquaintances of young men and young women that the college can not recommend and meet with the approval of parents.

The mistake that the bellowers of "More Liberty" make is this: "They think that the college authorities can not size them up; that the college authorities do not suspect what they intend to do when they get "More Liberty"; that the college authorities will give in in order to hold them at the college."

Thes unmanly young men are entirely mistaken. Any doctor, lawyer, or educator worthy of the name, can read the pseudo-characters of these bellowers for "More Liberty." The face reveals more than these unmanly young men are aware of. It is only the most artful of confirmed criminals who can hide guilt from portraying itself on the human countenance. If these unmanly young men could only be brought to realize what their faces reveal, they would bury themselves in their books,—do anything to escape the attention of the scrutinizing eyes of the college authorities to whom the faces of college young men are open books, unfortunately, at times, illustrated with pictures revealing thoughts, desires, and deeds of the past that escaped the parental board of censors.

Thank God! there are few of these specimens at St. Mary College.



Alumni Notes

Alumni Doings

Under the heading of: "Can the Alumni Do It?" the following editorial appeared in the Ohio State University weekly:

"The alumni are awakening to the possibility of a stadium for

Ohio State—a practical necessity within a few years, a monument to athletic achievement and an inspiration to further accomplishment.

“The call to aid in such a project is the offer of as great an opportunity as recent years have presented to do a service of permanent value to Ohio State.

“As yet, stadium plans are in the hazy stage of preliminary discussion. But from such discussion something real is likely to rise.

“Leaders among the alumni have been heard from, and all are optimistic as to the ability of the alumni to carry out the project. But many other alumni whose words will bear great weight have not been heard from.

“Again The Lantern announces that it seeks expressions from alumni, giving their views on the stadium idea.”

Ohio College Campaigns   The following Ohio College campaigns are being made:

Wooster, \$1,000,000; Dennison, \$500,000; Wittenberg, \$500,000; Heidelberg, \$500,000; Otterbein, \$150,000; Ohio Wesleyan, \$600,000; Mount Union, \$750,000; Muskingum, \$500,000; St. Mary College, \$3,000.

Mechanical Engineering Fund

Cincinnati Alumni	\$ 559 00
Dayton Alumni	460 00
Out-of-town Alumni	181 00
Dayton Friends	57 00
Cincinnati Friends	50 00

Total (Feb. 1, 1917).....\$1,307 00

Contributors to Mechanical Engineering Fund   The following list contains the contributions to the Mechanical Engineering Fund up to February 1: Dayton Alumni—J. H. Nash, \$5; Howard Wm. German, \$10; Theodore Lienesch, \$5; Walter & Moosbrugger Co., \$20; Hugh E. Wall, \$15; A. J. Hochwalt, \$10; Otto Moosbrugger, \$10; John Barlow, \$10; R. P. Burkhardt, \$20; L. E. Moosbrugger, \$10; Dr. Albert J. Moorman, \$10; Edward J. Leo, \$10; Harry F. Finke, \$10; Clarence Dickman, \$5; R. V. Burkhardt, \$10; Wm. M. Burkhardt, \$10; John Dickman, \$5; Hugo Goetz, \$5; Harry F. Cappel, \$20; Wm. E. Schantz, \$5;

Theodore Barlow, \$10; Carl F. Cappel, \$25; Wm. J. Focke, \$20; Albert H. Focke, \$5; Charles A. Bucher, \$5; Edw. C. Hegman, \$5; Aloys Weiss, \$5; Frank Weiss, \$10; F. E. McBride, \$10; Judge Carroll Sprigg, \$25; George E. Keller, \$10; R. Emmett Murphy, \$5; Ellis J. Finke, \$10; John A. McGee, \$10; Maurice D. Larkin, \$15; John A. Wessaloskey, \$10; F. J. McCormick, \$25; Chas. P. Schumacker, \$5; M. J. Sherry, \$5; Carl Runck, \$5; Thomas F. McGee, \$5; Ralph Wollenhaupt, \$5; William Keyes, \$10; Carl J. Sherer, \$15.

Dayton Friends—Hugo F. Schneider, \$12; Elias H. Gover, \$5; Frank J. Breene, \$5; C. E. Watterson, \$10; N. C. R. \$25.

Cincinnati Alumni—Francis J. Olberding and Paul H. Olberding, \$10; Rev. Martin Varley, \$10; Lawrence J. Janszen, \$10; B. L. Janszen, \$10; J. H. Janszen, \$10; J. Heidkamp, \$1; Charles Frohmiller, \$10; Louis Hohman, \$50; Harry C. Busch, \$333; Rev. Wm. Conway, \$5; Charles Hess, \$10; J. G. Westbrook, \$10.

Cincinnati Friends—John H. Finn, \$25; Benziger Bros., \$25.

Out-of-town Alumni—Thomas Coughlin, Cleveland, Ohio, \$20; Elmer Bergk, Chicago, Ill., \$10; Benj. W. Freeman, St. Louis, \$50; Aloys J. Voelker, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; Rev. Aloys Angel, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$5; Léo M. Sullivan, Payne, Ohio, \$5; Hans Amann, St. Louis, \$1; Walter Blaire, Shawnee, Ohio, \$5; Lawrence W. Strattner, Mechanicsville, N. Y., \$15; Charles F. Freeman, St. Louis, Mo., \$50; Dallas Alert, Stroh, Ind., \$10.

Just a Word! We feel it proper to follow the example of Rev. Thos. Hendricks of the East, who later became Bishop of Cebu, P. I. He published a list of contributors to his Monthly Collection and always put in heavy type, "Do You Find Your Name on This List?" So we, too, ask the same question: "Do You Find Your Name on This List?"

We're still waiting for some classes to have a better representation. Read the report of the meeting of the Board of Governors. They favored making another appeal. Read, too, what other colleges are doing for their Alma Mater.

Board of Governors

Meeting Held A meeting of the Board of Governors of St. Mary College Alumni Association was held at the Phillips Hotel on January 30. The following members of the Board were present: A. J. Ward, Jos. J. Abel, Harry F. Finke, Bernard F. Focke,

J. Clarence Hochwalt, Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly and Rev. Francis Kunnecke. Bernard Focke was chosen temporary chairman and J. Clarence Hochwalt temporary secretary. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

Officers	President, Francis C. Canny; Vice-President, John
Elected	F. Maher; Treasurer, Jos. J. Abel; Secretary, Al
	J. Ward; Corresponding Secretary, Harry F. Finke;
	Financial Secretary, J. Clarence Hochwalt.

Bernard F. Focke continued to preside at the meeting in the place of Francis C. Canny, who was recently elected Representative and was attending a session of the legislature in Columbus.

Report was given of the standing of the \$3,000 fund that is being raised for the Mechanical Testing Laboratory. \$1,307 have been collected up to date. The President of the College was requested to send a letter to all members who have not as yet contributed, urging them to send their donation at once, so that the fund may be completed in the near future.

The next meeting of the Board of Governors will take place on Tuesday, April 24.

NUGGETS

James F. Casey, '11   The announcement was received at the College of the wedding of James F. Casey and Miss Lillian Ruth Martin, which took place Thursday, January 11, at St. Peter and Paul's Church, Chattanooga, Tenn. James and his bride enjoyed a pleasant trip to New Orleans, and they are now located at 607 Cedar Street, Chattanooga.

H. C. Busch, '96   We received a postal card from H. C. Busch, '96, post-marked Ft. Myers, Fla. Harry went south to hunt in the Everglades as a distraction from the busy life he had been leading during the past year. We hope that he will enjoy his trip and return to his office much refreshed and benefited by his stay in the South.

George E. Rigney, Jr., '15   George E. Rigney, Jr., is now located at Greenville, Miss., as stenographer for J. T. Fargason Co. In a letter we received recently, George expressed his deep appreciation of the education he received at his Alma Mater. He is doing well in his present position, and he attributes his success to the splendid preparation given to him at the College.

Earl J. Raney, '10 On December 11, we received the announcement from Earl J. Raney that he was the proud father of a little boy whom he named Earl J., Jr. Since Earl left the College, he has continued to show the closest interest in his Alma Mater. No wonder, then, that he hastened to report the arrival of a little boy, whom we hope one day to find taking his father's place at the College. Last year, Earl severed relations with Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, to take a better position offered to him in Cleveland.

Herbert Whalen, '09 "Herb" was recently elected assistant cashier of the Dayton City National Bank. We do not see much of Herb now, as his home on Volusia Avenue seems to keep him there after banking hours. Come around and say "Hello!"

William Kroemer, '07 William Kroemer, '07, called at the College during his week's vacation up North. He was glad to hear of S. M. C.'s graduated chemists being well located and of the big crowd registered at the College this year.

Bill is Assistant Superintendent and Chemist for the Santa Fe's wood preserving plant at Somerville, Texas. The plant is fully two miles in length. Bill is married, stout, hale and hearty.

College Notes

Herbert Abel

- Senior Arts—Jan.—Lawrence Montanus, 92; George iKnstle, 90.
 Jan. Exam.—Lawrence Montanus, 93; George Kinstle, 86.
 Senior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Jan.—Robt. Hummert, 95; Joseph Windbiel, 94.
 Jan. Exam.—Joseph Windbiel, 93; Robt. Hummert, 92.
 Senior Engineering (E. E.)—Jan.—Geo. Brennan, 94; Al. Krusling, 94.
 Jan. Exam.—Al. Krusling, 92; Geo. Brennan, 91.
 Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Jan.—John Roth, 93; John Crowley, 93.
 Jan. Exam.—John Crowley, 92; John Roth, 91.
 Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Jan.—Leslie Porter, 94; Paul Stanton, 93.
 Jan. Exam.—Paul Stanton, 89; Leslie Porter, 88.
 Junior Engineering (M. E.)—Jan.—Russell Garison, 90.
 Jan. Exam.—Russell Garrison, 76.
 Sophomore Arts—Jan.—Dean McFarland, 94; Law. Weber, 93.
 Jan. Exam.—Law. Weber, 92; Dean McFarland, 91.
 Sophomore Engineering—Jan.—Waldemar Schmidt, 94; John Heier, 94.
 Jan. Exam.—John Heier, 92; Waldemar Schmidt, 92.

Freshman Arts—Jan.—Daniel Collins, 92; Ray Gorman, 90.

Jan. Exam.—Harry Somes, 87; Daniel Collins, 86.

Freshman Engineering—Jan.—Wm. Boesch, 95; Wilbur Yackley, 92; Aloys Crowley, 92.

Jan. Exam.—Wm. Boesch, 90; Geo. Hochwalt, 86; Emil Kessler, 86.

Freshman Pre-Medic.—Jan.—Clifford Weis, 91.

Jan. Exam.—Clifford Weis, 85.

High School Department

Fourth High—Jan.—Henry Weinert, 95; Walter Westendorf, 92.

Jan. Exam.—Henry Weinert, 94; Thomas Carroll, 92.

Third High-A—Jan.—Joseph Murphy, 93; Frank Elardo, 92.

Jan. Exam.—Joseph Murphy, 97; Edward Sander, 92.

Third High-B—Jan.—Herbert Abel, 92; Clar. Youngerman, 88.

Jan. Exam.—Herbert Abel, 98; Joseph Flanagan, 95.

Second High-A—Jan.—Jos. Nilles, 94; Law. Menninger, 93; Alvin Rabe, 93.

Jan. Exam.—Alvin Rabe, 95; Albert Sack, 93.

Second High-B—Jan.—F. Farley, 95; J. Duell, 92; A. Michniewicz, 92.

Jan. Exam.—A. Michniewicz, 92; A. Poliquin, 90.

First High-A—Jan.—Harold Melia, 93; William Johnson, 92.

Jan. Exam.—Harold Melia, 96; Joseph Deddens, 95.

First High-B—Jan.—Jos. Lamoureux, 97; Frank Bickford, 94.

Jan. Exam.—Jos. Lamoureux, 96; Law. Wiesmann, 91; J. Murphy, 91.

First High-C—Jan.—William Myers, 95; Norbert Westbrook, 95.

Jan. Exam.—Norbert Westbrook, 95; Lewis Sherer, 92.

First High-D—Jan.—Jos. Schwind, 96; Edw. Rohr, 96; Nor. Pfeiffer, 95.

Jan. Exam.—Nor. Pfeiffer, 98; Jos. Schwind, 97; Edw. Rohr, 96.

Business Department

Second Business—Jan.—J. Fletcher, 95; C. Brunner, 95; E. Kuntz, 91; J. Hackett, 91.

Jan. Exam.—James Fletcher, 92; Jos. Morris, 90; Carl Brunner, 90.

First Business—Jan.—Herman Wintrich, 92; Leon Ruder, 92; Ray Kinney, 91.

Jan. Exam.—Raymond Kinney, 95; Leon Ruder, 89.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Jan.—F. Gwinner, 95; C. Petkewicz, 90; E. Anderson, 90; J. Cleary, 90.

Jan.—F. Gwinner, 95; C. Petkewicz, 95; L. Kissling, 94.

Seventh Grade—Jan.—John Caren, 94; Jas. Coffield, 94; Chas. Minnock, 94.

Jan. Exam.—James Coffield, 94; John Caren, 93; Chas. Minnock, 93.

Sixth Grade—Jan.—James Hatcher, 98; Victor Comen, 91; George Volz, 91.

Jan.—James Hatcher, 97; George Volz, 92; John Oakley, 91.

Fifth Grade—Jan.—L. Stuhldreher, 93; J. Keller, 91; Al. Rahe, 90; R. Beck, 90.

Jan. Exam.—R. Beck, 94; L. Stuhldreher, 94; J. Kelly, 92; J. Keller, 91.

January

Examination

The January Examination has come and gone. Here's hoping that the resolutions taken have not been forgotten. The slackers, who deserted after getting a poor start last September, should enlist with the regulars until the day of disbanding next June.

Holy Name Rally The Annual Holy Name Rally was held January 17. The services consisted of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, renewal of the Holy Name pledge, and a sermon by Rev. Otto B. Auer, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Dayton, Ohio.

The services were an enthusiastic success. The sermon, preached by Father Auer, brought forcibly home to the student-body the respect due to the Most Holy Name of God, and was a powerful admonition to be faithful to the Holy Name pledge,—“to avoid the use of immodest and profane language, and to present the use of such language by others.”

Hawaiian Quintet Vierra's Royal Hawaiian Singers and Players gave an excellent performance January 29 to the largest crowd that has gathered in the college hall for entertainments or lectures these past eight years. The rage for Hawaiian music in Dayton brought out the large crowd. The college lyceum course was fortunate in booking the Hawaiian quintet before any other organization profited by the opportunity of offering Hawaiian music to the Dayton public. It was a case of living up to the motto: “The early bird catches the worm!”

St. Mary College Boy Scouts of America Troop No. 21 On February 8, St. Mary College Boy Scouts, Troop No. 21 had their Scout Tenderfoot Investiture. They likewise celebrated the Seventh Anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America. The Court of Honor, composed of Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, Brother George Ley and Brother William Wohlleben, members, conducted the examination and awarded Tenderfoot Badges and Certificates in the Scouts' headquarters, the Fourth Division Club Room.

The program consisted of the Assembly, Setting-up-Drill, Staff-Drill and Patrol-Drill. After a short address by Brother Wohlleben, on the topic, Chivalry, the Court of Honor propounded questions. The president of the college promised a Big Lunch in Spring on the first day that the Boy Scouts take a long hike.

Among the faculty members present, were: Rev. Clement Wulf, Bro. Joseph Mueller, Bro. William Haebe, Bro. Edwin Weigand and Bro. Thos. Poitras. Through the kindness of Bro. Poitras, patriotic songs were sung. The program closed with the reading of a Message of the President of the Boy Scouts.

Court of Honor, Troop No. 21: Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, Bro. George Ley, Bro. William Wohlleben. Troop Committee: Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, Dr. D. G. Reilly, Bro. F. J. O'Reilly. Officers: Scoutmaster, Bro. Adrian M. Keoho; Assistant Scoutmaster, Bro. Leonard J. Mattis; Troop Scribe, Carl Riedinger; Assistant Scribe, Francis Guiney.

Owl Patrol: Members—L. Brightman, P. L.; C. Riedinger, A. P. L.; 1. U. Wenstrup; 2. Yvon Rahe; 3. W. Clandenin; 4. T. Doyle; 5. J. Denovan; 6. J. Falk. Colors, Blue-Blue. Call or Cry, Koot-koot-koo.

Beaver Patrol: C. Deery, P. L.; E. Anderson, A. P. L.; 1. G. Volz; 2. J. Gootbrath; 3. T. Jordan; 4. J. Ammersbach; 5. M. O'Donnell; 6. J. Cleary. Colors, Blue-Yellow. Call or Cry, Hand Clap.

Fox Patrol: B. Stephens, P. L.; J. Caren, A. P. L.; 1. V. Young; 2.

H. Nicholas; 3. J. F. Schindler; 4. J. McVeigh; 5. L. Niesen; 6. C. Minnock; 7. J. Boyle. Colors, Yellow-Green. Call or Cry, Ha!-Ha!

Eagle Patrol: P. Roberts, P. L.; G. Ball, A. P. L.; 1. R. Boggan; 2. N. Hils; 3. R. Smith; 4. W. Scales; 5. W. Scales; 6. F. Guiney Colors, Green-Black Call or Cry, Kreeoe.

Fourth Division

The Fourth Division boasts of a new Club Room that exceeds anything that this division possessed in its history. It was formally opened the week before Christmas.

The Club Room now has good pool tables, parlor games, American Model Builders with batteries and motors and transformers, athletic apparatus, punching bags, etc. The latest addition is a beautiful piano, which was kindly donated by Brother Joseph Lattner, the principal of St. Mary's School, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Fourth Division extends their thanks to Brother Lattner for his interest and generosity shown towards the Division.

Webster Literary Circle

The "Webster Literary Circle" is the class organ of Third High-B. Its purpose is to stimulate interest in the study of English. Several meetings have been held, and all the members of the class have contributed to make

the circle a success. The officers, committee and members are working hand in hand.

Second High-B

The Second High-B recently received a letter from the Second High boys of St. Louis College, San Antonio,

Texas. Previous to the receipt of this letter, the students of the class had been writing regularly to students of the Second High classes of St. James High School, San Francisco, California, St. Mary's College, San Antonio, Texas, and West Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa. James Stokes, monogram maker, made a beautiful wall manner for the class.

First High-B

The Examination results were satisfactory in First High-B. Joseph Lamoureux, Lawrence Wiesman, Joseph

Murphy, Eugene Mayl, Calvin Kipp were the Honor Boys of the class in the Examination. In fact, the entire class did well, and the best that can be asked for the second half is that the class duplicate the work of the first half.

First High-C

The Rolling C is still keeping up its work. Meetings are held weekly. A style of self-government has been in-

augurated in the class-room. Under the leadership of Louis Hart, President; Cletus Scharf, Vice-President; William Myers, Secretary, and Edward Zahn, Treasurer, two rival parties have been formed: the Stars and the Comets. The latter held the Class Pennant for two consecutive weeks. The Class Paper is replete with interesting reading matter.

First High-D

The Examination results were an enthusiastic success in First High-D. No member of the class failed. Joseph

Schwind, Edwin Rohr and Norbert Pfeiffer were the leaders for the highest honors for January. The Class Paper, "The Examiner," contained several

good original articles, the best being that written by Norbert Pfeiffer on "Advantages of Education."

Music Notes

The S. M. C. Band has been reorganized by Bro. Louis Vogt. Mr. Fred Moehring was appointed Director of the Band. The latter is the leader of the N. C. R. Band and Orchestra. Three concerts were given during the basketball season. The playing made a very favorable impression, and instilled great enthusiasm among the students.

The Student Orchestra is practicing diligently, and is now ready for any occasion, whenever the S. M. C. Orchestra is not called. The Student Plec-trum Club is being organized, and has already ten members.

Athletic Notes

VIRGIL C. MURPHY, '17

Miami U.—33

vs.

St. Mary—26

For the first time during the present season the Saints met defeat at the hands of the Miami courtiers, losing to them by the score of 33-26. The game was one of the best ever played on the Saint court, and the closeness of the score throughout the two halves kept the large crowd of spectators in a frenzy of excitement. There was nothing fluke in the victory taken by the Miami U. boys, for they won absolutely on their merits. From the beginning of the fray, the game developed into a nip-and-tuck affair. In the beginning, the two teams battled along for at least five minutes before either was able to cage the pill for the first tally, Hochwalt flipping one through the hoop for the first two points, started things going for the Saints. The Miamis then retaliated with a count, and alternately throughout the whole game each would score, thereby changing the lead many times. However, in the last few minutes of play the Miamians forged ahead, never to be overtaken. Both teams played strong on the defense. Sherry in particular played a strong guarding game for the Saints, while the work of H. Sexton and Fry of Miami was also away above par. Although the game was fast and rough, the opposing players showed the best of sportsmanship, and few fouls were called by referee Al Mahrt. The largest turnout of fans, yet this season, witnessed this game.

Line-up and summary:

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

Miami U.: W. Sexton, l. f.; Coulter, r. f.; Kersting, c.; H. Sexton, l. g.; Fry, r. g.

St. Mary—37

vs.

Antioch—12

The Saints lived up to the advance dope, and trimmed Antioch College by the count of 37-12. The first half of the game resembled closely the first half of the Miami game. The game was nip and tuck, at the end of the first

half the Saints had the narrow margin of a 17-10 score. The Saints started out the second half with a rush, and with but a few minutes of the game gone had the game clinched. So close was the guarding of the Saints during this half that the visitors succeeded in scoring only one field goal. Mike Hess was the shining light for the Saints. He was a whirlwind on the defense, and was always found where needed. Deckwitz, who broke into the game during the second half, played a fine game, considering that this was his first year in fast company. Little was the best bet for Antioch. He annexed three field goals, and two points from the penalty line, and he played the floor well.

Ohio Northern—17 Though the lads from Ohio Northern showed some
vs. flashes of high-class basketball when they made their

St. Mary—31 appearance here at the College court, the Ada boys were not quite speedy enough for the Saints, and the

Red and Blue triumphed by the score of 31-17. It was a hard fought game, but not an exciting or brilliant game, the visitors being outclassed at pass-work, and not showing their expected form at basket shooting. At the close of the first half the score stood 12-6 in favor of the Saints, the low score being partly due to the tight defense playing of the visitors. Hochwalt, Sherry and Mahoney, with four field goals each, were the main point-getters for the Saints.

Wabash—30
vs.

St. Mary—22

Wabash—30
vs.
St. Mary—22

A difference of eight points in the final count tells the story of the best game ever played on the Saint Mary court, for by this margin the "Wonder Five" from Wabash, Indiana, defeated the Saints 30-22, kept their slate clean and verified all the nice things said about them previous to the game. The fray was put on before the largest crowd of the season at the College court, and was featured both by brilliant individual play and spectacular teamwork. The Saints were greatly outweighed by the Wabash quintet, but the lack of beef did not seem to bother the Saints much, and on practically every occasion the Saints held the floor in fine fashion. The chief reason why the Hoosier lads came out on the long end of the count was due to the Captain Stonebraker of Wabash. He was the individual star of the visitors and scored twenty-six of their thirty points. For the Saints, Joe Windbiel easily proved himself to be the stellar performer. He was the pep of the team, and his guard work was spectacular. Cauldwell of the visitors, and Sherry and Hochwalt also played in form worthy of praise. George Little, coach at Miami U., handled the whistle for the game. The line-up was the same as used in the Miami game.

BASEBALL

In view of his success as manager of the gridiron athletes of the past season, Dean McFarland, of Marion, Ohio, was again appointed manager for the coming season at a recent meeting of the College athletic board. For Manager of Baseball they chose Mike Hess, star performer on the basketball five, and it is an assured fact that if he tends to his managerial office as well as he tends to his performing on the court, the "nine" will have one of their best schedules in the history of the diamond sport here at the college. At this meeting, Dean McFarland was awarded a monogram for his services as manager during the past season.

February Fumes

A STIMULUS TO SCHOLARSHIP

Flunkers on the freshman football squad last year at the University of Indiana were forced to run the gauntlet of the entire freshman squad armed with heavy barrel staves. This ruling was made by the squad upon the suggestion of Coach Stiehm, and it had a wonderful result on the scholarship of the freshman athletes.

HELP! OH, HELP!

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, Russia along, then, I'll Fiji.—Ex.

NO MATTER

Wife—The paper says that nitrates are higher.

Hub—What do we care? We never telegraph any.

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Lady (to trooper whose ankle is heavily bandaged)—My poor fellow, and were you hurt in the leg?

Trooper—No, ma'am, I was kicked in the head by a mule, but the bandage slipped.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Have you seen the Royal High School Jumpers?

Have you had your smudge (extra) today?

Did you see "Happy" at 320?

Who lost his Cheese Crakers in the bushes?

When will Windbiel do without his pal of Cincy after graduation?

Which class got "soaked" in College exams?

Which college student merits the cognomen of the "Tramp College Boy"?

Name all the colleges he attended more than one day.

Who was home on "sick leave" and was out joy-riding most of the time?

Prize offered for correct replies. See Editor!

SOCIETY NOTES

Crowley, the Agitator, is still passing his week-ends at the Journal Palace. He is devotedly taking care of his young brother who is recovering from a severe attack of "Phobeca."

Paul Stanton, the left-hand telegraph expert is "Postaling" on Jefferson Boulevard.

Auburn Kessler has not been feeling well recently.

Michael Hess is going in the crockery business. Coach Mahoney is going after him for a pitcher.

Eulogius Lause has been keeping good hours of late.

The basketball team left the straight and narrow way at Bellefontaine, Feb. 10. We tried to find out why and were told to see H. and D. Who are they, anyway?

The Hawaiian Quintet had a family row before the performance. There came near being only four in the quintet that evening.

Janus Klein and Cincy Shields are in the "Get-Villa-Dead-or-Alive Expedition. Leon Anderson is connected with the same unfortunate squad.

Joseph Holters has accepted a position as Chemical Laboratory Smoke Inspector. Other applicants refuse to concede his appointment.

George Kinstle bought an Autodefe recently. He is quite tickled about it.

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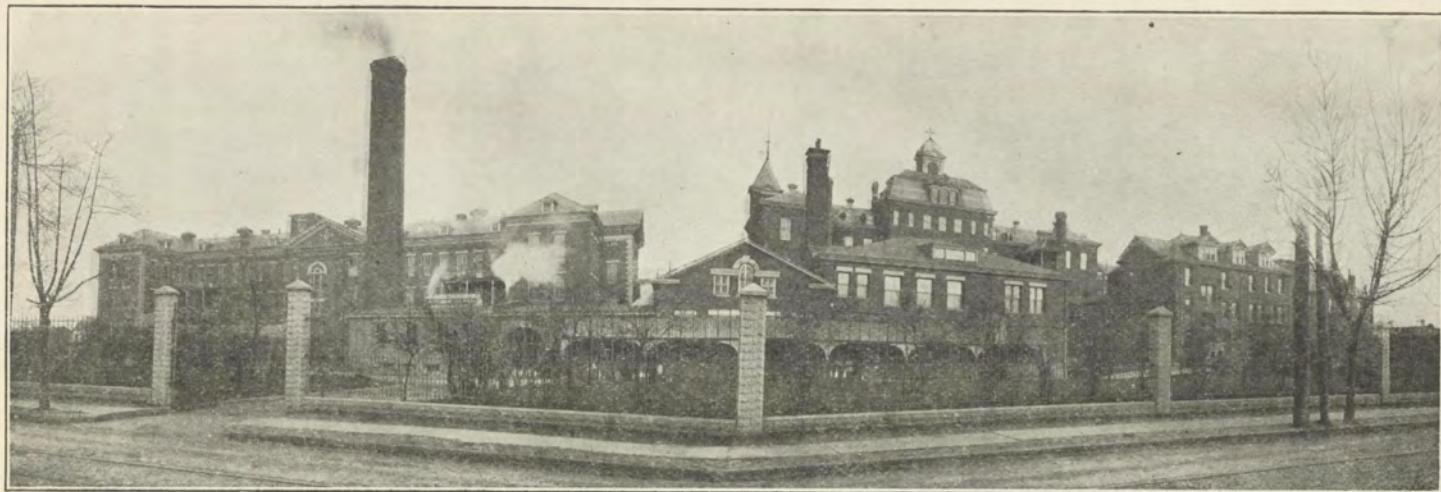
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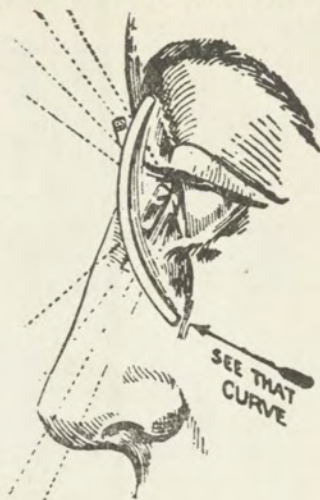
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