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THE EXPONENT

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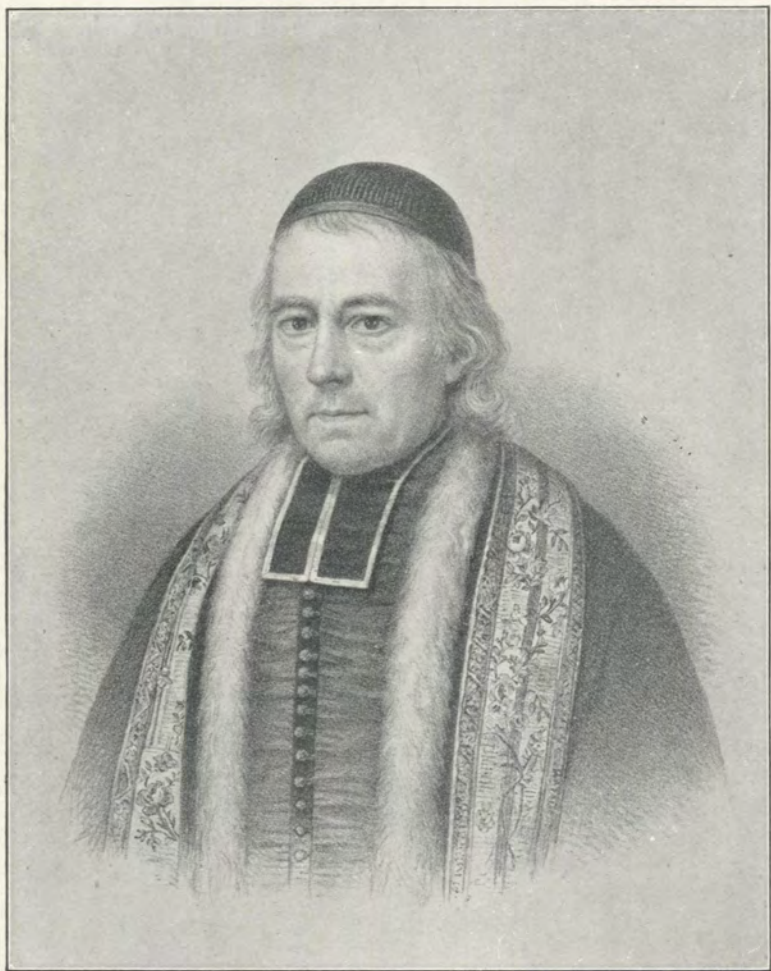
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ILLUSTRATIONS

Very Reverend William Joseph Chaminade
S. M. Varsity Basketball Team
S. M. High School Basketball Team

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THE EXPONENT, ST MARY'S COLLEGE, DAYTON, O.



VERY REVEREND WILLIAM JOSEPH CHAMINADE, S. M.

Founder of Society of Mary

The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1917

No. 3

ANNOUNCEMENT

1817—1917

PUBLICITY PROGRAM
of the
CENTENARY CELEBRATION
of the foundation of the
SOCIETY OF MARY

Illustrated bulletins in Schools of the Society of Mary.

Souvenir Pictures of the Founder, Very Reverend
William Joseph Chaminade, S. M.

Publication of Brief Life of the Founder.

Illustrated Lectures, descriptive of the Society of Mary.

Articles in Newspapers and Magazines to give publicity to the Celebration.

The Retreat of the 90,000

EDWARD STUHLMUELLER, '17

NINETY thousand brawny Americans boarded the trains and were hurried off to the Rio Grande. Other less brawny Americans spent their winter amid the chatter and gowns of Bermuda's society. But the former were acting under orders from Washington. Perhaps the fortuitous slogan, "He kept us out of war!" had been faltering and weakening before the onslaught of public common-sense; or perhaps, the toll of American lives in Mexico and Villa's pleasure jaunts across the border had become too dastardly hideous to reassure re-election. Some say that the agents of Carranza had gained admission to the White House and whispered naughty stories about the benevolent General Villa into the President's ear. Anyway, the wires hummed and the khaki-clad men pitched their tents on the shores of the Rio Grande.

They were a fine lot of fellows—everyone of them a fighter. Every one cursed the bandit-hero who shot Americans just to stain the white stripes of their flag with warm blood. The heart of each one harbored indignation, and a bolt of revenge to punish in return for the hundreds of Americans murdered on Mexican soil. They recalled that their President, who had ordered them to encamp within range of the Mexican snipers, had refused protection to Americans in Mexico. They remembered that he termed them as fortune-hunters and transgressors of a war-stricken territory. But they did not know that it was "incompatible to public interest" to unravel the complexity of Mexico's troubles and Uncle Sam's citizens' interests. They could not understand how the policy of "watchful waiting" sprang from the seed of humanity and righteousness. But they marched over the International Bridge to capture and punish a bandit, the murderer of American men and women.

While the ninety thousand patrolled the troublesome Rio Grande, a column of Uncle Sam's picked riders pursued the treacherous bandit-general into the mountains of Mexico. They rode hard against the blinding dust and sand of Mexico's desert. The humble peons rejoiced and cheered the "Flying Squadron." The American miners

and planters of Mexico again felt safe under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Why not? Was it not the flag of their land? Were they not citizens of the United States, just as well as those who took berths on British "ammunition-passenger-armed-merchant" vessels? Is the deck of a floating arsenal more sacred than the soil of a neighboring republic? The investors and operators in Mexico were even more loyal citizens of the United States, for they pursued honorable professions on American-owned plantations and in American-owned mines! The Stars and Stripes appear just as stately over the door of an American miner in Mexico, as it does on the lapel of a foolhardy American tourist leaning against the flag mast of the British Union Jack! Who are the careless fortune-hunters?

However, the column of Uncle Sam's troopers poured into the "Bad Lands" of Mexico like a mighty stream. Every trooper searched the horizon for a hideous face, glistening teeth and a pair of murderous eyes. The "Flying Squadron" was speedily encircling the lair of the bandit-raider. Their specific mission would soon be accomplished.

Then the wires hummed again, and the punitive expedition halted and returned to the border dismayed and perplexed. The Commission of Mediators had rested ceremoniously for several months at Atlantic City's most fashionable hotel. There was nothing more to do. They had studied the conditions and ideals of Mexico from the grill-rooms of several sea-side hotels. They had been entertained by all the social leaders of Washington. They had mingled with all the debutantes of the season. Finally, they tenderly clasped hands and disagreed.

Then the wires from Washington vibrated and buzzed once more. Ninety thousand sunburnt militia packed their knapsacks and thought of home. General Carranza smoothed out his usurped robes and wired form a toppling throne: "The treacherous clergy have been overpowered and religion has been extirminated. We are prepared to soothe and control the factions and foster the finances of our peaceful State. In the name of this monarchical republic of Mexico, I demand that you withdraw from our territory."

The bandit Villa peeped up from the roots of a cactus tree and chuckled as the retiring column passed by. The "man of the hour" read the returns of California's polls and smiled democratically. The nation suffered humiliation rather than protest against England's interpretation of "freedom of the seas." The Treasury Department at Washington had "watchful waitingly" scattered sixty million dollars to hold Villa on the southern shore of the Rio Grande.

All was well! The ninety-thousand brawny guardsmen peered

across the International Bridge and in the distance spied a hundred American skulls bleaching in the sultry Mexican sun. The sands were piling up and almost concealed the remains of these unprotected American fortune-seekers. They had died the death of American pioneers, unprotected by the flag of their citizenship. Mexico boiled with revolution and irreligion. Carranza whispered the secret password and entered his executive office. Villa planned another raid into New Mexico and the ninety thousand came marching home, unrevenged.

“Imagination Once Killed a Man”

CLIFFORD STUHLMUELLER, '18

“**B**OB, I can't stand this much longer. Either she gets away from that corner over there, or I leave these apartments.”
“Nonsense! Is that botherig you again?”
“Bothering me? Can't you see how I feel? Can't you see that it is driving the life out of me? Bob, it's going to kill me some day. Just look at her snarling face and her hunched back And she's got the most crafty and vicious look in her eyes that you ever saw. It's haunting.”

“Here, old man, take a nip of brandy. You're nervous, that's all.”

I poured out a generous portion of the spirits, and handed the glass to my companion. He swallowed it at a gulp. Soon the color returned to his face. But that haunted look still remained.

I had known Jim Bryan for seven years, and only once before had I seen him in such a condition as this. About three years previously, he had narrowly escaped death in a railroad accident. I believe he was laid up for about three months. About three days after he was able to speak, an old woman called at the door and inquired for him. Where she came from, and how she knew Jim is more than I can tell. She made about the queerest looking person that I have ever seen. I didn't get to observe her so much as I would have liked. But the one indelible impression that she left upon my mind was this: if that woman was a witch, and she had anything against you, you were a goner. She'd get you sooner or later.

I carried the news of her arrival to Jim and described her as

best I could. And the look that came into his eyes! Man, I can see it still. His face became colorless, and I could hear a gurgling, choking sound in his throat. His hands clenched, and it seemed as if his glassy, staring eyes were about to pop out of his head. But all through his queer actions he never uttered a word, finally falling over into a dead faint. I immediately called the doctor and sent the old woman from the door.

Whether it was the same woman whom we saw again that evening, I can not tell. There certainly was a marked resemblance. I finally resolved to question Jim, and see whether there wasn't something that I could do to help him.

"Jim, I don't know what ails you, but of one thing I am sure. I know that old chestnut vender over there has something to do with it. She has been on that corner for the last four days, and since she came you've been a changed man. What's the reason of it all? Tell me! Probably there is something that I can do to help you."

My companion turned a languid, listless gaze upon me and replied:

"Bob, you've been a pretty good friend to me since we met seven years ago. I've told you my secrets; you've confided in me. But there's one thing I haven't told you. And really, I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not."

His gaze returned to the window. I could see that the presence of the old woman was still upon his mind. As if arriving at a sudden resolution, he turned his dreamy eyes toward me and said:

"Bob, I might as well tell you. You might be able to advise me but I doubt it very much. If she'd only come and try to shoot me, it would be different. But when they attack a man's heart and his mind, you don't know what to do. In a thing like this, you can't meditate. You've just got to do what your nature dictates." He reached for his pipe, lit it, and then settled back with a dreamy far-away look in his eyes.

"Up until I was twelve years of age, my father and mother lived down there near the river in twenty-second ward. You know the district, don't you? It's not exactly a place to raise a clean American boy. Half of the people down there are foreigners, anyway.

"There was one person in that ward whom everybody talked about, and yet very few knew much about her. She was an old chestnut vender and we called her 'Crazy Nan.' She certainly did have the queerest appearance of any woman that I have ever seen. Her face always had a sort of crafty look about it. You've seen pictures of those old witches, haven't you? Well, that's just the way she

looked. To tell the truth, everybody in the neighborhood did think she was a witch. Her fingers were long, lean and bony, and she had the funniest way of grabbing things you ever saw. She wouldn't take a coin from your hands, she'd snatch at it.

"It seems as though all the boys in the neighborhood took a delight in teasing her, and I was no exception. One day the whole bunch of us seemed possessed with a greater amount of devilment than usual. Naturally, the first one upon whom it was to be vented was Crazy Nan.

"We decided that one of us would go up and buy a penny's worth of chestnuts. While her back was turned, the rest of us were to push over the stand and spill the chestnuts over the sidewalk. I was picked as the one to go up and buy the chestnuts. I was a little bit afraid to get that close to the old woman. However, I summoned up enough courage to fill my part. Everything went off as planned, and those chestnuts certainly did roll over the street. But as I was about to make a dash away, my foot slipped and down I went.

"The old woman made one grab at me, and she soon had those long, lean, bony fingers about my throat. And her face! Good God, I can see it yet! Bob, I can't describe to you, the look in that woman's face. It's beyond description. It seems as though the devil himself was in that woman. And all the while she kept choking me, until it seemed as though I never was going to get a breath of fresh air.

"'You wretches! you little imps! You will tease an old woman, will you? Thought you'd fool me, didn't you? I curse you! My curse is a cross, and when the last one comes, then Crazy Nan will have her revenge.'

"With this parting malediction, she withdrew her vine-like fingers from my neck. I ran from the place as if the old Nick himself were after me.

"Bob, I don't know whether you believe in hypnotism or not. I didn't, but I do now. That old woman certainly does exercise some evil influence over me. Ten days after she cursed me, somebody marked a big red cross in my book at school. That day my father was killed at work. My mother died two years later.

"I was then taken care of by my more fortunate uncle over on Chatham Street. He raised me, and finally got me the job where I am now working. About three years ago,—you know the night that you thought that I was going crazy, that night I received a letter from my uncle. And at the bottom of this letter was a big red cross. The following day I was nearly killed in the railroad wreck. And

the most perplexing thing about it is that my uncle claims not to have written the cross.

"Since that wreck I've consulted specialists. They claim that it is hallucination, that it's my mind that does it. Bob, do you think that my mind could kill my father, and very near kill me? I've been living in mortal dread ever since. At night, if I hear a noise in my room, my nerves snap as if they had received an electric shock. Bob, I'm getting worse and worse. At periods I will try to drown it in drink. You know that you can drown it for a while, but not forever. And some day that last cross is going to come. I've hoped and prayed that it wouldn't, but Bob, I know that it is coming."

I could plainly see that it was Jim's mind that was doing most of the harm, so I resolved to try to make him forget about the crosses and the old woman. For a while I could do nothing with him, but after several months of persistent and silent work, I finally cured him of his periodic spells of melancholy. Soon I began to wonder myself. Jim certainly was becoming more and more jolly, but I had never expected him to become so care-free as he did. Never once did he mention a word about the crosses. Apparently he had forgotten about the old woman across the street whom he claimed was the one who had cursed him.

It was probably a half year after I had started in to cure him of his strange malady that Jim became his jolliest, and I might say, a little careless. At times he drank pretty heavily, and gambling soon ate its way into his purse. One evening he left me at about seven o'clock, saying that he was going to be a guest over at the Boxer's Club. I knew that meant a night of gambling and drinking.

Somehow or other, I couldn't sleep that night. I retired at ten o'clock, only to rise again to quiet my nerves. I lit the small library lamp upon the table, smoked my pipe and read my favorite book, "The Experiences of a Hypnotist." I do not know how long I had been erading, but soon it seemed that I too was coming into a hypnotic trance, so powerful was the pervading atmosphere of the book. I recalled Jim's tale about the crosses. All at once something seemed to draw my attention. I glanced over toward my dresser, which loomed up as a clumsy ghost in that quiet room. Was it a large cross I saw over there? I rubbed my eyes and turned to my bed. Yes; there on the wall over my bed was another cross. The imps seemed to creep up and down my spine. The blood chilled in my veins. A cold sweat overspread my body. I wanted to shout, to run,—anything to get out of that accursed room. I dashed to the

door and turned the knob. Then I remembered having locked it. I pushed the switch button and flooded the room with light.

I stared at my dresser, but the only thing in the form of a cross was a large crucifix which my aunt had given me on my eighteenth birthday. Next I turned to the wall above my bed. All that I could see was the portrait of my father gazing serenely down upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just one o'clock.

Just then I heard a rapping at my door. I thought I had heard steps coming up the hallway. I tip-toed across the room and cautiously opened the door. My God, what a sight met my eyes?

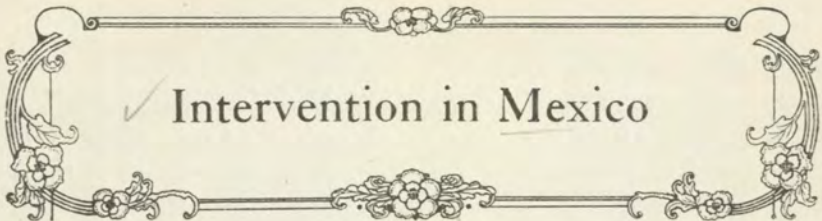
There stood Jim. His eyes were bloodshot. He was gasping for breath. His face was distorted and swollen. He staggered into the room.

"She's got me, Bob. She's got me. The old thing got me at last."

He staggered and fell over against the bed. His body slipped to the floor. I rushed over and knelt beside him. I shook him and shouted his name. He never even opened his eyes. I grasped his arm, and then it was that I noticed a white thing in his hand. It was only a common playing card. And across the card was drawn a deep red cross.

I slept but little that night, and when I did doze off all that I could see were big red crosses. Jim died the next morning. The doctor diagnosed the case as heart failure. The old woman moved away the next day.





✓ Intervention in Mexico

DANIEL COLLINS, '18

IT is midnight. A full moon bathes the world in mellow glory, and glints from the bayonets of the khaki-clad American sentinels, pacing their beats along the Rio Grande. It floods the sleeping camps and reveals the lines of sullen cannon. Farther to the south, across the river, it shines upon a country once fair and fertile, but now barren and bloody and torn with internal strife. Throughout that land are scattered bands of lawless men, ready to burn, steal, kill, or—God help us! do worse. The moonlight does not disclose these wretches, for they lurk in the shadows, merging the blackness of night with that of their filthy souls. In the northern and most barren region of this country, other men watched and guarded,—Pershing's fighters. There they are, chafing at their bonds, raging inwardly as thoughts of Columbus and Parral surge through their brains. Why did they not advance further? Why are they there?

Few people know. We are not at war with Mexico! Certainly not! Two years ago we sent a naval squadron to Vera Cruz, because Huerta refused to salute the flag. We landed troops and took possession of the city. There was fighting, certainly, and some of our sailors were killed—though we were not at war with Mexico! And the flag was not saluted, anyway. So our sailors had given their lives in vain, a thing they were doubtless wildly desirous of doing, and which the state department greatly appreciated! This appreciation was expressed in the excellent speeches made by prominent government officials at certain military funerals, when the said officials consoled the grief-stricken relatives of the dead sailors and saluted the flag,—probably to make up for Huerta's neglect. The whole affair would have been laughable if it had not been so terribly tragic.

Another picture is recalled to my mind. The sun is sinking slowly, its last fading rays lighting up the quiet, peaceful streets and the contented homes of Columbus, New Mexico. Night comes on and the inhabitants retire to rest, secure in the thought that the Thir-

teenth Cavalry is there on guard. It is a little past midnight. Suddenly shots pierce the quiet stillness of the night, the sentries are knifed at their posts. Houses are on fire, and the terror-stricken citizens rush from their beds only to be shot down. But the Thirteenth is awake, and with cries of rage they charge the foe. There, in the weird light from the burning houses, American shooting is again deadly. The Mexicans slowly retire.

But the sun, rising the next day, looks down upon what remains of Columbus. It sees her citizens cold in death. And there are other dead. These are covered with the stars and stripes for which they gave their lives,—American soldiers, my friends, killed in action, defending the homes and the honor of American men, women and children. And still you say we are not at war with Mexico—for Carranza disavowed the act, and Carranza is a wise old scoundrel!

However, a few days later the tramp of United States Infantry and the clatter of cavalry and rumbling of artillery announced that Villa was to be punished. Pershing's column crossed the border. At last, there was to be retribution. But after a time Carranza bucked and Pershing must perforce, sit down in camp, and must move in no direction but north. But Pershing sent out scouting parties. One of these went to Parral. What followed is now history. Again, American soldiers died in action with Mexicans,—but we were not at war with Mexico!

Moreover, we have kindly supplied the Mexicans with munitions of war, by lifting the embargo on arms and ammunition. These arms were used very effectively, as those who fought at Parral and Columbus may tell you. In return for our kindness, they give us bullets. Some Americans, owning property in Mexico, and living there peacefully and law-abiding, have received both bullets and six feet of land. But still we are not in the least grateful for these favors.

So I would suggest, friends, that we take a few presents down to these pleasant southern folks,—presents they will appreciate, as rifles, a few bullets and some well-driven shells. Let us drive these missiles with deadly aim into the bodies of those hounds who kill, murder, burn and dishonor. Those persons are not men; but they would make good door-mats,—if we would not get our feet dirty in brushing them upon these rascals.

If you tell me that no one interfered in our own Civil War, I will answer that neither the Northern or Southern armies made war on the clergy, that neither army, as such, dishonored women; that they did not wilfully and maliciously destroy churches and convents; that they did not kill non-combatants; and that individuals of these armies

apprehended in such acts suffered the severest punishments. You cannot argue that our soldiers will fight for American capitalists, for our men are being killed now, anyhow. Is it not better to have a peaceful and honorable Mexico, with the capitalists holding property, than to have a Mexico torn with strife, killing American citizens and soldiers, with the capitalists still in possession? Do you say Imperialism? It is no more Imperialism than was the annexation of Texas, and who will say we have suffered from that annexation? Moreover, we did not have the ground of humanity and charity then on which to base ourselves, as we now have.

Should we, then, not be urged to intervene in Mexico for our own safety, for policy's sake, and in the name of common charity? Shall we forget that in heaven is a God who rewards. Listen, my friends! If we uphold the honor of an outraged God, and restore peace and contentment and honor to a debased people, we may be sure that an omnipotent and just God will not forget this, His nation.



R. J. RUXTON, '18

THE chief of police wrinkled his brow and drummed idly on his mahogany top desk.

"Send Clancy in," he ordered.

Chief Marshall was worried and he had good reason to be.

"Clancy, I have a job for you. It needs a man of brains. Sit down and I'll give you the particulars." The chief wheeled around in his chair, and leaning back he closed his eyes and spoke, visualizing the scenes as he went along.

"An old sea captain has been murdered down on Blecker Street. He lived in an old house with one of his former sailors. The house is set in a small garden, and there are footprints leading to the house. You know it was raining last night and the footprints of a big man and of a small fellow are plainly visible. Queer thing, they lead to the house, but none lead away from the house. The captain was a six-footer, and his death was an odd one. No marks of violence, ex-

cept a scar across the mouth. Nothing was taken, and the old servant, named Jack, is afraid some one will come and kill him. He wants to get away from danger. We've promised to protect him. We've spread out a dragnet, especially for the big fellow.

"There you have the facts. Go down and see what you can do. It'll mean a promotion for you," concluded the man of the law, as he arose and handed Clancy the slip of policeman's information.

Fred Clancy hurried to the scene of the murder. He was not given to any rash conclusions, and had a knack for doing the unusual and unexpected.

Arrived at the house, he did not enter. He walked carefully around the house, stepped back to the street and surveyed the premises. Then he examined the footprints. There were two distinct impressions. The one was of an ordinary size, and the other of a large size, the marks of the big fellow. Stooping down in the mud, Clancy examined the marks. Both led from the pavement across the yard to a side window. Both pointed toward the house. Look where he would, Clancy could not find any leading away from the house.

"Hm-m-m!" he mused as he measured the depth of toe impression of the smaller footprint. "Must have been a heavier man, this small one. His toe impression is deeper than the toe impression of the larger one."

Clancy then examined the window-sill.

"Small man must have entered first," he grunted as he noticed the scratching of the paint where the feet had scraped on the wall. "Wore a blue woolen coat, judging from this fuzz on the sill where he leaned against the window." Wonder what the big fellow was doing?"

Clancy raised the window and climbed through. Perched on the sill, he looked around. Directly beneath the window there were small, dried spots of mud. Lying on the floor, in the middle of the room, lay the body of Captain Anson. A broken chair nearby, and a scar across his lips were the only indication of violence.

Clancy was busy examining the corpse when a quavering voice distracted him.

"I hope you'll get the ones, sir, as I'm afraid they'll come back and get me, especially the big one, sir," faltered the old servant as he wrung his hands and watched Clancy.

"Are you Captain Anson's servant?"

"Yes, sir! Been the cap'n's second mate and servant, sir. I never had luck, sir and when the cap'n quit the sea, I became his servant, sir."



Elmer Hess	Joseph Holters	Joseph Windbiel	
Norman Hochwalt	Carl Deckwitz	Frank Mahoney (Coach)	Lydwig Virant
John Roth	Albert Krusling (Captain)	William Sherry	



HIGH SCHOOL TEAM

Frank Kubkoski
Charles Sullivan

Joseph Gilvary
Richard Grote (Capt.)

Edward Dwyer
Stephen Maloney

Frank Elardo

"What do you know about this?" queried Clancy, peering over his glasses at the wrinkled old salt.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I go asleep early, sir. The cap'n usually goes down the corner saloon around half-past eight, and when I wakes up this morning I finds him dead, sir. I'm a hard sleeper and heard no noise."

"The cap'n didn't go out last night, for his clothes are dry, and it was raining all day and all night. Neither are his shoes muddy, so he must have been killed before he left the house. Funny!" commented Clancy as he fingered the scar.

"That's no scar. Skin has been ripped from the lips. Here is a tiny bit of adhesive sticking to his chin. Some one pasted a broad strip over his mouth so that he couldn't cry or breathe," Clancy mumbled.

He feverishly examined the dead man,—his eyes, ears, nose and neck. No blow of any kind could be noticed.

"Hello! What's this?" Clancy queried, as he saw how pinched the nose was, and that two wads of cotton were rammed up each nostril. Choked to death!"

The detective got up, looked intently at the corpse, and then let out an exclamation of surprise. The dead man lay on the floor with his heavy overcoat half on, and his arms in both sleeves.

"Let me see, now," and Clancy began to review in his mind how the murder might have happened.

"Do you think, sir, you'll catch the murderers, sir? I'm terribly afraid, sir, especially of the big one, the one with the big shoes, sir," the old sailor asked, eyeing Clancy.

"I think we will get them, especially the big one. A man who can break a chair over another one's head, like that one was broken, should be in prison," Clancy reassuringly answered as the servant peered over his glasses.

"I'm glad, sir, especially on account of the big one, sir. I'm afraid of him, sir."

"Don't be afraid. We'll get the guilty one. Just you go and get some dinner ready for me. Here's a dollar! Get me something good to eat," and Clancy handed the old man a bill.

Hardly had Jack left, than the detective did some quick work. He ran upstairs and searched Jack's room. He found nothing. In the captain's room he found a pair of heavy-soled overshoes with fresh mud on them.

Going down into the kitchen he looked for Jack. Stretched on a rope, and hanging near the stove was an old overcoat drying.

"Darn funny thing!" mused Clancy as he hid the shoes behind him when Jack came in.

"Did the cap'n go out yesterday any time?" he asked.

"No sir! that is, he—yes sir! I don't know, sir!" Jack muttered confusedly as he turned toward the detective.

"Well, how do his overshoes happen to be muddy?" and Clancy produced the muddy overshoes.

"I don't know, sir, I—I—am sure I don't know, sir," Jack excitedly answered.

"You come along with me," the detective ordered as he pushed Jack into the room where the Captain lay. "Now, listen! You killed Captain Anson."

The old servant sat silent and sullen, glaring at Clancy.

"You helped the captain put on his overcoat, while he had his arms half way in the sleeves, you clapped a piece of adhesive tape across his mouth. You were standing on that chair, and pulled the captain over. He was a big man but couldn't help himself, because his arms were stuck in his sleeves. He couldn't yell on account of the adhesive tape. You fell and scratched your left wrist on this borken rung. You have a fresh scar there and some skin and blood is on this jagged edge. You jumped on the captain and straddled him, holding his nose shut so that he choked. After he was insensible you rammed some cotton up his nostrils so that he couldn't revive. Then you took off his overshoes, went to that window, stepped out and walked backward to the pavement. The smaller footprints are deeper at the toe than at the heel. That's the way people walk when they go backwards. They feel their way with the tip of their toes, and then rest on them before placing the foot down. At the pavement you put on the captain's overshoes and walked to the window, leaving two tracks of footprints pointing towards the window. At the window I found some of the fuzz from your old blue wollen coat, which is hanging in the kitchen to dry. You had to climb up the window. Your shoes scratched the paint. Seated on the window sill, you took off the captain's overshoes. The muddy water dripped down. Here are the spots on the carpet. You took something from the captain's coat pocket, probably a letter. Here is the envelope, lately received, and the post mark torn out. You carried the captain's overshoes upstairs and hung your coat up to dry."

Jack scowled.

Clancy walked towards the old servant and grasped him by the shoulder.

"You needn't fear the big one," he ordered.

"Let me get my coat," grumbled Jack.

They both walked to the kitchen. Clancy reached up and pulled down the old blue coat. The same minute Jack threw something into the fire, which quickly burned and turned to ashes.

"He got what was coming to him," muttered Jack as the detective led him past the murdered man.

"And we've got the 'big one,'" Clancy snickered.

✓ Fooled!

A. J. LIMLER, '18

"**S**AY, Ed, that's some reward they're offering for those fellows, isn't it?"

"I should say. Why don't you go out and get them. You'll need some money to furnish the nice little home, you know," Stanton dryly answered.

He and Vince Randall were not on friendly terms, owing to Vince's successful work on the force. Both had started out as patrolmen, and Vince now gave orders to the squad, while Ed still patrolled his beat.

"It sure would come in handy, but I stand as much chance of catching those fellows as Wilson has of keeping us out of trouble."

"You never can tell, and besides, you'd sure get a raise. Nothing like getting up in the force, you know," Ed grunted as he folded up the Daily News and threw it on the table.

Next night, Vince was night-sergeant, and had just copied some entries from the blotter into his own notebook, when the phone-bell clamorously rang.

"Hello! Northwestern police station."

"....."

"What's that?"

"....."

"Robbery and murder! Old York Road, near former car barns? Jack Slade's old road-house," Vince repeated.

He pressed a button.

No one came in.

"Wonder where the boys are?" he muttered.

"Say, hello! hello!"

No answer.

The connection had been broken.

"Gosh, what'll I do? Where the boys?"

He rang the bell once more. Jerry, the turnkey came in.

"Fellows all out. Went down to big fire at Lexington and Saratoga Streets. What's the matter?"

"Matter? Whole lot's the matter. A murder and robbery and not a one around. Where's Jackson? Sleeping? Wake him up and tell him to run the place. I'm going.

Vince buttoned his coat, slipped a service revolver in his pocket, some extra cartridges and his bull's-eye.

"Better take your club with you," Jerry advised as Vince hurried to the garage and pushed out one of the big gray motorcycles.

Down the street he sped, the engine barking and coughing and the Klaxton screeching.

"Cap going on a hurry call," muttered the conductor of the owl car as Vince dashed by.

Out the Old York Road the engine raced. Vince leaned far over the handlebars, scanning the rough, bumpy road. The old carbarns loomed up, big and burly in the distance.

"Soon there. Hope I'm in time," Vince muttered as he slowed down and put out his light.

Silently he rode on, until Jack Slade's farmer road-house was reached.

The night was pitch-black and heavy clouds brooded ominously over the deserted country. Low mutterings of a distant storm growled across the dreary fields.

Vince cautiously dismounted, placed the machine under a tree, and surveyed the ruined building. Not a light could be seen. Carefully he circled the building and looked, his revolver grasped fiercely in his right hand, while his flashlight was ready in his left. Twice he circled the building, then crawled up to it noiselessly.

He tried the side door. It was locked. All was quiet.

He tried the front door. It creaked on its rusty hinges.

Vince stood within the old bar-room. A cold wind rushed through the open door and whistled through the deserted hall.

"I was a fool for coming here," Vince murmured, as he bent forward and listened for any sound.

He groped his way to the old bar and leaned against it.

He flashed his light around the room. Lying right on the floor, near the bar, where he couldn't help seeing it, was an envelope.

He picked it up. It was clean and new. Hastily he opened it and read:

"Dear Vince:—
April Fool!"

"Well, of all the suckers, that Ed ever hit, I'm the . . . . ." He stopped.

He heard the creak of boards as some one came along the hall. Swiftly and noiselessly, Vince slid in back of the bar and crouched under an old box.

He crushed the letter in his hand and stuck it in his pocket.

"I should have thought he'd play me such a trick. Why, didn't I use my head? How could a phone message come from here when there's no wire from this house. I'm a boob, all right," Vince thought as he crouched low and listened.

"Bring the stuff in here," he heard a rough voice whisper, and then the footfalls died away.

Vince remained a long time before he dared stir. Cautiously he removed his shoes and tip-toed from behind the bar.

He felt for the package that had been left in the room. His flashlight circled the room and rested upon an iron box.

Out went the light.

Vince stepped into the hallway. The confused sound of voices reached his ear.

"I'm in for something and I might as well see the finish," he muttered as he tip-toed down the hallway. At the end was a door leading to the cellar. From behind it came the murmur of voices.

Vince tried the latch.

It opened.

He paused. A weird glow lit up the stairs and cellar walls. Vince hesitated. To go down would be to invite death.

"Git that iron box up-stairs, Red," a deep guttural voice whispered.

Red came up-stairs. Vince hid behind the open door.

Red walked down the hall into the bar-room. Vince followed. Red stooped to pick up the iron box, when a blow from Vince's revolver toppled him.

Vince hid behind the open door of the bar-room and waited.

Five minutes, six minutes, and still no one came.

Then a heavy footstep was heard, and growling about that kid, someone entered the room.

Vince followed.

"Well, I'll be . . . . .," mutteerd the big, burly one, as he saw the kid stretched out unconscious over the iron box.

He never finished that sentence. A hard blow on the head did the work for him, the same as what had been done to the kid. He lay unconscious.

Quickly Vince slipped the handcuffs on each and tip-toed down the hallway.

Stooping, as if he carried the iron box, he stumbled down the steps, breathing heavily.

His quick eye searched the cellar. Over in the corner a bent figure, stooped over a blazing fire, stirring something.

"Didje get the dope, Sam?"

"Yes!" answeerd Vince.

At the strange voice, the figure turned.

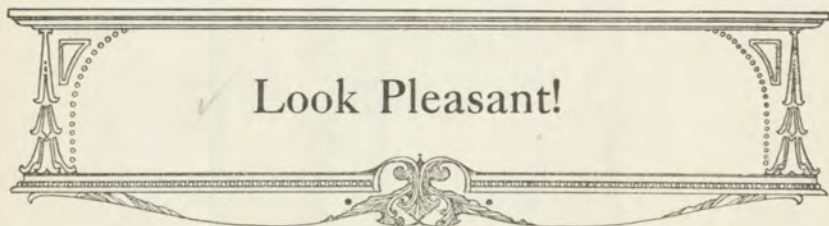
"Wha-a-t?" he stuttered, but said no more.

The flash of the revolver, and the bent figure stiffened on the floor, clutching a knife in the closed hand.

Vince looked about. Counterfeiters they surely were.

The sun was peeping over the roofs as the patrol rattled over the streets. Within, the three counterfeiters were getting a free ride, but one of them was beyond the pale of the law.

"Pretty good trick of yours, Ed, but it worked the wrong way," Capt. Randal smiled as he tucked a bankbook in his inner coat pocket. "Did you ever hear of the fooler being fooled?"



GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17; DEAN MCFARLAND, '19

HAVE you ever fallen in love with the man who cannot smile? This question needs no answer, unless you are an exception in the vast concourse of people that always look for the pleasant smile. The pleasant smile! What a world of meaning, what might and power lie beneath it! It is

the sunshine of the soul, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor. It reveals the happiness of the heart, it portrays a clean conscience, it is the echo of innocence. This is why the smiling man will always attract you. When you meet a man who smiles pleasantly when he greets you, you know that there is something in back of it all. You can rest assured that it is all well with him.

There is a bit of philosophy behind the smile. A pleasant face can belong to him only whose heart is in the right condition. It is only natural that the feelings and emotions be stamped upon the face, for the countenance is the mirror of the soul, unmistakably reflecting its states, its joy and gladness, its grief and pain. Therefore, when a soul is filled with happiness it is necessary that this feeling must find expression in a smile, a pleasant look. On the contrary, when one is under the influence of gloom and depression, when the "blues" pull at the heart-strings, and melancholy, in its uncouth solemnity, mangles the spirits, it is then absolutely impossible, save by a miracle of good will, that the lines of the features can loosen into a pleasant smile.

By this truth is demonstrated the fact that childhood is so attractive. You seldom see a child in the possession of a "long face." What is the first thing that the mother seeks in the new-born babe? The smile,—pleasant, sweet, irresistible in its incomparable innocence. And when she has found it, will she not announce the fact to the entire household, that baby is smiling,—smiling its first smile, dispensing its first ray of sunshine, dispelling all the gloom and dejection that previously existed. What is the result? Mother's heart is filled with joy and gladness, and father is inflated with enviable pride. Thus, we envy childhood, and long to recall it, because it alone can claim most righteously the sincere and truthful smile.

To the grown, however, the smile is a different proposition. The mind has become filled with the knowledge of the world. It has faced the evils that exist therein, evils that gripe the heart to the very core, and often threaten the peace of it. Trials and afflictions are usually the lot of the older, and truly praiseworthy is he who after all is over, can with ready ease smile the smile of the brave.

Therefore, the smile is as admirable in man as it is attractive in childhood. What would you say of the business man who always goes about his work with a sullen and downcast expression, whose every day appears to be a rainy day? The work of such a man never goes well because he is utterly indisposed. His feelings are in the backward course, and quite naturally his work is in the same direction. His partners and clients never enjoy a business deal with him.

Open the door to his office. You are taken aback, and wonder if you should enter, or retrace your steps. An ugly thing never impels, but repulses; never soothes, but irritates; never inspires love, but aversion. Cannot a grumpy man be compared to a thing repulsive, irritating, and despicable? The dispositions of the pessimist are qualities not to be coveted, but the stamp of them on the countenance is a thing to be abhorred.

On the contrary, the man who knows how to give a pleasant smile, be he the man of profession, or the ordinary laborer, is the influential being in a community. Society will always prize him as a leading entity in its success. And why? Because his pleasant expression, coming straight from the heart, promotes more good-will among his fellowmen than any elaborate eloquence can inspire. He always has the multitude around him. Have you ever noticed that you cannot resist the impulse to walk up to such a man and pour out your feelings upon him? He is the one who is always preferred to his opposite in a deal of any kind.

Then, what is it that makes your mother's face linger forever in your memory? It is the sweet and tender expression of her beaming eyes and love-lit countenance that imprints an indelible picture upon your soul. She, of all others, knows best how to smile. If there is anybody, she is the one who can perform what before I said was an impossibility, namely, display a smiling face when the heart is filled with grief. This is the gift of miracle given to mother, so that the days of her children may be lightened with joy.

All this tends to show that the pleasant look is the spice of life. It is a contagion which spreads no havoc, but contrarily, builds upon the foundation stones of encouragement. A pleasant smile is "what makes kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent." It banishes dejection, dispels gloom, and drives off sorrow. Are you doing your duty in this regards? Do your wrinkles wrinkle up or do they wrinkle down? Perform the divine act, and lighten the burden of that enormous chain which all the living drags behind them. Look pleasant!

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17.

"The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
It's worth the most, it costs the least,
'Tis but a pleasant smile."

In this present age of American enterprise which has been termed

the age of materialistic adventures, we are wont to forget that we are also living among a charitable people. The fastidious whirl of business, the pressing cares of social life, the push and pull of politics are only too apt to veil our intellects to the nobler ways of living, and thus we neglect a wayward brother or a poverty-stricken friend. We are only too ready with our sneers, when smiles would brush away the cares.

Today, what the world needs most, and what she craves is character, character not beset by faults and follies, but elevated by ideals. We need not portray the evidences of a true character in lofty words, suitable for stirring an agile imagination, but merely tinge the artist's masterpiece with a smile, and we have all humanity at our feet.

Did you ever try smiling? Fine, wasn't it? Oh! I mean smiling when you didn't care to do so. Perhaps, some day, when time hangs heavily, a mirror will be at your disposal. If the opportunity so presents itself, take the mirror and look straight at yourself. Frown, become seemingly irritated, and even angry, all the time watching your actions. Now change the scene. Smile, just smile. I need not add that smiles will then become the habit of your daily life.

When the world seems all against you, your last friend is gone, your health impaired, your eyes dimmed, your voice shaken, and life seems all aghast, just smile, and lo! your countenance is changed. We know you not. No longer do you savor of despair, but you put new ambition in all whom your eyes gaze upon. We are all striving for the same goal, though our paths are varied and far apart. Then why should a jealous brother, striving for heaven as his reward, scornfully acknowledge the feat of a fellow-brother. Ah! my friends, 'tis hard to explain why we smile not, but it is true.

" 'Tis easy to smile when things go right,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything else goes wrong."

After being defeated by a narrow margin in a political landslide, what more nobly portrays the real man than to see him come up smiling. A pleasant smile lifts the wearisome look of a dyspeptic, greets a lover, and moves the world.

When an athlete fleet of foot goes tearing down the field and is buried beneath the debris of eleven huskies, he comes up smiling. True, his muscles stiffen, his bones ache and his head rings, but not to smile would help them naught. It would but remove the glory

of the run, the achievement from the game, and banish the very joy of living.

It is not ease or luxury that prompts these pleasant smiles. They must be inborn. Consider the ease and comfort added within the memory of living men, and yet few more pleasant smiles are seen, save by the optimists. The telegraph was invented; over the telephone we do our business and gossip; we travel by the engineless horseless trolley car; we telegraph without wires, and soon will talk long distances that way. The great West has been developed; and the great auto whizzes past. All that humanity craves, all that she has, and still she is not contented.

Smile when you awaken, smile in your studies, in your play, at your work and in your sleep. In order to be distinguished in any line of work, one must find pleasure in that work, either real or apparent pleasure. Man's duty must be considered not as a heavy burden placed upon his shoulders, to be relayed day by day over life's highways, but rather as a diversion sent him by the Almighty to break the monotony of life. Man must in order to be distinguished from the thousands who constitute the mass, perform his duty with a smile on his face, and a song in his heart, with never a look at the clock except with regret for the moments that have entered the graveyard of yesterday. He must be an enthusiast, a dreamer, a smiler, yea, even a very pleasant smiler.

The smiling enthusiast needs to surmount no obstacles, for love of his work furnishes him with mighty wings with which he may readily mount the highest peak. His smiling face is a great aid to his hands, endowed with the mighty strength of enthusiasm, and with these he is able to fell forests, to level mountains and to build temples for the masses, the poor would-be "men." All the world is as open to him as that elusive smile which greets his very enemy. He is the mainspring, the planet around which evolves the world's activities; 'tis he who captures and cherishes that word which brings myriads of pleasure to all,—"success."

If you are called from a peaceful slumber at an early hour to answer a trivial call, does your passion outwit your intellect? Do you give freest scope to all that an unruly temper demands? Ah! my friend, perhaps you do; but think how much better, you, your neighbor and your God would feel if you would rise smiling. There are a few people in this world who live on smiles,—may the Lord bless them, for they are few enough. How pleasant is a happy greeting from a friend in the early morning breeze! This little pleasant adieu

removes that sullen feeling which rises with us in the morning, and we resolve to greet each succeeding friend more cordially.

You say, things don't go your way. Certainly not. The ideal does not exist. What was the advantage of only smiling when the world was on your side? Smile when everything else goes wrong. The world must needs have wit and smiles, for no character can thrive without some happiness. Many of our cities are graced with vaudeville houses, houses of laughter, not sinful, but innocent laughter, and these in this respect are helpful, most helpful.

If the world were to set aside one day of the year when we should do nothing but smile, smile from early sunrise to late sunset, what a wonderful day that would be. That one day would be of more advantage toward the elimination of disease, quarrels and grudges, than the year's efforts of the combined forces of all the humanitarian clubs in these United States.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you!" Various laughs, differing in mere form, occur in different stations of life,—the infant's cooing laugh, the small boy's "Ha! ha! c'mon over," the old maiden's cherished giggle, the lover's merry laugh of happiness, the man of state's dignified smile, the society matron's mere expression of gladness, and the grandfather's choking, broken bits of applause. All the world loves a happy character. His presence is always in demand, be it in the store, at the ball, on the gridiron, or in some civic movement.

The small, innocent school-boy in his pranks of every-day life, portrays a picture which artists cannot draw, sculptors cannot mold and poets cannot mimic. It is true, happiness, expressed by the smiles and truth in all its beauty, is far beyond the comprehension of finite man. There is an old proverb which says, "We live in accordance with our labor." There being no true happiness without labor, we alter the adage and it reads: "We live in accordance with our happiness."

In order to appreciate the more the happy characters in the world, let us for the moment contrast them with the grumps of every-day life.

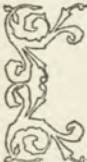
"Well, how does this winter suit you?" we ask him.

"Oh, it's awful, the worst in forty years. Today is fairly good, but last week was fierce. The sun never shone until ten o'clock, and then the steam was so warm one could scarcely work, and on top of all this, it rained the greater part of the afternoon. And tomorrow, I presume, will be the same thing over again."

No matter what the topic of discussion may be, his opinions never vary their tone, and are about as valuable one time as another.

No; I know you do not like to meet such a person. You and I, and all the world, like to meet a person who does not impress us as knowing everything, does not relate parental history, burdens us not with worthless details, makes not "ego" the subject of his phrases, but is always cheerful and smiling. We like to talk with such a person, and the impression is lasting. And long after burial services have been chanted over his body, his smiling image will loom up bright and fresh within our memory.

DEAN MCFARLAND, '19.



Machinery and Labor

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17

THE advent of the nineteenth century in all ways may be called the birth of a golden age. Compare, if you will, the time preceding with the time succeeding the beginning of that century, and observe the steps by which man has mounted to a higher degree of efficiency. The world now revels in the luxury of modern conveniences, which were in former days the envy of kings and nobles. Man has but to will, and the object of his desire is at his command. He has made the material world and inanimate existence willing slaves to his decrees. And all this, because the inventive ingenuity of intelligent man could no longer restrain its strides and had to burst forth to the benefit of all mankind.

The conquest of steam in the close of the eighteenth century was the outcome of this mark of genius. It was the embryo of all future mechanic inventions and has given a basis for all mechanic improvements. Since that time the growth of machinery has advanced with striking rapidity. James Watt has been succeeded by men who would not disregard the opportunity to profit by his inventions and discoveries, and the subsequent contrivances, such as the planing machine, the steam hammer, the patent lock, the slide-rest, and numerous others are the important results of their successful endeavors. Like everything else, machinery would not remain in its original, crude form, and was improved to the present efficient forms.

It is this rapid growth of machinery, which has to such a de-

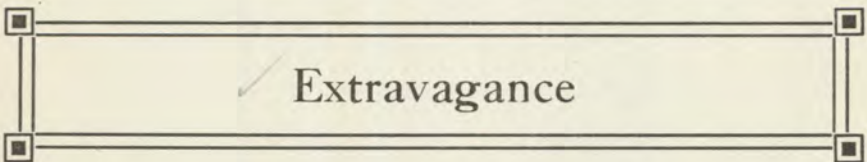
gree revolutionized labor. It has raised the laborer, morally, physically, and intellectually. Machinery has made work a pleasure and life worth living. Man has achieved a greater independence. There was a time when the poorer class was treated no better than a slave, and in many cases, even worse. The laboring man was but a servant or a slave to his master. To him he owed a subjection and allegiance suitable for a king. He was but the property of his lord. Living in miserable hovels, he fell prey to disease. Starvation was usual. He had no voice in public affairs because he could not hold property. In a word, he was looked upon as no more than a beast.

Machinery has changed all these things. It has alleviated the burdens of the peasant and has given man opportunities for self-betterment. With the evolution of machinery, factories sprang up all over the land. Men were needed to operate the machines. Consequently, work became more easily obtainable. Things made by the human hand were now made entirely by the machine. Man has but to operate the machine, and the machine does the work. The resulting articles are types of high perfection and accuracy, in striking contrast with the crude, unfitting forms made by the hand. Popular demand for the article produced increases constantly, and more men are accordingly being employed. Machinery has also shortened the day of the laborer. The twelve and thirteen hours which constituted a day have been reduced to eight. The laborer is free at night to be with his family. He is master of that time. He has time for reading and for intellectual improvement. He has more rest after his day's work, and returns tomorrow with a lightened step, with renewed vigor and energy. His work receives better attention, and his products are more complete. The demand increases and the employer is thereby profited. Higher wages for less time is the slogan of the mechanical world today. Thus, it is seen that one benefit is derived from another, that the good accomplished is always reacting.

Despite the many benefits of machinery you often must face some dire results. Labor troubles are constantly on the increase. Strikes are becoming more numerous than ever. Capital has increased and with the air of a tyrant has crushed labor to the sore discouragement of the laborer. He will not work any longer under the unjust rule of his employer. He demands respect for his rights, and will not succumb to the ill treatment of his employer. He strikes because he can find no arbitration. The army of the unemployed grows large, starvation enters the house, and the home is broken. Society is injured and the safety of the individual is undermined. But is machinery the cause of these evils.

You cannot in truth say that it is. You would not blame machinery because a few unscrupulous minds have failed to recognize the evil in their actions. The blame belongs to the immediate cause, the dishonest rulers of big capital. Many capitalists have banished reason and good sense in their desire to increase their wealth. No thought of justice could enter their mind to prevent them from establishing discord in labor. It is from this selfishness and greed of some of the capitalistic class which has injected discord among the laboring class and put such distance between capital and labor. Laborers have combined to form unions for mutual benefit, but have in many cases proved a curse to labor. Capitalists have united and formed trusts which have destroyed peace and called forth strikes, discords and civil wars.

Therefore, it is not machinery which has brought on labor evils. The good accomplished by machinery far outweighs what evil might arise from selfish capitalism. Remove machinery from the factory and men who have depended upon the machine can no longer earn their daily bread. There would be a still greater army of unemployed than that arising from strikes. Nor does machinery render man less efficient in the making of manufactured articles. On the contrary, it has made the trade of the mechanic one of the best paying trades today. The co-operative form of present-day education is a proof of this assertion. Excluding the narrowness of men who fail to recognize a good thing when they see it, machinery has been the greatest invention with a tendency for the best.



✓ Extravagance

JOHN B. KILLORAN, '18

WHILE it is often remarked that, "It is no disgrace to be poor," and the idea seems to be universally received, it might be well also to say that there are a great many people in this country deceiving themselves in this regard. In many cases it is no disgrace, but in the majority of cases I would say it is a disgrace.

In America, one of the richest countries known, where fortune upon fortune has been made, where billions of dollars are invested, and where the foreigner, even, is able to demand attention, it is a dis-

grace to every citizen, to every community that such institutions, commonly known as Poorhouses, are able to exist. There should be no need for them, whatever. However, since they do exist, and since the communities at large find themselves bound by law and duty to support them, it should be a part of the work of every citizen to diminish, as far as possible, the ever-increasing influx.

There seems to be a tendency in the generation of today, here in America, to spend every cent before it is earned. Consequently, they are never able to save, and when the steady income is suddenly taken away by loss of position or the death of the supporter of the family, they find themselves helpless. Extravagance has been the cause of placing many men and women as burdens upon county infirmaries. It is a sad sight to witness those who might have been respected and prosperous citizens, wasting the last years of their life alone, neglected and loved by no one. Too late, then, to regret their actions, and yet they must live to be a burden on others, a disgrace to themselves, and,—let us hope, an example to others.

I say, that it is a disgrace, in many cases, to be poor, because of the wonderful opportunities this country has offered and is still offering to all who show the least desire to take advantage of them. It is not uncommon to hear the foreigner berated, who has acquired a portion of this country's wealth, by taking advantage of his opportunities. And why are they berated, may I ask? It is because those who are too lazy to lift their finger for their own betterment, who want others to wait on them instead of helping themselves, are too selfish to allow others to have what they themselves care nothing about. They are like the dog in the manger.

The foreigner would teach us all a lesson were we willing to learn, and, above all, he could teach us the art of being frugal. But, since we do not care to learn he saves his advice for his children who will profit by it and one day look down on all who formerly despised his father.

To become extravagant is very easy; to become frugal is difficult. In this country where no one needs be idle, the idea, "the least saved is the best," seems to be predominant. Were we to look very deep into the matter we would see that it is these very same people who are howling socialists, and who think the only great trouble is that others have wealth and are enjoying themselves, while they must be forced to content themselves with what they can get.

Whose fault is it? Nine out of ten can, if they are honest, lay the blame at their own door. Why? Simply because they have thrown away their opportunities, have gone through life without

one thought of ever denying themselves, never saved, allowed themselves every enjoyment, every luxury, and never thought of the future. They have been extravagant, and the worst part of it all is they are teaching and have taught their children to be the same by their example.

Take, for instance, the ordinary children of today. They are petted and pampered, given their own way at all times, are dressed according to the changes of fashion and given more money to spend in a week than their parents ever received in a year. They must have recreation in the form of confections, movies and parties, instead of developing their muscles at home as their parents did. Is it any wonder then that when children become grown up they find themselves ignorant of the first principles of how to save? When parents, in place of engendering noble ideals in the child, instead of making them learn to curb their passions and desires, instead of teaching them to be saving, instead of making them understand the necessity of knowing when to say "No," teach them the very opposite, it is not surprising to find results what they are. What the man has been taught in youth, those things will he practice, and in order that the man be perfect it is necessary to mould the youth to ideal principles. The germs of dissipation, discontent, dishonesty and other diseases of the mind and body which drag many down the wrong path, are daily being taught by extravagant parents to their children by the lives they lead.

The mother or father who instills the habit of saving in children, by making them place a part of their spending money in a little bank, who teaches the children to retain a part of their earnings for a "rainy day," to give up some of their pleasures and respect the little things of life, are doing more good for them than if they have untold wealth for their disposal. An old gentleman who had acquired a considerable amount of the world's goods once said in giving advice, "If the habit of saving has been well learned in youth and is practiced throughout life you will acquire wealth."

It is because they have not acquired the habit in youth, that most young men find their companions stepping ahead of them. When they begin to earn for themselves they find they have more money than they know what to do with, and in order to get rid of it they begin to frequent saloons and gambling houses and it is not long before they are forced to borrow from the other fellow. After keeping company for some time with a pretty girl upon whom he has lavishly expended his money, he thinks of marriage, and upon being accepted, goes in debt for a hundred dollars or so that he may pre-

sent her with a diamond ring. Yet he does not worry nor does the girl worry as long as he shows her a royal time, so they finally marry. The credit system now comes in quite handy. A dollar down and a dollar a week seems to be a very fine way to furnish a home. With a wife who knows better how to spend money than he does himself, the poor man finds himself now forced to forego many of his former pleasures, and unless he does, his wife and family will suffer, and when she refuses to do this he will probably find himself in the divorce courts.

With nothing to start with, they acquire nothing. The pay envelope comes in Saturday and goes out Monday morning by means of the dollar system. What is left is spent for amusements. Then, of course, when the children arrive more expense is added and they just begin to realize how foolish they have been, but as the children must not be denied anything, they continue as before.

When friend husband finds an opportunity to better his conditions, he is unable to grasp it as a little capital is invariably required. He must continue to slave for someone else, must pocket his pride and receive orders from men many years his junior. Too bad, isn't it? But such is the remorse of many who have considered the time of youth but lightly, who have tasted of its pleasures forgetting that a future lay before them, and in old age realize what they have missed.

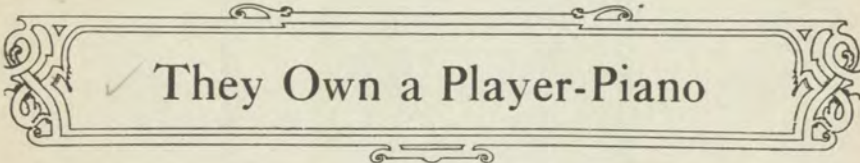
It is only the story of thousands, and it will be the story of as many more thousands in the years to come. Yet, it is sad to think that so many should be blinded by the pleasures of the world, when experience has taught so many that extravagance is an enemy to happiness. To extravagance can be traced many of the sorrows of the world. Trace the havoc it has wrought in your own community, among the many people you yourself know. I might go into detail and enumerate them for you, but several books would be required to do so were the subject treated properly. It should be sufficient to state that it is a great evil and one that should be feared greatly, for it is nothing more or less than "the devil in sheep's clothing."

The old-time ideas and customs of our forefathers are continually laughed at by our modern and up-to-date young people, yet they would do well to follow some of these examples. It was not a custom with them to make necessities for themselves, to demand and take several long vacations in a year, live in pretentious neighborhoods and dwellings, or mortgage what they possessed to obtain pleasure as many are doing now to ride in an automobile. Yet, while many went without the bare necessities of life at times to put a few dollars in the bank, they were doing something to benefit themselves

and others in the future, and they at least retained an honorable name, which many of today cannot say, who contract debts without ever having a good intention to pay.

The American people are in too prosperous a condition to appreciate what they have, and for that reason extravagance reigns supreme. It is only when a panic, a strike or the failure of a crop take place that they are brought face to face with hard conditions, and it is only then the truth of the old say "We never miss the water till the well is dry," is appreciated.

It is necessary, therefore, in order to safeguard our happiness, that we avoid being extravagant and practice thrift. It is the only sure way to win success, to become prosperous, respected, honorable and happy. Extravagance is the seed, which once planted, produces many vices, and if the plant is allowed to mature, Providence only knows what thorns and weeds and poisonous flowers it will produce.



They Own a Player-Piano

RAYMOND GORMAN, '19

THE world has at last learned the value of time. As the years multiply and heap one upon the other, mankind becomes more and more intent upon the accumulation of the almighty dollar. So occupied is man's time that he nourishes his body with condensed foods, in order that he may utilize the moments thus gained at the expense of a hearty meal. Instead of refreshing his mind by the perusal of a good book, he demands a synopsis or a summary of it, lest the time spent in reading would be the cause of financial loss.

This is truly a sorry state of affairs, but some men go still farther and demand some condensed form of amusement or pleasure. This is supplied by our modern "canned music," the victrola, player piano, etc.

Jones was one of this class of beings. He considered it a crime to enjoy a square meal, contented himself with bullion cubes, condensed milk, and instant postum. But Jones was a great lover of

music, and quite naturally. His mother was organist of the family house of worship for fifteen years. His father was the director of a brass band, and his brother worked in a piano factory. This hereditary love for music, coupled with a fanatical attempt to utilize his spare time, compelled him to purchase a player piano.

The purchase of a piano was a perfectly laudable and harmonious action, but considering that Jones lived in a flat, alters matters considerably. Besides he had been a resident but six weeks, and he was on the outs with all the neighbors, even down to the janitor.

The piano was installed by two gigantic negroes, Jones paid the first installment, and wifey proceeded to tear off a "rag."

The little Joneses with musical instinct soon learned to manipulate the instrument much to the delight of their fond parents. Jones Jr., age 12, possessed of a stout pair of pedal extremities, insisted upon keeping the works hot while the family were partaking of their condensed soup and canned oysters.

After the first week, a regular shift system was in operation. The wee small hours of the morning were awakened with the metallic clang of "My Pretty Baby"; the long mornings and dreary afternoons were enlivened by wifey with "A Little Bit of Heaven," while Jones entertained the family after nightfall with "Mother Macree" and "That Ragtime Pipe of Pan." Everybody seemed satisfied at the Joneses, but with the neighbors it was different.

That very night the renters met in the suite of the Hon. J. H. Mead, a prominent church member, business man, and—dyspeptic. That the purpose of the assembly bore ill to Jones was obvious from the dire threats that were uttered against him. Besides, the victim's rooms were directly below, and the meeting was conducted to the strains of "America, I Love You."

All unconscious of impending peril, Jones Sr. pursued the elusive dollar through the day, and battered the unoffending piano at night. Mead, the dyspeptic, drank his hot water and groaned. Being a deacon of the church, he forbore to swear, but the janitor was different, and the steam issuing from Jones' radiator re-echoed the profanity of the basement below.

A concentrated attack was planned by the other inmates of the flat, goaded at last into desperation. The result might have been a funeral from the Jones apartments, had not an unfortunate accident happened. Wifey was enjoying "The Beach at Waikiki," when the piano decided to give up the ghost. There was a resounding crash beneath the mahogany finish. The music stopped abruptly, and a quantity of keys, small wheels and wires could be seen through the

top, twisted into a confused mass. The perpetual motion machine had proved a fiasco. But still it was supposed to be a player piano.

Jones arrived home at four and surveyed the ruins. His only thought was that he had been cheated by the piano house. With a feeling of resentment against everybody, and particularly the agent who had demonstrated the piano, he phoned the store and had them remove the thing from his home.

All efforts to induce him to purchase another were fruitless. He now devoted the time once spent in ragging the scale, to playing pinochle, which he found more "profitable." The Hon. J. H. Mead began to improve; the rest of the neighbors became docile, and the janitor didn't swear except when he had to.

Jones said he never liked "canned music," anyhow; it always made him thirsty.

The Newlyweds Across the Street

GEORGE R. KINSTLE, '17

IT would not be an everyday occurrence. It would be particularly rare in times such as the present, when the cost of living soars far beyond supra-stellar space. But adepts at the game of hearts don't care. Contrarily, their glee is in equal proportion to the cost of living; both are high. Therefore, even now we hear the glorious peals of wedding bells. They merely announce that on his part a victory has been won; on her part a husband has been won; and on the part of both all embarrassing situations are past. Both are one, and across the street is the bungalow.

We remember the end of the honeymoon, for we looked out of our front windows to see them return. We're an inquisitive set, the whole lot of us. Every window had a pair of faces back of it, and we have about seven front windows. So, you see, we were not in the least apt to miss them. When they arrived, a hum and buzz of voices went their round, and they got a good sizing-up. She was out of breath, and he was perspiring like a trooper. After all, a honeymoon must not be quite so soft as what we think it is. The suitcases he carried had fragments of wire about them. They must have been wired on the wedding-day by a click of jolly tricksters. It is queer

that they had not taken the wire off. They must have forgotten. We often wonder why. Their faces lit up, however, when they stood before the future abode. A keen sense of pleasure and relief pervaded both when they ascended the steps and entered the hall. Then the door closed and hid them from our view. We don't know what happened immediately after, but we can readily imagine. Some said they heard it.

Now, Mrs. Newlywed was educated, and therefore could not cook well. Several years ago she attended a fashionable private boarding school, highly famous for its annual output of excellent fudge-makers on commencement day. She boasted of being not the least among them. But all of her skill in making chafing-dish sweets failed to help her make coffee that first night in the bungalow across the way. At supper, Mr. Newlywed was the first to drink it, and admirable was the silence in which he suffered. He did not wish to pass a remark, since that would not have been wholly feasible to begin with. Was it a new beverage? he wondered. It did not taste like anything he had ever drunk before, nor like "hops." All that he knew was that it bordered on bitter salts or stomach bitters. But when Mrs. Newlywed tried to drink hers, she made a forebodingly weird face. Yet she could not understand why the coffee should be so strong, since, as she said, she only used one part each. The next day, for dinner a tempting rice dish had been prepared. But alas! why do they make cinnamon and pepper look alike? The result was that momentarily there was a bit of sneezing, and all evening Newlywed could not drink enough—water. Perhaps excitement and novelty was at the bottom of it all. At all events, at the end of the week special encroachments were made on the income, for broken dishes had to be replaced and tablecloths had to be sent to the cleaner's to have irremovable stains removed. Through the entire ordeal Mr. only looked at Mrs., and said not a word. They understood; they had to.

Mr. Newlywed, however, did not have all the laughs. Now, although he cannot flatly be called a coward, nevertheless, he had a little of timidity in him also. A friend who should happen to knock at the door at night for a match to light his cigar would have not an easy time to enter uninvited. Every night at the prescribed time we could see from our windows, Mr. Newlywed lock up his bungalow. This task was performed in courses. First, he peepishly examined the doors and windows to see that no unwelcome guest was intruding the premises. Then, he tried the locks on every window, and pulled down the blinds a foot below the window-sills. Then, after

bolting the doors, he reinforced them with a chair or more. But none of these could assuage his fears, and his imagination had free play. Accordingly, it was not he, but Mrs. Newlywed who got up at midnight to search the house, because peculiar noises had been heard or imagined. And the only discovery made was the fact that the cats were accrobating on the gas pipes below. Thus, many dreams came to a tragic end.

At first, the life of the Newlyweds across the street was but a continuation of what a few years before the nuptials contained. Cupid played an important role. Yet they could not be entertained solely by calling each other gracious names, and they gradually were converted to our way of living. They became civilized. Mothers-in-law-days were the gala times. On these occasions each took a turn to be afraid to speak. To break up the monotony of such awkward moments, piano agents of various calibres were invited. This resulted in the introduction into the Newlywed bungalow of a handsome new "player." When mother-in-law became loquacious, Newlywed would whistle the tunes of her favorite piece. This acted like an electric spark on the elder one's nerves, and immediately she would respond. As quick as instinct she would jerk down the pedals, put on the role, "fix up" the metronome, and the evening was soon over.

The people who passed by often wondered why the Newlyweds were always so happy. Youngsters, going forth to school, were sure to be late if they passed by the bungalow. Young people of the dancing age listened, bolted, sighed, and moved on. Many men, who left home or work with a grump, deposited it at the front steps of the house across the way, and went whistling by. Women, having something to say, chose this place to talk it over. Song-birds, whose nature it is to be susceptible to the contagion of music, succumbed and twittered in the eaves of the Newlyweds' home. And who knows but what a million microscopic beings danced a minuet upon the pavement? Life, indeed, was glorious. Many a young man, with unspeakable prospects before him, lost all shyness when about to ask somebody an all-important question. Many a hopeful maiden contemplating matrimony felt happy and sighed, "Ah!" All of this was due to the music and laughter issuing from the Newlyweds' parlor.

Gradually, however, domestic evolution set in, and the Newlyweds became like the rest of us. They acted as we did, ate as we did, came and went as we did. Humanity set in, and after a time we considered them as of our class. Mrs. Newlywed began to come across to have us sample her fine soups. We, acknowledging that she had become an excellent cook, made her try our latest puddings.

That was several years ago, and now Johnny brings the samples over. Just the other day, Tom broke one of our front windows. We don't camp behind them now.

✓ Historic Points of the Village

DANIEL COLLINS, '19

IT is queer what things a calendar will do to a man, isn't it? The other night, after a good supper, I seated myself to enjoy an equally good cigar when my eye was caught by a calendar hanging opposite me on the wall. It was one of those pictures of an old mill, with the mill-pond beside it, and trees and green grass growing all around. Why they never put somebody in that pond is something I can not fathom. For myself, that sort of a picture excites in me a wild desire to return to my home town and jump into that old pool once more. Thoughts like these brought me back once more to the old town, and I remembered the historic scenes of revelry and escapade.

Among these scenes, was, of course, the "ole swimmin' hole." Never will I forget one memorable night spent there. Incidentally, I will never forget nor forgive Hank Timons. Timons owned a melon-patch, lying about a quarter-mile behind our pool. Thither one night we hied ourselves, armed with sacks and evil, dark intentions. Sneaking about cautiously, with deadly accuracy and fiendish design, we capture the unsuspecting melons and thrust them into the bags. Then, away, away to the mill-pond. Quickly that bank was filled with melon-rinds. Then, throwing aside our vast and copious wardrobes of shirts and overalls, we plunged into the cool, depths of the pond. But suddenly a horrible voice boomed out upon the night. The voice belonged to Hank Timons, who, club in hand, stood on the bank, valiantly guarding our clothes. But we did not think of clothes. In a second a dozen little bodies cut the water like German torpedoes, and scrambled up the opposite bank (German torpedoes, however, have never performed this latter feat). At about two o'clock the following morning, the lone constable in the village was startled to see several hitherto perfectly harmless meal-bags from the old mill sneaking down alleys to certain homes.

Then what an enchanted place the circus ground was! Circus

day the gang was at the railroad before sun-up. They showed the teamsters where to water their horses, carried water for the elephants and tent poles for the tents. They perspired freely and heroically, and simulated work admirably. Finally, they saw the show. For a month after that, Indians and cowboys rode and fought through the streets of our town, and dogs and little children were "scared stiff."

Another historic point was Tibbins' grocery store. Folks said old man Tibbins was as rich as Rockefeller and closer than the air in the smoker of an accommodation train. On Hallowe'en he chased the bunch clear out of town because they enticed him from his store and pelted him with his own rotten cabbages.

The market-square was the grandest place of all. It was here that during the week-days, the village loafers congregated and filled the air with loud talk and the sidewalks with tobacco-juice. Then on Saturdays the farmers came in and filled that same square with hayseed and rotten eggs and vegetables. On Friday nights the great brass band of a dozen pieces filled it with excellent imitations of the sirens on a Swedish tramp steamer. On these occasions, also, the people filled the market place with themselves. The old came to hear the music and talk about the crops, and their neighbors and the war; the young people came to see and be seen; and they managed it so that they did both. The big boys walked about with hands in pants pockets and cigarettes in their mouths; the little boys took their hands from their pockets and rescued snipes from destruction. The girls shyly walked about and allowed themselves occasionally to be caught by a particular friend. They then proceeded to the drug store across the way and consumed candy and ice cream with a joy and delight unsurpassed.

During campaign times the "Opry House" was the scene of spirited debates, and after the debates the bar-room across the way afforded splendid opportunity for pugilistic skill.

All in all, that old town was an historic place, and historic were the characters therein. But every town has its beginning and must have its end, and the end of this town, and this type of town is where it began—in the back woods.





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The Mexican Constitution

The Mexican Constitution Have you read the "Mexican Constitution of 1917?" If you have not, send ten cents to the "Catholic Church Extension Society," McCormick Building, Chicago, Ill., and a copy will be mailed to you. You owe it to yourself to become acquainted with this modern exposition of "freedom."

We read it a few days ago. It is our belief that the Catholic Church; its Priests, Brothers, Sisters, and Catholics in general have as much chance for freedom of worship and opportunity to "whisper" the word of God according to their own belief—as much chance as the proverbial snowball.

Yes; and Carranza did it, the man whom the United States recognized, in spite of the fact that sworn statements presented to the present President of the United States, showed him to be a despot, the perpetrator of cruel murders, and deeds worse than murders, upon innocent victims who served their God, and whose only sin was their belief in and their teaching the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

And yet there are Catholics who will maintain it is none of our business. But what kind of peaceful folks are these Catholics who "stand by the president," who in their opinion "can do no wrong." They are dyed-in-the-wool politicians. They are opposed to inter-

vention in Mexico, because the President is opposed to intervention; and they are for intervention into European affairs, in direct contradiction of 100 years' Monroe Doctrine policy, because, weathervanes that they are, the President is for intervention in the present European situation.

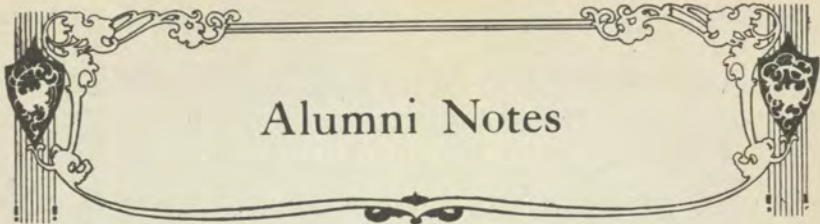
It is precisely this class of dead-wood Catholics, who make good door-mat Catholics, who make possible a situation like the Catholic Church in France for the last fourteen years. It is true, that there is a movement on foot to muzzle "free speech," to declare criminal any criticizing of presidential acts, but it is likewise true that the red blood corpuscles in the American Nation will not stand for any such legislation. We want no Dictator, with the powers of a Caesar, and it is no treason to say so.

Get busy and get a copy of that "Mexican Constitution of 1917." Get active! Don't be afraid to express an intelligent opinion of things going on about you. Don't be a door-mat for dyed-in-the-wool politicians to control. They won't respect you for it. Local dyed-in-the-wool politicians won't like this article, but the truth of the matter is that we never expected them to like it. We are willing to be lead—by a capable leader, but the dyed-in-the-wool politicians we are thinking about, are not of the mental calibre that goes to make up leaders. There is gray matter missing in the office-seekers who try this big game control.

Student Conduct

Managers of halls, theaters and motion picture houses in many cities have their troubles with college crowds who patronize these places of amusement. Strange to say, at the age when college students expect to be called "young men," some of them seem to have reached the seventh age of man, "Second Childhood." Like babies, they seem to be unable to "behave" in public.

These young men make a mistake. When they have left the haunts of college days, the memory of them as manly young men, students in the full sense of the word, will be blurred. We shall forget that one was a star football center and basketball guard; another, that he was a successful baseball manager and substitute guard; and another that he was Class President and the first young man to attempt to publish a Class Annual. Yes; we shall forget all this, and in place of these happy memories, reflecting honor and credit upon these young men, we shall have blurred images of second childhoods,—giggling, chattering, inane specimens of so-called manhood.



Alumni Notes

What
Others Do

There is a little college in Ohio that has 725 alumni who two years ago raised an "Alumni Endowment" of \$25,000. They are at it again, and aim to raise another \$25,000. Judging from the enthusiasm exhibited in the letters, extracts of which appeared in the college paper, we believe that they will do it.

Think it over! Only 725 alumni, and their goal for loyalty for Alma Mater is \$50,000 in three years. We were going to say something, but we remember the saying that "comparisons are odious," so we shall not make any.

We have been told that The Exponent is getting a little "buggy" on the money question. However, we intend to ride that buggy for a while. We read approximately 150 college magazines a month, and the **appeal** for money and the **results** obtained, as outlined in these magazines, rather incline us to believe that we have not talked enough.

These other college magazines are real "brassy" about it. We are "tame." Listen to these:

"The raising of another \$25,000 to endow another Alumni Chair is the logical thing to do." D. A. C., Class of '76.

"Now is the time to push Alumni of ——— to do their utmost for her. All should give something." J. A. C., Class of '87.

"Beyond doubt, the Alumni should be willing to raise \$25,000 as a mark of appreciation of the efforts the President has been putting forth in behalf of the college." J. H. McC., Class of '04.

"For the most part, the Alumni of ——— have invested their talents in altruistic fields, and have not engaged in money-making as a business. Still there are some who can give \$1,000, others \$750, others \$500, many \$250, and a large number \$100, and **there is not an Alumnus who can not either give or raise among his friends at least fifty dollars for his College within the next two years.**" Alumni Editor of ——— College.

All the foregoing are taken from one college paper of the State of Ohio. But what we were going to say, when we started this

money talk, was: "Have you sent in your contribution to the \$3,000 Mechanical Engineering Fund?" The goal is far from being reached, although the campaign has been on for several months. Do your share and send in your contribution. Do it now!

Centenary Celebration

The Society of Mary will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Society this year. Would it not be just the thing to raise a big fund for the erection of an auditorium which is so much needed at St. Mary College today? Holy Cross College will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary this year, and the alumni are busy raising funds for expanding the growth of Holy Cross. Think of it! \$50,000 was added to the fund a few weeks ago, so you may imagine what the lump sum will be.

If \$50,000 is a mere drop in the bucket, the Alumni Editor wants to borrow that bucket if it can bring any luck. Talking may help some, but we're beginning to covet that bucket's winning ways.

Harry F. Finke, '02

Harry Finke, of the firm of Geiger & Finke, is now at the head of "The Finke Engineering Co.," which is located at the old location of Geiger & Finke, which firm has dissolved partnership. The Finke Engineering Co., is located at 1533 Germantown Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Success, Harry! Your many friends among the faculty and alumni wish you success in your new enterprise.

John Kline, '16

"Janus" is lieutenant in field artillery, and is with Battalion C of the Ohio National Guard. He met Arthur Zimmerman (3rd Ohio Medical Corps), and Charles Shields (1st Ohio Cavalry, Troop C). Janus expects that the Ohio National Guard from Dayton will not return for fully three months.

We were glad to hear from you, Janus, glad that you're figuring the distance for shooting at the Mexicans. Cut out some of your curiosity jaunts over the border, otherwise someone of that southern clime will surely "pot" you. Let us hear from you again.

Albert Krupp, '90

While attending the Hardware Men's Convention at Dayton, Ohio, Albert Krupp visited Alma Mater. It was his first trip to the old hunting grounds, and naturally he found the college had grown since his time.

Our Old Boy was formerly from Franklin, Ohio, but is now

located in the hardware business at 1213-1215 Cherry Street, Toledo, and resides at 2453 Vermont Avenue.

Come again! Boost the old school in Toledo, and send us down some "talent" to work on next year.

**Fred
Hackman, '08**

Fred Hackman called to visit the College, Tuesday, February 20, on his honeymoon. He had been married in the morning of the same day to Miss Ruth Harwell. He was well impressed with the changes in the curriculum, equipment and private rooms arrangements.

Fred was one of Father Frische's understudies in the department of Alumni Notes in his last years at College. He is living at Connersville, Ind., at the present time.

Congratulations and best wishes, Fred! Come again and stay longer.

**Carl
Saurbier, '12**

Carl, writing from home, 127 Thorndale Terrace, Rochester, N. Y., expressed his delight from reading the news in The Exponent. He was "tickled" at the record made by the Varsity in basketball, and expressed himself as wishing to get in a yell or two at one of the games. He is busy at the Eastman Kodak plant. He did not forget to renew his subscription to The Exponent.

**Arthur
Zimmerman, '16**

"Art," while doctoring to others in the Medical Corps, was laid low with Texas infection. He took advantage while he was down along the border, to study up a "Smelting Plant," especially the chemical laboratory. He sent some pictures of the camp and its surroundings.

Stick to it, "Art." That "German Plot" may keep you down a little longer. Try to make a cozy nest for yourself.

**Clarence
P. Kramer, '03**

We were fortunate in seeing a wedding invitation, announcing the wedding of Clarence P. Kramer and Miss Ruth Olympia for Wednesday, February 14, at Cicero, Ills. The announcement likewise carried the information that after March 1, 409 South Taylor Avenue, Oak Park, Ills., would be the home of the Newlyweds.

**Rotarians
at S. M. C.**

The Rotarians had "Dinner" at S. M. C. February 14. They pronounced the menu excellent, and expressed their desire to come again. A number of them visited the laboratories, and expressed their surprise to see

the equipment that St. Mary College possesses in its different departments of engineering.

The following is the list of Rotarians present. How many alumni do you find among them?

C. L. G. Breenè, J. B. Gilbert, G. W. Shroyer, Edward Wuichet, G. D. Antrim, John N. Gibson, Frank R. Henry, O. W. Mendenhall, M. J. Schwab, Harry F. Cappel, Horace M. Frank, Chas. W. Raymond, H. D. Wyatt, Earl Reeder, F. B. Heathman, Scott Pierce, Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, David Lefkowitz, John C. Haswell, Rev. John Gallagher, H. K. Anderson, O. D. Hauck, Thos. F. McGee, W. A. Keyes, John C. Eberhardt, Jos. B. Boren, John F. Stemler, Elmer L. Gerber, Joseph A. Mayl, Chas. J. Olt, A. T. Nesbitt, O. P. Gilmore, E. E. Niswonger, J. E. Peirce, Don C. Westerfield, Geo. W. Kepler, John Collins, W. H. Payne, Joseph E. Lowes, C. F. Young, C. A. Kurz, Jr., A. A. Ohmer, S. T. Hunter, J. E. Richards, E. G. Durst, C. A. Plocher, G. F. Burba, E. A. Baber, S. Rufus Jones, Charles J. Hall, J. W. Downer, Fenton Bott, J. F. Gallaher, F. G. Cellarius, J. A. Keyes, W. F. Blackwell, Joseph W. Green, C. E. Jones, J. F. Kiefaber, Jos. H. Carr, L. W. Janus, H. E. Talbott, S. S. King, H. Webb, Percy Stabler, Frank Hermes, H. C. Robison, B. W. Lair, J. Zweifel, Wm. Wuichet, W. E. Harbottle, Rev. Arthur Dumper, George W. Marshall, J. R. Woodhull, Eugene J. Schaefer, J. W. Anderton, William Burkhardt, W. W. Bishop, H. E. Allen, E. D. Kramer, F. P. Brown, C. H. Brelsford, Walter T. Muth, H. H. Law, H. C. Delscamp, J. O. Neikerk, L. E. Ellis.

College Notes

HERBERT ABEL

HIGHEST HONORS FOR FEBRUARY

Collegiate Department

Senior Arts—Lawrence Montanus, 93; George Kinstle, 92.

Senior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Rob. Hummert, 94; Jos. Windbiel, 94; Otto Behrer, 94.

Senior Engineering (E. E.)—Albert Krusling, 92; George Brennan, 91.

Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—John Crowley, 96; John Roth, 95.

Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Leslie Porter, 94; Paul Stanton, 93.

Junior Engineering (M. E.)—Russel Garrison, 93.

Sophomore Arts—Law. Weber, 94; Dean McFarland, 93; Francis Heider, 93.

Sophomore Engineering—Joseph Schaefer, 94; Waldemar Schmidt, 94.
 Freshman Arts—Daniel Collins, 92; Raymond Gorman, 90.
 Freshman Engineering—E. Kessler, 93; C. Hochwalt, 91; W. Yackley, 91; W. Boesch, 91.

High School Department

Fourth High—Henry Weinert, 95; Walter Westendorf, 92.
 Third High-A—Joseph Murphy, 95; Frank Elardo, 92.
 Third High-B—Herbert Abel, 93; Joseph Flanagan, 86.
 Second High-A—Jos. Nilles, 94; Law. Menninger, 93; Alvin Rabe, 93.
 Second High-B—Edwin Menker, 93; Alfred Poliquin, 92.
 First High-A—Eugene Busch 92; Harold Melia, 91.
 First High-B—Frank Beckford, 94; Joseph Lamoureux, 94.
 First High-C—William Myers, 96; Norbert Westbrook, 94.
 First High-D—Joseph Schwind, 94; Edwin Rohr, 93.

Business Department

Second Year—J. Fletcher, 98; C. Brunner, 94; J. Hackett, 94; E. Kuntz, 94.
 First Year—Leon Ruder, 91; Raymond Kinney, 90.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Norbert Gross, 93; Charles Petkewicz, 92.
 Seventh Grade—James Coffield, 93; Wesley Meyer, 93.
 Sixth Grade—James Hatcher, 97; George Volz, 91; Victor Comer, 90.
 Fifth Grade—L. Stuhldreher, 94; A. Rahe, 94; R. Beck, 92; J. Keller, 92.

Dr. Lincoln Wirt

Dr. Lincoln Wirt delivered an interesting lecture to the patrons of the College Lyceum Lecture and Entertainment Course on February 7. His theme was, "In the Wake of the War." Dr. Wirt was most graphic in his descriptions of the horrors of war, and vividly portrayed the terrors of fighting in the trenches of the European battlefields of today. His lecture pleased the large crowd that attended.

Noah Beilharz

Noah Beilharz was heard for the fourth or fifth time on the College platform. His subject, February 19, was, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." While Mr. Beilharz had been heard by many patrons of the course in this play before, the enthusiastic reception given him this season was ample proof that Mr. Beilharz is an artist whose work merits return dates.

As we go to press, we learn that Mr. Beilharz has two new programs besides those he has already given to our College audiences. This means, no doubt, that we can bank on the lecture committee booking Mr. Beilharz in the near future for another date.

Visatures of the Dominion

On the morning of the lecture date of Noah Beilharz, the student-body were entertained with a most interesting and educational lecture on the beauty and wealth of Canada. The lecturer, Mr. Frank Yeigh, delightfully entertained the student-body

with his description of Canada, and used slides and motion pictures throughout the lecture. The attraction was secured from the Bureau of Economics.

Washington's Birthday The eve of Washington's Birthday was the occasion of patriotic exercises in the live classes of the High School Department. The Stars and Stripes were in evidence in the decorative schemes in the classes having these appropriate exercises.

St. Mary College Literary Circle The St. Mary College Literary Circle held two debates in the month of February at their regular meeting. Great interest was shown by the participants in the debate, and the exhibition of oratory was most encouraging. There has been a demand for more meetings to afford more opportunities to cultivate the art of public speaking.

Sibca Literary Circle The "Patriotic Number" of the Sibca was issued the eve of Washington's Birthday. The Sibca Literary Circle held its February session on this occasion. Patriotic numbers were the order of the day, and together with three debates, composed the program rendered February 21. An illustrated lecture on Greece, as part of the progressive course in history, was greatly appreciated by the class. The Class Library is well patronized, especially during the reading periods on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The exchange of correspondence with different high schools of the country, is resulting in improvement in letter writing.

Busy B The First High-B is working hard to keep among the leaders in studies. All the boys are interested in their work and this interest is uniting them into one body and putting a good spirit among the boys. The day before Washington's Birthday, the Busy B Literary Circle held its meeting and entertained the class with choice patriotic selections, all in harmony with the occasion. The several debates were especially interesting from start to finish particularly the one dealing with the war. Herman Raiff and Calvin Kipp deserve special mention. The class has secured caps bearing the class colors. These caps are truly unique and serve to distinguish First High-B boys from all the others. The Washington Number of the paper was replete with original compositions and poems of worth and patriotic articles, thus showing that the paper is a success from the literary point of view.

First High-C A committee to gather and exhibit educative and interesting pictures was chosen. It is composed of the following members: Norman Burgmeier, Cletus Schaaf and Edwin Tumbusch. The general order of the class is well taken care of by Ross King, William Kohl and Karl Pauzer. The Class Paper, the "Rolling C," is showing marked improvement under the leadership of Daniel McCarthy, Norbert Westbrook and Daniel Ryan. The Longfellow Literary Club gave a most interesting entertainment on the eve of Washington's Birthday. Perry Volino's selection, "What Our Flag Would Say Were It to Speak," was the best of the numbers rendered.

First High-D

A requiem mass was read for the repose of the soul of Mr. Adolph Schwind, the father of Joseph Schwind, at the request of the First High-D Class. The class has been divided into four sections, each containing a Patrol Leader, Assistant Patrol Leader and six Privates. Under the new system, the averages of the class have been raised considerably. A Ukalele Club was inaugurated February 23, and if the enthusiasm keeps up, the class will have some brilliant players soon.

The Apostolic School of Japan

FOURTH ENDOWMENT

Total cash on hand January 2, 1917..... \$764.95

Contributions received since January 2, 1917:

Sisters of Notre Dame Academy, \$60.00; Mrs. John Breen, \$20.00; P. J. Kranz, \$5.00; C. H. Bancroft, \$5.00; Mrs. John and Mary L. Barlow, \$1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Vering, \$1.00; Mrs. Anna Dorfmeister, \$1.00; Mrs. Joseph Landner, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Boll, \$1.00; Chas. J. Frohmiller, \$2.00; Mr. A. Hallameyer, \$5.00; Mr. Thomas Sunshine, \$1.00; Misses Anna and Christian Fey, \$5.00; Mrs. Matilda Armstrong, \$1.00; Mrs. T. K. Lynch, 50c; Miss C. A. Lynch, 50c; Miss Mary Banzer, \$2.00; Mrs. B. Sauer, \$5.00; Mr. Valentine Wilker, \$10.00; Walter E. Focke, \$2.00; Judge Ferneding, \$5.00; A Friend, \$1.00; Mr. John P. Daleiden, \$50.00; Matthew Butzen, \$1.00; H. H. Ackerman, \$1.00; J. Freiburger, \$2.00; Elizabeth Scherer, \$2.00; Mr. Thomas Coughlin, \$10.00; Mrs. E. J. Raney, \$1.00; Mr. Ellis J. Finke, \$1.00; Friends in St. Louis, \$7.00; Mr. Joseph Gottbrath, \$2.00; Friends in Erie, \$20.00; Mrs. Louis Goetz, \$5.00; Mary and Barbara Frohmiller, \$2.00; Mrs. Louis Goetz, \$1.00; John F. Ohmer, Jr., \$2.00; Mrs. Roberts, \$1.00; John L. Kelly, \$5.00; Mrs. A. P. Kass, \$2.00; J. Burgmeier, \$3.50; C. J. Ferneding, \$3.00; Mrs. Martin Bittner, \$12.00; Chas. F. Weber, \$1.00; dividends, \$102.08.

Total cash 371.58

\$1,136.53

Expenses: Printing and stamps.....\$ 12.00

Sent two scholarships to Japan.....120.00

Total 132.00

Total cash on hand February 27, 1917.....\$1,004.53



Athletic Notes

VIRGIL C. MURPHY, '17

VARSITY BASKETBALL

S. M. C.—22

vs.

St. John—14

Overtaking their opponents in the closing period of the fray, the Saints succeeded in scoring a victory over the St. John University team at Westminster Gym at Toledo, in the first road game of the season. The score was 22-14. The initial period of the contest was a bitterly contested affair, both teams battling along for ten minutes before either was able to place the pill in the net. Finally, the Saints by a series of brilliant passes brought the ball up the floor and Sherry put one through the hoop for the first tally. But St. John's was not to be denied, and Capt. Diethelm retaliated with a marker from near the center of the court. The St. John team, contributing some fine playing during the last part of this period, overcame the lead of the Red and Blue, and the half ended with the Maumee City lads on the long end of a 12-8 count.

In the second half the Red and Blue came back strong, and with the blockading work of Windbiel and Sherry holding the St. John's to a lonely basket for this period, they themselves annexed fourteen points.

S. M. C.—49

vs.

De Pauw—26

With the defense working out that Coach Mahoney had prepared to take care of Pence, the fast forward of the visiting De Pauwians, the Saints handed a neat walloping to the lads, who next to Wabash College, are considered the best bet in Hoosier State basketball circles. The Saints counts showed a total of 49 points scored, the visitors 26. The game was fast from start to finish, both teams working each other to the limit. At the end of the first half the score stood 20-15 with the margin of points on the Saints side. In the second half, however, the Saints had better success and quickly ran the score up to the safety mark.

Mahoney and Hochwalt were the big point-getters for the Saints, each having ten field goals to his credit.

S. M. C.—32

vs.

Buffalo

Germans—20

Playing the best game ever staged by a Saint quintet, eclipsing the showing made against Wabash and Miami Universities, with both team and individual playing much in evidence, the Saints downed the Buffalo Germans, which team is conceded to be the "greatest athletic machine in the world." The final score of 32-20 tells the tale.

Same Old Veterans

When the Germans took the floor, those who were present at this long-to-be-remembered game, and who had seen the Germans in action before, knew that they were still the same old veterans who have made basketball his-

tory. The same "German Spirit," which has carried them through the past twenty-two years of court performing, was still with them. The fans knew that it was to be a struggle between this time-seasoned spirit and the Saints' "never-give-up."

The playing of both teams was of such a character in the first period that it was anybody's game, and both teams were on the lookout for the chance to annex the victory. The breaks were distributed fairly even and the game progressed on its merits. Both teams fought hard to gain the advantage. One would gain it only to lose it to the other. The skill of the Germans with its twenty-two years of experience could not even claim an edge on that of the Saints. The youthful Saints were an equal for their opponents. The Germans tried to outgeneral the Red and Blue, but as often as they tried to do so, their attempts were broken up. So it resulted that in the initial period of the game the counters were few and far between, the period ending with the Saints five points to the good, the count being 10-5.

Passwork Brilliant

The second period ended with the Germans trying to overcome the lead of their opponents, and with the Saints determined to be declared the victors. It was in this period that the most brilliant passwork, both on the part of the Saints and the Germans, ever displayed on the College court was exhibited. In this department of the game it must be attributed to the Saints that they played the stellar role. Passwork has always been the German game. The Red and Blue played them a like game and beat them out. The Germans made a last stand during the closing minutes of play but were unable to overcome the Saints. The Germans displayed to the crowd, during this period, that old-time fighting spirit which has won them favoritism all over the country, and which has enabled them to leave a record that will never be equalled. The game ended with the Germans still having 548 victories to their credit, but with another defeat marked down on the left side of their twenty-two-year-old score book.

A great share for the winning of this game must go to Hochwalt, the right forward of the Saints. He annexed a total of sixteen points and was the main source of the team's "pep." He played "regular basketball" all the time, and together with Sherry and Windbiel formed a trio that spelled defeat for the Yankee State invaders. Mahoney and Krusling cannot be denied their praise and it was their playing to a great extent that forced the Germans to spell the defeat with a capital "D."

Line-up—Saints: Mahoney, l. f.; Hochwalt, r. f.; Krusling, c.; Sherry, r. g.; Windbiel, l. g. Germans: Rhode, r. f.; Post, l. f.; Schell, c.; Faust, l. g.; E. Miller, r. g. Referee—Thiele (Denison).

S. M. C.—32

vs.

Muskingum—18

Closing the home schedule with this game, seeing the team say goodbye to Capt. Krusling, Hochwalt and Windbiel, the followers of the Saints saw them pull a neat win over the quintet from Muskingum College, the very team that last year pulled the only win over the Saints and spoiled a season's clean slate for them. The score at the end of the game showed that the Saints had almost played them two to one, the count standing at the 32-18 mark.

The early part of this game failed to show on either side a brand of bas-

ketball that could justly be termed real basketball. There were at time exhibitions of first-class ball, but neither team was able to be consistent in this kind of game, and consequently though furious and hard fought, the game was lacking in interest in this period. The first half ended with the Saints having only a one-point margin of the 15-14 mark.

The Saints, however, in the second half hit their accustomed stride and kept it. They scored but two more points during this half than they did in the first, but with their brilliant pass- and floorwork working to advantage, the interest of the crowd was greatly engaged. They outplayed the Muskies in every department of the game during this period.

TRACK AND FIELD MEETS

Manager Norman Hochwalt of the Red and Blue Track Team has contracted for the best schedule in the history of this sport here at the College. He has arranged for meets with Otterbein and Earlham. He is also negotiating with Rose Poly and Denison. The prospects for a good representative team are the brightest this year than for some seasons past, and with such men back from last year's team as Hipp, Porter, Underwood, Busch, Stuhlmuehler and many others, Prof. Mettler, who is in charge of the team, feels confident that he will be able to put a team on the path that will vie with any who ever wore the Red and Blue ribbons.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM

Starting the season rather late, and with the misgivings of many, the High School team came into its own by convincing all that the team had the goods. Captain Grote is the only player of last year's squad, and with the new men has made a fine record. Sullivan and Elardo, the two forwards, have shown that they can find the basket, while Kubkowski and Maloney are right there when it comes to breaking up the opponent's passwork. Gilvary and Dwyer have proved themselves handy men on the team either at guard or center.

St. Mary's Hi—43 In their opener the "Royal High School Jumpers" showed **Yellow Springs—15** that they could play ball. Never once was the result in doubt, and the clever passwork and accurate shooting of "Sully" spelled defeat for the lads from Yellow Springs. In this game, our left-handed forward scored twenty-three of the forty-three points. Captain Dick Grote led the team to victory and played a nice game.

St. Mary's Hi—23 In their first road game, the young Saints ran into some **Tipp City—22** real opposition. At the end of the first half the score was 13 to 9 in favor of our pill-tossers. Tipp City made several changes in their line-up for the second half, putting in several players of the Tipp City Athletic Club. The fine guarding of Steve Maloney prevented this shift from scoring too many baskets. Joe Gilvary played a good floor game and had the Tipp City bunch guessing all the time.

St. Mary's Hi—62 Brookville furnished little opposition to the High School **Brookville Hi—4** lads. In the first minute of play we scored a field basket, and after that the scoring was as regular as sending notes

to Germany. Elardo showed up yell, scoring eighteen points. "Kubby" played his usual classy game, and aided by Dwyer, kept the Brookville lads to one field basket.

March Musings

RANDOM THOUGHTS

In Eden's bower,
At midnight hour,
Two lovers softly crooning,
Have parted once,
Have parted twice,
But still they keep on spooning.

In April shower,
Most any hour
Men stand in doorways sighing.
The reason's this:
They greatly miss
The rain-stick they've been buying.

In sleeper car,
From home not far,
A man in berth unraveling
Now finds it true
That six-foot-two
Was never meant for traveling.

In Summer hot,
You'll find a lot
Of men who weep and sigh,
And long regret
They ever let
The bloomin' town go dry.

—JOHN KILLORAN, '18.

QUESTIONS

Who smelled the peppermint?
Who lost the canned crab?
Who stole the skull?
What's the matter with the Boy Scouts?
Who said the Freshman Engineers study English?
How many walks did Brennan take this year?
How much money did Lausé make on copper?

Where's Porter's Sunday haunting place?
Did you see Lause's watch?
Have you diagnosed Hess' grin?
Has Deman broken the rule of silence?
Has Hummert shown any inclination to stop looking for somebody?
Have you had your smudge today?
Who ordered a limburger sandwich at the Miami Hotel?

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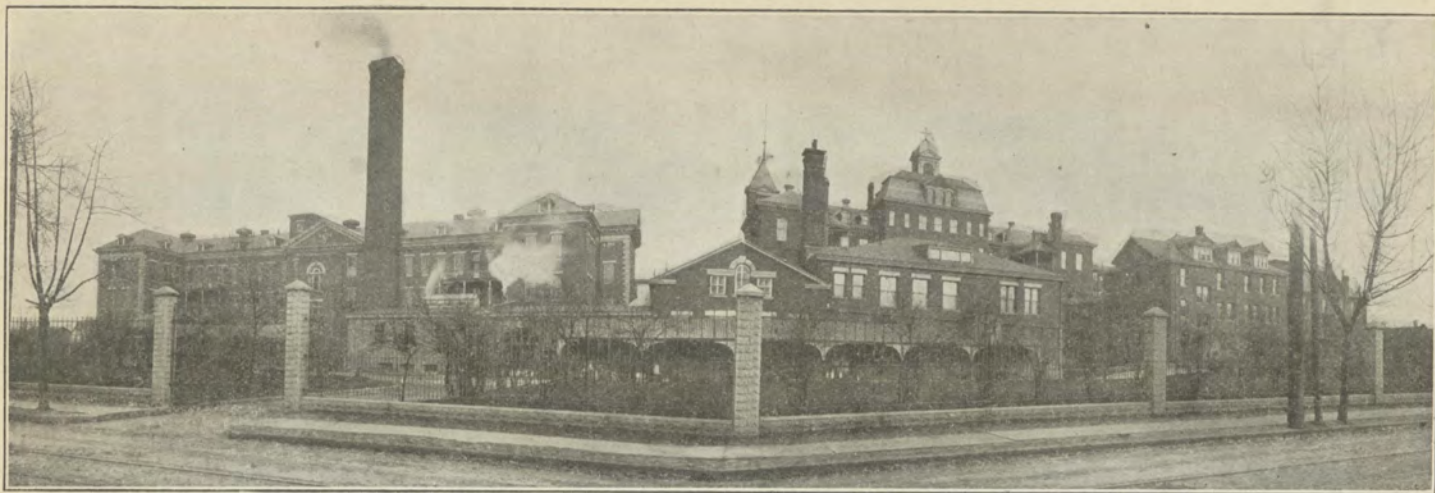
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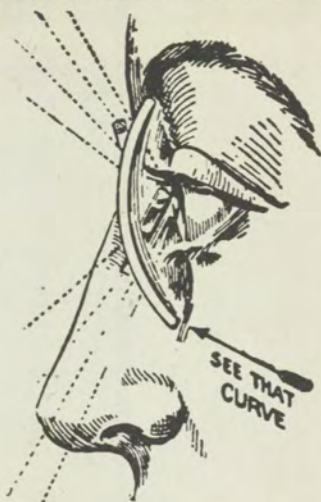
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