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# THE EXPONENT

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

War.—Our Responsibilities—Oration—Leo P. Dolan, '19.	553
With Whom Is Our Quarrel?—Oration—John B. Kil- loran, '18 .....	539
Who Are the Patriots Today?—Oration—Joseph Hol- ters, '19 .....	543
Patriotism—Oration—Maximilian von Mach, '18.....	547
War Sacrifices—Oration—Clifford StuhlmueLLer, '18.....	551
Centenary Building Fund .....	555
Editorials .....	562
Alumni Notes .....	566
College Notes .....	574
Athletic Notes .....	575

## ILLUSTRATIONS

The Spirit of '61

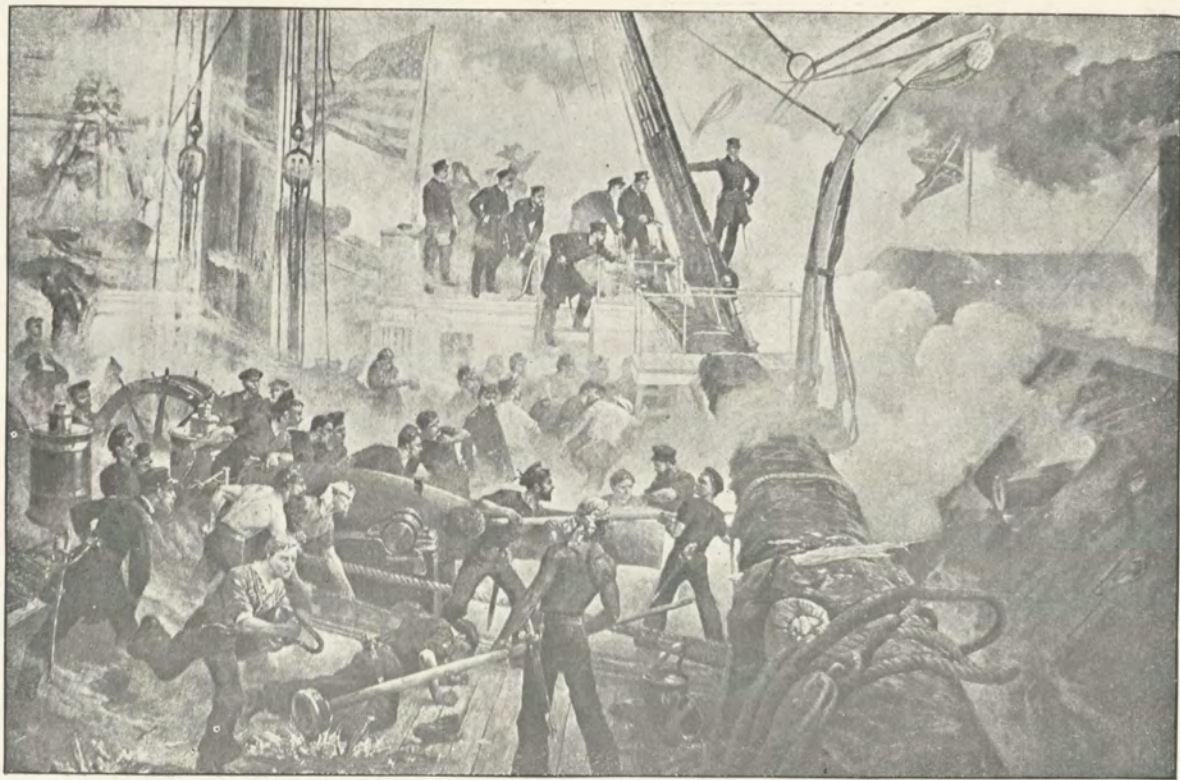
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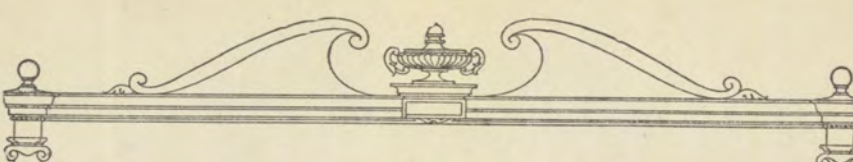
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THE SPIRIT OF '61

*Farragut at Mobile Bay*

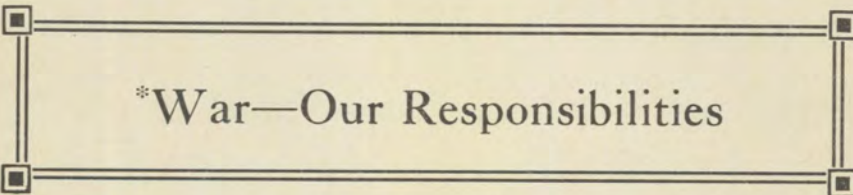


# The S. M. C. Exponent

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No. 3



## \*War—Our Responsibilities

LEO DOLAN, '19

**E**VERY civilized nation is either actively engaged in war, or is an armed camp with war dogs straining at the leash. The disciples of the Prince of Peace have forgotten the words of the Master, "Put up the sword,"—for are there not today more drawn swords, belching cannon, implements of war and hell, than ever recorded in the history of the world?

Someone said: "When once you let slip the dogs of war, none can tell where or how far these savage beasts may range in quest of blood."

How true are these words! Little did we dream when Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated by a fiend in Serbia, that it would mean war over fair Europe. Never did we believe it possible, that we, three thousand miles away, would be drawn into the maelstrom of war.

How did it come about? The story is too long to tell. Suffice it to say that wars are of two classes, offensive and defensive. We, the great power of the United States, are actively engaged in a defensive war,—a war to uphold our honor, to protect American lives—yea, to make the world safe for democracy.

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\*Won First Prize of \$30 in Gold in the Sixth Annual Contest for the "Dr. D. G. Reilly Prizes in Oratory," held March 17, 1918.

War is right when the weak resist the invasion of the strong. It was right for Leonidas and his Spartans to resist Xerxes and his imperial hordes; it was doubly right for King Albert and his noble Belgians to refuse to let the Germany army pass through their fair land.

But the offensive wars, the wars for conquest,—under Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons, cannot be justified. Such wars are “rank barbarism, naked savagery, infernal idiocy, stupendous stupidity,—wholesale murder.” Such wars revel in the warm blood of the newly slain, gloat over the putrid flesh of dead men, make every glistening bayonet and every gleaming sword give the lie to our boasted civilization.

Today, the United States is engaged in a defensive war. We are at war because the German Empire made it impossible for us to stay out of it, for we cannot and will not permit any nation to heap abuse upon us, nor insult our flag. True, we are the baby nation of the world, but a healthy infant at that, and the oldest democracy in the world today, a democracy that is too red-blooded to stand idly by and see autocracy murder democracy.

Need more be said to justify our entrance into this war? If there is a human being who invokes the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and yet does not think that we are justified in spending every dollar and shedding the last drop of blood, if necessary, in defending the rights of mankind to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, then let him leave the country and no longer disgrace the Red, White and Blue.

America is at heart a pacifist, but she so loves humanity throughout the world, that she is going to sacrifice, suffer, bleed, that small nations, like outraged Belgium, can never be trampled upon again. America shall silence the weird, wild notes of war, that for four full years have drowned the heavenly strains of that holy song sung nineteen centuries ago at the birth of the Prince of Peace.

America has awakened from her lethargy, and Columbia calls her millions to make the supreme sacrifice. She will not be disappointed. The fires of American patriotism, the holiest the world has ever known, burn today with the same forceful glow as in the days of the Revolution. Those heroes of over a century ago are dead, but their spirit lives still. “They died for us,—they died for liberty. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadow of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine and the storm, each in his win-

dowless palace of rest," for they have fought the good fight, they died nobly to save their country.

Do we still feel justified in standing idly by, since the fateful hour of iniquity has struck, that hour so fraught with momentous events? Solemn is the thought of that fateful hour, and though dismal still is the import of it, yet inexorable are its demands. Long and anxiously had we hoped that this fair land would be spared from war, war, "sired by the devil, conceived in infamy and born in hell." Long and anxiously had we hoped that the hellish flames of war would not cast their sombre shadows upon our shores. Yea; loud and earnestly did we pray the King of Peace and Love and Light to thwart the damnable designs of the demon of darkness.

Our president, with his keenness of intellect, nobility of character, and power of his high office kept us out of war as long as he could honorably do so and be true to ideals of Americanism. But it seemed to be foreordained that what was so ardently and so wholeheartedly desired was willed otherwise. Our country had to lay aside her playthings of peace time and take up the arms of warfare. She had no choice but to take hold and wield the weapon of war wherewith to defend herself and her honor, to vindicate the justice of her cause, and to insure a triumph that will mean a great and glorious victory for civilization, humanity and world-democracy.

In this solemn hour, then, when our country's fortune is at stake, when all that she has stood for and stands for is jeopardized by war, will not each and every man, woman and child among us unite under one banner, the Stars and Stripes, and with but one end in view, to strengthen our country, to stand faithfully by her until the hour of trial and tribulation has passed, and her hour of glorious triumph has arrived?

So away with our toys. Our country calls! Our patriotic reply is "Ready! Come ask of me what thou wilt." No reservation of mind, no stint in sacrifice should be evidenced. The hour of action has come. Heretofore we believed, we said we were patriots. We were patriots in sentiment, in resolve, in good will. Now we must be patriots in fact, and in deed. We must prove to ourselves and to the country that we are what we believed ourselves to be, what we said we were, patriots in truth, fulfilling all the obligations, bearing all the burdens implied in the sublime word, patriotism.

But, you may ask: "What burdens must we bear?" The best reply to this question are the words of President Wilson in one of his war messages before Congress. Our highest executive said this war "will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material

resources of the country to supply the materials of war; it will involve the utmost practical co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany in order that our resources be added to theirs; it will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects; it will involve the granting of adequate credits to the government."

Our responsibilities, therefore, center about supplies, finance and man-power. Before we entered the war we furnished food and munitions to the Allies,—and gave them food and munitions on millions and billions of dollars we loaned them. Did that end the war? No!

Money, and all that it can buy, have not made the American Flag sacred. It is the sacrifice of the nation's noblest sons, the shedding of their most precious life's blood that has made the American Flag precious to us. And that is precisely the responsibility that confronts the young men of America today,—to offer their lives on the altar of democracy. Nothing short of human sacrifice will put an end to the demands of the god of war. Airplanes, trenches, machine guns, 16-inch naval guns on the western front, by the hundreds, yea, thousands, will not end the war; it is the American fighters behind the guns that is the only force that can crush, that can demolish Prussian Autocracy.

The American Flag has always spoken, louder than words, of the great responsibility that war entails,—the sacrifice of America's noblest sons. What son of a soldier of the flag would surrender his title, "Son of a Veteran,"—for the proud title of a baron or count?

And friends, the Service Flag in the window there bespeaks of the responsibility shouldered by American manhood to save the country. Every home should be proud to flaunt such a flag. To many who have not given up a husband, a brother, a son to the service,—“over there,” that Service Flag may be as meaningless as the lace curtain which drapes behind it. Yet, to the mother who stands behind that Service Flag in the window there, that Flag means volumes. It is a real picture to her, a drama; yea, ofttimes she sees a tragedy enacted as she gazes at that star, for it rehearses that farewell parting when she gave up her only son to go—somewhere in France.

In that field of white, which surrounds her little star, is pictured before her the scenes of her boy in camp. Oh! how wonderfully noble he looks to her now! How that mother's heart swells with pride!

She looks again. On the red border which enclosed the white and blue, she sees portrayed the tragedy of a bloody battlefield. She sees it daily with tear-gushed eyes and a throbbing heart as she watches

her son go "over the top,"—and there, through shot and shell she peers into "No Man's Land," as though to see her son still rushing on amid the rain of fire or—God forbid! lying maimed in some shell-torn crater.

This is the message of each and every little service flag you see in the windows as you pass through the streets of our cities. This is the meaning of just such an emblem: it is a mother's, a wife's, a sweetheart's liberty loan to democracy.

"Dear little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

"Blue is your star in its field of white,  
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;  
Born of the blood that our forbears shed  
To raise your mother, The Flag, o'erhead.

"And now you've come, in this frenzied day,  
To speak from a window—to speak and say:  
'I am the voice of a soldier-son  
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"'I am the flag of the Service, sir;  
The flag of his mother—I speak for her  
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,  
But hides from the others unwept tears.

"'I am the flag of the wives who wait  
For the safe return of a marital mate,  
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives  
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"'I am the flag of the sweethearts true;  
The often unthought-of—the sisters, too.  
I am the flag of a mother's son  
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

"Dear little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!"

The American Flag and the Service Flag ever remind us of the awful responsibility that rests upon us. The conflict is as more appalling, the situation more tense than in our Civil War when both sides read the same Bible, prayed to the same God, invoked His aid against the other. May the spirit of Abraham Lincoln hover over us and let us heed his words as he whispers them again: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan,—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Hear ye, the responsibilities incumbent upon us! To finish the work we have begun, though it cost us thousands, yea, even a million of lives of America's noble sons; to give, as one of our speakers this evening eloquently expressed it, to give "until it hurts," that our boys—"over there," and our Allies, may be able to crush Prussian Autocracy; and lastly, to care for the bereaved mothers and their little ones.

Pensions, monuments, tears and cheers can never pay the nation's debt to the heroes of '76 and '61. Let us all do our "bit"; let us "do our all," that this generation of an infant, yet, the most venerable Republic, richest of nations, the champion of world-democracy may have the grand privilege, the right to say to those heroes of '76 and '61, "The Flag we received without a rent we handed down without a stain."



## \*With Whom is Our Quarrel?

JOHN KILLORAN, '18

**A**NGLO-SAXON energy, Celtic imagination, German thoroughness, reliability and faithfulness have combined to make America free and independent of every foe.

Some of us cannot understand the pro-German stand of some of our German-Americans. Do not be surprised at that. Their own countrymen, now in America, cannot explain it, nor reconcile it with history or with the times. Loyal Americans of German descent, whose pious forefathers in the seventeenth century traversed the forest with a prayer-book in one hand and a musket in the other, know why they braved the dangers of Indian frontier life. They know that history repeats itself. Their forefathers of that seventeenth century left the Fatherland because war, grim war crushed and bled them in a country torn in the name of religion, just as today Germany is gaunt with suffering because of greed of conquest. Three centuries ago, because of the cruel havoc of war, the Fatherland became no hospitable home, and thus the exodus of ambitious, free-loving Teutons came to this new Canaan of the western hemisphere, the land of milk and honey, the land of Opportunity.

Are these sturdy pioneers, or rather, their descendants, the people with whom we have our quarrel today? No! Our quarrel, our war is not with the German people, whose forefathers centuries before Lexington thought the liberty-loving thoughts that made us a free nation.

We Americans know our history. We know it was Baron Steuben, a German-born, who built up a disciplined continental army. We remember it was Pennsylvania "Dutch," as some of us jokingly call them now, who rushed to save Boston. It was the Virginia Germans who first brought Southern aid and it was a German regiment that made the last fighting stand in Long Island, the Thermopylae of the Revolution; it was German food supplies that fed the starving forces at Valley Forge. Yea; history attests the truth of the assertion that a German division in our Continental Army "planted the new-born starry flag in triumph over the British redoubts at Yorktown."

\*Won Second Prize of \$20 in Gold in the Sixth Annual Contest for the "Dr. D. G. Reilly Prizes in Oratory," held March 17, 1918.

But now that we are at war with Germany, some of us look askance at the German-American. True, there are some Pro-Germans in their ranks, but their number has been magnified by the loud-mouthings of demagogues, by sunshine patriots, summer soldiers. There are traitors in all walks of life. Puritan Boston said, "All men are created equal," but "did not forbid slavery until the price of human flesh had fallen to sixpence a pound in the open market."

I am not trying to make you believe that every true American is a German, but that the German-American is a true American. No man with Irish blood in his veins can be led to believe because we are English-speaking people, that we are a nation of Englishmen. By the blood of Robert Emmett, God forbid!

Let us look at this world-war in a calm frame of mind. Prussian autocracy launched this war of conquest, used every possible means to gain success. Whatever stood in its way must be destroyed. Treaties were broken, international law violated, small nations crushed or destroyed, inhuman deeds perpetrated. On land and sea, in the air, under the earth, fiendish barbarism prevailed. It warred openly and in secret, on neutral countries as well as on its open enemies. Blockades were constructed and enforced on the open seas regardless of ship or kind. Autocracy must rule! The world must bow to its command. It recognized no right but the right of might. Belgium was destroyed, France wronged, England tyrannized, America insulted and outraged. It waged war, demanded war, and left no other course to the world but to grant war.

And so, my friends, America entered the war. Yet our entry was not because we were dreamers of foolish dreams. It was not because we wished to take advantage of helpless nations, not because we wished to conquer the world, neither was it because of secret alliances, through bribes or love of conquest.

Ours is and has always been a peaceful nation. We have from our birth enjoyed freedom and prosperity, and because of these fruits we wished to live in this great, vast, promising land of ours alone, contented with ourselves, undisturbed.

But it was not ordained that such should be the case. Grasping and avaricious, the German Empire, ruled and governed by Prussian Autocracy, reached out across the sea in death-dealing measures to disturb our peaceful life. Insults and indignities were heaped upon us. Germany filled our land with spies, endeavored to corrupt the opinion of our people in their behalf, sought to destroy our industries, arrest our commerce, denied us the freedom of the high seas, and even by machinations and direst of plots arrayed Mexico against us.

Germany denied us the right to be neutral, and what was as foolish as the dreams of world supremacy, Germany believed that we would suffer all these indignities rather than enter the war. But Germany reckoned without us.

We are no cowards. Past and present deeds attest to this. But cowards we would have been branded had we suffered such indignities. "War, with freedom and prosperity; Peace, with slavery and poverty,"—which will you? And the Goddess of liberty, that for one hundred and fifty years has guarded the portals of our land, cried out in agonizing tones of despair, "Save me, save me, else I perish!" And America, by the voice of him who has been intrusted with the care of Liberty, cried out, "I will! I will!"

And so, friends, today we are in the throes of war. Today the Flag of Liberty and Freedom is now waving over the once fertile but now devastated fields of France. There by the help of God, the strength of a mighty Nation, and in defense of liberty and righteousness, it shall float, float until the words of our President shall be fulfilled, "that the world be made safe for Democracy."

We have no selfish ends to serve, we make no conquests, want no dominion. We ask no indemnities, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but purging our name of unholy aspersions, guarding our liberty in our endeavor to crush an autocrat, a dreamer of a world-empire, by bringing him to justice.

Our quarrel is not with the German people; we do not wish to conquer them, nor do we hate them. The German has played his part too well and too long in the development of America for us to despise or even condemn him. The thoroughness, reliability and faithfulness of German descendants have so enriched our American citizenship that we can show them nothing but love. And because of this we are fighting for them as well as for ourselves, fighting for liberty and freedom, for justice and humanity. The world has united to crush Prussian Autocracy, even as Germany united with England in the past century to crush that imperial impersonation of murder and force, Napoleon the Great.

Oh, the injustice, the tyranny of power that creates wars for conquest. Oh, Liberty, thy price is manifold, thy sacrifices are great, and yet if they are demanded of us they shall be given freely. The thought of Europe's shattered and helpless cripples may cause us to shudder; her orphans, her widows, her ruined and smoking cities may cause us pain; the thought of her fields once fair with the blossoming flowers of Spring and now strewn with the desecrated bones of men, may sicken us; yet the thought of Liberty, the thought of Jus-

tice, the thought of Humanity and Peace will never permit us to falter in the mission which we have begun.

Yes; we have been a peaceful nation, we have loved peace and even now yearn for peace, but fire and sword and suffering, and even death itself, are more welcome than peace, if to attain peace we must be traitors,—traitors to ourselves, traitors to our principles and traitors to humanity!

We, who are American citizens, have sought no other course. With heart and soul we have stood, are standing and shall ever continue to stand behind our President. He stands for the right; we, in defense of our course, for it is the only just and honorable one that we could have pursued.

We are but paying our debt to civilization, we are but doing our duty. Germany may today resent and decry the stand we have taken, even as our own beloved South resented and decried the stand of Lincoln, but at some future day, and we pray God that it may be soon, Europe shall be delivered from the oppression of tyrannical rulers and petty kings, from Napoleons and Caesars, from Czars and Kaisers. Then shall Germany be a great and democratic state, free from oppression and free from war-lords. Then shall she turn to the western hemisphere and with arms outstretched across the sea invite our friendly intercourse; then, shall her sons and daughters scattered throughout both lands join in the world refrain, "God bless and save America."

But friends, be intelligent patriots—and trust your fellowman, for remember a German-American is a true American. Forget not the glowing deeds recorded by reluctant English historians, not by German-proud countrymen. Go back to America's early history. Americans with German blood flowing in their veins shed their last drop to save Old Glory. To their sons we may safely trust the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. They organized our armies, built our bridges. Their paintings grace the rotunda of our nation's Capitol.

We trust the German-American because he is a true American. Why should we mistrust him? Yea; "we have no quarrel even with the German people," as our beloved President eloquently said, when he spoke the words that will go down in history: "We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their dynasties.

or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools."

Let us, in a word, act "as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for."

## \*Who Are the Patriots Today?

JOSEPH HOLTERS, '19

**T**RUE patriotism is that pure love of country that leads us to make any personal sacrifice for its welfare, to offer our lives in its service, if necessary. Let us not forget that last phrase,—to offer our lives, if necessary, for the good of the country.

The man who is a true patriot will do the greatest good for his country. He will not look for his own personal comfort, but he will ask himself: "Is it for the good of my country?" That is the spirit that constitutes true patriotism, and that is the spirit that will win this war for us.

We must remember that not every man actively engaged, enlisted or drafted, or employed by the country during war time, is a patriot. A little insight into the matter throws light upon the subject.

Take, for instance, congressmen in Washington who take on large war contracts at excessive profits. Are these men patriots? I am sure you all will agree with me that they are not. Not so long ago, you remember the firm, headed by a senator, that contracted with the government to make uniforms for the soldiers. According to the specifications there was to be very little cotton in the uniforms. Instead of living up to his contract, this senator showed his lack of patriotism by putting more cotton in the uniforms, and less wool. Through this means he made a big profit at the expense of the government.

However, this is not the only instance that congressmen showed their lack of patriotism. What can be more detrimental to a country in times of war than that party spirit takes precedence over public interest. No doubt, you all remember of reading in the papers about the great party spirit that was showing itself in our Senate. In their

\*Won Third Prize of \$10 in Gold in the Sixth Annual Contest for the "Dr. D. G. Reilly Prizes in Oratory," held March 17, 1918.

hot debates, Senators Stone, Hitchcock and Chamberlain showed their lack of patriotism by discussing party differences in the Senate, when they should have been discussing war topics. This is not a time to let party spirit run riot in the Senate. Let there be a little more action, let them investigate the cases of the war profiteers, and discuss ways and means of conducting this war. This is not a time to have a split in the Senate. We are at war! and all should be united by stronger bonds than before.

Still there are others who are not patriotic. There are the business men who are constantly looking forward to how they are going to make a dollar out of the war. At the late army uniform cloth investigation it was unearthed that one firm had made a profit of \$600,000 on a single government contract calling for \$12,000,000 worth of uniforms. There were also other firms that made large profits by swindling the government of the cloth, and selling the clippings from the uniforms for large sums of money. It was shown that out of every ten uniforms that these firms made, enough cloth was charged to the government to make twelve uniforms. If we are to have business men like these working for the government, how are we to win this war? Ex-Governor Hughes of New York once made the remark that "What this country needs are men who can stand erect in the presence of the almighty dollar." If it was true then, how much more true is it today? It would almost seem as if Mr. Hughes saw into the future to the day when the war profiteer would predominate. Are these men who swindle the government standing erect before the almighty dollar? I will answer for you. No!

How often have you met that man who comes to you and says, "Oh, I wish I were young, so that I could go to war!" If his type were true patriots, they would enlist. They are not too old. The government will be pleased to accept their service. The truth is, however, they are parlor patriots.

By a parlor patriot I mean one who is a patriot with his mouth and not by his actions. What we need are true patriots, not those that talk about the great things they would do if they were younger.

Are these Congressmen, war-profiters and business men any better than Benedict Arnold? True, Benedict Arnold betrayed his country, but are these men not harmful to the successful termination of this war?

But let us turn to the nobler men and women, known as the true patriots. The first in order are the soldier and sailor who give their lives for their country. What more can a man give than his life, that which he treasures above all else in this world? What is money com-

pared to your own life? Yet these men offer their lives for the sake of their country. These men give up their homes, and all that goes to make a home the sweetest and most sacred spot on earth. These they sacrifice up to make their homes wheresoever the Stars and Stripes may wave, whether it be in the trenches or on board a battleship. That tender love of mother, wife or family had to be held in abeyance; aye, it has to be absorbed by that higher, more unselfish love of humanity and the principles which govern righteousness.

How often do we read of these brave men leaping from their trenches to cross "No Man's Land," perhaps never to return. Picture to yourselves a battle with shells and bullets flying all around you, ready any moment to take your life into eternity. Yet these brave men stand in defiance of death, as it were, for the sake of their country. Are these men not patriots? Yes, indeed; for they, like the ragged Continentals who froze at Valley Forge, make the Stars and Stripes more beautiful.

Then, again, there is the patriotic mother, who offers her son, her dearest possession on earth to the service of her country. How it must break a mother's heart to think that her son might never return to her, that son whom she has watched over from childhood on, that son whom she has nursed, and rocked in the cradle,—that son whom she has borne. Ah! no one but a mother can understand these feelings, yet she offers that son whom she prizes so highly to the service of her country. Is there a more patriotic deed she could perform?

There is also that old grandmother who no longer has any sons to give to her country. She gave her husband in the Civil War, but still she tries to do her bit. From morning till night she can be seen knitting, till her fingers are too tired to hold the needle. All this she does to provide comfort for a soldier, "somewhere in France." With untiring effort she tries to put her love for her country into every stitch that she takes. Is this old grandmother not patriotic? She is giving her last lap in life to her country.

Then, too, we have the patriotic business men who give their services to their country. We have a splendid example of this patriotism in our own city of Dayton. This man is ex-City Manager Waite who has given up his position as City Manager of Dayton in order to offer his services to his country. While he is in the service, he is getting a much smaller salary than when he was City Manager, still he put all aside in order to serve his country. If all the men in the United States would show the spirit that Mr. Waite has shown, we would be called the nation of patriots.

But let us not forget the Red Cross, that noble organization, whose members offer their lives in order to care for the wounded. Oftentimes they are in greater danger than those that are fighting, still they go about their duty, administering to those that need their help. How many lives they save, how often do they relieve the sufferings of these unfortunates soldiers who have been wounded in battle! Rightly they have been termed "angels of the battlefield," for they go about as angels, in their white garments, helping those who need them most. "Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friends." True, indeed, are these words when applied to the soldiers, the sailors and to the members of the Red Cross.

This country has a right to have more patriots than any other country. Where else is there another country where true freedom for all exists. No other country can rival us in extent of territory, just laws, ingenuity of inventions and national liberty. Where in the history of the world can we find a prouder list of patriots than those who rescued the American colonies from tyranny and led the way to her freedom and prosperity?

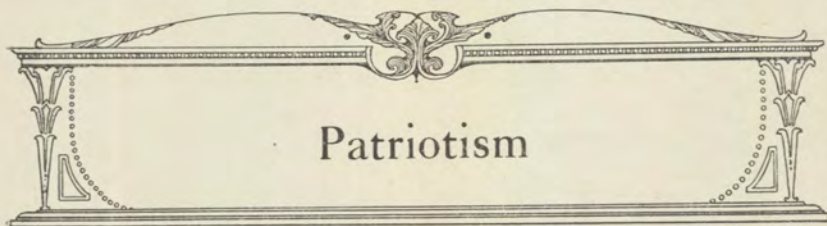
Let the men of this country put up as their models of patriotism such men as George Washington, the father of our country. Abraham Lincoln, the liberator,—and Nathan Hale that great character of American history who regretted having only one life to give for his country. And let the women put up as their models those famous characters of History, Joan of Arc,—and Molly Pitcher, too, who took her husband's place at the cannon, after he had fallen. Let the true American blood flow in every vein so that we may win this war and protect the Stars and Stripes forever.

Remember that "the red stripes in Old Glory are more beautiful because of the torrents of blood shed by America in its defense, yea, more beautiful still because of the unshed oceans of blood that Americans have been ever ready to pour out to preserve the honor of the flag."

"Woe to the foe or stranger  
Whose sacrilegious hand  
Would touch thee or endanger  
Flag of my native land.  
Though some would fain discard thee  
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

"Then wave thou first of banners,  
And in thy gentle shade,  
Beliefs, opinions, manners,  
Promiscuously be laid:  
And there all discord ended,  
Our hearts and souls be blended.

"Stream on, stream on before us,  
Thou labarum of light,  
While in our generous chorus  
Our vows to thee we plight:  
Unfaithful to thee—never!  
My native land forever!"



MAXIMILIAN VON MACH, '18

OUR country cast her lot in this war against Germany, under peculiar conditions. We were a happy, prosperous, contented nation. Our unpreparedness clearly showed our reluctance to enter the war. The country had just completed a campaign in which the phrase, "he kept us out of war," was an appealing and outstanding factor. The shock of the Lusitania tragedy had to a large extent passed away. Even many other instances, cited by the President in his splendid messages, had occurred at widely separated periods, and had not come as a shock to the entire nation. There was, of course, that ideal that we must make the world safe for democracy, but this, after all, was an abstract assertion which failed to find lodgment in the minds of those who could only see that their husbands, sons or brothers might be killed. Then, again, the conflict was not upon our shores, but far away. In brief, we entered upon the war with only a very small proportion of the population realizing why we had been forced into it, or how serious would be the result if we met with defeat.

The present struggle encircles the greater part of the civilized world. Whatever may have been our view of the processes which have brought the world to this point we have now to face the fact that the eyes of the nations are focussed on this gigantic conflict, and that our own country is now involved in it. Only after a long and searching deliberation has the will of the majority of Congress declared war, and it is the duty of all Americans to accept this mandate. The voice of law commands true American patriotism!

We must awaken to the call of patriotism. If your home were ablaze at night, would you for a moment think of calling in a low tone, unheard, to the rest of the household. No! You would shout at the top of your voice to awaken the slumbering ones. We are in the midst of the greatest disaster of the world's history, and too many of us are still slumbering.

The bugle call has sounded, and we are all summoned to service, whether it be in the army, or service at home. Let us not weep, nor complain, nor lament when our beloved ones answer the call to duty. Patriotism does not call for excitement or for hysteria. No sacrifice is a worthy sacrifice unless it is made cheerfully. Life always has been and always will be a struggle. We must lay down our life for the right, if need be. The man who would not fight to save little children and the honor of the family is unworthy of the name.

Our President, in his message before Congress a year ago, said: "Patriotism does not call for hatred. The fact that we are at war against Germany should not permit the monster of hate to creep into our hearts. No one who has ever lived in Germany and has known the lovely home life, can hate the German people. No one who has been ill in Germany and has received generous kindness and consideration, can hate the German people. No one who has studied history aright, and has learned the contributions made to the happiness of the world by the men and women of Germany, can hate the German people." Those are not my words,—but they are my sentiments, and friends, they are sentiments and the very words of our beloved President.

A patriotism that means devotion to ideals and to one's country, as the exemplar of those ideals, is the noblest passion that can find lodgment in the human breast. The American who boasts that his country is greater and richer than any other country, that its men are wiser and braver, or its women fairer than those of other lands, is a mere braggart. The American who feels deep in his soul that his country is filled with the spirit of individual liberty, and will defend it when attacked, with his life, is not a braggart,—he is a patriot! He

need not deny, that under another system of government, people to whom that system is adapted are happy and contented. He need not deny that in his own government there are defects, nor maintain that he and his fellow-citizens are without fault. In the Constitution of our country we have written our fundamental concepts of human liberty, and we wrote them there in the belief that human liberty is the highest aim of human government.

Some one may say "What reason have I to be patriotic?" Such an egotist is too encrusted with selfishness for any noble impulse to penetrate. Did you ever realize what it means to be an American citizen? Perhaps this thought has never entered your mind. A Russian may dwell for years in Germany or France or England, but he will always remain a foreigner, no matter how many papers of citizenship he may obtain. An Englishman may spend a lifetime in Italy, but he will die an alien. A Turk may rear his family in Holland, but they will never become Dutch. But let this same Englishman or German or Frenchman come and dwell on our shores, and the melting pot of Americanism shapes him into a true American. Is this not reason enough for patriotism?

A nation, so composed as these United States, cannot stand upon the narrow platform of a provincial patriotism. Had our President called for a rally round the banner of the Anglo-Saxon, millions would have answered: "We are not ready to die for Anglo-Saxon traditions." Had he raised the cry of Teutonic loyalty, other millions would have replied: "We do not acknowledge the divine right of the Emperor." The only call which can command the support of the American nation is,—not the call of Teutonic loyalty or of Anglo-Saxon tradition, but the call of American patriotism!

All must do their part. Neither the laborer nor the farmer can expect to be favored or coddled. All rules and regulations which stand in the way of efficiency must be swept aside. In finance and taxation we must call upon all for sacrifice, in proportion to ability. The striving must be for all to pull together. There must be no idea of "swatting the rich," any more than of oppressing the poor.

Let us remember that in a short time the white souls of a million dead soldiers, American lads, will be speaking to us from their graves on the battlefields of Europe, asking what we did over here for the cause of liberty. Was it merely a matter of talking, of cold business efficiency? Is that all? Did we suffer no personal inconveniences? What will the answer be?

What right have you in refusing to recognize your patriotic duty to your country in time of need? Have you not received from her

everything —your parents, your home, your friends, your opportunity, your fortune, your ideals? What return will you make? Is your conscience dead to the voice of duty? Do you dare call yourself a man? Who enabled you to dwell in this Republic? Was it not George Washington and a mere handful of liberty-loving men, who created the Republic regardless of cost or sacrifice? If this great general were present now, and presented to you an estate of priceless value, would you not thank him? Would you not strive to keep it safe? He has given you this Republic to guard and love. How will you protect it? Who preserved the Republic for you? Was it not Abraham Lincoln? If he stood before you now, would not shame stop your lips from saying: "I do not believe in patriotism which calls on me to risk my life in battle?"

Let us be instilled with a true sense of patriotism. Just as love of parents or of children is a duty, so also that of country. It is an obligation upon every native-born American to manifest his patriotism in service,—in service that neither doubts, nor counts the costs nor asks recognition. There is, moreover, a greater obligation for patriotism on the part of the alien who has become naturalized as an American. The native, we may say, had no part in determining what country he was born in, whereas the foreigner, dissatisfied with his native land, chooses to plant himself in the United States is a country which best suits his ideals, and offers most to his material needs and desires. As the choice is his, so is he doubly bound to be loyal to the land of his adoption.

Let not our lack of patriotism prevent us from defending those fundamental principles for which our forefathers so dearly bought with their lives, but let the spirit of patriotism be instilled in the hearts of all, so that the responsibilities of citizenship will be realized as a condition precedent to enjoying its privileges. Then wealth, pleasure and personal love will be surpassed only by love of our country. Then, and then only, will our patriotism be true to the heritage left by the patriotic men of 1776 and 1861.



## War Sacrifices

CLIFFORD STUHLMEUeller, '19

SOME time ago a famous French General, General Castelnau by name, was asked his opinion concerning the greatest fighting asset of a people. His interrogator had probably expected some characteristic French reply, advocating and praising the love of country, the glory of patriotism. But General Castelnau answered as only a laconic warrior can. "You ask me what is the crowning achievement of a nation at war? What is the greatest factor in winning a war? I'll tell you. It is sacrifice, for war is that and that only,—Sacrifice."

This famous leader of men could not have spoken better. Wars are undertaken only by those who are willing to sacrifice. Surrender never knows self-denial. Victories are measured by the sacrifices made to attain them. War is synonymous with sacrifice. A conflict waged in a just and noble cause, the willingness to lay down one's life for one's country is the greatest sacrifice that one can make.

Naturally, the question arises, "Are sacrifices necessary?" Yes; that my brother in khaki be fed and clothed first. Must I give of my hard-earned savings? Yes; I must give until it hurts. Must I buy bonds of the Third Liberty Loan? Yes; not that they pay higher interest, but that Liberty may shine as a beacon light to mankind. Must I volunteer and leave home? Yes; leave home and friends and family to go "over there,"—and believe me, when I get "over there" I've got to go "over the top," not that my body loves to be torn, maimed and wounded, not because my nature craves bloodshed and death, but because in this world-war for democracy Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations they can win, and the sacrifice of life's blood a noble and precious duty.

We are now at war! The nation is passing through an abnormal period. War is as I have said, synonymous with sacrifice. So much the more, then, must we sacrifice,—not tomorrow, not in one week from today, not in a year's time, but now. We were not at war one year ago, and God grant it, we may be at peace one year hence! So I will repeat,—“we must sacrifice now!” Therefore, let us analyze this phrase, “War Sacrifices,” and find out where we can deny ourselves, in what things and in what manner we can sacrifice.

When speaking of sacrifices, it is natural that the first person of whom we think is the soldier. This is not, however, because we wish to demand more sacrifices of him. There is another reason. The man in khaki has made the supreme sacrifice, and we wish to use him as a standard by which we can best judge what denials we, who are at home, should make. The boy in the olive drab has left the society of friends, the comforts of home and the luxuries of life. He has gone into an unknown land, not to sacrifice for himself but for us. Yesterday saw him plodding through a water-soaked trench; last night he had a weary body on a bed of straw; today he may be called upon to "go over the top;" the setting sun may find him battling amidst bursting shells and shrieking shrapnel; tomorrow we may find him lying maimed wounded and forsaken in a shell-torn crater. Time may give him a lifeless body, a soldier's cross, but an honored name. Do you think these privations and miseries appeal to him? Do you think death, in gaping wounds or from gas bombs, is the pleasant and romantic event that some of our idealists would describe it to be? Do you think he would suffer so much were he not imbued with the spirit of sacrifice? With such models as these young men before our eyes, as we read of them being compelled to go for days out to target ranges, in such weather as we had this winter, with nothing between them and the elements but a tent, when we read of them perishing in the seas as the men on the *Tuscania* did, when we hear of our men "over there" facing all the horrors that human—no! devilish genius can devise, are we not going to make a few sacrifices at home? Let us take stock of ourselves, and find out where, when, and how we can "do our bit."

Now let me speak to the mothers concerning War Sacrifices. It has been truly said that the greatest sacrifice is made by the young man who goes to war. The next greatest is made by the woman who bid the boy a courageous good-bye at the station,—but who went home with a broken heart. The young man who enters the army camp is taken up by new surroundings. The change in life is itself a diversion that makes time lighter. But how about the mother whom he left at home? She sung his lullaby when his cooing lips could hardly frame her name; she guarded his unsteady steps with watchful eye when he passed through childhood's wondrous land; she prayed for him when youth knew its follies; and when he reached manhood's goal she gazed upon him with a pride that can glow only in a mother's heart. He might have been weak and frail, but a mother's care strengthened him; he might have been erring but she loved him still; he might have had youthful faults, but she minimized and

corrected them and encouraged him to do better. And even though all might have been arrayed against him, even though slanderous tongues told tales that would have shaken the faith, were it not that of her who bore him, she believed in him, suffered for him, denied herself for him, and when the time came she made the supreme sacrifice of giving to her country that which was nearest and dearest to her heart,—her boy.

My friends, the mothers have made the greatest sacrifices of those who are at home. We cannot demand more of them, but we would tell them to write frequently to the boy at camp. Many are the times that a soldier feels blue. Army life, as you know is not a little bit of heaven handed out in a silver teaspoon. Many are the times the soldier boy thinks of his loved ones, of the comforts of home. Natural it is for him to become disconsolate. Then it is that a letter from home, and especially from his mother, will put new blood into his veins, new vigor into his step, new vitality into his work. A letter or even a few words from her, certainly works wonders in the young man who has left her.

Another way in which mothers can help win this war is by exercising their powers as head of the kitchen department of every American family. I suppose all the mothers who are here tonight are the generals in their respective homes. Possibly I may have made too broad an assertion. So I will modify it and say that at least you are the generals of the kitchen. Now, when these meatless and wheatless come around, show your leadership and make the members of the household observe such days. Of course, there is going to be a lot of grumbling from the male side of the house, but with a little tact, diplomacy and possibly a few commands,—for you know that generals are supposed to give commands—I am sure meatless and wheatless days will be true meatless and wheatless days. Incidentally, you have accumulated a few more quarters with which to buy war saving stamps.

Now let me turn to the young men, to such as you and myself, whose time has not come. What are our duties, what sacrifices shall we make? In the first place, those of us who are students should live up to that name and strive to attain the maximum degree of mental efficiency. The young man who is mentally alert always makes a better soldier than his duller brother. Army officers will vouch for that.

But the second and most important duty of ours is to keep ourselves morally efficient by leading clean, undissipated lives. This is a point I cannot emphasize too strongly. If we lead clean lives, when

our time does come we will make much better soldiers than our brother who has fallen by the wayside. Let me quote from an army booklet, published by the government. Referring to a certain army camp, "Somewhere in France," the booklet says: "There were men there, thousands of them, as clean and pure in their private lives as an innocent child. When they went into the ranks for the front, they swung along like boys at drill; when they fought, they fought like demons; when they came back wounded, their wounds were wounds of honor; and when their wounds were bathed, the light of courage shone in their eyes."

From this we may plainly see that it is our duty to keep the mind and body pure. If we do this we may rest assured that when our time does come, when we are called upon to go "over the top" and through "No Man's Land" we will be able to do it with a vim. And it will be able to be said of us as of those conquerors of Vimy Ridge, "They rushed the enemy because they were teeming with vitality; they fought courageously because they had the vigor of pure manhood; they faced death because they weren't afraid to die; they never faltered because a clean conscience knows no fear."

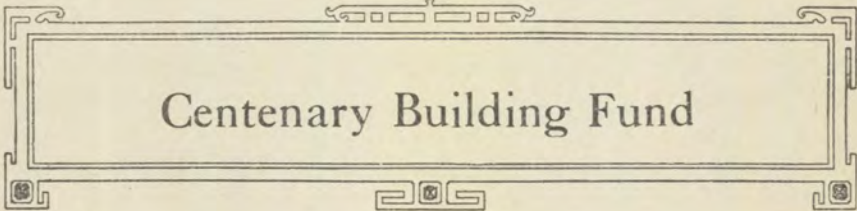
My friends, I could go on down the list and could find that each in his special walk of life can make war sacrifices. But it is for ourselves to determine in what special way we wish to deny ourselves. The main point is this; each one of us can and must sacrifice. Governor Walsh on the occasion of the Centenary Celebration made a remark about as follows: "For us there can be but one flag,—the Stars and Stripes; one thought,—victory; but one ideal,—sacrifice. We have seen our men go across the seas; are we not going to back them up? We have seen them going into the first line trenches, many to taste of death. Are we going to be unwilling to do our little part when they are giving their all? Let us one and all put our shoulder to the wheel of war. Let us do not our bit but our best. Let's give until it hurts!"

When our armies first landed in France, General Pershing was called upon to make a speech at the tomb of the honored Lafayette. Many were his auditors. Patriotic oratory was expected of him. And what did Pershing say? He simply said, "Lafayette, we are here." Now that our country calls upon us let each one do his part. Let us do, and say as Pershing said, "My Country, we are here; we are ready!"

And when this war is over, when the American spirit of democracy has permeated even those whom we fight, when Peace has succeeded Wars upon the stage of the world, when victory shall mar-

shall her army of living heroes to place a wreath at the tomb of the dead, she will praise the exploits of great generals, laud the deeds of brave soldiers. But ere she pauses she will tell the world of those who backed their men across the sea, of those who followed the restrictions of self-denial they had laid upon themselves. She will speak of us not because we fought at Verdun, not because we followed the mandates of military leaders, but because we sacrificed and sacrificed and then—we made a few more sacrifices.

Let us back our government, the government worthy of service and sacrifice. Let us sacrifice at home while Mars is marshalling his minions on land and sea. Let us show our appreciation of the sacrifice and devotion of our boys "over there," who have joyfully left the paths of peace and love, waded through billows of blood, and who march to the very jaws of hell and back again to make the world safe in which to live, to love and to sacrifice.



## Centenary Building Fund

A campaign for funds to erect a Centenary Building at Washington, D. C., was inaugurated by the Faculty and Students of St. Mary College the middle of November. The purpose of the building is to give the Society of Mary a house of studies for members of the Society who take up advanced work at the Catholic University of America.

The Faculty and Students of St. Mary College raised approximately \$2,000.00. This amount, together with the amounts raised in parochial schools and other colleges of the Society of Mary in America, will help materially to erect the small building which is needed so much by the members of the Society of Mary in Washington, D. C.

The Exponent takes pleasure in publishing the names of the contributors to this fund. From the large number of contributors, an idea may be obtained of the work that was accomplished by the Faculty and Students. The Exponent congratulates the workers in the campaign, and thanks the donors.

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bert Hils, \$1.00; C. L. Hils, \$10.00; Marcellus Humpert, \$1.00; Mr. Hempel, 50c; Frank J. Hegman, \$10.00; Edward C. Hegman, \$2.00; John Holtvoigt, 50c; Hugh Howlett, \$1.50; Miss Elizabeth Herbert, \$1.00; Miss Margaret Herbert, \$1.00; Raymond Helmig, \$1.00; Clarence Hieber, \$1.00; Frank Herr, \$2.50; William J. Hughes Family, \$10.00; J. W. Hahn, \$10.00; Al. Huber, \$1.00; Edgar Helldorfer, \$5.00; Wm. Hinders, \$1.00; Miss Margaret Hagan, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. T. Hagan, \$1.00; Thomas Hagan, \$1.00; Howard Hess, \$5.00; Clarence Heider, \$1.00; W. T. Hartman, \$1.00; John A. Heider, \$1.00; Francis Heider, \$1.00; J. Hannahan, \$1.50; Dr. N. B. Hartwell, \$2.00; B. Harrington, \$2.00; Marcellus Heile, \$10.50; Elmer Hess, \$2.00; George C. Hochwalt, \$2.00; Carrol Hochwalt, \$12.00; Joseph Holscher, \$1.50; John Halpin, \$2.50; Joseph W. Holters, \$10.00; Edward Horan, \$1.50; Edward Happensack, \$10.00; Ferd. Hermes, \$5.00; Miss Theresa Hof, \$2.00; J. P. Heister, \$5.00; Misses Anna and Helen Hollencamp, \$5.00; Hettich Family, \$10.00; Miss Minnie Heider, \$1.00; Miss Marie Heider, \$1.00; Theodore Hess, 60c; Joseph H. Hochwalt, \$1.00; F. Haas, \$1.50; Edward Heile, \$10.00; M. W. Hartnett, \$2.50; H. Holtvoigt, 25c; S. Heckman, 25c; A. G. Helmig, \$5.00; A. J. Hoersting, \$1.75; Frank Hagan, 50c; J. Holtvoigt, 50c; Miss M. Hoffmann, \$2.50; Rev. J. Henry, \$25.00; Mrs. Hartmann, \$2.00; Miss Phiney Holzwaerth, 50c; Miss Mary Holzwaerth, 50c.

Max Israel, \$2.00.

Ben Jamison, \$10.00; J. Janning, \$1.00; J. L. Jonas, \$1.50; F. Johnston, 25c; C. Jeckering, 50c; Wm. Janning, \$1.00; William Johnson, \$1.50; Miss L. Juergens, \$2.50; J. Juergens, \$2.50; Mrs. M. J. Johnston, \$1.00; F. Johnston, \$1.00; N. Jacques, 50c.

Miss Ida Kelly, \$1.00; Miss Elizabeth Kelly, \$1.00; Mrs. Steve Kender, \$2.00; K. Knierin, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Kugelman, \$3.00; Mrs. J. Kissling, \$2.00; Lawrence and Wm. Kissling, \$2.00; Ed. Koehnen, \$1.20; Wm. Kohl, \$1.25; Miss Rosa Koellsch, \$1.00; W. Kinzig, \$1.00; H. Kuth, \$1.00; H. Koepnick, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Kaiser, 50c; Robert Klug, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Klug, \$1.00; A. H. Kramer, \$5.00; Mrs. G. Krebs, \$2.00; A. Kauflin, \$1.00; Frank S. Kauflin, \$1.00; Frank Kronauge, Jr., \$1.00; C. P. Kipp, \$1.00; P. J. Kranz, \$1.00; Miss E. Klass, \$1.00; Edmund Klass, \$1.00; Jerome Koehnen, \$1.00; Wilbur Karl, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Kirk, 50c; Anna Kirk, \$1.00; J. Kehrle, 50c; Frank Kehrle, 50c; Mrs. E. Kersting, \$1.00; George Koehler, \$1.00; Alvin Kersting, \$1.25; J. B. Killoran, \$2.00; F. Kaullen, \$1.00; Emil Kessler, \$2.00; A. Kuhn, \$1.00; J. H. Kruse, \$2.00; H. G. Keuping, \$3.00; Cornelius Kain, \$1.00; Rev. Thomas Kearns, \$10.00; David Kersting, \$1.00; A. I. Keenan, \$1.00; A. J. Kuntz, \$2.00; W. A. Kochis, \$1.00; D. Kin-

ninger, \$1.00; George Kirby, \$1.00; Joseph S. Koehler, \$1.00; R. Kugelman, \$2.50; Mr. and Mrs. J. Kuhn, \$1.00; R. Kilcoyne, \$1.00; Miss Rose Kistner, \$5.00; Mr. Kelly, 50c; J. Koehnen, 05c; Rose Kramer, \$5.00; Mrs. J. Kemper, \$2.00; Mrs. Kieger, \$2.00; S. B. Kochis, \$10.00; Rev. John P. Kelly, \$5.00.

E. Larkin, \$2.50; Mrs. E. Larkin, \$2.50; C. U. Lavan, \$5.00; C. L. Lins, \$2.00; Miss M. Lause, \$1.00; Mrs. M. M. Lause, 50c; N. T. Lause, \$2.50; Miss Mary T. Lause, \$1.00; H. Long, \$1.00; R. Leshner, \$1.00; John W. Liszak, \$2.00; Jos. D. Leonard, \$1.00; J. Lavelle, \$3.00; Theodore Lienesch, \$1.50; Henry Lai Hipp, \$3.25; Vincent Lang, 50c; J. Lander, \$1.00; Miss Eliz. Lehmeier, 50c.

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F. McTigue, \$5.00; Frank McTigue, \$5.00; Louis McBarron, 25c; Daniel McCarthy, 50c; P. McCarthy, \$1.00; J. McCurran, \$1.50; M. McInerney, \$2.00; Mrs. W. A. McLaughlin, \$1.00; J. McDonald, \$3.00; C. McCreedy, 25c; Edward McCloskey, \$1.00; Joseph McDonald, \$1.00; R. McFadden, 50c; J. McVeigh, 05c; E. H. McGovern, \$3.00.

Thomas Needham, \$1.00; Mr. G. Newman, \$5.00; John Neiberlein, \$1.00; Leonard Niesen, \$15.00; Godfrey Nordhoff, \$1.00; Sam Newman, \$2.00; Mrs. K. Newnam, \$3.00; Charles Niehaus, 50c; Mrs. C. Nasser, \$1.00; Joseph Iilles, \$1.00.

Mrs. Ovington, \$10.00; Mrs. J. O'Connell, \$1.00; J. O'Meara, 50c; Wilbur Orth, 50c; Martin O'Donnell, 50c; P. Oster, \$2.00; S. O'Neill, \$2.00; George Orcasitas, \$1.00; J. T. O'Neill, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Oberer,

50c; P. P. Ohmer, \$2.00; Robert O'Hearn, \$1.50; H. F. Ostendorf, \$5.00; Miss J. O'Reilly, \$5.00; J. O'Donnell, 05c; John F. Ohmer, \$10.00; Joseph O'Donnell, \$1.00.

J. Patko, \$1.00; Casimir Petkewicz, 50c; Mrs. J. Patko, \$1.00; Robert Pease, 05c; F. H. Phillipi & Son, \$5.00; John T. Pelzer, \$2.00; L. A. Pettit, Jr., \$1.00; Clarence J. Pelzer, \$1.00; George Pflaum, \$1.00; Fred Pfarrer, \$1.00; N. Pfeuffer, \$1.00; Karl Pauzer, 50c; H. Phaler, 50c; K. Price, 05c; Mrs. Plattfaut, \$5.00; E. Payne, \$1.00; R. Payne, \$1.00; J. A. Payne, \$1.00; Al. A. Poliquin, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Pecord, \$5.00; J. T. Payette, \$2.00; Wm. Poeppelmeier, \$1.00; Leslie Porter, \$2.00; R. Paul, \$5.00; Mrs. F. Pfeiffer, 50c; Robert J. Paul, \$5.00.

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D. Richardson, \$1.00; Robert Rock, \$1.00; Frank Ruhlman, \$1.00; Charles Roberts, \$2.00; Thomas Regan, \$1.00; C. W. Roth, \$1.00; Mrs. H. F. Reilly, \$10.00; Miss Magdalene Rahe, \$5.00; T. Rhoades, 75c; J. Russel, 50c; D. Ryan, \$1.00; Mrs. Joseph Rohr, \$1.00; V. Rayburg, \$5.00; F. Reams, \$1.00; Edw. Richardson, \$1.00; J. Rubenstein, \$1.00; John Ryan, \$1.00; Mrs. Pat. Ryan, \$1.00; Miss Anna Ruh, \$5.00; Wm. A. Rabe, \$10.00; R. Rotterman, \$1.00; George Roderer, \$5.00; Rev. B. Roberts, \$5.00; J. T. Roth, \$5.00; L. J. Ribar, \$5.00; Bro. L. Reinbold, \$10.00; William Reidlin, Sr., \$10.00; Carl Ryan, \$1.00; F. H. Rike, \$5.00; F. Rudolph, 25c; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ruf, \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Roth, \$5.00; M. Ronan, \$5.00; Theodore Rolfe, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Reich, \$1.00; H. Raiff, 25c; Miss Catherine Rummel, \$5.00; Rev. W. A. Roddy, \$5.00; Miss Ida Russmann, 50c.

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\$1.00; Mrs. C. Smith, 50c; Miss Bella Schoemaker, 50c; Miss Louise Sennett, 50c; B. Suttman, \$1.00; Miss Ella Schram, \$1.00; Elmo Schneble, \$1.00; C. Stuhlmueeller, \$1.50; H. V. Somes, \$2.00; Miss Regina Sullivan, \$5.00; M. Schneble, \$5.00; Rudolph Schneble, \$5.00; Rev. Steinkamp, \$5.00; Joseph J. Schaefer Estate, \$5.00; T. F. Synnett Family, \$5.00; Paul E. Stanton, \$5.00; H. H. Stang, 50c; Robert Suman, \$1.00; J. R. Summers, \$2.00; W. Schmidt, \$1.00; Miss Gert. Stang, \$1.00; Miss Agnes Stang, \$1.00; Miss Marie Stang, \$1.00; Miss M. C. Selcan, \$1.00; Joseph Sauer, \$10.00; Mrs. M. Schaefer, \$25.00; Chas. P. Schumacher, \$10.00; George Strattner, Jr., \$1.00; W. Stopelman, 50c; H. L. Schroeder, \$1.00; F. J. Swint, \$5.00; Wm. Sherry, \$2.00; E. A. Smith, \$1.00; S. Stopf, \$3.00; H. Schmidt, \$2.50; B. and M. Schmitt, \$10.00; James Schmitt, \$1.00; Lawrence W. Strattner, \$4.00; Chas. F. Sweeney, \$1.00; Miss Ida Stokes, \$1.00; C. Smedley, 10c; Mrs. Senger, \$1.00; C. Stonebarger, 20c; Mrs. K. Steggert, \$50.00; Joseph Svete, \$5.00; Miss Anna Schmitz, \$5.00.

M. Tierney, \$5.00; F. Telscher, \$15.00; Mr. and Mrs. Toohey, \$1.00; Ed. Taylor, \$1.00; Richard Teasdale, \$1.50; Jos. Tegenkamp, \$1.00; Mark Thompson, \$1.00; I. Toomey, \$1.50; Herman Trunk, \$100.00; John Trunk, \$50.00; William Thornton, \$2.00; W. Thomas, 05c; M. Tomas, \$2.00; L. Tierney, 05c; Miss Cassy Tritschler, 50c; Miss Margaret Tritschler, 50c.

Miss Lillie Unterburger, 50c; Misses Rose and Minnie Unger, \$1.00; Mrs. Joseph Urbux, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. M. Ushold, \$2.00; Miss Mary Urban, 25c.

Ben. Vogt, \$2.00; J. Van Arnhem, \$1.00; Ludwig Virant, \$1.50; Frank Virant, \$1.00; Alois Virant, \$5.00; Joseph Virant, \$1.00; P. H. Von den Boesch, 50c; M. E. Von Mach, \$5.00; F. Von Beseler, \$7.00; Mrs. C. Verhoeven, \$20.00; George Volz, 50c.

H. J. Wessel, \$5.00; Miss Williamson, \$1.00; U. Wenstrup, \$5.00; W. Wartinger, \$1.00; Raymond Welsh, \$1.00; Mrs. A. J. Wolf, 50c; H. J. Wolf, 75c; E. Weidner, \$1.00; P. Weihart, \$1.00; H. Wagner, \$1.00; Westbrook Family, \$10.00; Ray Westbrook, \$1.00; Jos. Wilson, \$1.00; Ed. Winterhalter, \$5.00; C. Wenstrup, \$5.00; Anthony Wolf, \$1.00; Wm. Whaley, \$25.00; H. Weiler, \$1.50; Chas. Weber, \$1.00; Miss Mary Wynn, \$1.00; Mrs. C. Wentz, 50c; U. U. Wagner, \$1.00; H. Weinert, \$1.00; K. Weber, \$1.50; L. Weber, \$1.50; Miss N. Weinert, 50c; Miss Mary Weinert, 50c; B. Wert, \$1.50; Mrs. A. Weckesser, \$10.00; Charles Wiesmann, 50c; Frank Wiesmann, 50c; Miss Anna Wiesmann, \$1.00; John Wiesmann, 50c; Rev. Mother Wiesman, \$1.00; Alph. Weckesser, \$1.50; A. J. Walsh, \$1.00; Mr. and Mrs. O. Warner, \$5.00; Joseph Wehner, \$2.00; Miss A. J. Wolf, \$1.00;



memory, and receives an average of 94 each month, should he be freed from the examination which his plugging companion must take because he has an average of only 88? An examination is not a series of catch questions or a teacher's revenge, but a moderate "review" of the matter covered in the term.

If you keep right on moving, never stopping to review the work of the past, you will find that you are deficient in the primary principles of your work. No matter what walk of life you may traverse, you will some day call a halt. The real reason of examinations is to make you call this halt in your studies,—a pedagogical reason. Did it ever occur to you how much better you understood the underlying principles of an event in history, after you have covered the entire period and have gone back to review it. Everything sums itself up in your mind in a chronological manner. Had you never reviewed for the examination you would never have established this relation between events, and your historical knowledge would be mere data, without a form or reason.

There are found in modern educational establishments three classes of students who present themselves for examination. The first class are the slackers who have shirked all duties during the term, and by cramming or crooking may be able to slide through. The second class is the bright class, who learn very readily and prepare but little for an examination. The third class, and the only class out of which I would pick an employee, is the steady class. They are the 80 per cent class of pluggers. Give me the steady man every time in preference to the erratic one, who alternates his speed from 60 to 100 per cent.

The latter class never win any medals on commencement day, but a few years later their Alma Mater is proud to acknowledge them as her own for slowly, steadily and systematically they have ascended the ladder of success. No erratic jumps marked their rise. It was due to themselves, their steady efforts and untiring enthusiasm. Join this class, the sooner the better. When examination time comes you need not fear or cram. Just continue to work in your same careful manner. Do for examinations, as a famous saint once said when asked what he would do, if he knew he were to die on the morrow. "I would continue to live as I am living today." Regulate your lives so that it will not be a series of ups and downs, but a steady, onward march to the goal of your ambition. Therefore, if any of your friends were requested to depart for home, for failure in the exams, do not blame them, but only remember that they belonged to the first or second class of students, and not to the third.

**Fault Finding**     You well know that the ideal does not exist in this world, nevertheless, you expect to see it on all sides. To live in a community among friends with whom you could find no fault, is not allotted to mortals of this earth, but reserved for the realm of the elect in heaven. Everyone has faults, some perhaps in a more noticeable degree than others. Everything we come in contact with could be improved, but the only way to improve it is to set about working in a systematic manner, and not to find fault.

Once the habit of fault finding is contracted it will find plenty of material to nourish upon. You can find fault with the weather, with your parents, your family, your business, your profession, your friends, and so on ad infinitum, yea, you find fault with God, Himself.

If there is any one single individual whom the whole world despises and spurns it is the perpetual "knocker." There are two kinds of knockers in the world, the one you meet face to face at the meals, the other who knocks behind your back upon every available opportunity. Do you belong to the latter class?

If you do, or if you feel that you are making daily strides in that direction, then check your progress and take the proper safeguards against this habit, which consist, first, in the exercise of Christian charity. Did you ever realize in your onward rush through life that there is only one class of people who portray the characteristics of true and perfect happiness? Yes; my friends this is true, and it is no other than those who have given themselves to God, practicing a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. In them there is no room for fault finding. They have a higher mission in life than merely complaining. They have found a remedy to better the evil, and their life work tends to that end, it is the practice of deeds of charity. The second antidote against "crabbing" is the cultivation of a cheerful disposition. All the world loves a smiler. With open hands is he greeted on every occasion. And yet why do so many prefer to be the pessimists, when they have before them the numerous examples of the pessimistic,—scorned and forlorn in the pathway of life? When a friend or enemy has done a certain something, which you feel deserves your unjust criticism, did you ever yet put yourself in the same position as the one whom you blame? Truly you would make a wonderful President of this college, and an ideal Prefect, wouldn't you? If you feel so ambitious, why don't you sacrifice your home, the bonds that tie, for a life of seclusion. Why don't you throw off the garb of the worldly and clothe yourself in the habit of poverty? What? You are unwilling to make the sacrifice? Then cease crabbing about that which you yourself refuse to better.

"TUES SACERDOS IN AETERNUM"



Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach, '12

Ordained Priest

by the

Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D.

Mt. St. Mary's Seminary Chapel

Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1918

First Holy Mass

celebrated at

Holy Angels Church

Sidney, Ohio

Sunday, Feb. 24, 1918

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*In Your Charity  
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of*



**Rev. George J. Koch, S. M., '05**

The Alumni and readers of *The Exponent* will be pained to hear of the death of Rev. George J. Koch, S. M., of the class of '06, who later taught at St. Mary College, Dayton. His brother, Ferdinand Koch, belonged to the class of '09.

The following clipping from a San Antonio paper tells the story of the death of Father Koch:

"On Tuesday, October 30, Rev. George J. Koch, S. M., departed this life at St. Mary's Sanitarium, Boerne, Texas, at the early age of 34 years. He was a native of Merrillville, Indiana, and pronounced his religious vows in the Society of Mary in 1901. For several years he was stationed at Dayton, Ohio, and other institutions in the North, conducted by the Brothers of Mary, until he went to Switzerland, where he completed his theological studies at the University of Fribourg. There he was ordained to the holy priesthood in the Society of Mary in 1913. After his ordination he was appointed a member of the faculty of St. Louis College, at San Antonio, Texas, and remained here until 1915, when he returned to the North for the benefit of his health. About six months ago he returned to Texas, in the hope that he would recuperate in this mild and salubrious climate. But Providence had decreed otherwise, and the patient sufferer gradually grew weaker. When notified of his feeble condition, his parents hastened at once to his bedside from Hammond, Indiana, and had the great consolation of being with their son when he breathed his last.

"The remains of Father Koch were conveyed to San Antonio for interment. On Friday morning, All Souls Day, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered in the St. Louis College Chapel by the Rev. Robert W. Mayl, S. M., a classmate of Father Koch, and president of St. Mary's College, this city. Rev. A. Frische, S. M., chaplain of St. Louis College, was deacon, and Rev. James P. Canning, S. M., president of St. Louis College, subdeacon. The faculty and entire student-body of St. Louis College, as well as representatives of St. Mary's College and the San Fernando School for Boys, attended the obsequies. After the chanting of the Libera, the funeral procession wended its way to the Brothers' cemetery at St. Louis College, where all that was mortal of Rev. Father Koch was consigned to its last resting place, to await a glorious resurrection.

"May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

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Forgive the shortcomings of others, cultivate the virtuous habits of forbearance and love in your bosom, and the rough places will soon be smooth, and rose-colored spectacles will hide the faults of others instead of revealing them. Fault finding develops no good in us, but rather encourages vanity and conceit. It only means disturbance of peace of conscience in the end. Therefore, avoid, from the beginning, a habit that will only too soon be your master and cause you to fall a prey to the paths that lead to the invisible ruts of discontent and vice.

### **The Poor in the Cities**

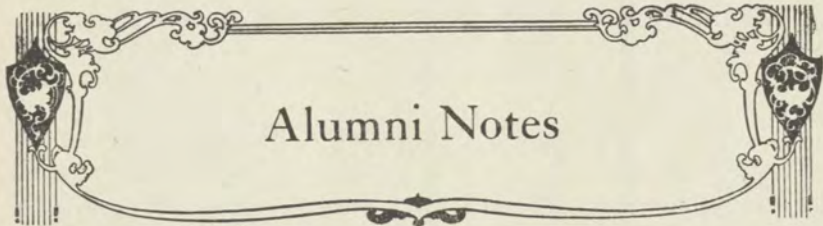
It is a well known fact in every land, the poor, if possible, will avoid the little rural hamlets, and flock to the larger cities. The reasons of this are many, and one not least given is that "misery loves company." The poor beggar in the city finds others more contemptible than himself, and this inducement prompts him onward. In the country the opportunities are fewer, and cherished hopes can never be realized. In the city, however, it is different. Hope greets him in the crowded streets, lurks him in the corners, and reflects a glowing ray into his eyes from the advertising section of the daily papers. In the country those who give alms are few, and the majority of these do so only after a severe cross-examination. In the cities it is different. We flip a coin at the beggar with never a thought of his past, only to get rid of him. Alas, we are too busy. Yet this very carelessness of city folks is what the beggar likes, for many of them are victims of charity, solely through their own fault, and in spite of this, they are still proud and wish to conceal the circumstances from the public.

Another reason for the poor flocking to the cities is the fact that homes are not necessary in the city as in the country. A room or part of a room in a tenement house is sufficient for him whose purse is low and clothes shabby, and he feels no disgrace in such circumstances. In the busy city he is but one of a crowd, and may struggle along unnoticed by the social scrutinizers. The poor always avoid the community where respectability is measured by social standing, outer appearance and the jingling coins.

And besides these reasons, many flock to the brighter lights out of love for pleasure and amusement. Newspapers and books are at his disposal and the varied sights and sounds that cost no money to view, he can enjoy as well as the rich man. We must all confess that life's voluptuous pleasures are alluring, for who does not delight in viewing the displays of the shop windows, the beautiful garbs of those promenading the thoroughfares, and the numerous street pa-

rades. Where will you find these in the country? You can walk for miles and admire the beauties of nature, because it is a wonderful thing to live, to see and to admire the beautiful designs of an Almighty Creator. Yet you know as well as I that the beauties of nature furnish food for thought, and too many people do not think, hence the craving for the passing pleasures of life.

The poor learn very early in life that they will be well taken care of in the cities. Soup societies are organized to care for their corporal wants, and hospitals have charity wards, wherein they receive the best of treatment. In the face of all these allurements can you blame the poor for severing the ties that bind them to the village? No; my friends, you cannot, for they have reasons to be tolerably happy and are perfectly innocent in the pursuit of happiness and contentment.



## Alumni Notes

### WITH THE ARMY AND NAVY

#### The Stars in the Service Flag

The following revised list of S. M. C.'s loyal sons who are serving their country in the Army and Navy is offered to our readers for corrections and additions. Kindly inform The Exponent Editor of new enlistments and drafts, as well as changes which will make the list correct. Through the courtesy of several of our readers, the present list has been made possible.

In this department, "With the Army and Navy," The Exponent Editor hopes to live up to his promise to give live news of our brave boys, and plenty of it. Do your share to make the fulfillment of this promise possible.

#### S. M. C.'S PATRIOTIC SONS

(Corrected March 25, 1918)

Amann, Hans.

Baker, Carl O.; Balles, William; Becker, Russel; Bennet, T. E.; Breen, A. J.; Brennan, Charles; Brennan, Paul; Brockmann, An-

thony; Bucher, L. C.; Burbridge, John; Burgmeier, Albert; Burke, Harry; Burkhardt, Alvin; Burnett, Elmer; Burns, Sylvester J.

Cahill, J. F.; Carton, Robert A.; Casey, Wm.; Clasgens, Cyril G.; Cooper, Lester; Cowan, Edward; Cullen, Rodney.

Dickman, Major General; Deger, Lieut. L. J.; Dickman, Joseph; Donovan, Frank; Donovan, Capt. J. O.; Drufner, Capt. Vincent; Duffey, William.

Evans, Joseph; Eichelberger, Lieut. Gerald.

Farrel, Henry; Farrell, Lieut. V. J.; Feigler, George; Fisher, Ben; Fitzgerald, G.; Fitzmartin, Paul; Fitzpatrick, Chas.; Fleck, Henry; Ferneding, Joseph; Focke, Lieut. Elmer; Freeman, Ben; Freudenberger, Albert; Fleck, Walter; Faigle, William.

Green, Clarence; Griffin, Patrick; Griffin, James M.; Grundish, Sergt. Fred P.

Haas, Chas. F.; Hamberger, G.; Hanley, Bernard; Hart, Harry A.; Heim, Joseph; Hennessey, Frank; Herron, Frank; Herron, Geo.; Hochwalt, Cyril; Hodapp, Clarence; Hoffman, Frank J.; Howett, Lester; Hughes, William; Humphrey, Timothy; Heck, Walter.

Janszen, August.

Keuping, Bernard; Kiefaber, Harry; Kimmel, Leo F.; Klass, Theodore; Kline, Lieut. John H.; Kramer, Sergt. Justin (deceased); Krantz, Leo; Kuntz, Andrew; Keville, Harry.

Lacken, Edward; Larkin, Edward; Laughlin, Edward; Leonard, Edward.

McCullock, Wendell; McKinney, Gerald F.; McMahon, James; McNamara,

Mack, Edward; Macklin, Thomas; Mahoney, Capt. Frank; Mahoney, George; Mahoney, Joseph; Mahrt, Armin; Malloy, Vincent; Maloney, Dan. O.; Mayl, Ellis J.; Menninger, Albert; Miltner, Francis; Morin, Roscoe; Munchoff, Theodore; Murphy, Virgil; Molloy, Vincent; Mason, Leo.

Newnam, Samuel; Nugent, Fred.

O'Connor, Rev. Wm. P.; Ohmer, Ray; Ohmer, John F., Jr.; Ovington, John.

Pflaum, Richard E.

Rankin, Harold; Rechsteiner, Harry J.; Rechsteiner, Victor; Robbins, Lieut. J.; Ronney, Donald.

Sacksteder, Roy; Schei, John C.; Schneider, Arnold; Schneider, Desmond; Schumacher, Francis; Sengel, Frank; Sherlock, Edw.;

Shields, Charles; Skelton, Eugene; Stephens, Basil; Stoecklein, Lieut. Wm.; Stoecklein, Ensign William; Stokes, James; Stowell, Lieut. Allen L.; Stroop, Fred; Stuber, Carl; Sturm, Fred; Sutton, Joseph.

Theils, Charles; Teigler, George; Sacksteder, Hugo; Schiml, Theo.

Underwood, Lieut. John R.; Underwood, William.

Wagner, Dr. Matt. A.; Werner, Wm. M.; Weser, Jos.; Whelan, Bernard; White, R. E.; Wirtz, Chester; Wollenhaupt, Ralph.

Zimmerman, Lieut. Arthur.

**Edward S. Cowan, Jr.** In response to a letter from The Exponent Sanctum, we received the following interesting letter from Edward Cowan:

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 18th and shall try to give you the information you speak of.

"My application for commission as an aviator specified at that time as an officer of first lieutenancy in the signal corps, was sent to Washington on May 12. I took examination and enlisted at Chicago, Ill., June 16. I was ordered to report at Ohio State University for ground school training August 28, where I completed my course October 26. I was then ordered to report to Wilbur Wright Field for flying instructions October 29.

"At Wilbur Wright Field I was assigned to Bernard Whelan, a former S. M. C. boy, who at that time was a civilian flying instructor, for my first instructions in flying, so my first experiences in the air were with an old school-mate which made my work a double pleasure. Snow, rain and bad weather intervened with our work to such an extent that the government saw fit to send us south to Ellington Field, which is situated between Houston, and Galveston. This change of fields revised our entire schedule, much to the dissatisfaction of all the boys. However, it was but a short time till all the boys were back plugging just as hard as ever, and at the present time of writing, over half of them have received their commission, and I expect to receive mine in the next two or three weeks. This, of course, depends upon the climate, which down here seems to be subject to change without notice.

"I have found flying to be a great pleasure, although it has numerable objectionable features, which after the war is over shall undoubtedly be reduced. I feel confident of my statement, when I say that in a few short years it shall be the greatest of all sports.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting any of the 'old boys' from St. Mary, with the exception of Bill Seidensticker, whom I met and spent several very enjoyable week-ends with while attending ground school at Columbus, Ohio, and the above mentioned, Mr. Whelan.

"I would be pleased to offer my services to The Exponent, and try to write to the best of my ability any articles on aviation that they would be interested in.

"With my sincere best wishes to all the Faculty and the boys, I am,  
Sincerely yours,

EDWARD S. COWAN, JR.,

"Cadet, A. S. S. E. R. C.

"2nd P. T. S. Ellington Field, Houston, Texas."

**William Faigle** William Faigle sent us a card saying that he arrived safely overseas. His address is Pvt. William Faigle, Motor Truck No. 374, Motor Supply Train No. 409, American Expeditionary Forces.

**Roscoe Morin** We received the following correction from Ralson Morin: "Reading the last issue of The Exponent, I found my name among S. M. C.'s Patriotic Sons. It is all wrong on account of managing Dad's farm. This is the second time I have had the privilege of being exempted. I am serving my country on the farm, and know that I can lick the Kaiser better that way.

"Roscoe is the one in service. He left last November for Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. He was there several weeks when he received orders to report direct to General Pershing's headquarters "somewhere in France," to be a French interpreter. He is at present detained at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., Co. B, 1st N. H. Infantry."

**Lieut. J. E. Robbins, R. F.C.** Lieutenant Robbins, a member of the Royal Flying Corps, witnessed the naval disaster of the Tuscania's being torpedoed by a submarine. He was a passenger on one of the transports with the Tuscania. Extracts of his letters, which we have seen, gave an interesting account of his trip across, including the attack upon the Tuscania.

**Capt. J. O. Donovan** J. O. Donovan, Capt. Sig. R. C., A. S., is instructor at the Georgia School of Technology as teacher of military aeronautics. He writes that the young recruits studying there are fine, intelligent fellows. Fully 600 cadets and 20 officers are taking this West Point education, crowded into eight weeks. Class hours are from early morning until nine o'clock at night.

The officers and their families are located in the Imperial Hotel. Captain Donovan has his wife and two children with him. After he leaves for France, his family will return to Dayton.

The faculty and student-body, who became intimately acquainted with Captain Donovan, the popular instructor in military training, will be pleased to hear that Captain Donovan likes his new work, and his surroundings.

**Lieut. Elmer J. Focke** Elmer J. Focke, Second Lieutenant, Co. F, 38th Inf., wrote an interesting letter at the close of February. From his letter we gleaned the information that we will give to our readers. Here's hoping more of our boys in service will give us "stories."

"Camp Green is a tented city of 30,000 soldiers. It is called the jumping off place for "over there." Soldiers come and go, but the yellow clay goes on forever.

"All the soldiers at Camp Greene live under field conditions, with no modern conveniences. This makes it hard for the recruits on their arrival.

"St. Mary can be proud of one of its former students, Major General Dickman, commanding Camp Greene and also the Third Division of which my regiment is a part.

"I was detained as an instructor on the Rifle Ranges several weeks ago, and coached one of the Virginia boys. His target was number 87. He fired his first shot and the target did not move. He fired again and still his target did not move. I asked him if he knew his target, and he admitted that he did not read numbers. I drew his number, 87, on the sand, and after he compared it with the number on the butts, found his target and shot bulls eyes every time.

"I have been detailed as a judge on the General Court, which is a division court, and tries all cases punishable with death. The court has 13 members who perform the duties of judge and jury at the same time, making the findings on both law and fact.

"Another one of my duties has been funeral director. I work hand in hand with a Baptist chaplain. The 38th has no Catholic priest as chaplain.

"Our division is ready to depart for overseas service, and we are expecting our orders any day. Our combat wagons are here and the men have everything except gas masks and helmets."

Thank you for your interesting letter! Be sure to write us a "corker" real soon.

**Harry Keville** Harry Keville enlisted in the navy last April, and has already seen foreign service. He is on the U. S. S. Florida. At his last writing he was trying out a classy razor he received from home,—trying it out on himself. Later he may use it on a German, if the latter gets close enough. He seems delighted with service in the navy, and is in the best of health, tipping the beam at 160.

**Francis N. Miltner** Francis Miltner is now a member of the signal corps section of the national army at Camp Sherman. He had been busy as an assembler before entering the army. His Dayton home is 1823 East Richard Street.

**Sergt. Fred Grundish** Fred Grundish is sergeant in Battery B, 10 F. A., and is located at Douglas, Ariz. He renewed his subscription to The Exponent, and looked forward to letters of introduction to friends in France, for Fred expects to go "over there" real soon. In his day Fred was quite a poet, so we wonder whether he sees much poetry in army life, or whether it is all just plain prose.

**Ray Ohmer** Ray Ohmer writes:  
"Probably you will be interested to know what I am doing, how I am getting along, etc. All during the summer I was aboard the U. S. S. Juniata, S. P. 602, patrolling the Atlantic Coast from Cape May, N. J., to Barnegat Bay, looking for submarines. Fortunately, or probably unfortunately, none of these undersea craft ever came in sight.

"Last September I was transferred from the boat to shore duty at the Navy Yard, but remained here for only a week, when I was again transferred, this time to my present location, Pier 19, North, Philadelphia, where I have been doing clerical work in the Supply Office of the Fourth Naval District."

**Walter Heck** Brother Rush received a postal from Walter Heck. Walter is located with the 12th Company, Columbus Barracks, Columbus, Ohio.

**Capt. Vincent H. Drufner** Vincent Drufner is "over there." He is a graduate of the second training school, Officers' Reserve Corps at Benjamin Harrison, from where he was transferred to Fortress Monroe, Va. At the latter school he received training in the infantry branch of the military, being given a new commission as captain at its close. At the time of his enlistment he was connected with the Pacific Bridge Company as general foreman, as he is a structural engineer.

At present he is "somewhere in France," and judging from his letters, he is enjoying his stay in France. Up to the present he has not been engaged in fighting,—outside of endeavoring to conquer the difficulties of the French language.

**Lieut. Arthur Zimmerman** Arthur Zimmerman received a transfer to the Metallurgical Section of the Inspection Division of Arms (Ordnance Department) with the Lieutenant's commission. He is now on the technical staff where his train-

ing as chemical engineer will be put to use. His present address is 628 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

**Clarence Smith** Clarence Smith reached France with his Aero Squadron which left Dayton about a month ago. Clarence is attached to the Hospital Division.

**Hans Aman** Hans Aman sends greetings to faculty from Chica-mauga Park, Ga. He is enjoying his new surroundings after enlisting in the Medical Department. He writes among other things: "Of course it is a little hard to endure separation from all the friends and loved ones, but with eight hours drill every day and the study of French, Biology, Physiology, Pharmacy, etc., as we get it in the Medical Department, there is little time to get homesick. We are fortunate in having a Catholic chaplain here, enabling us to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion every Sunday. During Lent we have Rosary and Benediction on Wednesday nights and the Way of the Cross on Fridays. This is a great consolation for the Catholics of whom there are very many in the Division." Address Medical Department, 6th Inf., Chattanooga, Tenn.

**Thomas Bennett** Thomas Bennett, the well known friend of "Yama," blew in on us a few days ago when he was on leave of absence from Champaign, Illinois. At the latter place he had just finished the "ground school" and has been named Cadet Flyer. Upon his return to Illinois he will be assigned to some flying school for further training. He certainly loves his work and will meet his brother somewhere in the French atmosphere, for his brother is a flyer in the Royal Flying Corps.

**Andrew J. Kuntz** "Andy" Kuntz came with "Johnny Bull" (the subject of preceding notice) and he, too, shows great enthusiasm after having successfully finished the "ground school." He and Tom seem to be glued together. Andy said he would like to hear from "the fellows." He and Tom assisted at the inspection and drill of our College Cadets, and were pleased to note their military bearing and the precision of their evolutions.

**Joseph Ferneding** Joe Ferneding will be through the "ground school" in Champaign, Illinois very shortly. According to reports reaching us he is "doing his best" and doing it very creditably.

**AT THE FIRESIDE**

**Jos. C. Windbiel** Joe Windbiel landed in Chattanooga, Tennessee. That seems to be quite a fashion of late. Joe is still a civilian and has accepted the position as Chemist to the American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company. He is doing some pioneer work and will find plenty opportunity for letting out some of his customary energy. He and Ralph Wirshing are rooming under the same roof, and they seem to have quite a bit of fun exchanging gossip from their respective laboratories. Here is hoping that Joe will stick for a time in the Sunny South.

**Robt. Hummert** Bob Hummert is located in Dayton where he holds the double responsibilities of Vice President and Chemical Engineer of the Thomson Manufacturing Company. He is busy on some very interesting problems and when the "dope" is ready for publication he will have some very fine things to spring on the unsuspecting public. The censor will not permit publication of details.

**OBITUARY**

**Thos. Roach** We received the following sad news of the illness and death of Thomas Roach from Albert Krusling: "St. Mary loses a former student and loyal alumnus in Thomas Roach who died February 28 of double pneumonia. Tom and his father were making the mission at our church. Tom caught a severe cold and passed away in a few days at the hospital. He was always down at the basketball games when I played, and whenever we had time we were always talking about old S. M. C."

The President and Faculty offer their deep sympathy to the bereaved parents and relatives of Thomas Roach.

**Clarence Lukaswitz** Clarence J. Lukaswitz of the Class of '94 died in the month of February. His death followed an operation of a week previous. At the time of his decease he was secretary and treasurer of the Miami and Erie Beef Company. He is survived by his father, Frank Lukaswitz, his wife and other relatives.

The President and Faculty offer their deep sympathy to the bereaved family.

## College Notes

### Lyceum Attractions

The month of February brought two substitute attractions for the lyceum course. The attractions were the Florentine Musicians and the Warwick Male Quartet. The Florentine Musicians, one of the leading companies of entertainers of the Affiliated Bureaus, was a pronounced success. The Warwick Male Quartet pleased the patrons, although the program did halt at times, due to the presence of a new member of the quartet who replaced a "regular" who had been called to the colors two weeks before.

Absence of brass instruments should not be held against any male quartet as an argument that they are not first class. On the contrary, male quartets of today do not play brass instruments if they hope to keep the quality of their vocal work, as both vocal and instrumental work (brass) are incompatible. The latter harms the voice in time, hence quartets of any merit whatever, do not offer instrumental programs. This explanation is given to offset criticisms that have been heard from those who are in no position to know better.

### Service Flag

The unveiling of the College Service Flag took place Washington' Birthday. Brother Theodore Rush, S. M., a veteran of the Civil War, unveiled the flag. Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, President of the College, delivered an appropriate address on the meaning of the celebration; Leo P. Dolan spoke touchingly on the world of meaning back of the Service Flag and closed with a poem suited to the occasion. J. Dean McFarland delivered a patriotic address, indicative of the times and the occasion. Charles Whalen, president of the Alumni Association of St. Mary College, spoke on behalf of the Alumni. The Student Orchestra rendered an appropriate program, and the student-body sang patriotic airs.

### Dr. D. G. Reilly Oratorical Contest

The first contest for the Dr. D. G. Reilly Prizes for Oratory, held since the decease of the College benefactor, was held Sunday, March 17. The following patriotic oratorical and musical program was rendered:

#### PROGRAM

MARCH—"America, the Land of Liberty".....Huston  
 Oration—"Patriotism".....Maximilian von Mach, '18  
 Oration—"With Whom Is Our Quarrel?".....John B. Killoran, '18  
 MARCH—"I Tried to Raise My Boy to Be a Hero".....Huston  
 Oration—"Who Are the Patriots Today?".....Joseph Holters, '19  
 Oration—"War Sacrifices".....Clifford Stuhlmueller, '18  
 MARCH—"Your Country Needs You".....Cormack  
 Oration—"The War—Our Responsibilities".....Leo Dolan, '19  
 MARCH—"The Battle Song of Liberty".....arranged by Hildreth  
 Audience and Orchestra

VIOLIN SOLO—"Concerto No. 5".....Seitz  
Violin, Herman Wittman; Piano, Anthony Flaherty

### DECISION OF THE JUDGES

Rev. B. F. Kuhlman, D. D.

John T. Nielson

Charles Heald

MARCH—"Our Own Red, White and Blue" .....Fillmore  
Music by the S. M. C. Student Orchestra

Leo P. Dolan, '19, won the first prize of \$30 in gold; John B. Killoran, '18, won the second prize of \$20 in gold; and Joseph Holters, '19, won the third prize of \$10 in gold.

## Athletic Notes

### VARSITY BASKETBALL

W. Reserve—19

vs.

St. Mary—29

After their prolonged vacation, the Saints came back and defeated the speedy Western Reserve team of Cleveland, Ohio. As dope had it, this aggregation was considered among the best pill-tossers in the State, but Captain Hess's men were out to win, and they handed a clean defeat to the visitors. The four point lead of the Saints was never cut down by Reserve, although they made several changes in their lineup after the first few minutes of play.

The Red and Blue were in every play with all their pep, which accounted for their remarkable floorwork. Sherry and Weber were each credited with 7 baskets, while Howells made 15 of the visitors' points. This was the first non-Conference game Reserve lost this season.

Orchard L. C.—30

vs.

St. Mary—13

Leaving their southern base on February 13, the Varsity proceeded against St. Mary College at Orchard Lake, Michigan. The contest proved to be a fast and desperate affair, with the husky sons of St. Stanislaus fighting as if they were repelling the onslaughts of a Cossack tribe. The Red and Blue put up a spirited defense, and played forty minutes of spectacular basketball, but were finally handed a defeat in the form of a 30-13 score.

Detroit U.—38

vs.

St. Mary—15

Closely following the Polish campaign, Captain Hess led his men against the strong quintet representing the University of Detroit. The strength of these pill-tossers was not underestimated by the Saints, who encountered a tough battle. The possession of the short end of the score by the boys was due to their late start, most of their 15 markers being made in the last half. The footwork of the Varsity was of the stellar variety and was highly commented on by the leading Detroit dailies.

**St. John U.—32**      Retreating in good order from the Detroit battle, the  
                               vs.      Saints encountered the speedy St. John U. bunch of To-  
**St. Mary—15**      led, Ohio. This mill proved to be somewhat similar to  
                               the preceding ones, and the up-state lads won only after  
 a hard fought 40 minutes of play.

The lead obtained by the Toledo crew aided them considerably in annexing the victory. Captain Hess of the Saints and Fitzgerald of the Gold and Blue team staged the semi-windup.

**Muskingum—23**      On Thursday, March 7, the Red and Blue staged a come-  
                               vs.      back on the court, and handed Muskingum College a  
**St. Mary—45**      severe drubbing to the tune of 45-23. The New Concord  
                               five were looked upon as a stiff proposition, but the vari-  
 ety of game that the Saints played from the start spelled victory.

Although Weber had been on the sick list for some time, he went into the game with a flash and was responsible for 21 of the tallies registered up for the Varsity. As the game progressed Coach Sherry shoved the second string men in to the lineup with good results. Hess was the only man to play the entire game for the Saints. Body was the shining light for the visiting five.

**Alumni—26**      In the annual Alumni-Varsity struggle on the court, the  
                               vs.      "Old Boys" showed that they were still in the harness  
**Varsity—19**      and good for several years to come. Many of the older  
                               heads attributed it to too much experience, and the the  
 little tricks acquired after many years in the game. At any rate the specta-  
 tors were not disappointed when they saw one of the fastest games ever  
 played on the S. M. C. court.

It appeared that old "Solly" just couldn't break himself of the habit of dropping the ball through the net. "Al" Mahrt wanted to be all over the floor to break up the passwork of the youngsters, and Martin, Baker and Varley played the game as ye Red and Blue warriors of yore. It was "some" combination to beat, but the Varsity refused to be daunted, and the long shots, tight guarding and al-around star playing of the ten St. Mary boys had the crowd on their feet three-fourths of the time of play.

Owing to illness, Captain Hess was out of the game, and Russ Sommers was given an opportunity to stick throughout the game. Johnny Roth was playing in hard luck, but the plucky little southpaw made up for his failure to locate the netting by causing a lot of trouble in the Alumni's passwork. Weber and Sherry also figured prominently in all the tight plays of both halves.

Alumni (26)	Position	St. Mary (19)
Martin.....	R. F. ....	Roth
Mahrt.....	L. F. ....	Weber
Solimano.....	C. ....	Hughes
Baker.....	L. G. ....	Sommers
Varley.....	R. G. ....	Sherry

Scoring, Alumni: Field goals—Solimano 5, Martin 5, Mahrt, Baker, Varley.

St. Mary, Field Goals—Weber 4, Sherry 1. Goals from foul line—Weber, 9 out of 13.

In the preliminary the St. Mary high school defeated the Gym Cadets 19 to 11.

### LOOKING IT OVER

The Varsity Basketball season of 1917-18 has passed. Undoubtedly there will be a lot of discussion both for and against the team and its managers. That is natural, for there is a sledge-hammer fraternity in every College, but every loyal student and ardent rooter of the team will tell you it was a big success.

It is true that the Varsity succeeded in annexing only two victories, but the brand of basketball that they showed their supporters on these occasions, proved their worth.

To begin with, "Bill" Sherry was the only remnant of our All-Star teams. To him was assigned the task of rebuilding the quintet, a task worthy of a Gilmore Dobie, or Percy Haughton. A selection had to be made and team work perfected. With a team composed of new men, he had to face some of the fastest teams in this section of the country. It took a lot of hard work and ardent co-operation on the part of the coach and the players.

We have learned much this season, and we have shown that the Red and Blue teams and their backers can take defeat gracefully. We have shown that we are a school of optimists and next year—well wait and see. But remember we are with you "Bill"—one and all!

### BASKETBALL MANAGER 1918-19

**"Willie" Kochis** At the last meeting of the Directors of the Athletic Association, the sweaters, monograms and blocks were voted to the members of the Basketball team who had played the required number of minutes of play.

The manager of the coming 1918-19 basketball season is none other than "Willie" Kochis, who succeeds "Skin" Virant. Success to you, Bill!

### Varsity Baseball Team

#### The Season

The tendency of the Weather Man to loosen up a little has resulted in a considerable number of recruits for Mr. Ohmer's prospective nine. Owing to the spectacular playing of most of the new men, the coach has found it exceedingly difficult in getting a "line" on many of them.

### Varsity Track Team

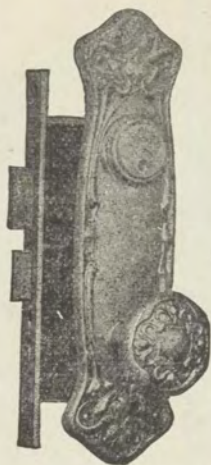
#### The Outlook

At the first call of Manager McFarland of the track team, more than a score of men handed in their names. With the promising material on hand, and the indications of an early Spring, the track team for this season should be a winner in all events.

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A T T E N D

OPENING

# BASEBALL GAME

VARSITY

VS.

ALUMNI

ADMISSION 25c

Sunday April 21, 1918

ST. MARY COLLEGE CAMPUS—2:30 P. M.

## OTHER GAMES

April 27—Antioch vs. Varsity

May 4—Capital University vs. Varsity

May 11—Aviation Field Day

May 18—Earlham vs. Dayton

May 23—Cincinnati vs. Dayton

May 25—Antioch vs. Yellow Springs

May 31—Capital vs. Columbus

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A T T E N D !

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# DRAMATIC SKETCHES

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ST. MARY COLLEGE AUDITORIUM



*Saturday, April 20, 1918, 2 P. M.*

*Sunday, April 21, 1918, 8 P. M.*

Admission 25c

ST. MARY COLLEGE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION