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THE EXPONENT

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MADONNA AND CHILD

The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVI

APRIL, 1918

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Home Thoughts

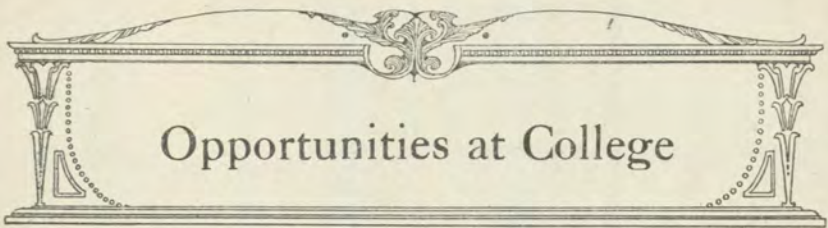
I am lonesome tonight and stand here
On the sands by the ocean's shore,
Gazing towards France o'er the blue expanse,
Alone while the wild waves roar.

And I know as I stand and ponder,
That many are lonesome, too,
And the tears will start in each aching heart
As they bid a last adieu.

Who now will uncover the Tulips
At the first sweet breath of Spring,
And who will till for the Daffodil
When the early robins sing?

But I feel as I look at the pale moonbeams
That as surely as day will come,
We will all return to the fires that burn
In the hearths of Home, Sweet Home.

—CHAS KENNING, '05
Fort Hancock, N. J.



Opportunities at College

ALVIN KERSTING, '18

FOR the development of mind, soul, and body, there is no better place than the Catholic College. This institution affords a young man the best opportunity for the training of his mind to think rightly. The various vocations in which men achieve greatness are clamoring for men who have been trained to think. Business men, everywhere, are seeking men with trained intellects. A certain railroad president has declared that his greatest difficulty was not to secure able men to fill positions paying \$1500 a year, but to discover men capable of filling responsible positions paying more than \$3,000 a year. These positions require trained men. They demand men who can think clearly and logically.

There is no place like the College for the development of the ability to think. It is foolish to imagine that because Lincoln became great and never went to college, that it is not necessary for the aspiring young man of today to develop his mind by grasping the wonderful opportunities now offered by the college which were denied to Lincoln. Recent presidents of our Country have all been college men, and our future presidents will be college-trained men. No correspondence course can give to the ambitious man the training that he receives under the personal direction of the brightest minds and greatest characters. Such are the professors of our Catholic College. These men are specialists in their particular line, and have devoted their lives to this one pursuit. Home study is almost unknown among young men today. In most cases where an effort is made to study at home, either to pursue one or the other of the various correspondence courses or to follow a course outlined for oneself, the attempt is later abandoned. The city is full of too many pleasures for the diligent acquisition of knowledge at home. The theater becomes the classroom. But isn't the theater an educator?

There was a time when the stage was an instrument of education. Today serious drama is tabooed. Everywhere is the demand for light comedy. Nowhere is the request for deep tragedy. All cry,

"Make me laugh," but few say, "Make me think." Certainly it does not require any deep thinking to follow the buffoonery of vodevil. This is the nightly lesson of the average young man in the city. The college man, on the contrary, acquires a more cultivated and discerning taste, and he is satisfied only with the cultured arts and letters. He knows and can appreciate the best in drama, music, sculpture, painting and literature.

Every faculty of mind is developed and jealously guarded at the Catholic College. After many years of experiment, with every possible difference of character having come under their notice, the college authorities are in a position to know exactly what things may be injurious to the developing mind, quite as well as the horticulturist knows what may be harmful to the ripening fruit. Naturally, in each case the proper precaution is taken. The college years are pruning years, and the instructors are wise pruning shears. During this time giant faculties of mind are cultivated, and in years that follow they stand "four square to all the winds that blow."

Every young man at college submits, sometimes gracefully, sometimes otherwise, to certain pruning. Here the timid are made strong to express their convictions. Here the too bold learn that "discretion is the better part of valor." Here the rough edges of the unrefined are made smooth, so that later he is welcomed in the most highly cultivated society because of the polish he has received at college. He has learned that good sense is a very practical guide wherever he may be. Thus, reason, discernment, culture, common sense,—all these and more are the result of his college career.

Surely, "it is not the fault of our stars if we are underlings, but the fault is in ourselves," if we fail to profit by the opportunities which the Catholic College offers for the development of the powers of mind. One, however, would not achieve the highest success by the development of the mind alone at the expense of soul or body.

In every Catholic College the soul of the student is of paramount consideration. From the first weeks of his admittance, regard for his spiritual welfare is manifested. During the first month he has the privilege of a spiritual retreat. The best orators of religious orders speak to the soul and enlighten it as to the highest truth. Marvelous eloquence is displayed in portraying the beauty and value of souls. After all, the soul will live when all else has died. Every student quickly learns the conclusion, then, that if the soul will live forever and yield a beauty like that of its Maker, it should be given the most prayerful consideration. The soul beautified at college will bring never-ending joy later, for truly "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

At college the will power is developed so as to be able to choose the higher ideals in preference to the debasing aims of many. The power to say "No," at the right time and to stick to it, is the result of strong will power trained at college. Many times in after life it will be due to this power of will that the man will be great or small. The soul of the great man has learned to discern between good and evil, and the will knows how to act in accordance with his better judgment.

Memory, as an important faculty of the soul, is highly cultivated at college. The lack of a good memory is the cause of so many otherwise bright and capable men filling inferior positions. For the development of this single faculty the opportunity offered by the college is unsurpassed. There are men who claim that they are able by their system to train the memory in a short time. Though these systems may have a certain amount of good in them, they cannot compare with the college system. There, every day the student must consult his memory for the rendering of perfect recitations. A repetition of this, day after day, year after year, cannot but result in the acquisition of a powerful memory, so necessary in responsible positions.

Added to the will and the memory, is the power of understanding. All of the student's studies have this faculty as a primary object for development. In his course leading to a degree of bachelor of arts, quite as much as in his course leading to a degree of science or engineering, the reasoning faculties of the intellect are developed. But the aim of the Catholic College does not stop at the broadening of the powers of mind and soul. It takes into consideration and develops also, the body.

College athletics afford the young man an excellent opportunity for the development of a healthy physique. Rivalry in the contests fills him with desire to win in all his undertakings. For the highest success, physical health will be an important factor in later life. A sick man cannot do good work. The recent instructions of a large banking firm to a very capable and valuable employee was, "Take a vacation; go wherever you wish; spend as much as you like; come back when you are well; but as long as you are ill, we cannot have you here."

It is at college that the body is trained to bear the brunt of the strenuous commercial battle later on. Then it will be a survival of the fittest. College students wisely learn that perfect health is of the greatest importance, and that its conservation the first duty they owe themselves and to their fellowmen. Given health, one can overcome

nearly all obstacles to success, but the sickly man is doomed to failure.

"Health is more valuable than money, for it is by health that money is procured." "O blessed health," said Sterne, "thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou that enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue,—he that has thee has little more to wish for; he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee." Finally, without health the student loses vigor; beauty has no charms for him; music is harsh for he is out of tone; conversation and study become unbearable.

We must conclude that a sound mind and a beautiful soul in a perfectly developed body, are results of opportunities offered by our Catholic College which every wise man's son will profit by.



Smiles and Tears

Doth life seem cold and clouded
Beneath the veil of grief?
And are in death-mists shrouded
The stars of thy belief?

Be calm,—a bright hereafter
Will banish all thy fears;
Grief finds relief in laughter,
And melts in silent tears.

And is thy fond heart aching
For that which cannot be?
And are thy heart-strings making
A minor melody?

Be strong,—a just thereafter
Will harmonize thy years;
Grief shall be changed to laughter,
And smiles shall follow tears.—G. M.

"Chickens Come Home to Roost"

J. DEAN MCFARLAND, '18

ALL things, no matter how done, all people, no matter what they may be or do, at some time come home to roost." In a few months the high schools, the colleges and the universities of these fair United States will send into the world their graduates. Some will be fitted for the medical world. others for the legal, still some for the scientific, many for the business and a few for the religious world. The diversity of their paths does not alter their responsibilities, but finds a common ground upon which all may tread.

The day of "buncoing" in America is past. This is an age of efficiency, the old is ever giving way to the new. The world needs men of character, men of abilities, men of ambitions. Have you these qualities? Do you lack any one? If you do you are deficient. These three are so harmoniously blended that the absence of one necessitates a failure. You must bear in mind, graduates, that you will reap only that which you have sown, nothing different as many are wont to imagine.

True, there are a few men in the world who reached places of prominence through a "pull" or by being pushed forward. These indeed are few, and records assert more failures than successes from such rises. It is only he who has the power and ability to be a leader who can really be a leader.

My friends, there are two classes of people in the world today who are much in demand, leaders and heeders. Some men were made to lead, others to heed. If you are not able to be the motor, at least furnish some of the power. Every responsibility is important, and gigantic plans are accomplished only through united efforts.

The greatest fault that the world attributes to our young men today is the lack of common sense. They lack that one, first and most necessary requisite for success. Folly and distractions fill their minds, and insane living destroys their bodies,—the two united making of them moral wrecks and dismal failures. Sound judgment, courage of convictions and daring to say "no!" bespeak the character of one in whom common sense is not lacking. The true value of educa-

tion lies not in books but in man, in his actions, in his speech and in his moral and spiritual advancement.

An equally great fault prevalent in this our twentieth century of enlightenment, among those who will some day be the backbone of the nation, is the lack of respect shown to parents, and those whom we should respect and revere. No great man ever slighted his mother or father. Was it not Pepin of Landen, who, when but a youth said to his plebian mother: "Some day, when I grow to man's estate, I will make you a queen, because a mother of me, you have given me life." Your parents are the noblest and the most illustrious beings of God's creation. Would you vex her who labored for you twenty-four hours each day since your birth? Will you wait until the hand of death has called away those dearest to you, to learn their true worth? Then it will be too late. Give them bouquets while they are living.

Live rightly; "do all the good you can, by all the means you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can." Make your life the model after which others will fashion theirs.

Don't be a fickle-minded youth who judges a man's character by the clothes he wears. Search deeper, find the sentiments of his heart. Beneath a suit of rags you will often find a heart of gold. Judge a man by his efforts, not by his accomplishment. A Professor Augustine with his lapel of medals may not be the man that his defeated rival is. Learn to know men and you have learned a great lesson.

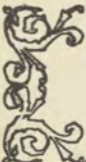
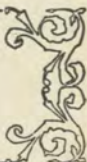
Morality should be one of the chief thoughts of every man's life. Be moral in your words, in your actions and in your ambitions. This is the great evil in the world, yet each succeeding generation will not profit by the lesson of a predecessor, but must wait until "chickens come home to roost." Jails, hospitals, sanitariums and insane wards speak of the victims of immorality; yet our youths will not learn the lesson, for they are wiser, they are more intelligent than their predecessors!

Society produces evil, for it is here that would-be society bees give vent to their sensual desires. They forget that there is a higher society, into whose ranks none can enter who are contaminated with the stain of immorality. Within the sacred precincts of the home morality claims its greatest strength, for here mother and father are ever looking out for the children's welfare.

A reputation for dependability is nearly as valuable as a name for originality. When a student is no longer held by the bonds of Alma Mater, he should determine to make his employer feel that in him he has one upon whom he can depend. Every responsibility

given you is important. Never shirk your duties, or suffer men to say that you were twisted around the fingers of worldly ambitions, but lead the life worthy of a graduate. Being a messenger boy does not appear as an important position, but delay a message,—what then? It is only by doing small things efficiently that you will be able to undertake great things.

And remember what a famous critic has said: "First-class second class men need never worry about the future,—it's the second-class first-class workers who are usually out of jobs and at the elbows of society."



They Own a Player-Piano Now

LAWRENCE WEBER, '18

PIANOS in general are rather complicated mechanisms for producing that harmonious expression of joy and sorrow which soothes and excites. It is equally useful for subduing wild animals into docility, and for exciting in the feet that tingling sensation, which usually precedes a fox-trot. Pianos have come into prominence chiefly through the efforts of a certain Beethoven and Vernon Castle. They have long existed, but it is just recently that they have become household necessities, for it is only in the past few years that Terpsichore has succeeded Vesta as goddess of the hearth. It is vitally necessary to every young man and woman in the present day and age to be able to draw from this wonderful instrument those jerky notes, to the tune of which all America trips the light fantastic toe.

There are various tribes of pianos, from that exquisitely polished, silver-toned instrument which the salesman displays to a prospective customer, to that poor imitation of mahogany which emits sounds not dissimilar to an Indian pom-pom. Mendelssohn and his colleagues may have been a little particular as to the style of piano they used, but not so with democratic America. We can do the "grape-vine" twist to the tune of a ten-dollars-down-and-a-dollar-a-week music-maker, just as well as if it were the gold-plated instrument that stands in the East Room of the White House. Music is music and all that is necessary is that it be fast and full of "pep."

Besides the piano which inhabits moving picture theaters, the next greatest curse on modern society is the player-piano, to be specific,—the player-piano next door. Once in a life-time we may come across a sweet-toned mechanical piano in a salesroom. Every day we must listen to the harsh, pounding tones of the machine next door. We look forward to the late afternoon for a relief. The noise then stops to let the machine cool down for the heavy work of the evening. Immediately after supper the music begins; there is no cessation until the wee hours of the morning. If the younger children are put to bed, the daughter of the house endeavors to entertain her caller with the awe-inspiring music of Irving Berlin and his contemporaries. Lying on our bed, we have time to meditate on the impossibility of sleep. Between expressive explosions, we wish that the whole tribe of pianos were in the Honolulu, whose praises they pound out.

We formerly considered ourselves unfortunate in having a talking machine next door; we did not know when we were well off. The voice of a music box is weak and not far reaching, even if it is harsh and scratchy. The sounds emitted by our neighbor's piano penetrates to the very depth of the soul.

It was only a few evenings ago, that I sat trying to read my magazine and forget the cruelty of modern inventions, when I recognized one of Mendelssohn's exquisite marches being ripped off at the rate of "two-twenty horse trot." Through the window I could see several couples doing an one-step on the bare floor. Surely Mendelssohn was not there in spirit. If his spirit had heard that selection and had seen the interpretation of it in that dance, he would surely be among us now trying to recall his works.

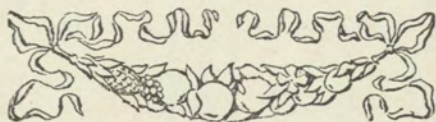
Modern invention is no respecter of persons. It is just as free to cut to pieces the works of a great master as to bring sorrow to the unnoticed layman. Beethoven, Wagner, and the rest of them composed their music and played it to suit themselves. Now we are forced to listen to it through the invention of some enemy of happiness who did not know a half note from a quarter. The composers are at rest, we hope, where they cannot hear the strains of their own music floating out upon the evening air from a man-made thunder storm. However, thinking of them does not put us in any better mood for contemplating our own fate. We are doomed to live in the neighborhood.

Since the advent of the player-piano, the taste for good music has greatly diminished. According to the salesman, one can now have all the world's greatest musical treasures right in one's home, without even the necessity of being able to read music. According

to the neighbors, if good music is anything like that ground out on the automatic tin pan next door, they do not care to hear any of it.

If the great masters invented such a horrible combination of noises as that produced by a mechanical piano, and did it on purpose, they should be subjected to torment rather than praise. Nevertheless, we cannot think that any man would be so cruel as to burden the world with the player-piano, and do it deliberately. We prefer to consider it rather as a judgment of God, as some curse upon humanity for some great sin. Its invention surely must have been some horrible accident, which is being continued by the evil genius of the inventor.

Ragtime has cleimed its own with the coming of the player-piano. Speed it has, and plenty of it. Ragtime for dinner, ragtime for supper, and ragtime warmed over for breakfast. We get it on all sides. Our fondest and only hope for relief is that the piano gets a nervous collapse before we do.



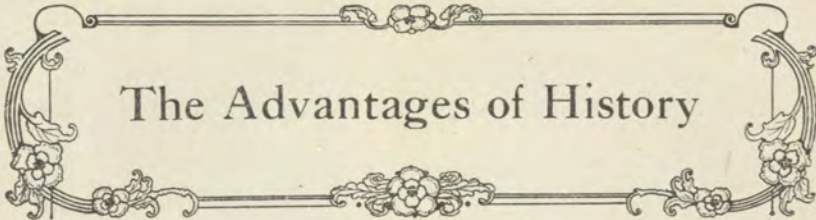
MY COLORS

A small silken flag
Of red, blue and white,
In harmony blended,
Those colors of light.

Red for sweet love,
For purity, white,
Blue for the faith
That souls unite.

May these three Graces,
The blue, red and white,
E'er sweetly commingle
To make thy lift bright.

—F. J.



The Advantages of History

DANIEL COLLINS, '19

POLICEMEN and the study of history have long been necessary evils in this great republic of ours. At first glance they seem to have little in common; but, all the same, they have. Both are carefully, cautiously, and consistently avoided; both cover a good deal of ground, and both have a habit of bobbing very suddenly and inconveniently at certain intervals. Between dodging the two of them, the college student finds life an exciting and perilous pastime.

But really there is no reason for this well-developed antipathy toward policemen and history. The former always turn up at the right time and place, and herein they perform their duty. If they perchance cause the embarrassment of certain individuals at these times, they are merely protecting the public. So we should not be prejudiced against these guardians of the peace. As for history, it also has a reason, or rather reasons, for existence.

By history we usually understand the chronicle of events of world-wide importance which have occurred from the beginning of time. What good does a man derive from the study of these events?

Among other things, history, or a knowledge of it, helps to make a man a better citizen by making him a better thinker. His knowledge of history broadens his view of life. It helps him to vote correctly. He knows what sort of laws have worked successfully in the past and why they have succeeded. He compares the modern laws with the modern conditions, just as he compares ancient laws with ancient situations. He realizes that certain laws may be successful under some circumstances and unsuccessful under others. In plain words, he thinks clearly and concisely, aided by his historical knowledge.

In addition to this, it is fitting that we who live in modern times should know who, what and why were our ancestors. Suppose that by some phenomenon we should all be deprived of knowing how we happen to be living where we are. Suppose we knew nothing concerning those who have gone before us. What if the extent of knowledge of our being were limited to the old saying that

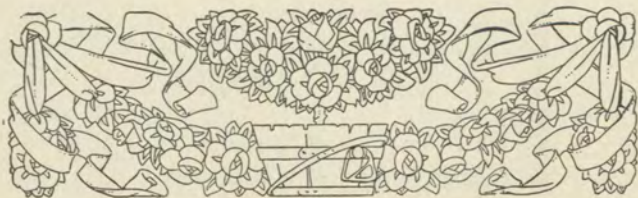
"we're here because we're here"? Would it not seem queer if we knew nothing of Columbus, Washington, or Lincoln? Suppose we had forgotten the heroic deeds of our forefathers in building this nation. Do you think that we would be nerved to greater personal efforts for that same nation?

Furthermore, if there are no advantages to be derived from historical studies, why have lawyers, doctors, engineers, and men of science had recourse to them? It is history that has recorded for us the system of Roman laws upon which a large part of our own system is based; it is history which has chronicled the Magna Charta. History it is that shows which laws were good and which bad under various circumstances. By this same method we are told what caused the fall of nations, and are warned to avoid those faults. Even doctors and engineers depend upon history for a large part of their knowledge. This, it is true, is a particular history of causes, effects, diseases and the like, but nevertheless it is history.

The United States today is profiting by the lessons of history. The events of the last two or three years have been closely watched by experts of our government. As a consequence, we are avoiding errors made by Britain and France, and are profiting by things discovered by these nations.

Besides all this, history is universally studied. Learned men of all times and of all nations have had recourse to it, and the people of the modern world are keenly interested in it. These latter may not study the past so much as the present, but they are interested in contemporary happenings. The existence of our big dailies is abundant proof of this fact.

Therefore, we perceive that history, though apparently useless, has numerous advantages. It links us intimately with the past and stimulates national pride and ambition. It broadens the mind and renders judgment clearer. The proper study of history makes men better and wiser.



Baseball, the American Pastime

J. DEAN MCFARLAND, '18

EVERY nation has had her national sport or pastime, and America, not unlike them, has baseball. This is not a personal or biased opinion, but a fact known to all, and proved by public opinion. Its only rivals could be football or horse-racing. The former is cherished only where youth, spirit and amateurship hold sway, and lasts but eight weeks, or I might say but eight days of the year, while the grand circuit without a "Monte Carlo" would be no race at all. The people, themselves, have made baseball the game of games, the sport of sports, and rightly so, for where can any exercise be found so manly, and what gives greater opportunity for muscle development than this our own great pastime.

The progress of baseball is one of the most startling things of this or any century. Baseball was not born, it "grewed." The origin of the game is much disputed, and it is doubtful if the exact date will ever be known. Some assert that it draws its origin from the ancient handball game of the Greeks, the Romans, and the French. But most Americans assert with pride that the game is American, born in America, matured in America, and as a finished product given to the world at large.

True, the first games very little resembled the fray of today, for time, in fact each season, brings changes and alterations. The game you first learned was likewise the beginning of modern baseball,—the "one-o'-cat."

The first organized club playing baseball was the Knickerbocker Club of New York City. Authorities of the club, seeing the great opportunity offered for physical development, made rules to govern its play, crude, yet the fundamentals of the present seemingly complicated system. The pitcher in these days was a very small factor in the team, in fact not much more than the modern office boy is to his employer. The few rules held for a period of six years, and interest in the game steadily grew. Spectators and participators alike gloried in the game. Thus, it was planned to make the game a national one, with the same rules governing its play in all places.

This organization was effected and known as "National Association of Baseball Players." Twenty-five clubs from various states

sent representatives to the assembly held each summer. By the time of the Civil War the progress of the game was making great strides. As in all true Americans, the spirit of the Union was stronger than that of the diamond, so the horsehide pleasure languished for five years. But the end of the war saw its revival, and the twenty-five clubs of 1855 had grown to two hundred and two clubs in 1866, situated in eighteen different states. These were the days when amateurism held sway. However, players, not being able to play frequently without some compensation, were paid for their services, and this is the beginning of baseball as a profession. In 1866 the National Association recognized these professionalists as a separate class, and so well did they play the game that amateurism was blurred from the limelight. There is no doubt that amateur games will arouse feelings and sentiments in their own localities, and will continue to do as long as the national game lasts, but amateur contests, save those of a few colleges, rarely attract attention. Attention is now riveted upon exhibitions of skill and daring by a "Tyus" Cobb, a Walter Johnson, or a no less famous, "Tris" Speaker,—exhibitions such as fifty years ago were rarely conceived, much less executed.

The most famous of the first professional clubs was the Red Stockings of Cincinnati (Cincinnati having retained the name Reds to this day), whose wonderful record of fifty-six games won and one tied, in the year 1869, has never been equalled. In the year 1871 was held the first championship contest in America. In the year 1876 the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs was organized for the purpose of removing an evil rapidly creeping into the ranks of professionalism, that of dishonesty. This organization lasted until 1883 when the American Association placed baseball upon an honest and upright basis.

As far back as 1846, when the first match game was played between New York and Brooklyn, the intensity of feeling between these two clubs was rife, and it has ever remained so. In the year 1867 a Silver Ball was offered as a prize to the best team in the country by the New York Clipper, and was won by New York in two close contests against her old rival, the Brooklynites. This was a notable year in the records of baseball, for the championship, so long held by the city of steeples, passed to another rival, and moreover the first tour ever made was effected by the National Club of Washington. This tour proved the truth of the oft-repeated phrase, "It pays to advertise." This in no way compared with the trips of present day baseball, but it was the psychological thing at the psychological moment. Upon the trip, they played in the following cities: Columbus,

Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago, winning all the games, except one of the three against Chicago.

In the year of Cincinnati's great team, the highest salary paid was \$1,800, and this was to Harry Wright, one of the greatest mentors of the game. The squad consisted of but ten men, and the payroll for the season was \$9,400. Thus far, the element of greed was least thought of, and one might say if the ideal were to be found anywhere, it here existed. No one dreamed of making a fortune from the game, and at the end of this most successful season, the treasury of the Cincinnati Club showed a surplus of one dollar and thirty-nine cents.

It was at this time that the thought of a pennant was first conceived by the professional association. The rules of these days were simple when compared with the complicated laws that fifty years of progress have necessitated. One stipulation read: "No player under contract with one club shall play with another, unless his first contract be honorably cancelled." The first pennant was awarded the Athletics of Philadelphia. I might here add that the first "pop bottle target" and ruler of the game was "Nick" Young, who showed wonderful promise for the future as an arbitrator of the game.

The first American teams to play abroad were the Boston and Athletic clubs which sailed for England, where they were well received in 1874. The National Association meant well, but the wrong principles were at the bottom, and the public, always on the alert for wrong, became suspicious of the honesty of the players, and it took three years to persuade them otherwise. Then was organized the American Association, which controlled affairs for a number of years. The National League dates back much earlier than the American, but in those days there were twelve teams in the National. Not until the break came from the old league, was the eight-team custom adopted. Rivalry between the two leagues was very intense, and the championship contests since 1905 have been witnessed by one hundred thousand or more persons each year, and the players have received for their share of the receipts in the past ten championship series one million dollars. The salaries of these same players for a season vary from \$2,500 to \$15,000, while the famous "Mugsy" McGraw, as manager of the Giants, receives a salary said to be no less than \$50,000. Yet, these players formed a fraternity for higher salaries. Little did they realize that they were but fostering the flames of their own destruction, for the public is being educated in secrets of which she was unaware, and sooner or later salaries were due to be cut.

The Federal League, which was a menace to the pastime, has been abolished, and now we have everything at our disposal for the ideal, so why allow the greed of personal ambition to stifle the progress of the game we love to see, to read and converse about. Baseball has been the great antidote to the fast-growing plague of immorality, for it envelops the thoughts of all, and allows not idleness to nourish degrading sentiments in the mind. Let us do all in our power to eradicate the evils that have crept in, and make baseball the one important thing in our pleasure for generations to come.

Heart of Mine

Heart of mine, why dost thou linger
Over moments sweet with pain?
Why doth Grief with trembling finger
Still repeat that minor strain?
Why this restless, anxious flutter
Like a bird within its cage?
Why so constant still to utter
Words engraved on memory's page?

Doth the Past not hold remembrance
Sweet as roses after showers?
Doth its hue not wear the semblance
Of the sunbeam's golden hours?
Hath not Love, the Prince Magician,
With his presence blessed the time,
Tinctured life with glorious vision
As of Eden in its prime?

Hath not Friendship's dulcet lyre
Charmed the seasons one by one?
Hath not Learning's sacred fire
Scattered Error's shadows done?
Yes, ah yes! the Past is brightened
With the sunbeam and the rose,
And the Future will be brightened
With the Love that ever grows!

—F. J.

Failures in Life

J. DEAN MCFARLAND, '18

FAILED! What a world of meaning lies beneath the three words, "I have failed." In what have I failed? In my hopes in my labors, in my life, or at my death, have I failed? The place is of little importance, but why have I failed? The all important question is "why"? The fool will blame another, the wise man, himself.

Circumstances beyond the control of mortal man have sent many an ambition faltering on the rocks of failure. He became discouraged, and refusing to foster new hope, he failed. There comes an all important moment in every man's life when he must decide the path he is to follow, to decide upon his chosen career. Wisdom must accompany this choice, for every man has a certain work to do, and a wrong decision means failure. We are often wont to ask ourselves, "I wonder why Mr. Jones does not succeed as a lawyer." If we but examine we will readily see the reason: he was not made for a lawyer. He thinks too slowly, he cannot argue any question, he loves the truth more dearly than most successful lawyers, and finally he is no politician. He took law because his brother Jim had made a success of medicine, and Dad thought it would be fine to have two sons of professions. Thus, in following the bad advice of our dearest friends we often fail. This advice is given in the spirit of charity, but each individual alone is the master of himself, and he alone can chose his work for life.

Bad habits are thwarters of progress and advance agents for failures. This is the greatest stumbling block, for we now have two things to overcome, our work and ourselves. Temptations are ever present in life, no matter what the walk may be, and prayer is the only antidote to prevent them from becoming habits. Bad habits such as use of stimulants, immorality, ill-temper and cursing, affect the body and render it incapable of performing the duties for which we are paid, and upon which we aim for a successful future. Therefore keep your body clean and your mind clear, and some day those above you will find a place for you on their level, and then you can softly whisper to yourself, "I have not failed." There are certain questions which greatly bear upon the future and should have sufficient time

for consideration. Thus it is advisable not to rush into important decisions like a blind animal but first learn the reasons "why"? then the reasons "why not"? Hasty decision in youths is counteracted by overcaution in the aged. Avoid extremes. Form deliberate, sound judgments and do not fear to express them.

If we have in mind the consequences of a failure, we will be more apt to strive harder and succeed better. Failures make us unhappy and discontented; the alluring rewards of life flee from our vision and melancholy comes like the thief of the night to steal upon our thoughts. Men always like to blame others and forgive themselves, and as a final resort, take to drink, or kill themselves. Failures incline us to waste and idle away the valuable time of the future, which might well be spent in regaining our lost prestige. But we have lost confidence in ourselves, we are afraid of our own ability and refuse to trust ourselves in matters of importance. The result is not only felt in ourselves but we apply it to our friends. We lose confidence in them, refuse to trust them and become suspicious of their every action. Life is too short a time in which to fail, so we should guard well our choice and decisions, and make our every action a stepping stone to the success we are striving towards.

Truly failures can be used to some advantage, and once we have failed, let us not lie in the rut but rise again and this time our reward will be twice as great as before. Failures teach us that caution should govern our actions and judgments, not haste, that humility is a virtue to be cultivated by all. More failures proceed from conceit and over-self confidence than from any other source. Finally, failures more deeply impress us with the fact that we are human, and if we do not profit by the failures of others, we should do so from those of ourselves.

The best, the surest and the safest way to avoid failure is to follow the advice of our predecessors, some of which are the following: cultivate steady moral habits, in order that success may rest in your self, in your brains and muscles, not in the fortune, favor or luck of the material world. Be governed by the principles of Christianity, having ever before you a clear vision of the division line between right and wrong. If the natural disasters overtake you, you need not falter in the fray, for you have a higher principle than this life for which to strive, and you wisely know there can be no failures in heaven. Guard against wild speculation. The daily newspapers and weekly magazines contain numerous advertisements of wild schemes and methods of getting rich quick. Glaring headlines read—"Invest your money in oil land; make a million over night!" Many are the vic-

tims of these dupes, and all are not youths in the fields of life. I am mindful of an insurance man in one of Ohio's foremost cities who was past sixty years of age when he failed. Having been in the insurance work for thirty years, he had succeeded and amassed for himself a small fortune. Not satisfied with the ordinary means he fell a victim to wild speculation and invested besides his own fortune \$50,000 of the company's and he failed. Highly esteemed and respected in his community, the easiest way for himself was death. Unmindful of his family he attempted it, but was saved by use of a pulmotor, and now he has gone, gone to another land, where—I know not—neither does his family, but he has gone to begin over. Thus you see a life well spent turned out to be a failure because of wild speculation, therefore beware! The old adage, "Experience keeps a dear school," is only too true, and the wise man profits by the failure of his neighbors.

Many will not learn the evils of life until some of their life's vessels have been shipwrecked and then perhaps it is too late. But never lose hope. All do not succeed at first; many must fail. There is no shame in failing, unless you refuse to try again. Start anew, live down the past, and reward is sure to be yours. Life is compared to a great battlefield. We are all soldiers. The enemies are our work. The coward will run; the timid will stand; the brave will push on, but

"Altho' you failed you are not done.

Another race will soon be run.

What has been lost may yet be won

Again. The hill down which you fell,

Remember, can be climbed as well.

Back to the scratch and re-begin!

The door that opens out swings in;

You can return where you have been.

The path's still there, you know the route

And are experienced, to boot.

It won't be half so hard this time,

Unless they've downed you for a crime,

And even thru the prison bars

Ambition can behold new stars."



The Shortage of Coal

LEO DOLAN, '19

WE have entered an age in which commodities of all lines have advanced to unprecedented prices. Articles which, but a few months ago, were considered necessities for every individual are now found to be but luxuries of the wealthy. The one most common among these articles, and the one which Mother Earth has never ceased to produce, is coal. And even now with all the modern machinery used in the mining of coal and the facilities for hauling it, no one seems able to say when the advancement in the price of this article shall cease.

Coal is a necessity to all classes and cannot be allowed to be a luxury of the wealthy. Therefore, the matter must be looked into, the cause discovered and a remedy secured. The most complicated part of this argument is to discover the cause. The first questions which immediately arise are: Is it at the mine? Is it with the controllers, the producers, the transportation companies or the coal dealers? Indeed, I might state with a certainty that with each of these individuals resides a large portion of the cause, and with each one taking an equal share in it. But have we overlooked any individual who may be concerned in this matter, directly or indirectly? To be sure we have overlooked the important individual, who is directly concerned in its production and indirectly and wholly, the chief offender in regard to the advancement of the price, and ultimately the shortage of coal. To begin with, I will endeavor to show, at least a portion of the amount of blame, which can be attached to each individual through whose hands the coal passes.

The direct source of the coal supply is the mine. There Nature has stored up an enormous amount of this material which seems to be as abundant now as ever. So logically we cannot pass on and allow any blame to rest at the source of our supply. Nevertheless, I previously stated that a portion of the cause of our coal shortage was at the mine and I do not intend to retract this statement, for if we were to look into the conditions existing there we would readily find a cause. Anyone who has the slightest conception of what a coal mine is, must concede that it is not an ideal place in which to

work, with from 200 feet to 6,000 feet of earth separating the men who are working within its bowels from the sunlight and pure air. Here, within these vast caves there lurks the poisonous gases which are given off by the coal. These fumes are inhaled by the miners, and the amount of oxygen which their lungs can extract from the gas is barely sufficient to sustain life within them, much less to give them the energy necessary to perform their arduous tasks with pick and shovel. Compare, therefore, these conditions with those of the ammunition plant employees, who work in modern daylight factories and receive an enormous salary in comparison with the salary of the miner. Would you, yourself, not accept the option of working under the latter conditions? Indeed, you would. Well, just in such a manner as you have answered this question, so also have thousands of others answered it who formerly worked in the mines but who heeded the call of the factory. Then, herein, at the very source of our coal supply, lies the first cause of the shortage of this material.

The next step to be taken is to trace the cause and see what portion of the blame lies with the controllers and the producers. Here, if we could really obtain all the details we would find several causes at least. However, we know with the war going on in Europe and the present wave of prosperity sweeping this country, and every manner of manufacturing concern, no matter how insignificant, running at its fullest capacity, the demand for coal is enormous, and it is the demand which sets the price. Besides, this and various other reasons, of which we are all ignorant to a great extent, except of course those individuals, themselves, who would not dare to divulge their secrets, there is also another reason with which the controller and producer is related, and this I will treat of in connection with one of the following causes.

Next in turn of those individuals who handle coal is the transportation companies. But how could they have any hand in the cause of the shortage of coal? It was but a short time ago that they had thousands of coal cars standing idle along their tracks. Have these cars vanished from existence? Undoubtedly, many of them have long ago served their purpose and are thrown on the scrap heap. But, again we know that a great number of them have been replaced, but where are they? Are they being used exclusively for the purpose for which they were intended? The facts of this car shortage are found to be thus: the covered cars or box cars which were intended for package freight, and to a great extent for automobile transportation, are now being used for the conveyance of munitions to the water fronts. As transatlantic traffic is also crip-

pled, these cars cannot be immediately unloaded on the boats, so that they stand along the water fronts, as warehouses, for days and often times weeks, waiting to be unloaded. But, you may say, what has that to do with the shortage of coal cars? It has just this much to do: the package freight demands closed cars, so all the superfluous cars that are not used for munitions are used for this work, and thus there is left behind the huge problem of handling the automobile trade which commands large fees for its transportation. As all the closed cars are used for other purposes, the transportation companies must resort to the next best means for handling the automobile trade. So, naturally they confiscate the open or coal cars from the use for which they were first intended, and handle the immense business which pays the price, that is the transportation of automobiles. Hence, the shipping of coal which pays a good price, but nevertheless not the price per car that the automobile business pays, must suffer. In consequence we have here another reason for the shortage of the great necessity, coal.

We now must look to the dealer to see if with him we can find a cause for our coal shortage. The argument with him which will spontaneously proclaim itself is this. From the foregoing reasons the dealer is put to a disadvantage in securing the amount of coal which his business requires, and for the preceding cause also he must pay a high price which he in turn must demand of his customers. But let us see who his customers really are. Has he the same class of customers that he had a year or two ago? Emphatically no! The coal dealers are human as well as the rest of us, and therefore they cater to the class that pays the highest price. Our European friends are his new class of customers. Mad with the fever of war, and insane from the roar of guns, they travel to this country to procure for their fatherlands whatever necessities they are in need of. Coal being one of their great needs, they offer the dealers throughout this country whatever price they ask. Intoxicated with the price offered him, the dealer seems to be able to secure coal only for his European customers and hangs this sign over the window used for his local trade: "Closed on account of the shortage of coal."

These foregoing topics, although somewhat lengthy in explanation are but fifty per cent of the cause for the coal shortage. The other fifty per cent of the cause can be placed in a few words with the remaining party who is concerned, the consumer. I can almost see the smile on your face when I say the consumer plays such an important role in the case of the coal shortage. In dealing with this party I am going to confine my argument to nothing but a hint, and

let you reason the rest out for yourself and allow you to draw your own conclusion.

How can the consumer be a party to the cause when he must bear the burden of the shortage? I would answer that he is indirectly the principle or the fifty per cent cause through the unions of which he is a member. In this assertion lies his share of the cause. It is, indeed, complicated to reason out; but has he not demanded and fought and even shed blood for the cause of higher wages, which finally results in the higher cost of living? Yes, indeed, he has. And he got what he fought for, but mixed with it in equal proportions, he also got what he had not foreseen. Did he not realize that the harder you hit an enemy, the harder he will rebound when you least expect him? He apparently did not realize this, or he never would have touched the chip which rested on the shoulder of the foe, so balanced that it would fall from the slightest jolt. The "foe" then took advantage of the situation after the "peace treaty" was signed, and started his necessary war of maintenance which resulted in the higher price of coal and ultimately its shortage.

We have now discovered and touched upon a considerable portion of the one hundred per cent cause of the coal shortage. This being done, we naturally look for a remedy. But really, is there a remedy to such a widespread cause? Yes, indeed there is, just as truly as there is a remedy for every infection which has marked a human being. However, just as difficult as it is to compound a remedy to combat the human infections, so also is it as difficult to compound a remedy which will effectively act upon the coal shortage. Then, we must look for the one who is willing and able to administer the dose. Finally, we must find the exact spot that the remedy must strike, otherwise our efforts will be all of no avail, for we know it is of no use to apply salve to our toe when we have an injured finger. Now as I am not a licensed physician, it is against the laws for me to prescribe a remedy, and besides, if I did, one of the patients I am sure would set up such a howl over the taste that a relapse would be inevitable, and thus his conditions for a speedy recovery would be weakened. The only thing we can do then is to put faith in the old adage: "while there's life there is hope," and let the assembly of doctors, which are at present holding their consultation in the State Legislatures throughout the country do the prescribing. If they fail we still have hope that the "Specialists" who are stationed in Washington may offer us some relief. In the meantime, while these dignified assemblies are attending to the case, we might find some relief, at least temporary, in the old homeopathic remedy by

taking one dose of "Economy" every-once-in-a-while, say about every pay-day, and then allow nature to take its course. Naturally, if we have the money, we would do well to lay in a stock of these much-coveted black diamonds before our troubles of last winter repeat themselves. "Buy while coal is 'buyable,' and do it now!"

American Atrocities

DANIEL COLLINS, '19

EVERYBODY, everywhere, is talking about the Belgian atrocities. People repose here in America in fancied security, forgetting the terrible atrocities which take place daily here at home. You, my friend, imagine you are safe here in America, do you not? But I say with the deepest regret that you are facing imminent peril every minute of the day. Be warned in time, and listen to my story, for we have many terrible, agonizing atrocities,—right here and now.

The other day, while I was walking peacefully along, a sound smote my ear. Startled, I listened, then stood paralyzed with terror. My hair lifted my hat full five inches from my head; the cold chills ran down my spine into my feet. The sound grew in volume, it could be heard above the roar of traffic, nay, even above the ticking of my watch and the rattling of my knees. It was the sound of that terrible instrument, the player-piano! It struck me dumb with terror. It recalled numerous scenes to my mind. I heard the roar of guns across the Atlantic; I thought of the fate of a friend of mine. This friend, while strolling in the street one day, even as I was, now, had been struck by a huge bar of music falling from a player-piano. He miraculously recovered, only to meet a worse fate. From that time forward he was a piano-tuner. Horrible! I shuddered. The tinkling of the player continued. Ah! now I saw another scene. I dreamt of pleasant cruises and of schooners gliding smoothly over harmless bars. Therefore, my throat became parched, and turning, I fled. Thus does the player-piano, like prohibition, cause us endless pains, toils, and troubles! It brings to our very doors want and misery and frightfulness and St. Vitus dance and everything else.

This is only one atrocity. There are still others. Among them are the pictures in the society pages of the modern newspaper. Again and again have mutilated photographs been placed over the announce-

ment that this is "so and so," whereas the picture may look as much like the original as Woodrow Wilson looks like the Kaiser. Where, I ask, where in Belgium can you find a more finished exhibition of destroyed beauty than in our newspapers? This is an atrocity which should be remedied. The only trouble is that in some cases you might have to remedy the originals, also.

But these outrages dwindle into insignificance when we consider the terrors inflicted upon helpless college students. Greek is one of the most diabolical, dire, and dreadful means of torture ever devised by a professor or faculty. Hark! I have seen young men, proud in the strength of their youth, walk into four years of Greek with a smile upon their faces. But after those four years had passed, those same men emerged, no longer young, but feeble, broken down, emaciated, haggard, pale, spent with worry and conjugations. And what do they get for it? A piece of parchment which permits them to write "A. B." after their names. This A. B. being interpreted, simply means A Boob. Anybody who takes Greek deserves a title like that! Moreover, this horrible language does not confine itself to ruining our college students. We even find it in our candy-kitchens, restaurants, yea, even in our shining parlors! Awake, America, awake to this terrible menace!

Besides all this, there is still another scourge to humanity in this broad land. That scourge is theoretical mechanics. I have seen and talked with some of the victims,—poor, deluded souls,—who have suffered from it. Their testimony is enough to give a drinking man the cure. They tell me that repeatedly they have endeavored to overcome the horrible thing, but each time they have been borne, one by one, on a shutter from the room where they attempted the attack. The scenes, they say, are terrible, heart-rending, hair-raising, ear-splitting. Some have suffered in silence, others have been borne forth wildly shrieking maniacs, tearing their hair with their hands and the air with yells, like the prima donna at an opera. What have they got for it? Some received a seventy, others forty, others thirty. Some have been frozen with a zero. What is more agonizing than this suffering?

Now we come to another form of cruelty. It is the city street car service. There is no more pitiful sight in this world than to see a poor, timid little woman crouching in her seat in a crowded car, while above her a huge fat man sways uncertainly while clinging to a strap. She tries to avoid him, he tries to avoid her. But the car rounds a curve; the fat man slips; there is a muffled thud and a piercing shriek, and—one more person in the hospital, one

more man in jail, and a continual reign of terror for fat men and thin people. What caused all this? The fat man? No! The street car company? No! The woman? Yes. Why did she not offer that poor fat man her seat?

One more harrowing tale and I am through. Time and time again have I seen the English class unmercifully beat the professor with compositions like this one—good fuel for a furnace. Many a time have I seen him with terror in his eyes and murder in his heart, read those compositions. Worse still,—I have this testimony from his own lips—some members of that class belabor him with written discourse when there is no necessity for it. And still we say that this is the twentieth century.

So be warned in time. Beware! There are also atrocities here and now.



EDITORIAL STAFF

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Assistant Editors-in-Chief.....	{ CLIF. STUHLMUELLER DANIEL COLLINS

ASSISTANT EDITORS

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LAWRENCE WEBER	JOHN KILLORAN
RAYMOND GORMAN	HERBERT ABEL

Same Troubles Here The Exponent has been late, and very late, too, these past months. We felt that we owed our readers an explanation, and intended to give them an explanation real soon. Other magazines have had their troubles, some large ones,—and some small ones, too. The following editorial from one of the smaller magazines expresses our sentiments so well that we offer it to our readers as our excuse and say, "Same Troubles Here."

"We admit we do not like to come out late. Like the father who administers punishment to the child, we say to those of you who have complained, that 'it hurts us more than you.' But under present war-conditions most magazines are thankful that they can appear at all. 'The Ladies World' with six hundred thousand subscribers, published by the McClures, has abandoned publication during the war, and several other magazines have done so or intend to do so. With increasing postage for letters and magazines, and other difficulties such as fuel shortage, it is all one can do to hold his own. The best workmen gone to war, and even the office girls either are patriotic or think they can get more money, and leave for 'Government Service.' These are simply some of the reasons why we are late. We have several letters from friends suggesting that we come out as a quarterly during the war, and we are giving this serious consideration. Others suggest a Bi-Monthly, and others still advise us to 'double' numbers. We cannot tell now what is best, but after taking all things into consideration, and watching developments in our national life, we shall do what we feel is best for all concerned. In the meantime, pardon our late appearance."

Third Down William Hohenzollern kicked off for Germany and France was held for downs. Hindenburg at quarter, captaining the squad, then carried the ball toward Paris, but the Allies' line strengthened and the Kaiserettes haven't gained an inch since. The Allies are now carrying the ball. France is playing center; Belgium is looking after the guards; Italy stops any bucks through tackle, England is playing end and sweeping in upon the Austrian line and German backfield, while General Pershing is playing quarter and directing the American backfield which is making consistent gains toward the coveted goal, "Democracy." Since the United States has taken her place on the field, the ball has been in the hands of the opponents but once, and then she tried to carry it seventy-six miles on the first two downs, and was so badly repulsed that today she is one million miles from her goal, "autocracy, slavery, divine right of kings." The referee of this all-important struggle is Almighty God Who has not yet penalized the Allies for off-side or foul play, but has persistently warned the kaiser and his squad of crooked and cheating methods, and has threatened to penalize him his Prussian throne unless he changes his methods of play. The audience is the largest that ever witnessed a contest of any kind. A concrete bowl with its seating capacity of 80,000 would not accommodate the rooters from Dayton, Ohio, alone. Practically all the spectators

are on one side, the side of justice, of righteousness and liberty. Here and there, scattered through the vast throng, is one rooting for damnation, but he is soon hushed.

This game is a little more strenuous than the ordinary twenty-minute quarters played in the fall each year by the youths of America. The coaches train the men perfectly; there are no hitches; team work is present; and all the team needs is the signals. The admission to this great international struggle, in which is represented every liberty-loving nation, varies from the sacrifice of wheat and meat to the sacrifice of human life. The team on the field is offering its life in order that you may live as rational creatures desire to live. The admission asked of you is "sacrifice." Are you not willing to give up your meats and sweets, to help the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. C.'s, to purchase War Saving Stamps and Liberty Bonds? If you are unwilling to pay your share of admission, and sneak in unnoticed, remember you are imperiling not only your government and the world, but yourself, your family and all you possess.

The Liberty Bonds which our government has at present on sale are the cheer leaders upon the side lines. Last week when we announced by wire to the boys in the trenches the result of the first week's sale of bonds in the Third Liberty Loan, we received the following telegram: "Keep up the cheering! Every bond purchased means a yard nearer the goal of democracy." Four and one-half per cent interest is not charity, but the safest investment upon the face of the globe.

Won't old "Bill" be peeved when he sees our boys go over the goal? Won't he cuss, and tear his hair! Gee! won't we enjoy hearing from our boys the way he carried on when he heard that ten million times five hundred thousand American hearts were back of the Sammies with money and with spirit, to crush him, and to plant the dear old Stars and Stripes just across the bars of freedom and justice.

Last Lap

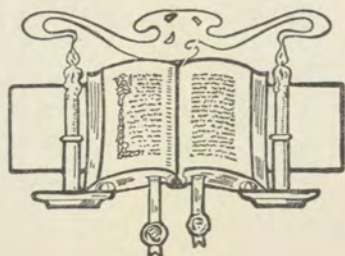
Only seven more weeks of college. Think of it! In less than two months another college year will have slipped away and many a golden opportunity with it. Perhaps we have idled away part of this year, and now stand face to face with the stern reality of whether or not we will be graduated. Let us not lose hope, but make these last seven weeks the best of the year. Let us not fall a victim to the enticements of bud-spangled trees and moon-haunted nights, of song and hearts that won't sit still, of this gossamer time of year, but resolve to work harder than before, and in the end reap the rich harvest of reward for our labors.

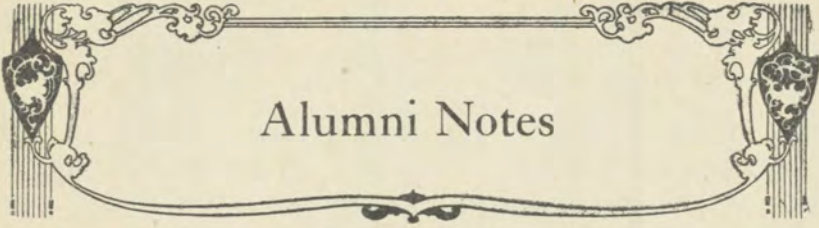
Every year it is our duty to work faithfully at our books, from late September to early June, but this year we have all the more reasons to work, to prepare ourselves well for life's battle. A few centuries ago a million men of brute strength and no brains constituted a world-army. Today, an army of ten thousand could trample upon the million of yesterday, because today the question is "What do you know?" If our government thinks enough of education to allow the young students who have been drafted to continue their studies until graduation, ought not we as individuals to respect that privilege and put forth an extra effort in our work in order to be of greater use when the time comes? As students we are wont to drift through college unmindful of the great responsibility resting upon our shoulders. College life is not a period of idleness. On the contrary it is a period of habit and character-forming; it is the most important period of our lives.

A few days ago, while enjoying a short walk about the campus, with a companion, we happened to come upon ten laborers who were diligently employed with pick and shovel in digging a ditch. I remarked to my comrade: "those men certainly earn their money, as they work very hard." To this the comrade replied: "that is just the reason I am going to college."

Our parents, who were deprived of the advantages of a college life, realizing the handicap under which they were, have undergone many hardships in order that we may possess their loss. The world is ready to receive the college graduate with open arms, provided he measures up to the standards of her requirements. These are the days when we can fit ourselves for after life, for success and for happiness.

Therefore, let us resolve that although there are but seven weeks left of this fleeting college year, we will work earnestly and sincerely, and on June 13 we can say "Labor coronat opus."





Alumni Notes

WITH THE ARMY AND NAVY

Do It Now Help us to furnish as correct a list as possible of St. Mary's loyal patriots who are serving their country in the Army and Navy. Look over the following list and send us the names of those whom we have forgotten.

The Stars in Our Service Flag

Anderton, Lieut. Edward; Aman, Hans.

Braun, Lieut. Clarence; Braun, Carl; Baker, Carl O.; Balles, William; Becker, Russel; Bennet, T. E.; Breen, A. J.; Brennan, Charles; Brennan, Paul; Brockmann, Anthony; 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; Crowley, John; Connelly, Edward.

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

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.

Greiwe, Clarence; Griffin, Patrick, Griffin, Jas. M.; Grundish, Sergt. Fred P.; Goldcamp, Frank (deceased).

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; Holters, Frank.

Janszen, August.

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

Lacken, Edward; Larkin, Edward; Laughlin, Edward; Leonard, Edward; Lash, Bernard; Last, Nich.

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, Lieut. Robert.

Newnam, Samuel; Nugent, Fred.

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

Porter, Leslie; Pflaum, Richard; Plummer, Walter.

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

Schaefer, Aloys; Sacksteder, Roy; Schei, John S.; 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; Seidensticker, William; Seidensticker, Joseph; Schleipeck, John; Scales, Robert.

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; Wald, Albert; Wetzel, Albert; Wentz, Maley.

Zimmerman, Lieut. Arthur.

Ensign   Ensign W. J. Skelton, '06, has succeeded Lieutenant Commander John J. London as officer in charge of the navy recruiting stations in North Carolina.

Ensign Skelton was graduated from the first naval officers' training camp at Annapolis. Since his graduation early last year, he has made two trips aboard transports across the Atlantic.

George Skelton who was in training at Camp Hancock, has been transferred to Camp Greene, North Carolina. He is in the aviation signal corps department.

Lieut. Gale Breene Lieut. Gale Breene, '08, is "over there." The following clipping tells the story:

"A cable was received late yesterday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. C. L. G. Breene, stating that their son, Robert Gale Breene, has arrived safely in France. Breene is a lieutenant with the 15th cavalry. He sailed from an American port March 12th for overseas duty. His parents were with him several days in the East before he sailed."

Frank J. Goldcamp The following telegram was received April 12, addressed to the President of St. Mary College:

"Knowing that you have always so kindly announced the deaths of old students of St. Mary's and always requested the prayers of those attending college for the repose of their souls, I now have the sad but proud message to deliver that my brother, Frank J. Goldcamp of the U. S. Engineers, is officially reported as having been shot and killed in action in France on Holy Thursday, March 28. Will follow with newspaper clipping tomorrow.—Clarence A. Goldcamp."

Fred Sturm Fred Sturm, '12 in reply to one of our recent letters, wrote:

Received the welcome though long delayed letter a few days ago, at my southern home. I sure do appreciate those letters and am very glad to hear from the old town, and all the news.

We had a great trip and lots of scenery coming through the mountains of Kentucky and both Carolinas. There was a blanket of snow all the way down, until we arrived at Columbia.

This camp has about 50,000 men, the Ordnance Division about 3,000. We are here mostly for the military end of it, and the practical education is to be gotten at one of the various arsenals. It looks as though we will be here all summer, as they are issuing to us our summer clothing.

This is sure a God-forsaken country. The soil is sandy and the only thing that grows is a scrubby pine. Here and there a negro clears a piece of timberland and ekes a living by growing cotton principally and other products for his own use. The farm houses are log cabins or tumbled down frame houses.

We have good times here, however, and the authorities have done everything possible for the amusement of the men. We have boxing, baseball, football, basketball, etc., and track meets, which are entered into spiritedly as the men become acquainted. Every company has its glee club and we are fortunate in having a piano, saxophone, drum, mandolin and a string of other

instruments and gladly entertain any lady friends the officers happen to bring around. We are fortunate, also, in being in close proximity to a group of buildings which constitute the heart of the camp, namely, the Liberty Theater which seats 2,000 men and shows big-town stuff; the K. C. Hall, very spacious, used as club-room, dancing and basketball and church; the auditorium built by the Y. M. C. A. just completed; the Y. W. C. A., a cozy country club building for use for visiting women; the well-equipped library; the post office and telephone exchange.

So that's the life, and while we are in until we shoot Kaiser Bill, we yearn, while we sit at guard through the night, while fires gleaming consume a lot of stumps pulled up by blistering hands, for home, wives and sweethearts.

So, au revoir, S. M. C., I wish you and all the Old Boys all the success in the world and hope to meet some of the boys in Paris.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FRED W. STURM, '12.

20th Prov. Ord. Depot Co., Camp Jackson, S.C.

Hans Amann Hans Amann, '10, wrote a lengthy and most interesting letter to his parents on March 25, which was reproduced in the Dayton Daily News, April 14. We feel confident our readers will enjoy the following paragraphs from the letter:

I am thinking of all of you today, not because it happens to be the anniversary of that great disaster of five years ago, but because thinking of you is a daily habit with me; and because the opportunity presents itself I will devote an hour or two to you, to whom I owe all that I am, and all that I have. I am writing English in view of the fact that all my preceding letters to you, written in German, of course, found their way into the columns of the Gross Daytoner Zeitung, and I hope that these lines, or at least part of them, may appear in one or the other of our English dailies, and thus serve the purpose of a personal letter to many of my Dayton friends who are less fortunate than I am, in already, thoroughly knowing two languages—I say already because I am learning French under a very able instructor and am making good progress. It seems that my knowledge of two languages, a thing that I owe to you alone, dear parents, is an enormous advantage and greatly facilitates the learning of a third.

Right here I wish to call attention to the most gratifying observation made since entering the service of Uncle Sam in this camp. It is the almost total absence of that camouflage patriotism—that mock heroism through which many of our otherwise really respectable civilians are making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of their broader fellowmen. This camouflage patriotism consists mostly in daring and condemning everything German or of German origin and its supporters usually would not have enough real patriotism to even deny themselves a single piece of white bread at their country's bidding. Thank God, that "patriotism of the mouth" (because its motive is hardly any deeper) in these environments has yielded place to a sturdier, nobler emotion—a patriotism that springs from love of our country and not from a hatred of our fellow human beings even if these human beings are members of a race of which these "woul-be" patriots either know nothing, or perchance still owe a debt of gratitude for value received.

Here we are encouraged to learn German, and the soldier that already knows it is that much ahead. And the regimental band, too, plays such selections as Tannhaeuser, the Wedding March—and other noble representatives of musical art, that were given by German composers. And last, but not least, our ranks are thickly strewn with men whose parents, because of a genuine patriotism instilled on the other side, had the moral strength and courage to sacrifice their sons to fight for their adopted country's cause. These lines are not written to offend any one, but may stand as a mild rebuke to those that deserve it, from one who happens to have not even a trace of German blood in all his lineage.

Uncle Sam is making soldiers out of us. He is taking that slouch out of our shoulders, and that looseness out of our posture; he is hardening our muscles, and taking off that excess fat by daily exercise, and drill and frequent long hikes; he is compelling our lungs to perform their function to their fullest extent; he is making our bodies resistant and fit for the endurance which they must soon undergo "over there;" in a word, he is developing every inch of our physical manhood.

That is only one phase of it all, however, for the army is doing much more for the average young American. It is developing him morally. It is teaching him respect for authority; it is teaching him discipline; it is teaching him punctuality—prompt response to orders—the value of co-operation and the value of organization and a thousand and one other things that will be of inestimable value in after life no matter what vocation a man desires to pursue when this great war is over, and we have won our victory. Furthermore, this training is making our men self-reliant, courageous, patriotic in the real sense of the word, and more contented beings, for there is no use denying that we of this generation, are, all of us, more or less, spoiled.

Thanks to a splendid home training, supplemented by five years at St. Mary College, and a number of years' subjection to the knocks and bumps of business life in various cities, I found it very easy to adopt myself to military discipline and routine.

As a civilian I was often told that the life in the army has a tendency to corrupt the morals of its members. This, at least as far as I have been able to see, is utterly false; and I quote from Trench and Camp the following lines which are very true: "The man who thinks the army is made up of men of low character, users of great lots of profanity vulgarity and immoral lives has neglected part of his education and should seek further after knowledge. He will find that a majority of the men in the service of Uncle Sam are gentlemen."

Every opportunity is also afforded us to respond to our religious impulses and duties, no matter what be one's creed. It is hardly necessary for me to comment on the splendid work that the Knights of Columbus and the Young Men's Christian Association as well as a similar Hebrew organization (Jewish Welfare League Y. M. H. A.) are doing for us. Personally I have been able to assist at Holy Mass and receive communion every Sunday since coming to Camp Forest, and for this week, during which we commemorate the passion and death of Christ, the way of the cross and sermon is announced for Wednesday, Thursday and Good Friday evening. It is particularly edifying to see the vast throng of our soldiers assemble for mass on Sunday mornings, and to see hundreds of them approaching the Lord's table for the strength and consolation that no earthly tonic can give. Indeed, I never realized be-

fore as I do now, the enormity of the gift of Faith, and the grandeur of the Unity of the Catholic Faith impresses me anew in these environments because no matter how far we are from home, how different the mode of living, how different everything about us may have become, there is one place where everything—the ceremonies, the vestments, the prayers, the service and even th language, is the same as that to which we became accustomed from early childhood—the one place where we feel perfectly at home no matter where in this big, wide world we may find ourselves.

Nor are we barred from daily contact with the outside world. Besides frequent permission to visit surrounding towns, that can be had for the mere request, the daily papers are sold in the camp. Then, too, mail is distributed twice a day—10:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., bringing us the letters, the cards, the packages from the far-away friends and loved ones. And of course, when a soldier receives a package of goodies, he isn't selfish, but shares its contents with his comrades, the same as these do when they are remembered by the folks at home. However, I might say that no matter how welcome and how much appreciated these kind gifts from home are, they are not a necessity to us soldiers. Uncle Sam feeds us well and gives us plenty of it. Not that we are overfed on delicacies and fancy dishes. Not at all, and many of the boys, who were wont to grumble at this or that at home when mother set it on the table, will be glad to eat anything set before them at home in the future, and will be grateful for it then. Of course here, as everywhere else, we have some chronic kickers with us. They kick about the meals, the quarters, the drills, in fact about everything and anything. (Perhaps the army will take the kick out of them in the course of time.) And I venture to say that these very knockers have it a whole lot better now, in every respect, than they have ever had it before in their lives. We found the same condition to prevail among the boarding students at St. Mary College away back in 1905 to 1910.

And with all we have many a "good time" in camp. As a rule the boys are congenial, and make up with one another quickly. A feeling of unselfishness and co-operation takes hold of most of us soon after we get to camp, and with that feeling existing in each individual we can't help but enjoy one another's company. Then there are band concerts, theaters, idyllic spots to tramp around in, novel experiences for most of us, etc., so that time passes quickly on the wings of clean enjoyment. Perhaps the most dismal and disheartening thing about it all is the enforced separation from those so near and dear to us at home. But even this condition is greatly relieved if those at home, and our friend frequently remember us with their kind letters. The saddest thing here is to see some soldier waiting day after day for a letter from his mother or girlie—and all in vain. I am not saying this for my own sake, for you dear folks and girlie have surely remembered me regularly with your letters, but I am saying it for the sake of hundreds that are less fortunate than I am in having such loyal friends in Dayton.

All in all, however, it is a very enjoyable and interesting life; so much so that many of our young men who in spite of the absence of dependents are anxious to steer clear of it, ought to consider it a privilege to join the boys of Uncle Sam, for selfish reasons, if for no other, and even they will soon become inspired with patriotism, real patriotism—the kind that will win the war.

HANS AMAN, '10

Camp Forest, Georgia, P. O. Chattanooga, Tenn.

**Herman
Decker**

Herman Decker, on board the U. S. S. Huron, wrote to the President of St. Mary's from Hoboken, N. J. He lost his father March 16, but he had the consolation of seeing his father before his beloved parent passed away. We offer our deep sympathy to Herman, and to his mother and sister.

The following paragraphs are extracts from his letters:

I suppose you have forgotten me by this time. Do you remember anyone by the name of Herman Decker? Well, this is the boy. You probably recall I came from the "Smoky City," Pittsburgh. I attended your college about five years ago. I am quite familiar with the place having spent four happy years there. Excuse me for not keeping in closer touch with the college. Well, Father, a lot of things have happened since I left your institution. You will probably recall that I wrote you last spring about graduating from "High School." I remember you answered my letter and also invited me back to the college. I guess you will be surprised to hear that I am in the Navy now. I graduated from High School last June and joined the Navy in July. I have been in about eight months now and like it very well. I have made two trips to France and am going to leave soon again. This ship I am on is a transport. It was formerly the German ship, "Frederick the Great."

**Walter
Wintermeyer**

Walter Wintermeyer, '14, is now with the Ambulance Division of the U. S. Army. The Covington daily had a fine picture of him and carried the following story:

"Walter Wintermeyer, oldest son of Dr. A. C. Wintermeyer, of 10th and Madison Avenue, Covington, and Bernard Martin, of 916 Philadelphia Street, Covington, have enlisted in the 320th Ambulance Corps, 305th Sanitary Train, Camp Lee, Virginia.

"These two young men are the closest of friends and while waiting to be selected decided that the best policy would be to enlist.

"They enlisted more than two weeks ago and received word Monday a release had been secured from the Exemption Board of Covington to allow them to journey to Camp Lee and be inducted into service.

"Just before their departure, Dr. Wintermeyer told the boys to stand true and firm and do their best for Uncle Sam. 'Maybe you will come back as officers,' he told them. Paul and Joe Wintermeyer expect soon to enlist, Dr. Wintermeyer said."

**Hugo
Sacksteder**

Hugo Sacksteder, the Cadets' star forward, is with the "Spruce Division" of Vancouver, Oregon. He is located in Portland, at the main office of the Spruce Division, and rooms at 88 Y. M. C. A. His brother, "Norb," is expecting the "call" any time, so he has left his position in Detroit, and is

residing at 523 Carlisle Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. He was married January 15.

Lieut. Elmer J. Focke In the March number of The Exponent we carried a lengthy story of Camp Greene where Lieut. Elmer J. Focke was stationed. We were greatly pleased and surprised to receive a card reading, "I have arrived safely overseas," signed E. J. Focke, 2nd Lieut. 38th Inf.

Oswald L. Bonholzer Oswald Bonholzer is at Camp Greene, having left Dayton March 5. His address is Machine Gun Co., 59th U. S. Inf., 4th Div., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. He seems to have a hard time to "do his bit," judging from the following information we gleamed from a Dayton daily:

"Oswald Linden Bonholzer of McClure Street, left this week for Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. After being unsuccessful in enlisting in the marine corps before the draft registration, he awaited the outcome of the draft, when he was again rejected, but after returning his questionnaire, he was accepted and placed in Class A No. 1. After learning that he was not to go with the first contingent he volunteered for immediate service in the infantry."

Capt. J. O. Donovan Captain Donovan, formerly military instructor at S. M. C., has been transferred again according to the latest news we received from the following clipping: "Transferred to Scott Field, Bellville, Ill., for service, Captain J. O. Donovan, of this city, has been given more important work than that which he has been performing in army service at Georgia Technical College, Atlanta.

"Captain Donovan, according to information received in Dayton, Tuesday, left for his new post Monday. He will be commandant of cadets at Scott Field, which is an aviation post. He has been stationed at Atlanta, for several months past, where he has been instructor in the signal service, resigning as adjutant-inspector at the Soldiers' Home to enter army service again.

"Word was received Monday by Secretary Charles P. Althoff, of the Dayton Lodge of Elks, that Captain Donovan has affiliated with the Atlanta Lodge of Elks."

Thos. Carroll Thomas Carroll, '16, is with the aviation section of the army. Previously he had been engaged in business with his father in the Columbus Printing Company, Columbus,

Ohio, His present address is: 40th Aero Squadron, Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Mich.

Lieut. Edw. Anderton Lieut. Edward Anderton, '11, is with Co. F., 329th Inf., at Camp Sherman, Ohio, since August, 1917.

Previously he had been with the National Guard for two years, and served on the border in the Mexican trouble. After leaving college he was engaged with his father in the diamond brokerage business. He has not grown much since we saw him last, but since Napoleon was a small man, Ed will get along fine as an officer, despite his stature.

Lieut. R. J. Mason Lieut. Robert Mason is with Co. H, 329th Inf. at Camp Sherman, Ohio, almost next door to Lieut. Anderton. Bob was married January 12, 1918, to Miss Irene Lahm, at Cleveland, Ohio. He has grown wonderfully, and is a big man, all around. He is delighted with army life, and looks the picture of health.

Robert Scales Robert Scales, '16, and Nicholas Last, '16, enlisted in the army as stenographers, as we are going to press. They are to be located at Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Leslie F. Porter Major-General W. M. Black, Chief of Engineers, with the War Department in the office of Chief of Engineers at Washington, D. C., sent the following communication to Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, President of St. Mary College on April 20:

"Referring to your letter of April 11, 1918, designating Messrs. Leslie F. Porter and John L. Crowley for attendance at the Engineer Officers' Training Camp, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia, there are enclosed herewith certificates of eligibility, which after being signed by the proper executive officer, and having the seal of your institution fixed, should be delivered to Messrs. Porter and Crowley.

"These candidates should report to the Commanding Officer, Engineer Officers' Training Camp, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Virginia, between May 1-5, 1918."

The foregoing copy of a letter received by the President of the College explains itself. St. Mary College is on the approved list of technical engineering schools with the War Department.

Engineering students of St. Mary College will be permitted, on the strength of this new announcement of the War Department, to file application direct with the War Department to be placed on the "inactive list" of the engineers' reserve corps. Such students will be permitted to remain on the "inactive list" and to complete their engineering studies before being called upon for active service in the army.

These engineering students, on the completion of their course, will be given the option of being called into active service under their enlistment, and of being assigned to some one engineering branches of the army, or they can apply for their discharges and take their places among those subject to service under the draft.

BE SURE TO SEE

A V I A T O R S

Wilbur Wright Field Baseball Team

AND

S T. M A R Y ' S

Varsity Baseball Team

PLAY THE BIG GAME

SATURDAY MAY 11. S. M. C. CAMPUS

Admission 25c including Reserved Seats

3:00 P. M.

AT THE FIRESIDE

Leo Mason   Leo Mason, '15, according to the latest reports of his brother, Lieut. Robert Mason, is doing fine. He is holding down the position of assistant sales manager of the Willard Storage Battery, Cleveland, Ohio.

Earl Brandenburg   Earl Brandenburg is back in Dayton, to stay. The following news item tells the story:

Earl W. Brandenburg, of Chicago, former Dayton boy, was appointed on Friday by City Manager J. E. Barlow as successor to Harvey Sollenberger as

superintendent of recreation, the appointment being effective April 15. The position pays \$1,800 a year, \$125 a month being paid by the city and \$25 a month by the division of parks and playgrounds.

Mr. Brandenburg was born in Dayton. He is 27 years old and attended the public schools in Dayton, graduated in the academic and high school departments of St. Mary College, following which he took a two years' business course in that institution, and completed his education in physical culture by attending the Y. M. C. A. College in Chicago for three and a half years, from which institution he graduated several years ago.

Mr. Brandenburg comes to Dayton from one of the largest and best equipped playground centers in America, where, according to his superior, he has been eminently successful and perfectly satisfactory in his work as director.

Mr. Brandenburg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Brandenburg, reside at 108 Woodland Avenue. He is married and has one child. He will move his family to this city.

Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach On an insert of the March number we carried an announcement of the ordination of Eugene C. Gerlach, '12. He was ordained to the priesthood Saturday, February 23, at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary at Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio, by Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D. He read his First Holy Mass at Holy Angels Church, Sidney, Ohio, Sunday, February 24.

Father Gerlach is a popular member of the Class of 1912, of which he was the Salutatorian. He was graduated from St. Mary College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His conduct was always most exemplary. He was a leader in his classes and among his fellow-students. He ever displayed a seriousness of purpose, and lived accordingly.

He entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he took up his theological studies. At the beginning of the year 1917 he was appointed First Prefect of the Seminary and ordained ahead of his class, an honor and privilege awarded to the leading theological student of the last year.

At the celebration of his First Holy Mass, the pastor of Holy Angels Church, Sidney, Ohio, was assistant priest; Rev. Marcellus Wagner, '10, his cousin, deacon of the mass; Rev. Leo Schmitt, '11, subdeacon of the mass; Joseph Graham, master of ceremonies; Clarence Schmitt, '15, and Lawrence Montanus, '17, thurifers. Others present were Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, S. M., '05, Vice President of St. Mary College; Rev. George A. Gorry and Rev. John M. Lamott, S. T. D., Sc. M., H. L. of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary; Rev. Timothy Kearns, '11, Marion, Ohio, and John Dillon, '12, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS

Collegiate Department

Senior Arts—Dean McFarland, 92; L. Weber, 92; Cliff. Stuhlmuehler, 92.
 Senior Engineering (Ch. E.)—John Roth, 96; John Crowley, 94.
 Senior Engineering (E. E.)—Leslie Porter, 97; Paul Stanton, 96.
 Senior Engineering (Mech. E.)—Russell Garrison, 92.
 Junior Engineering (Ch. E.)—Joseph Schaefer, 93; Paul Ohmer, 91.
 Junior Engineering (E. E.)—Joseph Holters, 93; Elmer Hess, 93.
 Junior Engineering (Mech. E.)—Waldemar Schmidt, 96; J. Moosbrugger, 93.
 Sophomore Arts—Raymond Gorman, 95; Joseph Finan, 95.
 Sophomore Engineering—Emil Kessler, 90; William Boesch, 88.
 Freshman Arts—Leo Dolan, 92; Carl Mueller, 90; Carl Weber, 90.
 Freshman Engineering—Walter Curtis, 90; Mark Thompson, 89; William Kochis, 87; Henry Stang, 87.

High School Department

Fourth High—Herbert Abel, 97; Joseph Murphy, 96.
 Third High-A—Francis Farley, 94; Alfred Poliquin, 92; Edw. Winterhalter, 92.
 Third High-B—Alvin Rabe, 92; Norbert Mott, 89.
 Second High-A—Jos. Schwind, 95; Maurice Aufderheide, 94; Edwin Rohr, 92.
 Second High-B—H. Beigel, 92; F. Schoppelrei, 90.
 Second High-C—Benjamin Seidenstick, 95; Lewis Scherer, 94.
 Second High-D—George Donovan, 96; Joseph Deddens, 95.
 First High-A—Albert Freiberg, 93; Ernest Mueller, 91.
 First High-B—Ernest Lamoureux, 96; R. Wintermeyer, 92; K. Woditsch, 92; G. Corbett, 92.
 First High-C—L. Bradmiller, 94; V. Keuping, 92; Jos. Koehler, 92.
 First High-D—Albert Tischer, 96; Theodore Rolfes, 95.

Business Department

Second Year—Hubert Flinn, 94; George Roderer, 93.
 First Year—Manuel de Castro, 95; Joseph Hammen, 99.

Elementary Department.

Eighth Grade—Merlin Hughes, 97; Thomas Newman, 96.
 Seventh Grade—J. Hatcher, 95; L. Stuhldreher, 95; V. Comer, 94; T. Doyle, 94.
 Sixth Grade—H. Feichtmeyer, 94; A. Patko, 94; K. Wessel, 93.
 Fifth Grade—Amer Keller, 93; Robert Meckling, 93; J. Farrell, 91; C. Gartland, 91.

Entertainments A series of lectures and talks was given at the College during the past month. Mr. Underhill chose as his subject, "Rip Van Winkle." The second was Mr. Benson, who gave an educational lecture on "Russia."

**An Evening
of Comedy**

The Dramatic Association of St. Mary College presented a varied program, entitled "An Evening of Comedy," on Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday evenings, April 20, 21, 22. A large and appreciative audience was present at all performances. The actors deserve a great deal of credit for their work, all of them showing the excellent training given by the moderator, Rev. F. J. Kunnecke, S. M. A splendid musical program was rendered by the S. M. C. Orchestra.

PROGRAM

1. "Star Spangled Banner" ..... Keys
- Overture, "Crown of Gold" ..... Herman

The Great Libel Case

Cast: J. Holters, Judge; M. Thompson, Plaintiff; R. Gorman, Defendant; L. Dolan, Plaintiff's Attorney; L. Weber, Witness for the Plaintiff; J. Killoran, Defendant's Attorney; Jurors: C. Mueller, C. Weber, D. McFarland, A. Fischer, A. Genard, J. Malloy, M. Von Mach, A. Wolf, F. Heider, A. Rabe, H. Weinert, L. Virant, J. Connelly, T. Finan, W. Kochis.

2. Danza Mexicana, "Pauquita" ..... Robyn

Two Wandering Jews

Cast: Maximilian Von Mach and William Kochis.

Hey, Rube!

Anthony McCarthy

3. Ballet, "Intermezzo Russe" ..... Franke

A First-Class Hotel

Cast: D. McFarland, R. Gorman, W. Curtis, J. Malloy

4. "Dixie Land" ..... Emmet

The Little Red Mare

Cast: R. Gorman, F. Von Beseler, A. Walsh, D. McFarland

5. March, "A Signal from Mars"..... Taylor

Musical Notes

The following concert was given by the S. M. C. Student Orchestra at St. Elizabeth Hospital, April 16, 1918: March, "To the Front," Staonbaugh; "Flower Song," Morrison; "Reverie Song," Violin Solo Vieuxtemp, by Herman Wittmann; "Polka Militaire," Cornet Solo, Hartley, by Wilbur Orth; March, "Rally Round the Flag," arr. Hildreth; "Gaiety Polka," Baritone Solo, Hartley, by Walter Curtis; Waltz, "Sobre las Olas," Rosas; "Caprice Viennois," Violin Solo, Kreisler, by Joseph Moosbrugger; Prelude in C, Piano Solo, Rachmaninoff, by Anthony Flaherty; Hawaiian Music, by Bro. Adrian and Henry Lai Hipp; Hawaiian Marches; One Step, "Mississippi Volunteers" Cobb; "Star Spangled Banned," Keys.



Apostolic School of Japan

FOURTH ENDOWMENT

Total cash on hand October 28, 1917.....\$1,158.73

Contributions received since October 28, 1917:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Leies, \$5.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Anna Osterkorn, \$1.00; George Aschenbrenner, \$1.00; P. E., 40c; Mary Zimmer, 10c; Cecilia Schmitz, \$1.00; Wm. Rose, 50c; Alfred M. Keiper of Cleveland, \$5.00; The Frohmiller Girls, \$2.00; Miss Susan Neuses, \$1.00; Mary Kirbach, \$1.00; Anna Schmalz, \$1.00; Elizabeth Nicholson, \$1.00; Barbara Muenhen, 25c; Mrs. M. Jung, 25c; Anna Enders, 25c; Mrs. A. Blumenthal, 15c; Angela Rieger, 25c; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Anna Dorfmeister, \$1.00; Anna Mueller, \$1.00; N. W. Resch, 85c; Mrs. C. Bittner, \$2.00; Mrs. Goetz, \$5.00; Helen Michels, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Aloys Walson, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Mary Merfy, \$1.00; Josephine Jung, 50c; Joseph Spitznagel, 25c; Carolina Mueller, \$1.00; Miss Anna Resch, 50c; Rose Resch, 50c; Theresa Esterl, \$2.00; Aloysius Resch, 25c; Miss Clara Sieben, \$3.00; Henry Frische, \$5.00; John P. Daleiden, \$5.00; Angela Schuh, \$1.00; Miss Susan Zeh, \$1.00; Elenore Bott, \$1.00; Sisters, \$1.00; Marianne Free, \$1.00; Johanna Hill, \$1.00; John Neifing, \$1.00; St. Lawrence School, P. H., Cincinnati, \$21.00; Mrs. Ella McElman, Ironton, Ohio, \$5.00; Sale of curios at S. L. C., San Antonio, \$8.00; John Leies, \$5.00; Elizabeth Renke, \$3.00; Louisa Huber, \$2.00; Louis Mueller, \$2.00; Rose Resch, \$2.00; N. W. Resch, \$1.25; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Eva Wegner, \$1.00; Barbara Neifing, \$1.00; Angela Neifing, \$1.00; Theresa Baier, \$1.00; Mary Hahn, \$1.00; Catharine Hambrecht, \$1.00; John Meyer, \$1.00; Anna Hofman, \$1.00; Clara Haefner, \$1.00; Catharine Ruhn, \$1.00; Anna Miller, 25c; Eva Kessel, \$1.00; Miss T. Kauss, 50c; Anna Kauss, 50c; Tekla Abel, 50c; Mary Neifing, \$1.00.

Total cash \$128.00

Expenses—postage and postcards (Japanese)..... \$5.00

Total cash \$123.00   \$123.00

Total cash on hand April 21, 1918.....\$1,281.73

Athletic Notes

Varsity Baseball

We are going to have "some more" Ball Team this year fellows, did you know that? Well, wait until you have taken a squint at the line-up. "Some team," you will say.

That is what they are all saying at St. Mary's this year, and we have Coach Ohmer's word for it that it is a winning aggregation, and one of the fastest nines in this part of the state.

Taking advantage of the balmy periods of the atmosphere, "Oom" Paul worked his candidates after a fashion only second to "Muggsy" McGraw's style, and soon had them pulling together like old timers. But it was only after extremely close figuring that he succeeded in selecting the following Varsity men: Sacksteder (c), Ohmer (1st), Ronan (2d), Sherry (3d), K. Weber (ss), Hipp (1 f), Sommers (r f), Sullivan (c f) and Roth, Hetzel and Thornton, pitchers, Donahaey, utility.

Manager "Fritz" Martin was right there in holding up his end of the work and has given the College a schedule stiff enough for a big league outfit. The Saints have but two games on the road, and will play six contests on the home lot. The schedule:

April 21—Alumni-K. C. at Dayton.

April 27—Antioch at Dayton.

May 4—Capital U. at Dayton.

May 11—Aviators at Dayton.

May 18—Earlham at Dayton.

May 23—Cincinnati U. at Dayton.

May 25—Antioch at Yellow Springs.

May 31—Capital U. at Columbus.

Varsity Track

Although the weather has not opened up sufficiently for real track work, an exceptionally large number of candidates turned out at Manager McFarland's call.

In spite of the fact that there are but three "letter" men out this year, Coach Mettler has great hopes of building a winning team with these veterans as the foundation.

Brennan, Wassnicht, McBride and Busch were lost by graduation, and "Red" Malloy via the Navy route, but Curtis, Sack, Donnelly and Orcasitas showed up well last year, and will probably be given regular berths on the team. Heider will be one of the regulars in pushing the heavy material, while Lai Hipp and Porter will look after the speedy stuff. Among the newcomers L. Weber, Hart, Hughes, Dwyer, Finan, Casey, Breen, Hochwalt, Schang and Thompson, look exceptionally good.

There will be two meets this year for the Red and Blue. May 11 they will stack up against Earlham at Richmond, and on May 25, Otterbein at Dayton.

VARSIITY TENNIS

After lying dormant for several years, Tennis has again been revived at St. Mary. The Board of Directors of the Athletic Association thought it advisable to re-introduce the sport, as it is again becoming popular and is being given much attention at many of the Colleges throughout the state.

Preparations are being made for holding the try-out under the supervision of Walter Curtis, who hails from Yokohoma, Japan, and is an enthusiast of the game.

There are many promising players at the College, and Curtis has great hopes of a champion team. A stiff schedule is being arranged with Earlham, Otterbein and several fast city teams, and the racket wielders will be given a chance to uphold the standing of St. Mary's former cuortmen.

Shot and Shell

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Orcasitas' talking Chinese
 Tony Wolf in a tuxedo
 McFarland's going to Keith's on Thursday afternoon
 Kersting in a track suit
 Flaherty with a full beard
 Heider's writing a 1000 word composition
 Mendez's studying his Dogma
 Lause's neglecting his mail
 L. Weber's getting a 40 in Philosophy
 Seeing Somes without Connelly
 Killoran on time
 Halpin's beating Willie Hoppe
 K. Weber's studying on Sunday afternoon
 Genard with some brains
 Kaullen in Holscher's pajamas
 Demon's playing "Race Horse"
 Weinert's smoking Lucky Strikes
 Crowley in a military suit
 Pete Synnet's carrying a hod
 Deckwitz in the regular Army
 Happ's not going home on Saturdays.

SOME FISH, SURE!

A blushing young fisher named Fisher,
 Once fished on the edge of a fissure;
 The fish with a grin pulled the fisherman in
 And they're refishing the fissure for Fisher.

WHO WAS HE, YOURSELF?

Greek Prof.: Mr. Weber (K), can you tell me something about Herodotus?

Weber (waking up with a tsart): Why-er-yes-er, I think he pitched for St. Louis, in the American League in 1912.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S PRAYER

Little "Zep" that flies so light,
Drop no bombs on me tonight,
Way up in the world so high,
Like a sausage in the sky.—Ex.

HEARD IN THE TRENCHES "OVER THERE"

General Joffre will Arras the Germans until they Argonne.

FRESHIE STUFF

Latin is a Language,—at least it used to be,
First it killed the Romans, and now it's killing me.

WERE YOU EVER ON GUARD DUTY?

It happened at St. Mary College. One of the students was on sentry duty at the main entrance, and at about 10:00 p. m. he thought he discerned a shadowy figure stealing toward the entrance.

"Halt!" Who goes there?" he shouted.

"Moses," came the answer in a soft tone of voice.

"Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments!", shouted the sentinel.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD

Over in Nashport, they say that Finan pulled this one once:

When Joe was a small boy, a lady came to visit his mother. As Joe was the only one at home, he answered the door, and informed the visitor that his mother was away. Then the lady gave Joe a calling card for his mother, but dropped the tissue sheet that goes with such a card. Joe picked it up and handed it to her with these words:

"Say, missus, you dropped one of your cigarette papers."

IT DOES HAPPEN!

Visitor: "So you've met my son at college."

Lause: "Sure! We slept in the same Electrical Engineering Class together."

NEVER CATCHES UP!

Engineering Professor: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Happ: "Because, if I wasn't, I couldn't pursue them."

JUST A NATURAL HABIT

Kochis (in rush for the dining room): "I beg your pardon for walking on your feet."

Virant: "Oh that's all right; I do it myself."

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

M is for the mush we get in the morning,
 O means only that the meat is growing old,
 T is for the tea that tastes like water,
 H is for the hash that is full of mold,
 E is for the eggs that come in tin cans,
 R means rice, and rice you'd never tell,
 Put them all together in the cook shack
 And that's the reason war is h—l.—Ex.

AND EVERY DAY AT THAT!

McDonald: "There are only three things in Washington Court House—morning, noon and night."

CAN YOU FIND IT?

Killoran: "After a diligent search we fail to find the clause in the Year Book which reads, "Naps from 2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sundays and Thursdays."

LATE AGAIN!

Huber: "Do you think my moustache becoming?"

Finan: "It may becoming, but it hasn't arrived yet."

ENLISTMENT QUESTIONS

A good patriot from the rural district went to enlist, and when he returned home, this is the way he described the ordeal:

"Wats your name?"

"Where, when, and why wuz you born, and near as you kin kalkerlate?"

"Wats your ocypoopashun, or air you a member of the Home Guard?"

"Air you single or bawld-heded?"

"Wats yer surkilashun?"

"What part uv the town and wat resorts do you surkilate in?"

"What race do you belong 2, or don't you keep a trotter?"

"Ever ben vaxinated?"

"If so, who delt the cards?"

"Is your teeth home grown or artyfishel?"

"Tung ever feel like a dore mat?"

"Eny Buzzin in your Hed or sinkin spels?"

"Ever hev gloomy 4bodins ackumpaned by spots before the ize such as 2-spots, 5-spots, or 9-spots?"

"If so, how much was ther on the Bord?"

"Do you keep a Mewl or any other explossiv on your premersis?"

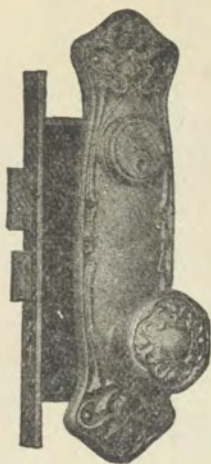
"Wats your family record, if any?"

—(N. C. R. News.)

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