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THE EXPONENT

Vol. XVII FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 2

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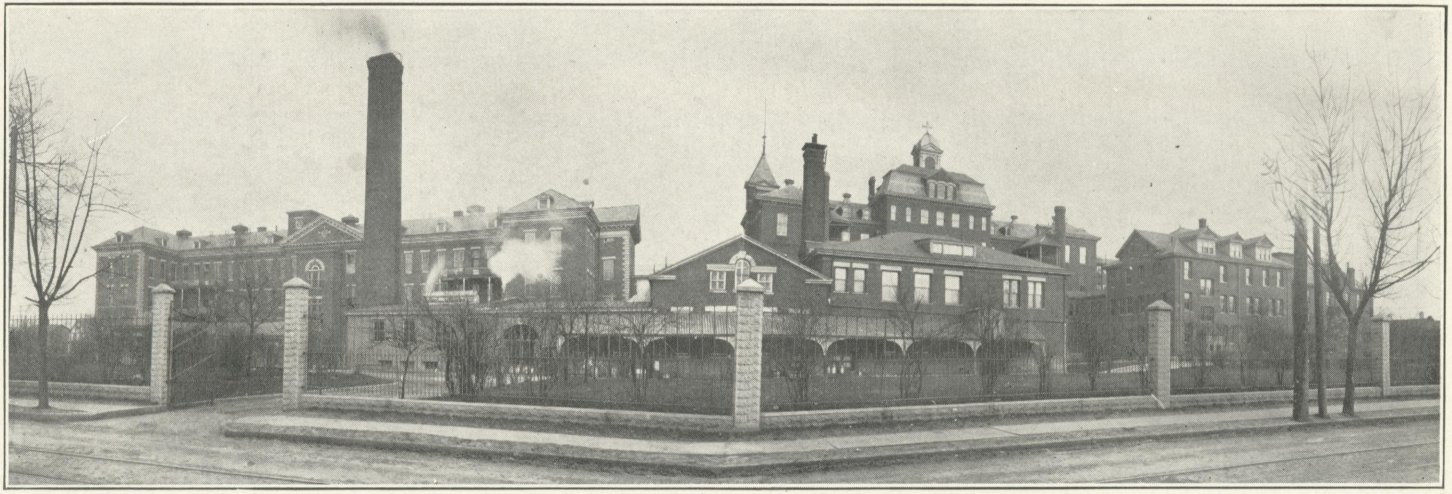

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THE EXPONENT

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized July 30, 1918.

"Where is Heaven, Mamma?"—Poem—J. F. Kenhurst.. 51
Our Statesman President—C. Raymond..... 52
The League of Nations—R. J. Kitsteiner..... 55
Service—W. Sherry 58
The Mind—Poem—F. J. Kenhurst..... 62
Mother Calls the Doctor—D. H. Abel..... 63
Enlisting the Imagination—F. Kenneth..... 67
The Chaplain of the 132nd..... 73
The Airplane—Walter S. V. Curtis..... 78
Editorials 81
Alumni Notes 83
College Notes 101
Athletic Notes 103

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Madonna
Rev. J. George Franz
Rev. Lieut. William P. O'Connor
Rev. Lieut. John L. Ott
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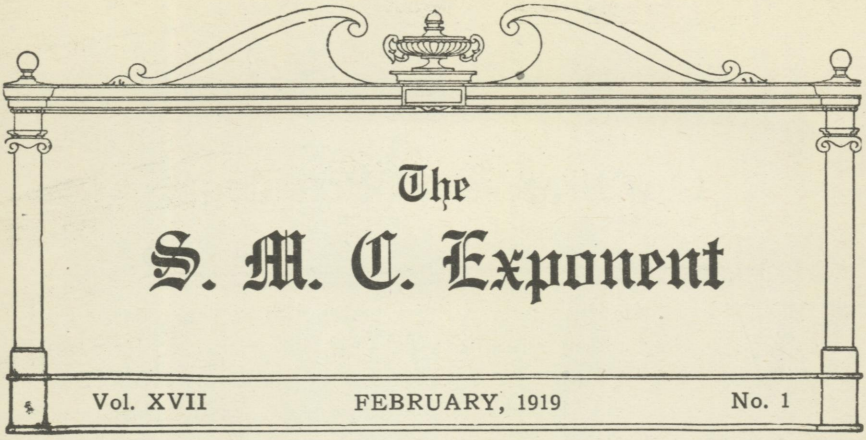


The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVII FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 1

"Where is Heaven, Mama?"

"My precious little one, there, where is God?"
With puzzled look, with naive simplicity,
The child returns. "And God, where may He be?"
The mother's lips reply: "Beneath the sod,
Whereon thy tender infant feet have trod,
Up with the sun, the moon, the stars, is He."
"And on the mountain tops? Down in the sea?"
"E'en there," she says, with fond approving nod.

"And is God also with me, mamma dear?"
"His Holy, most belov'd home, thou art."
"If God is to my soul so very near,
Then heaven surely must be in my heart."
"Most true. And if in heaven thou wouldst rest,
Keep ever God within a spotless breast."

—F. J. Kenhurst.

Our Statesman President

WITH the entrance of the United States, there came a distinct change in the aspect of the war. No longer was it simply a war against a huge and powerful military machine; it became a war against a system of government, military autocracy. The opening of the present century saw a tendency in many countries for the people to limit the authority of their rulers. This movement had penetrated into Germany, and the rapid growth of the Socialist party was viewed with alarm by the ruling powers. To forestall this democratic movement both within her own country and without, was one of the main reasons why Germany launched this war. She figured that a victorious war was the only means by which she could preserve her fast becoming obsolete form of government. At the same time such a war would pave the way to German world domination. Her plans were well concealed, however, and prior to the entrance of this country, the real motives of Germany were known only to the educated few who were acquainted with the history of the past, and could look beneath the surface of passing events and decipher the true causes.

Within a short time after we entered the conflict, practically all the peoples fighting against Germany knew the real meaning of this war. For this enlightenment, credit is due almost entirely to President Wilson. In his various addresses and pronouncements he interpreted the real meaning of the war in such a manner that the masses of the people readily understood. Such an understanding was absolutely necessary so far as the people of this country were concerned. We, a peace-loving nation, were obliged to raise a large army, and do so, by means of conscription, an idea which met with considerable opposition in some quarters. We were to send this army overseas, another thing which had stubborn resistance to overcome. Then we were required to raise enormous sums of money by means of popular subscription of bonds. To do all this required that the people know just why this was necessary. When a country is actually invaded, its people will rush to its defense without stopping to question the cause of the invasion. But when the conflict is far away and does not seem likely to involve them immediately, there will not

be such a readiness to respond to the call to arms unless they understand why they must fight. A knowledge of what we were fighting for alone can explain the wonderful response of this country to a war which at first seemed so distant.

In his endeavors to enlighten the people as to our war aims President Wilson also took particular care to see that the news likewise reached the German people. He rightly judged that when they realized that we were waging war not against the German people as such, but against their form of government, their faith in the Kaiser and his military group would be more easily shattered, especially when they began to meet with reverses. This was exactly what happened. When the German army began to be pushed back, German morale weakned, and it was not long before they forced the Kaiser to abdicate; and then the armistice alone prevented the complete collapse of the German army.

Now suppose that President Wilson had not endeavored to enlighten the German people as to our aims, but had resorted to force alone, the autocrats of Germany could have made a powerful appeal to the people of Germany to continue in the struggle. For in such a case her peace overtures would have received no consideration, and her rulers would have pointed to this as an argument to prove that Germany was fighting a purely defensive war, that the Allies wanted no peace and that they were bent on wreaking a terrible vengeance upon Germany. What probably would have been the result? The Germans would have harkened to this plea; the war would have dragged on for perhaps a year longer; thousands of additional lives would have been lost; the burdens of the war cost increased enormously. And what would have been gained? Nothing. The difference between a complete surrender and the signing of an armistice upon such terms as Germany submitted to, is little more than a difference in name only.

As our leader and guiding spirit in the war President Wilson has shown himself to be a statesman of the highest rank. Kings and statesmen have welcomed him; the common people have hailed him with delight, for in him they feel that they have a champion of their rights. His fourteen propositions have reached the most hopeless nations. Political aspirations which for years have been but dreams, now seem possible of attainment. These propositions are too academic and entirely impracticable say diplomats of the old school. This remains to be seen. But, at least, one thing is certain: the old time diplomacy has proved itself the greatest of failures. These fourteen propositions can scarcely prove greater failures, and

they at least merit a trial. After all what are they? They are simply the principles of justice and right applied to international affairs. They have aroused so much comment simply because the world has long been wont to act on just the opposite principles: that might is right and to the victor belong the spoils.

Today we stand at the dawn of a new era. We may retrace our steps and go back to the beaten paths of old. We may try to keep the peace by building huge armies and navies and balancing them off, one group against another, and we may continue to keep small nations in subjection to larger ones and crush their national aspirations by force. Or we may go forward to the new freedom and try to settle peace on the basis of justice and right and to grant to small nations their God-given right to freedom. Let the statesmen now sitting at the Peace Conference not fail to read the meaning of the times. The millions of soldiers who have survived the horrors of the trenches, and the millions back home who have borne the burdens of the conflict are thoroughly sick of war and all that makes for war. They want to see a peace concluded, which will do all that human foresight can do to prevent another such catastrophe. In President Wilson's fourteen propositions these people evidently see the basis for such a peace. On no other hypothesis can be explained the tremendous ovation accorded to the President by the masses in Europe wherever he has appeared. For the present his principles may or may not be adopted; nevertheless, they are here to stay. In future years they will be the common-places of human affairs. Oppressed and outraged mankind has seen new light where before all was darkness. Future historians may dim the luster of his present glory by their severe judgments of him; nevertheless President Wilson is today the greatest figure on earth and one of the greatest statesmen of all time.

C. RAYWOOD.

The League of Nations

THE salient and undisputed issue of the bloodshed and turmoil of yesterday is, that a new form of international relations must come. Humanity today, throbbing with ideals conceived only after an agonizing scourge of war, insists upon the formulating of a panacea which will eliminate the possibility of future similar calamities. If this change must come, we have as many alternatives as there are suggestions. A return to the old system would be dismal. The least auspicious experiment cannot be a worse failure than was the "balance of power."

The proposal before the world today grew out of the last of President Wilson's fourteen points. "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." His latest word on the subject is found in his address before the Sorbonne. "My conception of the League of Nations is just this,—that it shall operate as the organized moral force of men throughout the world, and that whenever or wherever wrong or aggression are planned or contemplated, this searchlight of conscience will be turned upon them, and men everywhere will ask: 'What are the purposes that you hold in your heart against the fortunes of the world?'"

More than theory we have not heard from the conceiver of the "League of Nations," but countless pens and voices the world over have argued and discussed the subject until it presents a maze of definitions and difficulties. Despite this, our President attends the Peace Conference with even firmer belief in the efficacy of his ideal.

The sentiment to be found in the objections which have been raised in our country against the proposed League, presents an unwelcome contrast to the broad sentiments of Wilson which aim for World Communism. It is narrow and selfish and leads to "opening Future's portal with Past's blood-rusted key." The objectors conceive absurdities such as China being the dominating nation in the League because it has the largest population; also that purely American questions would be decided by foreign powers. All the objections of similar nature would cover pages, but it is noteworthy that all are introduced with "if," and hence are no more than imag-

inary possible consequences of the theory objected to. Moreover, until the League of Nations idea is delivered in concrete form to the world, the objections of today are little more than suggestive of what should be guarded against in its pact.

Although the world anxiously looks for some delivering action, there is an undercurrent of doubt as to the feasibility of a League of Nations. From an ethical viewpoint, the same thought arises in the minds of men as arose in that of a French Chauvinist. "The American President has not yet done the eminently necessary thing of creating a new humanity." That the far-reaching principles of the League penetrate to the heart of the human race is obvious. To meet our President's view on the subject, the premiers, chancellors and statesmen of the world must discard the egotistic, trouble-brewing, national aspirations of the past, and adopt as their cardinal ideal community of interest. In turn, the people represented by these men must eradicate international prejudices and purge themselves of animosities left by events of the past. And so the relation of man to man must change.

Thinking within the narrowness of a generation is what causes men today to declare this change impossible. In her flourishing years, Greece had no thought of Roman domination. In turn, the Romans would have ridiculed any suggestion of the Teutons dissolving their mighty empire. Similarly, today we are inclined to scoff at the idea of moral instead of physical force ruling the world. We may not see the day wherein it will rule, but that should not withhold us from being the leaders in effecting such a desirable realization of ideals.

The logic of this idea is better seen when consideration is given the slow but steady progress of the elevating influence of a "League of Nations." The foremost object of the League would be the fulfillment of the tenet of our country that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." What would be the result of world-wide application of this maxim? Suppression and persecution would cease. There would be a gradual uplifting of mankind, culminating in the type of humanity the followers of the Chauvinist demand. The factors of this accomplishment would be religion and education. Both would be fostered and would enjoy unprecedented freedom, and would be brought to the masses which are illiterate, though less so perhaps than formerly, and largely godless.

There would come a gradual effacing of today's sad destitution of correct knowledge of the relation of man to man, and humanity would receive enlightenment and understanding upon the principles whose establishment, we, in our haste, judge impossible, because they cannot be inculcated over night.

Before starting education on its new mission, some of its basic principles must be revised. The present system with its materialistic tendencies leads to no understanding of the brotherly love advocated today. There can exist no moral force where the innate knowledge of right and wrong is left to perish. Again, the prejudiced histories which work an enormous evil must be relegated to the shelves of the obsolete volumes. The books which are to sway the minds of our children and will sway those of the children to come, must be chosen and written with conscientious care. The evils of the present system will leave their trace on us and on another generation or two but the process of honest enlightenment will gradually result in honest pursuits for individuals and nations.

Summing up the unnumbered editorials and comments upon the League of Nations, the world recognizes that it is imposing a prodigious undertaking upon itself if it adapts the ideal. Truly, it is a remaking of the world. It is impossible to draw a perfect plan for the performance of this task. The experiment is one that must rely almost wholly on the experience to be encountered, for final success. Not seeing perfection in its conception does not nullify its ability to ultimately satisfy. However, the fact that the end desired has no prototype in the international relations of the past, has produced many faint-hearted orations, spoken by the men who rely on tradition and habit rather than on initiative and thought.

The world, standing today at another turn along the road of the evolution of civilization, must earnestly set about the adoption of new and higher principles for a new age. The process will be slow and difficult. There may occur many reverses in the shape of disputes and even wars; but these will be the experience that perfects. Roosevelt's words in 1910 re-echo today: "It is no impossible dream to build up a civilization in which morality, ethical development, and a feeling of true brotherhood shall all alike be divorced from false sentimentality and from the rancorous and evil passions which curiously enough accompany professions of sentimental attachment to the rights of man."

We must start with an agreement amongst the Powers who fought for right, justice and democracy to co-operate for the promotion of their ideals. Then gradually must come perfection in the prac-

tical application of these ideals to make possible the perfect union of today's separate distinctive governments in, that while claiming and enjoying individual recognition, their fundamental principles harmonize and admit of their fusion into a supreme World's Congress.

R. J. KITSTEINER.

"BEWARE of the time when the Germans become hard pressed! If by any chance, the great Prussan military-machine could be checked in its progress by the sheer grit of the gallant defenders, and by a concession of the gods, its safety imperiled, then, indeed terrible things would surely come to pass." Pessimistic thoughts similar to these harassed the minds of the casual supporters of the Allied armies in their early efforts against the Germans. For behind the fighters who used machine guns, grenades and cannon, came a corps of chemists who had control of the very elements of nature.

Fertile imaginations easily pictured to themselves inhuman devices that these German scientists had been preparing and perfecting secretly for years in anticipation of this world conflict. The Allied armies were pictured as having gained the advantage on a certain battlefield and about to rout the enemy, when suddenly a great flash was seen that apparently came from nowhere but which completely blinded the aggressors and turned the tide of victory. Again, the Germans could be seen cooped up in some small town completely surrounded and by all indications defeated, when, lo and behold! the besiegers discontinued their bombardments and struggled to get as far as possible from their almost certain prey. Others dropped over helpless, or staggered off gasping and moaning pitifully only to be overcome before they could escape. The life-giving oxygen had been mysteriously withdrawn from the air in the territory of the besiegers. How were these ghastly things done? Easily and simply by the terrible German chemists.

Less than a year after the war started, Germany saw fit to turn loose the might of this much feared and respected branch of her army.

In April, 1915, the British soldiers, holding the Ypres salient, were the targets chosen upon whom the wrath of the German terror-division was to be practiced for the first time. The invaders were not hopelessly stopped or hard pressed. Their rapid progress had been impeded and they were being constantly forced to sacrifice lives in proportion to the territory gained. Practically everyone has read as much about the actual occurrences of the first gas attack as can be related at this time. The accounts are still very meagre. The fellows who could have told the most about it, didn't come back. Suffice it to say, they left a battlefield such as had never before been seen in warfare ancient or modern, and one that had no equal in the whole war.

A mighty gap had been made in the Allied lines. It appeared as if the road to victory for the German arms had only to be gassed free of defenders. Humans, no matter how valorous, could not stand and fight where their very bodies could not live. Someone must necessarily enter the fight on the side of the Allies who could combat these inhumane methods of warfare with defensive weapons then unknown to the fighting soldiers.

Now that the war is over, history tells us that it was the chemist who immediately stepped into the breach and prepared a means of defense against this new method of warfare. The war turned into a battle of chemists. The far-famed German chemists were on the offensive and in this battle of test tubes and beakers was to be met by the wits of English, French, Russian, Italian and later Yankee chemists of inferior repute. Dare we say the issue of the conflict would determine the winner?

The first form of protection designed by the Allied chemists were respirators made by women in England. They consisted of pads of cotton wrapped in muslin and soaked in solutions of sodium carbonate and sodium thiosulphate. This mask proved to be suitable protection against the chlorine gas, the first kind used by the Germans. The defense against the versatile and resourceful German chemists proved to be a big undertaking. New forms of gas were constantly to be contended with, and new methods of attack had to be solved repeatedly. However, the tear-producing gas, sneezing gas, gases that irritated the skin and inflamed the eyes, and the most toxic gases that produced immediate or lingering death, all these met a remedy. Defensive tactics were not the only kind employed by the Allied chemists. The gases used by the Germans were collected or captured, their composition determined and sent back to repay frightfulness by frightfulness. Although not yet revealed, it is not a bad

gamble to say that these chemists, who by their ingenuity were able to combat every form of gas sent over by the Germans, were also ingenious enough to return something new. The end of the war found both sides busy trying to approach the ideal, which would be a colorless, odorless and invisible gas, and at the same time highly poisonous.

Failure by the Allied chemists to successfully combat the gas attacks of the enemy would have spelled defeat for the cause of freedom and democracy in the early stages of the war. Defeat, perhaps slower but nevertheless certain, would have been their lot if many other features of the war which required chemists had not been attended to in such a manner as to make possible the meeting of the Germans with superior or equal fighting facilities. Explosives, one of the most common means of warfare, cried out to the manufacturing chemists for immediate attention. The more peaceful pursuits of the Allied nations had forced this industry to lag woefully. New sources of basic chemicals had to be found and the capacity of the old sources greatly increased and quickly at that.

The fundamental importance of benzene and toluene, the great need for them in the production of high explosives, and the method of manufacture by stripping gas was well understood. The essential nature of nitrates to a country at war was fully appreciated by every chemist. The result was marvelous. To every gas plant of any size in the United States an appeal was sent. Negotiations for the installation of apparatus for the recovery of toluene were entered into immediately with plants that had a capacity of at least 40,000 gallons a year. Brig. Gen. William H. Crozier indicates how well these inquiries were received. He states: "We have received a ready response to co-operate with us from every company we have written to so far." So great, in fact, was the production of explosives derived from toluene, that mighty masses were constantly in storage ready to be shipped, but with no means of transportation available. Probably the first time that many people heard of these industries was when they read glaring headlines in the daily papers of how T. N. T. and picric acid explosions had laid whole towns to waste.

An idea of the immensity of the nitrate program can be derived from the number of larger plants put into operation throughout the United States. No expense was spared in putting up a plant at Sheffield, Alabama, to be operated by the Government and to use the ammonia process of the General Chemical Company. The same holds true for another such plant at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River. This plant was to be operated for the Government by the Air Nitrates

Corporation. Plant No. 3, to comprise two units, located at Toledo and Elizabethtown, Ohio, was in the process of construction when the armistice was signed. Still another large plant was planned though the location was not finally settled upon. Verily can it be said that the chemists had their shoulder to the wheel in the matter of increasing explosive production.

The aviation branch of the army seemed remotely removed from the influence of chemistry. In reality, it depended upon acetic acid to make the "dope" for coating the wings of the machines. The high-powered engines for driving the overhead craft refused to work satisfactorily with the same fuel that was in use in the automobile industry. An improvement in this fuel and also in lubricants for the high-speed bearings was very pressing. What was the answer? Were these demands upon the research, the analytical and the manufacturing chemists fulfilled? No further proof that they were need be cited than the achievements of the aeronautical division of the Allied fighting forces. Furthermore, at no time, not even when searching investigations were conducted into the aircraft division, were any faults to be ferreted out which in any way reflected upon the necessary contributions of the chemists to this branch of service.

The many and varied ways in which chemists were necessary in the carrying on of this world war were early recognized by the United States Government. The Gas Service, A. E. F., was organized in September, 1917, when a broad study of the possibilities of both gas and anti-gas warfare had become exigent. The Chemical Warfare Service, A. E. F., has continued the functions of the Gas Service with greatly increased authority. This last mentioned service was organized on a very extensive plan under a chief, Brig.-Gen. Amos A. Fries. It had two main divisions: The Headquarters Division, and The Field Organization. Each was subdivided as follows: the Defense Division, the Offense Division, the Technical Division, the Purchase and Supply Division, and the Intelligence Division. The most significant feature in the formation of this section is the appreciation of the necessity of chemistry in modern warfare. Secretary Baker's desire to make this branch permanent only testifies to the valuable service that has been rendered to the nation in need by those identified with this division.

Now that our cause has been decided the winner, the Allied chemists have reasons to rejoice. The contest was entered into against the great German army, whose strong right arm was its chemical section. The victory in this battle of chemists should seem sweeter because the vanquished foe is mighty and respected. The spirit of pa-

triotism and sacrifice was as prominent in the service rendered by the chemists as was the use of technical skill. In active duty on the very fields of battle or in new and routine duty in chemical industries back of the lines, praiseworthy service has been rendered. Some have not returned to hear their praise sung; others have lifelong scars which bear silent witness to risks and dangers incurred in experimental stages with the death-dealing agents of their profession; while still others will return to their peaceful pursuits unharmed and unscathed but with a feeling of satisfaction and a clear conscience resulting from having rendered efficient service. Yea, the war placed the wearers of the crossed retorts and benzene ring in the class of the tried, trusted and true.

W. SHERRY.

The Mind

The mind, most wondrous of all earthly powers,
Despises bourne of space with haugthy spurn;
Leaps o'er the gap of buried years, by turn,
And far decries the fates of coming hours.

The whilst we dwell within these worldly bowers,
Through dull encumb'ring brain mind must discern
The Truth, and suffer still the little, that we learn,
Drive sadly forth the lesser that was ours.

But burst the bond of this encasing clay,
The mind shall fly with lightning flash to Truth,
Shall rush, and grasp, and rest within Its day.

With vigor, then, of heav'n's eternal youth
Endowed, in crystal brightness we shall see
Truth's baffling secret of simplicity.

—F. J. Kenhurst.

Mother Calls the Doctor

FROM the clock on the tower of the Times Building chimed out the hour.

"Ding—dong—ding—dong!"

Four A. M. and down the street, arm in arm, to the tune of: "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," came four birds of a feather, returning home after an evening of billiards at the club. At the Bullard mansion they separated. We will follow one as he walks slowly up the long lane of cedars that leads to the home of Col. George Bullard, the inventor of a new aeroplane motor.

It is, indeed, a beautiful and stately residence, and while the young scion of Bullard is picking his way slowly to the house, we will make a brief tour of the premises. In front of the mansion and to the left of the shaded walk is a beautiful park and aquarium. Landscape gardening has enhanced the beauty of the park and grounds. The house, with its high ceilings and white columns, is a large old-fashioned Southern Homestead. Situated on a slight eminence, it is indeed picturesque in its background of maples and oaks. Not a single light can be seen in the entire apartment, a fact noted with satisfaction by the young man strolling up the drive.

He approaches the side door, noiselessly opens it, and quickly steps inside. Oh! Why must there be loose boards in the floor? The man that put that floor down did not have to come in at four in the morning! But now it is speed coupled with caution. Silence is the watchword. To arouse the house now would indeed be a calamity. He removes his shoes and sets out on tip toe for the long and dangerous journey upstairs.

Not a soul in the guest chamber, no one visible in the drawing room, and no one promenading in his slumbers. (This was peculiar of the family.) Truly, this was rare luck. He has already mounted the stairs and is now in the shadow of his own doorway. The expected calamity had not happened. Ah! That was the time he had outwitted the Governor! With the utmost caution he opens the door and, after entering, as silently closes it. He turns around and begins to grope for the electric switch when, suddenly, the room is flooded with light.

"Why, Dad, er—ahem—er—what—"

"Yes, my boy, what does this hour mean? Do you realize that it is four o'clock and that this is the fifth time I have caught you this week?"

"Why—er—yes—that is—er—you know—"

"Yes I know. And I know something else too. I will give you just one more night of jollification. Wednesday you go to work"

"Aw now, Dad, listen here! You don't understand my position. I haven't—"

"Enough! Go to bed now or to work tomorrow."

Tuesday night saw Mr. Jack Bullard in his room. This was to be his last night at the club. Surely the pater was too unreasonable and stubborn. You couldn't explain a thing to him. And tonight of all nights! That this one should be the selected one from among 365! It was terrible that this was to be the last when he—But pshaw! It wouldn't do to complain. That would only make it worse. Hadn't he tried arbitration last night? Well, now that he had been caught he couldn't conciliate the wrath of his father. Of course he would be teased unmercifully, but he couldn't help it that he didn't have any—"

"Oh Jack! You look so despondent. I really believe there is something the matter with you."

Mother had just arrived after an argument with her daughter.

"There is something wrong, Mother. I am in a terrible shape."

"Oh, my dear boy, that is just too bad. I'll call in Doctor Shaw immediately. He will help you; I know he will."

"Here, Mother, not so fast. I don't want to see Doctor Shaw. I'm not sick, I tell you. It is merely my condition at present. I—"

"Now, now, that is just the way those fatal cases of the Influenza start. I know you are not well. You look a little feverish. I'm going."

And she went.

"Well, well, well! She is certainly complicating matters. The idea! Am I sick? No, I never felt better in my life. She just worked her imagination up to the breaking point. Still, I think I'll let her call the doctor. He may help me. At least I can explain matters to him."

Just then the door opened to admit Blodgett, the butler, with his silver plate and white card.

"Thank you, Blodgett."

Blodgett bowed himself out of the room.

"'Miss Florence Verton and Father." Blodgett! Blodgett! Are you deaf? Tell them I'll be down."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell them to be prepared for a surprise."

"Yes, sir." And Blodgett was gone.

"Hum! I wonder what they will say when they learn of my predicament. I hope that they are more sympathetic than the Governor. I know Mr. Verton will help me. All I need is a little—My Heavens! What *is that?*"

"It was Blodgett.

"No, madam, he said he would be down soon. No, you can't go in. No, he didn't say a word about sickness. No—No-o-o-o!"

"But I simply *must* see him. His mother told me he was dangerously ill. She has phoned for the doctor and wired Mr. Bullard to return. Why, the poor boy is in a "terrible shape." Those are the very words he used."

Jack sank into a chair, exhausted. This was the limit. This world was getting beyond him. Why had his mother taken that phrase in that light? Couldn't she see that he wasn't sick, but only—

The door flew open and in rushed a handsome young girl of about twenty-two summers.

"Oh Jack! Is it true? I heard you had the Influenza and were deathly sick."

"No, no. Who told you that? You ought to have known better than that.

"That is what they all say. No one who has the disease asks for a doctor. They all declare that they'll soon be all right. Here is your man, Blodgett. He is the rudest, most impolite—"

"Mr. Bullard."

"Yes, Blodgett."

"These flowers were just brought in. I don't recognize the name, sir."

"Thank you, Blodgett. "My sympathy. I hope it is nothing serious. As ever, Yours, The Count and Company.' Merciful heavens! Even the fellows at the club think me sick in bed. Oh! If my mother were not what she is I would—"

"Now, Jack, don't say it. I read that this is always the symptom of a serious case. It said that a man 'in terrible condition' frequently wishes evil on all his benefactors. It affects the brain, you know. But, oh Jackie! You wouldn't die. We had planned such a happy married career and—"

That was the last straw. Jack simply collapsed. If they considered him as dead, he might as well talk about the undertaker.

"Well, I don't know but that it might be best to have the doctor and the—er—lawyer. I haven't made my will yet, and besides—"

"Yes, sir."

It was Blodgett again.

"Yes, sir. Right this way, sir. Yes, sir. The patient is in here, sir." And with this, Doctor Shaw entered the room. He was a kindly disposed, middle-aged man and he thought it rather strange that the patient was sitting in an armchair. He had been given to understand that Jack was trying to get on good terms with the angels. But, being a man of tact, he said nothing.

"Well, Doctor, I've told these folks that—"

"He was not sick," put in Florence. "But, then they all do that."

"Yes, Doctor," said Mrs. Bullard, "my son just told me he was in a terrible shape."

"Well, my boy, we'll at least examine you."

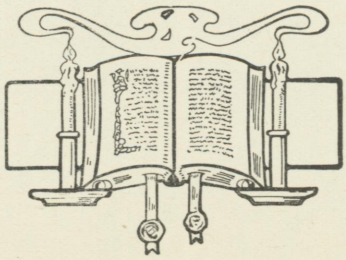
Suiting the action to the word, Doctor Shaw tested Jack's lungs and heart, sounded his chest, asked him about his digestion and did all he could to prove Jack a patient. But it was futile.

"My boy, you are all right. You're not sick."

"Not sick?" cried Mrs. Bullard. Pray, then, what is the matter with you. You said you were in a terrible shape. Explain yourself."

"That is just what I have been trying to do since you first consigned me to the hospital. By 'terrible shape' I meant that this is my last night for a good time, for I go to work tomorrow; and that I am in a terrible shape for such a momentous occasion; I am—pardon the slang—simply dead broke."

D. H. ABEL.



Enlisting the Imagination

I. Importance and Role of the Imagination

SOME Scripture student duly impressed by these words of the Inspired Writer, "The imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth," have labelled the faculty here mentioned with the crimson danger signal, "Highly Inflammable," and have scrupulously treated it as such. However, as there are dealers in dynamite, and manufacturers of nitro-glycerine, so there must be men who are willing to manipulate the so dangerous mental explosive alluded to; and among their number, teachers, who are in daily contact with nascent magazines, must be resigned to enroll themselves.

My introductory paragraph savors a little of the spirit of some misinformed, though well-meaning people, who see in the imagination an ever-present menace, and nothing but a menace. They read somewhere in the paper, that two boys, having fingered the pages of "Jesse James," raided a country wagon, with the result that both were severely treated by the juvenile court, and that the 1860 revolver was confiscated. Then the sage readers of newspaper lore, committed the vulgar error of universalizing a single fact into the general conclusion: Novels are dangerous and are better left alone; for is not "Jesse James" a novel, and did it not lead those two innocent boys astray? By a course of reasoning, ignoring the laws of logic, the imagination was made to share the fate of its child, the novel.

Here we are confronted with one of the many instances, where, two facts being found together, one is made the sole cause of the other. The existence of partial causes, the influence of particular circumstances, as environment, education, the number of boys who read similar books, but did not raid country wagons, receive no place in such reasoning. Nor is novel distinguished from novel. All fiction, good as well as bad, is censured and the imagination is subjected to a puritanical regime, depriving life of all its color. The poet is a day-dreamer, though the precise meaning of that term is not clearly defined; the novelist becomes the equivalent of the greatest power for evil; the musician is identified with his idiosyncrasis and banished

from the community as a disturber of the peace; the brush artist,—well he, being less noisy and more retired than the others is accorded a condescending forbearance, provided he is not too original. The works of these favored men are looked upon askance, as products of fantasy and in consequence dangerous. The external world alone is real; thought and fancy have no reality.

It is not astonishing that educators, who are actuated by principles similar to the preceding, instead of encouraging and directing the child's budding imagination, should thwart its progress. Their ignorant prejudices deprive them of a valuable aid in the intellectual and moral formation of the child. Still, if they alone were to reap the fruit of their ignorance, it might be passed over in silence; but as the youthful mind is the chief sufferer, the friends of childhood must combat an ignorance that smothers one of the noblest abilities of man.

The faculty of receiving, retaining, reproducing, constructing images, is a gift of God to our nature, and therefore has a purpose, and must be developed according to this purpose. It is not the Creator's will that any power with which He has endowed soul or body, should be aimlessly, ruthlessly stifled. No part of any nature is intrinsically evil. Why then be an obstacle to its legitimate progress?

No one would consciously, knowingly impede the physical perfection of a child or weaken any of its external senses. On the contrary, their development and education is the object of earnest study for pedagogical writers. Now, psychologists place the power, which presently interests us, among our internal senses. As a sense it has the important office of furnishing the material for our purely intellectual operations, and therefore should receive the same amount of attention as is bestowed upon sight or hearing.

The imagination is a sense, a faculty, whose activity cannot be suppressed. The latter fact is well illustrated by our dreams. In sleep the incidents of past life are rehearsed; at times the individual elements of experience are reconstructed into entirely new situations; at others, when conscience is delicate and permeates even our physiological being, we sit in judgment upon the deeds of dreamland; even the will seems to rouse itself, and by an energetic effort awakens us; all which is but a byplay of the imagination. In face of such a restless activity, does it not seem more rational to direct it, rather than to exhaust ourselves in useless endeavors to subdue it? An attempt to stem the onward rush of a torrent would justly be considered folly; but diverting it into channels and forcing it to benefit where it would harm, is the calculating work of mature intelligence. Since the imag-

ination must act, will flash pictures upon the curtain of our consciousness, will haunt us with voices of the past, will establish associations, why not constrain it to flash the pictures that we choose, to speak the voices that we would hear, to form the associations that enlightened reason can endorse?

The possibility of thus enlisting fancy into our service will become evident to the reader when this faculty appears to him in its capacity of receptacle, repository for sense impressions. Constantly and often unawares, images are engraving themselves upon the delicate matter of the brain centres. One psychologist relates the following incident as evidencing the unconscious reception of images. A gentleman was enjoying his afternoon stroll one day, when suddenly the number 432 surged up into the clear light of his consciousness. He could not explain why that number, and no other, should thus come to his mind. Having walked a short distance, he noticed an automobile waiting for its owner at a fashionable residence, and on the rear of the machine he read, "432." In all probability, the automobile had passed him some time during his walk, and from its tag he had unconsciously imbibed the image 432, which so unexpectedly haunted him. Provided with the knowledge of this role of the imagination, we demand no further proof of the statement, that its friends or enemies are the senses. Upon them depend the pictures, the voices, the associations, and the latter determine our control of the imaginative faculty. The proper use of the senses renders unnecessary a wearying watchfulness over our fancy.

Despite what has been thus far said, the reader might still entertain suspicions of the power under discussion. It is with a view to dispelling these, that I propose to enumerate a few of the benefits, resulting to the race, from the intelligent application of a maligned faculty.

A cursory glance at a book professing to treat the psychology of great men, will suffice to convince the reader of the essential place occupied by the imagination in the make-up of genius. We grant, without difficulty, that fancy is the mother of the arts. The Moses of Michael Angelo is but a marble representation of a picture, that lay hidden in the mind of the great sculptor. It was his fancy that supplied Raphael with models. The story of Tasso's life acquaints us with periods, when the only realities for this poet were the products of his mind; the din of battle and the sound of clanking chains, within his brain, were louder than the rolling thunder without his prison castle. It was Beethoven, I believe, who never wrote a note, until the entire roulade, to which it belonged, was clearly present to his

mind. These are only a few of the incidents which might be cited to emphasize the necessity of a brilliant and fertile fancy for minds that wish to be ranked with the masters in the arts.

But imagination is no less important to the geniuses of science, war, statesmanship, engineering. Either these intellects seek and present truth untrammeled by the trappings of beauty; or they strive to deduce the practical consequences that result from truths already known; all compare and combine images to attain the desired end. Genius might be defined, a brilliant, vivid imagination, directed by a keen intellect. Napoleon fought and won his battles before a shot was fired. The clearest plans for the bold bridges that span our mighty rivers, are the pictures in the architect's mind.

The role of the faculty in question, in the field of asceticism, can be but hinted at here. Books have been written on the subject. Suffice it to say, that true initiative in the labor for one's own sanctification and for the salvation of others, is the firm will to realize the good designs conceived by fancy and approved by reason. Whatever there is of the good, the true, the beautiful, in the world, comes from the land of inspiration, where fancy receives undisputed homage.

There is still another benefit accruing to us from the possession of "this gift of God." Every sense, internal or external, has its lawful delights. Every power, exercised according to the laws of its nature, produces pleasure. The happy moments that fancy procures us are too well known that an enumeration would be necessary here. The poetry that filled the soul of St. Francis of Assisi, when he invited his sisters, the birds, the animals, the elements, to come aid him sing the praises of their Maker, was the beginning of heaven for him. Suffering and deprivation lost their edge.

The principle set forth in the preceding paragraph, finds an application in the daily life of a teacher. They say reality is stranger than fiction and many there are who believe it. It might be as correctly added, that reality is oftentimes more cruel and more bitter than fiction depicts it. And from this reality man seeks a refuge, craves for something that will bring sweet oblivion of sorrows and afflictions that weigh upon him. He has found resignation, it is true, in prayer; but somewhere in his soul there is a cry for forgetfulness, and if, at times, prayer should deepen the memory of trouble, it is then that the imagination should be permitted to fulfill one of its God-given offices. A book that will transport us from our daily surroundings to other spheres, where, perchance, we will be absorbed in the fortunes of another, is the shortest path to oblivion of the present. Our sympathy with the hero's woes, if there be a hero, will alleviate

the poignancy of our own. Friends of literature are here blessed. They take up some work of the authors, it need not always be Newman, and the worry of the class-room, which has ruffled their temper a little, is forgotten; and they gladden the community with their wonted sprightliness. At the fireside of their favorite authors they have tasted the lotus, and they will rise fresh in the morning, prepared for another day with lads, who are, unwittingly perhaps, embittering and shortening their master's years. For lovers of literature the imagination is a sanctuary whence proceeds a light that touches and enlivens what daily contact renders dark, dull, tedious.

Besides the blessings that flow from a well-goverend exercise of the wonderful power under consideration, connected with its abuse are dangers, which, to superficial minds, would justify the crimson signal, referred to in the introduction.

Granting only a passing notice to the sad disappointments and the unwelcome awakenings, to which a much-pampered fancy gives occasion, we come to an observation of paramount importance. For the vast majority of men, the real battle-ground between the forces of good and evil, is the imagination. The exterior deed is only a consequence of the interior struggle; it but indicates the victor. It is not always the picture, or the recital, of obscenity, that leads directly to sin; it is rather the vividly colored souvenir, which haunts the mind, at times to the degree of obsession. Because of the physiological bases of the imagination, the image establishes a current in the nervous system, and via the emotions, breaks forth into act, in men, whose wills are not strong and generous enough, to interrupt the fatal determinism, at the opportune moment. Macbeth committed regicide long before he commissioned his servant: "Bid thy mistress," etc. The picture of the royal insignia had conquered the loyalty to his king, his kinsman, his guest, upon the field of his imagination, in the days when

"Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet thou wouldst make both."

As previously suggested, the imagination affects the organism; which fact is a further danger, when the faculty is not under control. Much-lamented bad habits have their seat in the association of images. Aberrations of providential instincts are originally caused by an abuse of the imaginative power. When experienced, observant teachers say, they have noticed a change in such an such a lad, or they have remarked something repellant in the countenance of that other, or they read a boy's soul in his eyes, they are evidencing this law of our double nature.

In presence of such evils, what most disconcerts us is our inability, in many cases, to cope with them by physical means. They are ills of the inward being and demand a treatment peculiar to themselves. Hence the advantage, even necessity, of a knowledge of the imagination, its nature and operations, its relations with the other faculties, and its influence upon the organism. Like all powers of man, that are dependent upon his physiological nature, this faculty has its maladies, which intelligent and timely care, on the part of the teacher, can either prevent, cure, or at least mitigate.

Therefore, a study of the motor force of images will lead to the conclusion, that every image tends to express itself in act, and that the stronger more vivid image prevails; the bearing of this principle upon the intellectual and moral life of childhood, youth, and mature age, could likewise be interestingly discussed; nor should there be a lack of due insistence upon the mutual relations of intellect and imagination; finally, in how far the will can control the fancy, and the reaction of the latter upon the former, may not be ignored.

The sole purpose of this article is to interest the reader in a faculty, which has greater pedagogical significance than is usually conceded. The imagination is of incalculable assistance to a teacher who knows how to avail himself of its possibilities as a means of imparting instruction in any line whatsoever. For the pupil, the faculty is a precarious one. It will be an extraordinary help or a terrible hindrance, intellectually and morally, according to its development and the uses to which it is applied. Often the teacher will find himself obliged to destroy and counteract associations of images imbibed by the child from his home surroundings.

Let us hope that a simple statement of the benefits the imagination procures us, has cleared away the prejudices which some have harbored against the faculty; that the acknowledgment of the dangers consequent upon its misuse, has appealed to the more severely minded, and warned all, of the wariness, with which such an impressionable faculty is to be approached; and lastly, that the consideration of its pedagogical importance will awaken an interest, which aught be productive of good results, in teacher and pupils alike.

F. KENNETH.

The Chaplain of the 132nd

IT was one of those balmy October days when indoor life is unbearable; nature was playing with its colors, painting its landscape around one of our large military cantonments. The maple in rivalry with the oak, was chiding the luster of the beech; shrubs and brushes, like servants to the stalwart trees, garbed themselves in perfect harmony. The leaves, bathed in the golden rays of the autumn sun, waved and kissed one another good-bye, as they fell dizzily to the ground.

"A scene like this certainly must cultivate the better senses of man," remarked Father Daugherty, a U. S. Chaplain, to Captain Farrell of the Medical Corps, assigned to the Base Hospital. They were driving along the road in an automobile with a K. of C. secretary. To their right in a low valley lay the drill grounds of the camp; to their left, a dense forest climbed the slope of a steep hill.

"Yes," answered the Captain, and, moreover, it seems to me, that when God cannot speak through nature to elevate man, he uses force, or vengeance or whatever you may call it. And I am inclined to believe that His vengeance, is spreading over our camp." He had spoken with all seriousness.

The drill field was a lively scene; thousands in different units marched as commanded. At short intervals, some of the men dropped out of rank, and were carried from the field.

"What does this mean, Captain? Are the boys being overworked?"

"My dear Father! It is not overwork, but the Influenza, a more potent enemy of our nascent army than the German instruments of death," politely answered the captain.

At these words, the priest's expression became very grave; his face showed sympathy and pain. He seemed deeply moved and did not utter a word.

The silence was broken by the captain:

"Father, I am sorry to impart such dreadful news; however, I am on my way to some of the larger cities to rush supplies. We recorded 347 cases of the dread disease within four hours, and we fear the situation may become very serious."

Again there was silence, and this time it was not broken. A gloom was settling down upon the accustomed happy spirit of these men.

At the station, Captain Farrell saluted and went his way. The chaplain retained his seat; his eyes had remained dreamily staring at the back of the front seat. He roused himself from his reverie and asked the K. of C. secretary to motor back to the camp. The wind had changed its course, and by the time their machine stopped at the main K. of C. auditorium, the sand was whirling in little mountains of dust around the corners of the buildigs. There was a sad moaning, almost human, so does man read his mood into nature, throughout the camp, interrupted now and then by some boisterous effort of the wind, as it whistled through crevice and cranny of the frame barracks. The song and laughter of the boy in olive-drab had died out. Ambulances almost crowded out the routine camp traffic.

The morning sun, shrounded in a cloud of mist, seemed too unwillingly to cast his laughing beams upon a scene where so many lay ill, where so many were dying. Was it a visitation from on High that brought this fatal suffering at such an unpropitious moment? The Influenza had spread over the camp like a typhoon, catching the weak, the strong, the prepared and unprepared, in his deadly grip. The hospital, with a capacity of 2400, could not take care of the patients, and sections of the barracks were added as an annex.

The hospital presented a scene that beggared description. "The coughing and moaning of those suffering, the agonies of the dying, make a man weary of life," were the remarks of the chaplains and the K. of C. secretaries, one morning after a full night of endeavor among the ailing. Their own rest was of small consequence to them. The weird and awful faces that looked into eternity, haunted everyone in his few hours of sleep. One rose unrefreshed, as tired almost after rest as before.

It was at this time that a man of stately build, attired in a officer's uniform, his devotion to his fellows showing from his eyes, entered the camp. He walked very briskly, crossed over the drill field in section "Q," stopped in the officers' quarters, asked for his room, and retired, very exhausted, from his long trip.

Another day, that offered nothing but additional sufferings, was breaking the darkness on the eastern horizon. A K. of C. secretary with heavy eyes and weary spirit took off his Red Cross apron, adjusted his mask, gave another look, with a prayer, to a dying friend, and left the ward by way of the long corridor formed by an enclosed passage from one ward to another. He had almost come to the end

of the hallway, when a delicate voice halted him. It was the day nurse, going to Ward 30, to which she had been assigned.

The secretary turned and approached her with his usual felicity: "What can I do for you, Miss O'Leary?"

"I simply would like to have your opinion. Father Daugherty came into my ward yesterday evening just before I was ready to leave. We had previously received a Catholic patient, who demanded immediate attention. Father Daugherty came into the office; with a polite nod, he stepped over to the clinical records and mechanically looked them over. He asked the number again, and I repeated the number, 47. His face somewhat flushed up when he told me that he was a Protestant minister and could not attend to Catholics; he said good-bye and left as hurriedly as he had come. The night nurse just tells me, that he came back about 7 o'clock last night with a smile, scanned the records and asked no questions, but administered the last sacraments to patient No. 47. It worried me very much. Do you think this awful strain could be upsetting a mind like Father's?"

The secretary was perplexed. He know Father almost too well; but yet doubts started to cross his mind, as the nurse would never have confided such information of her friend and spiritual advisor, if it were not so.

He stood for a moment and then: "It is beyond me, my dear nurse. I do not know what to make of the occurrence. Let us hope and pray that our worries be vain."

Both very puzzled, they parted.

Hours did not have sufficient minutes for doctors, ministers, and nurses. There was too great a shortage of them, for the amount of work. Miss O'Leary with her wonderful energy strove to be everywhere. As she was preparing hypodermics one morning, a hand was gently laid on her shoulder. She turned, and met the usual smile of Father Daugherty.

"It is too bad, too bad, Miss O'Leary, to see those soldiers with ambitions and great futures foiled, sinking into eternity by the hundreds. It almost breaks my heart. Just look down this ward. Is it not distressing to see those mothers, wives and sweethearts, mourning their departed?" He could say no more, but simply gazed, and the nurse fearing it might lead to that, which she dreaded more than death in Father, stood undetermined, not knowing what to do or say.

Father Daugherty felt an arm slip below his. It surely was a lady's. As he turned, he saw a well-dressed woman at his side. She wore an olive-drab traveling suit and a hat of the same color. Her

transparent veil revealed a face, tender, intelligent, brightening into a happy smile.

The priest not understanding the intimacy, was unable to say anything. The strange lady drew him aside. Her smile had faded from her lips, and disappointment appeared in her eyes.

"And you pretend not even to recognize me?" She strove to hide her feelings and wanted to be serious, but could not stop the tears, that trembled in her eyes. "Why James, what is wrong with you? Your look frightens me, you don't seem even to remember me. I fear,—I fear,—he has lost his mind." She fell into the nurse's arm. The priest assisted her to the office, and left, thinking the woman was distraught.

Walking down the corridor he met one of his colleagues, Father O'Brien, whose genial disposition won all that came in contact with him. But this morning the genial disposition was gone. He seriously took Father Daugherty to task.

"What is it Father? You appear to be sane; and if you possess your good sound mind, why do you administer to the protestant patients? We have almost more of our creed than we can satisfactorily attend to; and, moreover, the Protestant ministers take offense, as they claim to have sufficient ministers, with the Y. M. C. A., to take care of the men of their belief. They are becoming very emphatic in their opposition, and instructed me to tell you to be so kind as to mind your own business."

Father Daugherty did not seem to understand. He was in the dark. He had nothing but a sad look for an answer. He proceeded on his way down to the isolated wards. He had gone about halfway, when an officer stepped directly in front of him, out of the ward to his right. He was thunderstruck, when he caught sight of the man.

"Are you a Catholic priest; I beg pardon,—your appearance—"

"Yes," answered the priest patiently.

"You must;—you must come with me;—I will explain later."

He caught the priest by the arm, and the two sped their way down the long corridor.

As they passed on their way, they were too preoccupied to notice the attraction they forced on all sides. Chaplains and welfare workers looked questionably at one another. Something seemed strange here. Father O'Brien felt confident that Father Daugherty deserved an apology.

They had proceeded down to the Nurses Quarters.

"What is it my friend? You appear excited. You are growing very pale. Are you ill?"

"Not exactly. I am weary, more spiritually perhaps than physically. You cannot blame me and I know you will not when I have explained. I have ben working with zeal among the sick, and it seems to me now that with my best endeavor, I have accomplished so little. You Catholic chaplains have won the admiration of all. To be a priest must be wonderful; and to be a Catholic at death must be great consolation. My wife had been a Catholic in her youth—"

"Your wife had been a Catholic?" surprisingly ejaculated the priest.

"Yes and she is now at death's door—"

"Dying!"

"And it's her desire to die Catholic. You understand why I called you? I, a non-Catholic minister have given her all I had to offer spiritually. She says I have given very little.—Right in here, Father."

They entered the Nurses' apartments. They passed the beds of eight critically ill nurses; they stopped at No. 9. Father Daugherty stepped to the bedside and at once recognized the same lady that he had met a few days ago in Ward 30; however, her beautiful face was now drawn in agony, her breathing was short, and interrupted with a choking cough. She was very restless. At periods she would regain consciousness, during which happy moments she called for the priest. Father Daugherty administered the last sacraments. They had an apparently magic effect. She became very quiet and closed her eyes, probably never to open them again. The priest spent a short while in prayer and thinking of the goodness of God's mercy, even with joy in his heart, he wept. Father Daugherty was about to close the door, when the other man approached him.

"I have so much to tell you. When and where could I arrange to meet you, Father?"

"If convenient to you, at 7:00 o'clock this evening, in the Chaplain's Office, main K. of C. building." A salute, and they parted.

Father Daugherty's mind was filled with what had transpired in the course of a week. For the first time he felt somewhat depressed, fatigued and was suffering a slight headache, due from loss of sleep, as he walked back to his quarters late in the afternoon.

At the appointed hour, there was a sharp rap at the door. Father Daugherty roused himself from his nap, opened the door and with extended hand greeted his visitor.

"And your name is John Daugherty, Father?—My name is James Daugherty, and your likeness has puzzled me seriously—"

"Come have a seat, Chaplain Daugherty. How is your wife, Reverend?" Chaplain James Daugherty's face showed deep sorrow,

and his voice was husky and choking when he imparted the news that his wife's body was being prepared for shipment at the morgue. He was cultured and strong, and possessed the art of hiding grief.

"Could I assist you further?" asked Father Daugherty sympathetically."

"I wish to thank you a thousand times. There is something I almost hesitate to touch upon as I sometimes think it might not be."

"You interest me. What is it—why should you hesitate?"

"Does that heart-shaped locket of yours contain a photo of a pair of twins like mine here?"

"Yes!" answered the priest, astonishingly.

"Thank God!—Then you have lost your parents at sea, and have been taken from an orphanage in New York City."

"Yes! and you are my twin brother."

They embraced while James whispered in his brother's ear: "How would I do as a priest?"

"You have my blessing brother," the other heartily answered.

The Airplane

WE are becoming more and more acquainted with that wonderful machine we call the "airplane." The public in general can now discuss its utility in warfare, who of us not having heard of it in the capacity of "eyes of the artillery," the "terror of the skies" or the "scout of scouts." Moreover, we all know that speed is the determining factor in all of these missions. Then besides, newspapers, technical journals and magazines of all sorts are constantly proclaiming its characteristic features and merits. But of still stronger evidence of its powers is our own personal observation.

Among those more intimately acquainted with it are the scientists. Its numerous sectors affording them untold opportunities for research and invention. One discovery leads to another until the men of science are buried in facts, experiments and mysteries, the true scientist's delight. This delight is constantly maintained by an increasing interest in the experiments as they proceed, by realization growing always stronger of the airplane's utility in peaceful as well as war-like pursuits.

There is perhaps a class of men still more thoroughly familiar with the modern airplane, its perfection having been confided to them, namely the engineers. During the war some of these men had all of their efforts centered in its development; they realized its importance in the field of modern warfare; they saw that success in the world war would take flight upon its wings. Moreover, being men of foresight, men accustomed to scheme and plan, they now see its coming importance in the everyday affairs of life. Nor was even the money factor overlooked; it would soon become a very desirable, even a necessary machine in the business world. As its position in men's lives has become clearer, a race has begun among engineers of the world, one attempting to outdo the other in bringing forth new improvements.

Among the most notable improvements in airplanes, we will mention first the motor. It comes first for two reasons, namely its essential importance and its need of perfection. This latter aspect was clearly shown in the war. Although it is true enough that all of an airplane's points, advantages and disadvantages were brought to the front over in Europe, none perhaps, received the attention that the motor did. The all important point at present is to develop a motor of light weight and high power. These qualities are found embodied to a great extent in the Hispano-Suiza type, a motor capable of developing 345 H. P. and weighing only 600 pounds. It is the best turned out so far and is of American origin and development. The body also has received much attention and reached a high degree of perfection in the new Loening type of machine.

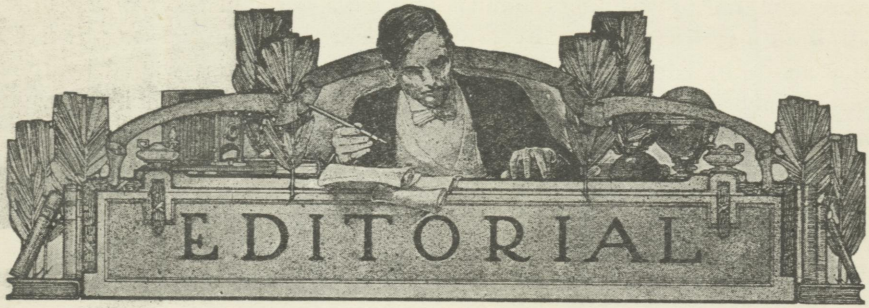
This wonderful plane is worthy of considerable comment. It may readily be described as the embodiment of perfection. It is a double-seated monoplane, and was designed essentially for war purposes. Speed, lifting power and climbing ability are its chief merits. With a 300 H. P. Hispano-Suiza motor it has flown at the rate of 145 miles per hour. This high rate of speed is due no doubt in large part to the wonderful development in body construction; two parallel metal braces on each side being the only means of support for its wings. Wire stays and other bracing parts are thereby eliminated, thus greatly diminishing air resistance. Moreover, carrying a load equivalent to its own weight, the Loening monoplane is capable of climbing at the rate of a trifle over 581.5 feet per minute, nearly twice the former record for a two-man fighting machine with full equipment. Just recently this new record was made here in Dayton, the heart of aeronautical achievements. This even was unnoticed, perhaps, by her people; nevertheless Dayton can claim this signal vic-

tory of the air, as she has claimed numerous other records and achievements of the past in the aerial line.

Despite all these marvelous results, it may seem surprising but we cannot as yet sit back and rest. Some very difficult problems have yet to be solved before the airplane can be considered at all a success. Of primary consideration is the inefficiency of the modern internal combustion motor. When we discover that we are not getting more than 15 per cent efficiency out of our motor per gallon of gasoline consumed, 85 per cent of our power being lost, we may as well begin to think seriously of the problems before us. But besides the plain fact that we are losing all that energy in heat, friction, etc., this high percentage of lost power means added weight in the form of radiators, fans and other devices. The question of weight, moreover, is important; the success of the Loening plane is due to its low weight but high power. Another big factor is the resistance. It has ben computed that the tractive resistance of an airplane, is on an average, practically nine times that of an automobile. In fact, the coefficient of resistance and of expenditure of power of an airplane takes on a very extravagant nature compared with that of other machines of locomotion.

At the present time we are all looking forward to the day when the first heavier-than-air machine will bridge the Atlantic. In all probability this day is not far off, as recent improvements have made it possible for airplanes to carry the fuel necessary for that long aerial voyage. In fact, the latest we hear is that the voyage from England to the United States is to be attempted in April. Besides passenger service, transportation of freight by air will, no doubt, become a reality in the near future. Likewise, a few months may see us dropping our letters in special mail boxes, marked "by air." Then with a perfected motor and the consequent increase in power, we may reasonably hope for the day when, mounting a few steps and sitting down in a cozy little compartment, we can reach our destination thousands of miles away in the time taken to read one column of our morning paper.

WALTER S. V. CURTIS.



Popularity To be pleasing to the many, noble men at times, not daring to walk in the footsteps of a haughty Coriolanus, have come down from where they stood upon the pedestal, as models in many lines of praiseworthy human ambition. They have sacrificed their efficiency for good to purchase in exchange a commodity, costly to the donor and far beneath comparison with the price the recipient must give for it. It is a lethal something which by the insinuating numbness to onetime honored ideals which it injects into its victim, makes him strangely insensible to what once would have roused the man within him to determined resistance. But now he sleeps in the arms of Popularity, lulled by the pleasantness of adulation received from many who were, and who still are, his inferiors in intelligence and in moral worth.

Henceforth he will grow more and more selfish, and frequently sacrifice to the craving for popular approval interests which his better judgment pronounces superior to the article purchased, interests which once he might even have held as sacred, being imposed upon him by justice to individuals or even to entire groups. He will be made a moral coward, depriving himself of the backbone that formerly enabled him to say "no" to demands which then he acknowledged called for denial. He will become superficial and allow himself to be ruled by fears, frequently imaginary, of missing the present approval of those whom he is striving to please. His consequent near-sightedness will prevent him from seeing obstacles and difficulties and stigmas of disapprobation that are looming up ahead of him in the not far distant future.

From his high position as lord of the many he will descend to the degradation of slavedom to the siren, Popularity, as fickle as the mob that gives her away. He will cease to be a man guided by unerring and long-tried principles, whereon he walked safely amid human affairs. He will now stumble through life with expediency as one crutch and for the other, he will lean upon a hollow, crumbling,

rank-smelling "hurrah." He must now be a freak in the world. For all things in creation go by law, as steady and unswerving as He that made it, whereas the popular man moves and is swayed by the unreasoned, fickle likes and dislikes of those from whom he craves approval.

We are told that "there is a divinity shapes our ends rough hew them as we may." The poet, when recording this inspiration communicated to him by his muse, had not in mind the men of Popularity. Their lives, their ends, are shaped not by a divinity, but by the rough handiwork of the mob. Popular men pay for this, their prerogative by favors and favoritism, too frequently unjustly bestowed, and thereby sow the seed of dissatisfaction and disorder. The satisfaction of a few, insatiable appetites, often disgruntles the unfavored ones. And because of the almost necessarily conflicting interests in every society of men favors, so well-intentioned, accorded by the popular man, will win him but a shortlived smile of the siren.

For the true moulder of the minds and hearts of the young, who possesses a correct understanding of the arduous obligations of his high office, frequently forcing him to restrict the desires of his charges, popularity might be looked upon as a danger signal of real essential failure, and not as a label of success.

"Had I served my God, as I have served my king, He would not now have left me naked to mine enemies," cries out Wolsey. So, too, frequently, will the popular man cry out when he has run his course: "Had I served principle, tried and proven, it would not now have left me empty-handed." He will depart from the world and leave no footprints upon the sands of time, for others to follow; for he walked upon the breath of the unreasoning mob, and not in the characters and lives of men. He goes forth out of life, a piteous failure, a bankrupt. Breath he sowed and breath he reaps. He lived on air and on air does he starve. He takes naught of real achievement with him. If the dead are soon forgotten, how soon the popular man! Again it is the poet speaking: "He that counts on the affection of a boy is a fool;" and "men are but children of a larger growth." The popular man had counted upon the affections of the mob and presently their loud, "hurrahs" become sibilant "hisses." Poor, piteous dupe of the siren, "Popularity."

F. KENNETH.

It has pleased God to call to Himself

Our beloved Alumnus

REV. J. GEORGE FRANZ, '80

who died in the peace of the Lord on January 12, 1919,
at Dayton, Ohio, in the 58th year of his age
and the 29th of his Priesthood.

In Loving Memory

Father Franz, '80, was laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery on January 16, having succumbed to a complication of diseases which had worked upon him for several months, but whose mortal sting did not come until New Year's Day when he was removed to St. Elizabeth Hospital. He died there, calm and resigned, after having devoutly received the Last Sacraments. At the solemn burial services held at St. John's Church, the clergy recited the Office for the Dead which was followed by a Pontifical Requiem Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

Our Rev. Alumnus was one of the first students of St. Mary to receive Holy Orders, having matriculated at his Alma Mater from Piqua, Ohio, on September 11, 1878. Later on he went to Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati, finished his course of theology in Baltimore, Md., and was ordained priest May 31, 1890. During his priestly career he was stationed first at Emanuel Church, Dayton, then at Hamilton, Troy, Madisonville and Cincinnati. On July 18, 1907, he was appointed pastor of St. John's Church, Dayton, O., which appointment he filled nobly up until the time of his death.

A secular periodical pays him the following tribute: "During the last ten years, when he served St. John's congregation, Father Franz endeared himself to everybody in his parish. He did much in organizing the building committee and in planning and seeing completed the new St. John's Church. He was the faithful servant and friend of his parishioners. Quiet, unassuming, plain, simple, good, yet ever insistent that right should triumph over evil, he was the ideal type of parish priest."

R. I. P.

NORBERT P. MOTT, '23

Alumni Notes

THE STARS IN OUR SERVICE FLAG

ERNEST C. KIRSCHTEN, '24

Albert H. Adelberg
Walter I. Agnew
Carl Aman
Sergt. Hans Aman
Lieut. Edward Anderton
Harry Anderton
Herbert L. Arkenberg
Walter F. Augusten

Eugene C. Baczenas
John T. Baczenas
Frederick G. Baer
Lieut. Carl O. Baker
Lawrence F. Baker
Leo Barlow
Corp. Russell G. Beckerer
Russell Becker
Lieut. T. E. Bennett
Walter Berghoff
Lieut. Alfred Bergman
Oscar Beringer
Robert E. Berry
Walter Biedermann
Rev. Lieut. Francis A. Biendl
Lloyd Bing
Walter K. Blaire
Louis C. Bleicher
Carl Braun
Lieut. Clarence Braun
A. J. Breen
Russell H. Boatman
Horace J. Boesch
William J. Boesch
William J. Bolles
Oswald Bonholzer (deceased)
Richard W. Bowman
Lieut. Gale Breene
Charles Brennan
Paul Brennan
William Brennan
Anthony Brockmann
J. W. Buchanan
Lieut. Lawrence C. Bucher
Adrian J. Buerger
George Burba, Jr.
John Burbridge
Albert Burgmeier
Harry Burke
Alvin Burkhardt
Hans Burkhardt
Thomas M. Burke
Elmer Burnett
John L. Burns
Sylvester J. Burns

Henry Cahill
J. F. Cahill
Matthew J. Cahill
Edmund V. Callahan
Thomas F. Campbell
Thomas Carroll
Robert A. Carton
William Casey
Sergt. Joseph Chronerberry
John J. Clark
Cyril G. Clasgens
Edward J. Coleman
Edward R. Connelly
Sergt. Leslie R. Cooper
John H. Costin
Edward Cowan
Walter Creedon
Charles Creedon
Aloysius D. Crowley
Lieut. John L. Crowley
Rodney Cullen
Lavergne S. Cunningham

Herman Decker
Carl R. Deckwitz
William H. Deddens
Lieut. Leon J. Deger
Richard J. Deger
Walter E. Deis
Clemens B. Demann
Lieut. Joseph Derrivan
Maj-Gen. Joseph T. Dickman
Frank Donovan
Capt. J. O. Donovan
Raphael M. Dorsten
Lieut. J. R. Droege
Major Vincent Drufner
William Duffey
Basil Durst

Charles Durst
James J. Dwyer
William E. Dwyer
George E. Edmonson
Lieut. Gerald Eichelberger
Frank P. Elardo
Robert A. Eshman
Lieut. Hubert Estabrook
Kenneth Estabrook
Joseph W. Evans

Henry W. Faas
William Faigle
Henry Farrell
Frank Farrell
Thomas Farrell
Lieut. Vincent J. Farrell
Sergt. Wm. Faulstick (deceased)
Sergt. Herman J. Feidner
George Feigler
Lieut. Joseph B. Ferneding
Ben Fisher
G. Fitzgerald
Paul Fitzmartin
Thomas Fitzmaurice
Charles Fitzpatrick
William Fitzpatrick
Anthony B. Flaherty
Henry Fleck
Walter Fleck
Irwin M. Fleischer
Lieut. Elmer J. Focke
Urban G. Focke
Walter Focke
Bernard J. Fox
Victor E. Frank
Lieut. Benj. W. Freeman
Albert Freudenberger

Alexis J. Genard
Cornelius B. George
Corp. John P. Georges
Carl F. Geppert
Roman A. Gerber
Ralph Gerlach
Clarence A. Goldcamp
Frank Goldcamp (deceased)
Robert E. Gray
McLeod A. Greathouse
Norman Gregg
Vincent Gregg
Clarence Greiwe
John A. Griesemer
James M. Griffin
John H. Griffin
Patrick Griffin
Thomas F. Griffin
Capt. J. Edward Grimes
Wilbur D. Groby
Ralph L. Groof
Daniel P. Grothause
Sergt. Fred P. Grundish
Quentin A. Guenther

William L. Haag
Charles F. Haas
Harry J. Haas
John Hacket
Carl J. Hahn
C. Forster Hahne
Lieut. Herbert Haile
Elmer Hais
G. Hamberger
Bernard Hanley
Edw. M. Happensack
Donald F. Harker
Lieut. James F. Harrington
Harry A. Hart
Sergt. Clarence Hasenstab
Robert Hastings
Lieut. J. Chas. Hayes (deceased)
Walter Heck
Marcellus J. Heile
Leonard Heile
Joseph Heim
Alfred Helfrich
Clemens J. Hellebusch
Frank Hennessy
Leo G. Henry
Chas. J. Herman
Edgar A. Herrman
Francis A. Herrmann
Frank Herron
George Herron
Elmer B. Hess
Franklin F. Hetzel
Howard W. Hetzel
Robert J. Hickey
Raymond G. Hieber
Raymond F. Higgins
Fred B. Hillery (deceased)
Carroll Hochwalt
Cyril Hochwalt
George C. Hochwalt
Justin A. Hochwalt
Clarence Hodapp
Frank J. Hoffman
Edward Hogan
John L. Hogan
Norbert F. Holbrock
Joseph H. Holscher
Frank Holters
Henry Holters
Lieut. Herbert Hook
Thomas F. Hook
Lamar J. Hopping
Edward J. Horan
Lieut. Wm. Howe
Sergt. Clarence F. Howe (deceased)
Lester Howett
Edwin B. Huesmann
Lawrence S. Huffman
Bernard W. Hughes
Elden G. Hughes
William J. Hughes
Joseph R. Hutchings (deceased)
R. Hutchings

August Janszen
Edward Janszen
Harry Janszen
Roy F. John
Sergt. Jos. J. Jeckering
Maurice Kahoe
Norman D. Karns
Frederick A. Kaullen
Willard A. Keeler
Clarence Kelly
J. Newman Kelly
Charles A. Kenning
Joseph E. Kernan
Emil H. Kessler
Bernard Keuping
Harry Keville
Lieut. Harry Kiefaber
Emmett R. Kilcoyne
Ralph J. Killoran
Leo F. Kimmel
George W. Kirby
Raymond J. Kitsteiner
Theodore Klass
Hilary N. Klein
Capt. John H. Kline
Albert N. Knoth
Carl Koch
William A. Kochis
Albert Kramer
Harold B. Kramer
Sergt. Justin Kramer (deceased)
Leo Kramer
Ralph L. Kramer
Leo Krantz
Walter J. Krantz
Gerald I. Kranz
Karl Kranz
Edw. H. Kremer
Joseph J. Kuhn
Andrew Kuntz
Edward J. Kuntz
Victor Kuntz

Edward Lacken
Edward Larkin
Elmer Larkin
Bernard Lash
Nicholas Last
Edward Laughlin
Edwin Lauterbach
Walter H. Legge
Walter T. Leifheit
Edward Leonard
Theodore F. Lienesch
James Lyons

Wendell McCullock
William E. McDonald
Harold McEntee
Burns T. McGary
Walter J. McGary
Lieut. Gerald F. McKinney
James McMahon
J. McNamara
Edwin Mack
Thomas Macklin
Capt. Frank Mahoney
Lieut. George Mahoney
Lieut. Joseph Mahoney
Alphonse H. Mahrt
Armin Mahrt
Karl Mahrt
Vincent Malloy
Corp. Daniel G. Maloney
Edward Maloney
Stephen M. Maloney
Francis A. Manier
Frederick F. Martin
Clarence E. Mason
Lieut. Robert Mason
Alphonse J. May
J. Wagner Mayer
Ellis J. Mayl
Richard L. Mayl
Albert Menninger
Victor J. Merkle
Walter F. Miller
Francis N. Miltner
Oscar Maehlmann
Jos. C. Moosbrugger
Roscoe Morin
Carl E. Mueller
Theodore Munchoff
Virgil Murphy
William J. Murty
Richard P. Muth

Edward Neary
John Neary
Samuel Newnam
Charles R. Niehaus
Fred Norckauer
Fred Nugent

Allan Ochs
Rev. Lieut. Wm. P. O'Connor
Robert H. O'Hearn
Capt. John F. Ohmer
Paul P. Ohmer
Ray Ohmer
Francis J. Olberding
Paul A. Olberding
Frank A. O'Neill
John E. O'Neill
Rev. Lieut. John L. Ott
Edward V. Oswald
Leo J. Ovenden
John Ovington

Robert P. Paul
Victor A. Pauly
Ralph A. Pauly
Robert M. Payne
Sergt. Richard Pflaum
Raymond Pla

Walter Plummer
Sergt. Al. J. Pohnman (deceased)
Lieut. Leslie Porter
Earl R. Procuniar
Edward Purpus

Thomas Quigley

Harold Rankin
John W. Ratchford
Harry J. Rechsteiner
Victor Rechsteiner
Walter Reitemeier
George E. Rigney
Lieut. L. Robbins
Joseph Rockoff
Walter Roehll
Lieut. Louis Roehm
George B. Rolfsen
Donald Rooney
Charles H. Rosenthal
Sergt. Eugene A. Rotterman
Lieut. Louis J. Rotterman
Robert V. Rotterman
Lieut. Charles Ryan
Rev. Lieut. James M. Ryan

Clifford D. Sachs
Lieut. Norbert Sacksteder
Robert Scales
Paul Scanlon
Hugh Sacksteder
Roy Sacksteder
Aloys Schaefer
Joseph D. Schafer
John S. Schei
Joseph C. Schilder
Leo C. Schilder
William H. Schilder
Theodore Schiml
Lieut. John C. Schleipeck
Waldemar F. Schmidt
Herbert Schmiedecke
Charles Schmitt
Ramon M. Schmitter
Martin Schneble
Arnold Schneider
Desmond Schneider
Edward Schnorr
Lieut. Francis X. Schumacher
Joseph Seidensticker
William Seidensticker
Frank Sengel
James H. Sharkey
Walter M. Shea
Corp. Eugene L. Shenk
Sergt. Chas. W. Sherlock
Edward Sherlock
John D. Sherlock
William B. Sherry
Charles Shields
Lawrence P. Sinnot
Eugene Skelton

Ensign W. J. Skelton
Sergt. Clarence Smith
Carroll Sprigg
Paul Staley
Lieut. Henry Stang
Ivo J. Stelzer
John H. Stephan
Basil Stephens
Robert L. Steward
Fred M. Stockstill
Lieut. Wm. Stoecklein
Ensign Wm. Stoecklein
James Stokes
Ralph D. Stout
Capt. Allen L. Stowell
Geo. N. Strattner
Fred Stroop
Carl Stuber
Clifford Stuhlmueller
Fred Sturm
M. Leo Sullivan
William J. Sullivan
James R. Summers
Thomas Sunshine
Joseph Sutton
Francis B. Sweetman
Lieut. Paul Swift

Clarence J. Teders
George Teigler
Charles Theils
Carl A. Theuring
Mark R. Thompson
Russell G. Tilton
Humphrey Timothy
Erwin A. Toomey
Ben Topmoeller
Fred Topmoeller

Lieut. John R. Underwood
William Underwood
Joseph Unger

Lauris E. Valley
Edmund H. Vanderhoff
Max. Von Mach

Harry Wager
Alfred Wagner
Lieut. Matt. A. Wagner
Albert Wald
Albert J. Walsh
Edmund J. Walsh (deceased)
Frederick A. Walsh
Howard R. Walsh
Charles H. Wassenich
Norbert R. Weaver
Alphone K. Weckesser
Urban F. Weckesser
Maley Wentz
William M. Werner
Joseph Weser
Albert Wetzel

Charles W. Whalen
Bernard Whelan
R. E. White
Edw. F. Wiederhold
Martin H. Wilkinson
Paul Wintermeyer
Walter Wintermeyer
Chester Wirtz
Charles M. Wolbert
Leo A. Wolf
Robert F. Wooster
Wilbur A. Yackley
Elmer Yost
Clarence Youngerman
Lieut. Arthur Zimmerman

465 Stars The above list is far from complete. St. Mary is anxious to know the name of every one of her patriotic sons that have entered the Army and the Navy. She wants to keep every commission on record. Write today. Your Alma Mater will be very grateful for whatever information you may give. Address, The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

Newly Discovered Stars The following 18 stars have been discovered since the January issue by the assistant astronomers of The Exponent in the war firmament: Carl Aman, Harry Anderton, Charles Creedon, Lieut. Joseph Derrivan, Sergt. Herman J. Feidner, John Hacket, C. Forster Hahne, Lieut. James F. Harrington, Maurice Kahoe, J. Newman Kelly, Leo Kramer, Elmer Larkin, Robert P. Paul, Edward Purpus, Lieut. Charles Ryan, Rev. Lieut. James M. Ryan, Sergt. Charles W. Sherlock, Clifford Stuhlmueller.

R. F. D. 8 "Wilmington, Ohio, January 21, 1919.

Dear Exponent:

Always glad to have you visit us. I am an old reader and closely peruse your pages. I find in my today's copy your list of "The Stars in Our Service Flag." Will add Charles Creedon, of Wilmington (overseas yet); also Lieut. Joseph Derrivan of New Vienna, Ohio, who is in the veterinary department. I also notify you that Fred B. Hillery, of Washington C. H., Ohio, may be marked "Deceased." If you give the rank of every soldier boy, you may put down Corp. John P. Georges.

I surely like your last number. The "Golden Jubilee Bells" were fine, and I join in wishing our good Father Meyer and Bro. Thomas Eichhorn many more years of good health and blessings.

I remain a friend of The Exponent,

JOHN P. GEORGES, SR.

N. B.—"Bonjour" to Father O'Reilly and Bro. Theo. Rush.

Thank you, Papa Georges, for your newsy letter. Our publishing it entirely shows our appreciation of it. We know of your ster-

ling loyalty to S. M. C., which began on the day you stepped for the first time upon the College grounds to register John P., Jr., and helped us to put up the "Jubilee Monument" on that historic December 11, 1904. The wonder is that the S. M. C. Alumni Association did not reward you long ago with an honorary membership. Come again.

A Furlough at Lourdes

Joseph W. Evans, '16, in sending us a snapshot of his in full football regimentals from Paris, France, has this to say in a letter to The Exponent, O. K'd by the censor and mailed from a K. C. headquarters on December 27:

"The October number of The Exponent received recently. Was mightily glad to get it again after the summer vacation, but I am glad to inform you that I want the address changed, 'tout de suite,' from the American Expeditionary Forces, to Mr. Joseph W. Evans, Fayetteville, Ohio, the best little town that man ever built. After over one year of service in France we are anticipating a trip to the dear Old U. S. A. in a few weeks.

"I have had a most wonderful time since joining Uncle Sam's Army. Was one month in San Antonio, Texas; two weeks in Garden City, New York; landed at Glasgow, Scotland; was four days in Winchester, England; two in Le Havre, and after that, stationed always in Paris. Had one seven-day furlough which was spent at Lourdes, visiting Tours and Bordeaux on the way.

"Best regards to the Faculty and all the boys at S. M. C.

"Very Sincerely,

"(Signed) J. W. EVANS."

Thanks Joe, for all the news and—welcome home.

Look Pleasant, Please

The Exponent is anxious to get a picture of every soldier boy of S. M. C. If you are a star on our Service Flag, please send us your photo. If the soldiers are too modest, we hope that the proud relatives will do the right thing. Thank you!

San Antonio, Texas

Lieut. Ben. W. Freeman, '08, has just returned from the Lone Star State, where he did herculean work in the Quartermaster's Department. After spending some time at his old home in Cincinnati, he will go to St. Louis, Mo., where he, as well as his brother Charles, '05, has large business interests.

Home Again Robert P. Paul, '17, of 21 South Philadelphia St., Dayton, has received his honorable discharge from the U. S. service and is now assistant sales manager for the Atlas-Portland Cement Company, with offices in the Reibold Building, Dayton. Before he was employed by the government to purchase war materials, Robert had been an electrical designer in the Delco plant.

History of the War Newspapers and magazines are crowded with "ads" of such books. We heed them not, for the other day we saw a letter from Sergt. Chas. W. "Bud" Sherlock, of Chicago, which is as good as any history.

On Decoration Day he stepped off the Leviathan, formerly the German "Vaterland," into Brest. On the way over a few "subs" had furnished some adventure but much more lay ahead. After a grand reception Bud was introduced to French billets and German prisoners. A little later box cars and weary hikes took him to the trenches, where the Boches planes had a nasty way of getting above you. It was a thrilling experience for him to go "over the top" for the first time, and to help capture 2,000 Jerrys, and then to be congratulated by Generals Bell and Wolf. Bud was a hospital man and has a great respect for the Red Cross. "Leave of absence" meant square meals and real beds, luxuries which our weary soldier enjoyed. He was sick for awhile but recovered to go to Verdun. He also saw Chateau-Thierry and other historical places.

Then came the last big attack. Sherlock and his men thought they would never get through that hail of bullets alive, but relief came and they lived to see the victorious November 11, 11:00 p. m. when firing ceased. Two weeks later Bud wrote a letter, "Dad's Christmas letter" he called it, which, if The Exponent were larger, we would gladly print. It was dated from a Knights of Columbus hut, near Hannonville, where the Medical Department, 131st Infantry, 1st Battalion, was located at the time.

Fort Preble, Portland, Me. There is where John C. Albert Sack, '17, a former Saint High boy, now is. He was also stationed in Washington, D. C., and at Fort Niagara.

While at St. Mary, he won his letter on the "Junior" teams. After leaving school he was connected with a "movie" firm in Cincinnati.

"Al" hopes to meet his friends when he is discharged from the army next summer. Meanwhile he sends his best to his pals and teachers.

Welcome Home On January 28, Rev. John L. Ott, S. M., formerly of the S. M. C. Faculty, received cordial greetings from the members of the College community, after an honorable discharge from Camp Lee, Georgia. In 1912 and 1913 Father Ott was highly esteemed for his work in English in the College Department and the fond hope is expressed that he will soon be at his old desk again.

Congratulations "The Official U. S. Bulletin: Saturday January 25, 1919," has the following: "The commander-in-chief, in the name of the President, has awarded the distinguished-service cross to the following-named officers and soldiers for the acts of extraordinary heroism described after their names." Among the heroes we find, "First Lieut. Francis X. Schumacher, Company K, 148th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Heurne, Belgium, November 3, 1918. In the face of terrific machine gun and artillery fire Lieut. Schumacher gave valuable assistance in the construction of a log bridge over the Scheldt River, which enabled his battalion to cross and establish itself in its objective. He remained with his company after being wounded until he was forced to be evacuated. Home address, J. A. E. Schumacher, father, Teutonia National Bank, Dayton, Ohio."

Later events in the life of Lieut. Schumacher, '10, were chronicled in the January issue. After a few days' furlough at home, he has gone to the base hospital of Camp Sherman, Ohio, for further treatment of his wound.

At Five Army Posts Lieut. John C. Schleipeck, '14, enlisted in Uncle Sam's Army in April, 1917. He won his commission as a second lieutenant at Camp Sherman, Ohio, after having been at Fort Thomas, Ky. He received special gas instruction at Camp Gordon, Ga., and later was gas instructor there. He was transferred to Camp Pike, Ark., but is now at Camp Taylor, near Louisville, Ky., and it is First Lieut. John C. now. Congratulations, Old Boy.

Home, Sweet Home On January 26, a local paper had this announcement in quarter inch letters, three columns: "Al Mahrt coming home today." Alphonse H. Mahrt, '12, enlisted with the U. S. Marines last summer and has received his

honorable discharge. Dayton will admire again the classiest guard that ever stepped on a basket ball court.

After a year at the Artillery School of Fort Sill, Okla., Lieut. Carl O. Baker, '16, came home and has now entered the realms of matrimonial bliss.

Lieut. James F. Harrington, '10, of Richmond, Ind., who was in the cavalry division of the Ordnance Department in Washington, was mustered out at Camp Lee, Va. He is now a Hoosier again.

Attorney Charles W. Whalen, '07, who was stationed at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, has resumed the practice of law in the U. B. Building with Judge Benj. F. McCann, his associate.

Among other S. M. C. boys who are at home again we may mention Lieut. Alfred Bergman, Sergt. Clarence Hasenstab, Ellis J. Mayl, Leo Barlow, Lieut. Herbert Hook, C. Forster Hahne and Ray Ohmer, all of Dayton.

Not a Tea Party "It wasn't a tea party," said William J. Hughes, '14, of 57 Riegel Street, Dayton, Ohio, as he was sitting near the fire place in the Red Cross house at the Camp Sherman base hospital and rehearsing the exploits of his dead and wounded comrades in the Argonne battle. A member of the headquarters company of the 148th Infantry, the old Third Regiment, Ohio National Guard, he saw service in the Luneville sector in Loraine and received a shrapnel wound in the right knee and had his feet burned by mustard gas near Montfaucon in the famous Argonne Forest, where Americans fought and died from the time the drive started on September 26 until the day the armistice was signed. He was in an overseas hospital from September 30 until December 21 when he sailed from Brest for the United States.

Let's hear that wonderful story in full some time, Old Boy.

Dad's Christmas Letter Among the hundreds of thousands of Christmas letters written by U. S. boys over there to their dear Dads we happened to come across one written at Nevers, France, on November 24 and addressed to Mr. Kelly, 225 West Monument Avenue, Dayton, by his loving son, Newman, '04. The ban of censorship being lifted for the occasion, our Old Boy poured forth a long sad tale of woe, which began on September 9 when he left New York on board a British steamer in a convoy of 24 boats and was rapidly shuffled from Liverpool to Southampton, via the English Channel, to Le Havre, shot through France almost to Bordeaux, then here and there and elsewhere, today marching five

miles up a hill and, like the doughty king of France with forty thousand men, marching down again, traveling in diminutive box cars marked "32 men—8 horses," living for nights and days on canned stuff, billeted in barns, cowstables and sheds, sent for a rest to restless camps.

For a change he got, "wonderful to relate," a good supper once and, "still more wonderful," a haul on a truck for three miles; then a ride on cushions in a real passenger car also once, and one good hot bath. Add to that an awful workout at a "floo" hospital for three weeks, and divers and various nights spent in cold, dirt, and hunger, waiting for coffee which failed to boil because the barn registered freezing weather.

Yet any dad will feel proud of his soldier boy who has weathered such storms heroically. Newman finally landed on Easy street as clerk to the sanitary inspector, a major, and, like wise old Virgil would say, some day he'll be glad of his experience, for he went through thick and thin for a glorious cause and can fittingly act the hero of a good story.

Here and There

Address your mail for J. Newman Kelly, '04, of Dayton, to Camp Hospital 43, U. S. A., P. O. 713, A. E. F., France.

Leo Kramer, '04, of Dayton, was gassed in France, has, however, good breathing spells again.

Maurice Kahoe, '01, was gassed in the Argonne Forest, France.

One of our loyal alumni, in sending a German field boot taken from the field of battle near the Argonne Forest, France, adds, "I shall be on the lookout for more souvenirs." Thank you, Old Boy. May others follow you.

Sergt. Joseph Chronerberry, '14, of Piqua, Ohio, sent his Christmas and New Year wishes from Kanach, Luxemburg. He's of the Headquarters, 1st Division, A. E. F.

The day before Christmas Sergt. Herman J. Feidner, '12, of Marion, Ohio, was with Bat. D., 72 Art., overseas. He had crossed the big pond last August. We are thankful to his father for this information.

Sergt. Leslie R. Cooper, '13, is at Camp Taylor, near Louisville, Kentucky.

CLIPPINGS

ERNEST C. KIRSCHTEN, '24

Loyalty! Wanted—Every Old Boy of St. Mary as a subscriber to his college paper. It is the least your Alma Mater expects of you. So get busy and show some old-time pep. Don't use the coupon, but send your dollar today, and make that classmate of yours send a dollar tomorrow—NO LATER. This means YOU!

Address: The Exponent, Dept. L, Dayton, Ohio.

Experience Joseph C. Windbiel, '17, St. Mary athletic star, has gained a great deal of experience while engineer for the Southern Machine Co., of Chattanooga, Tenn. It seems that "Just let everything slide" is the motto of some folks. Joe had much difficulty in convincing these sliders of the necessity to be careful with details.

The firm manufactured ordnance for the government, and thus the armistice made Joe a wandering engineer. He is now at his home in Chicago on the lookout for more engineering.

Notice to Art Zimmerman: Joe wants to know how to get a a hold of you.

The Grim Reaper Robert J. McManamy, '10, died of pneumonia at the age of 26, on January 15, at Gochisonville, Va., where he had been connected with the U. S. geological survey. Funeral services were held from his late home, 16 South Findlay Street, and at Holy Family Church, Dayton, and his remains were buried in Calvary.

From St. Mary Robert went to the law school of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. He graduated with the class '16 and practiced law for two years, being associated with the firm of Focke & Schaeffer before he entered the U. S. service. He was active in Catholic circles and at the time of his death was secretary of the Catholic Federation in Dayton. Special prayers were offered for him in the College Chapel.

The Exponent extends the sympathy of the Faculty and student-body to his bereaved parents.

$5 equals $6 You can't prove it by mathematics, but it's true. It is a well-known fact that the subscription department of The Exponent is a tease. Every year, as regular as Xmas, Easter, the Fourth of July, and your birthday (unless it's February 29), it asks for a paltry dollar.

Here's a bargain. Send us a five spot and The Exponent will visit you for half a dozen years, without mentioning the subject of subscription once. It will save both of us time and work. How about it? $6 for $5!

"Suppose the end of the world comes before my subscription expires?" you will say. Impossible! Since the days of Adam no human being has died whose subscription was not in arrears. Why, if you'd die with your subscription paid up to date, St. Peter would let you enter heaven with flying colors and the St. Mary Brass Band at the head of the parade!

N. B.—Send it to-day, lest you forget and lest The Exponent go back on his word. Address: The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

FOR A GREATER ST. MARY

ERNEST C. KIRSCHTEN, '24

The following letter has reached the desk of the Alumni Editor:

ST. MARY COLLEGE
DAYTON, OHIO

Dear Friend: January 20, 1919.

Some time ago representatives of the five Catholic Colleges of Ohio met at Columbus to devise ways and means of gaining admittance into the Ohio Association of Colleges, and the Northwestern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

None of the five Catholic Colleges belongs to the above-named Associations. They do not, therefore, possess the prestige which membership in these associations accords. The principal obstacle that bars their admittance is the lack of an essential requirement, namely an enrollment of 100 collegiate students.

The High School Department at St. Mary College is accredited to the Northwestern Association, but not so the Collegiate Department. Our High School graduates can gain admission into any college in the States without entrance examination; but our collegiate students depend upon the caprice of college and university professors for recognition of their collegiate work.

But why should the Catholic Colleges of Ohio find it so difficult to reach the 100 mark in the collegiate section? The Catholic college presidents unanimously agreed the following to be the cause: The lack of distinct quarters for college men, and, consequently, the intermingling of college and high school students.

Dear Alumnus, St. Mary has applied the axe to the root of the evil; it has organized a distinct college division.

The S. A. T. C. at St. Mary numbered 181 members. Before demobilization the organization of a distinct collegiate division was announced. In consequence, 93 college men, of whom about 40 are boarding students, have returned to St. Mary after the Christmas holidays. We are almost within reach of the desired goal.

However, if we wish to increase and retain our college men, we must give them the conveniences to which they are entitled. Quarters apart from the High School students have been assigned to them, but they are inadequately furnished for lack of funds. This is especially true in regard to the club room.

There is an immediate need of pool, billiard and card tables; a piano; and a bowling alley. To install a bowling alley demands an addition to the building. The entire construction and equipment calls for a minimum fund of $2,500.00.

Dear Alumnus, will you kindly help us to realize this fund by a generous contribution? Remember what it will do for St. Mary. It will help to increase the number of its college men; it will induce the college men to remain at St. Mary for the length of their college career; and, above all, it will be the key that will open the door for St. Mary's to the Northwestern Association of Colleges, and to the Ohio Association of Colleges.

You desire your Alma Mater to rank with the best recognized secular colleges, do you not? Then, prove by your gift, the sincerity of your wish.

Thanking you in advance for any manifestation in a monetary way of your loyalty to St. Mary, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
JOSEPH A. TETZLAFF, President.

JAT: JV

Publicity Promoters

Here is a job for every alumnus! Help boost the "Greater St. Mary Fund." Look up those schoolfriends of yours and see that their names, with yours, appear on the list of contributors.

Let us suggest easy payments.

1. Donations in kind: A piano, a bowling alley. Thanks to early benefactors, a pool and a billiard table have already been ordered.

2. Liberty bonds and other war paraphernalia.

3. Monthly or weekly instalments. Make it $100 in four months or ten weeks. "Every little bit helps."

4. Last but not least: Drafts, checks, bills, or coins, anything that looks, and is, big.

Now, Old Boy, be a pleasant publicity promoter and put the alumni of your town over the top. Thank you!

By Return Mail The day after January 20 two three-figure checks came from a loyal alumnus who adds, "I am sorry that I am not able to add another cipher to each one of these checks. You ought not to have any trouble to raise the required fund." Money talks, Old Boy; your money in particular.

A Cheerful Giver The second alumnus to contribute had this to say: "Enclosed find my willing gift to the fund, for my heart and soul is with St. Mary. You can realize this from the fact that my family consists of five boys, all preparing to root for your College. My oldest is already taking piano lessons from your Professor, Brother Thomas. I wish my donation could be ten times that amount, but at present my means will not permit me to do better." This note speaks volumes of practical loyalty.

An Army Officer "Hope you are successful in raising the fund and my only regret is that I can't help you more, but a little over a year in the army has rather dragged me back a bit in the financial way. Enclosed please find check for $50." Other alumni, not in the army, can easily double that, if not in one, then in several payments.

Johnny on the Spot "Father Frische mentioned this matter to me last Sunday, and I told him that I would send you $100 any time you wanted it. From your letter I would infer that you need it now, so I am enclosing check—for said amount.

"St. Mary College ought to rank with the highest in the State in reputation as we know it does in efficiency."

Ithaca, N. Y. "It certainly does seem fine that St. Mary will soon be admitted to the Ohio Association of Colleges. Enclosed find a check to help in the effort to place her there." It does seem fine, too, that a recent college graduate responds so libraly to an appeal for funds to build up a greater St. Mary.

A Reverend Alumnus "Just a little encouragement for your 'College Division' fund. May you find a ready response from all the alumni. I shall certainly do all I can to further the interests of a greater St. Mary."

An Alumnus of the '90's

The manager of a Morris Plan Bank, "The enclosed check—is sent to you in answer to yours of the 20th inst. I am deeply interested in the affairs of St. Mary College and am proud of the progress which the College has made.

"I have a boy who will be fourteen years of age next June and who is finishing his Grammar Course at —— Parochial School this year. I am contemplating making arrangements to have him attend St. Mary. For this purpose I will probably visit the College some time during this coming summer, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you."

Hot Air vs. Cold Cash

This drive for a greater St. Mary is not a matter of after-dinner speeches, but of dollars and cents, and sense, too, mind you, good college horse-sense; not of suave, unctuous promises, but of 3 and 4 figure checks. Your Alma Mater has had up-hill work since July 1, 1850. Whatever is there, is there by the sweat of its Faculty, the honesty of its patrons and the loyalty of its Old Boys. Of the 7,000 of these on the College register a mere handful have been heroes of generosity and have dug into their pockets until it hurt. "Go and do thou in like manner,"—for a greater St. Mary.

CHIPS

NORBERT P. MOTT, '12

Nipped in the Bud

Francis Fennessy, '11, of Urbana, Ohio, answered the call of his Creator on Saturday, January 25, as a victim of pneumonia. He passed away at the family home on East Ward Street in the 24th year of his age. The deceased was a talented young man and although handicapped by defective hearing, had attained considerable success as a short story writer, his first effort appearing in "The Rosary" about five years ago. Among his stories published are the following: "The Light of the Soul," "A Distinguished Example," "In the Blood," "Different," "Proscribed," "Picture Progress," and "Before the Fall."

During his college days Francis was a brilliant scholar. He possessed an energetic and enthusiastic nature. When this country entered the war, he attempted several times to enlist but was turned down because of his physical handicap.

Special prayers were offered for him in the College Chapel. St. Mary extends her most heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents and asks the readers of The Exponent to pray for the repose of his soul.

One of the Oldest The venerable missionary, Father Godfrey Schlachter, C. PP. S., was taken seriously ill two days after Christmas. For a while his case appeared hopeless, but, thanks to the devoted Sisters of the Precious Blood at Kneipp Sanitarium, Rome City, Ind., he has taken a change for the better. He was much pleased to know that prayers were offered for him at his old school and begs to thank his friends for this great kindness.

Father Godfrey is one of our Oldest Boys, having registered in June 6, 1859. He attended their reunion in 1908 and enjoyed it immensely.

The Golden State Winifred Apartments, 25 South Daisy Avenue, Long Beach, California, is a hundred feet from the beach and holds all that is mortal of Robert H. Hummert, '17, of Breese, Illinois, together with his sister who is devotedly watching over the splendid progress made by her big brother's health. Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, S. M., visited the happy pair on his recent trip west and was undoubtedly surprised at the display of fish Bob had just caught. One of them beat the fisherman in size by head and shoulders—and Bob's a six-footer. Or is it camouflage in California, too?

Out of the Ring Thomas Gavin, '07, of Dayton, is up again and doing after an heroic fight at St. Elizabeth Hospital, against many odds, ably coached in the ring by Dr. Wm. A. T. Ryan, '02.

"Doc" Ryan, by the way, has developed into one of the best known surgeons in this neck of the woods. Medical ability runs in the Ryan family. His brother Charles, '04, is now doing splendid work as regimental surgeon with the army of occupation at Metz. Both Old Boys are following in the footsteps of their father and began their career in the little office on the Green car line.

Kelly, Murphy, Murray Recently the city of Dayton witnessed the formation of a new law firm, composed of three of the city's most promising young attorneys, with offices in the beautiful new Dayton Savings and Trust building. One of the

Rev. Lieut. John L. Ott, S. M.,

of the College Faculty, '11 and '12
Army Chaplain,
Camp Lee, near Richmond,
Virginia

Rev. Lieut. Francis A. Biendl,

'09
Army Chaplain,
Camp Taylor, near Louisville.
Kentucky

The army chaplain at home has been preparing our soldiers for an exemplary Christian life overseas. An English chaplain writes, "I believe all the newspaper talk about the Americans now, for I met some last Sunday. I asked the officer if they would like to come to confession and Holy Communion, and he replied, 'Oh, Father, they will be tickled to death to come.' Come they did, and finer Catholics you'll never meet." And another English chaplain, "The Yankees are swarming around us like flies. And capital men they are; keen and anxious, and good Catholics. They crowd the churches and the altar rails."

Rev. Lieut. William P. O'Connor, '08

Chaplain, 136th Field Artillery, A. E. F.

From Father O'Connor's letters: France, November 22, 1918.

* * * The Church at C— has been almost demolished, excepting the floor and part of the side. Mass was said in the open church and a bonfire, built near the sanctuary railing, served as a little heat against the bitter cold. The boys and the nurses from the nearby mobile hospital turned out in good numbers. * * *

Tillombois, France, December 8, 1918.

* * * This has been a most delightful Sunday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Masses at Wombey and at Tillombois. * * * Many of the boys came quite a distance from other places and other regiments to attend Mass here and are an example to some Frenchmen who have passed up church, or, perhaps, like their property, have it in their wives' name.

December 23, 1918.

* * * I had a very nice Christmas party yesterday for the poor little children here in the village. They all marched from Vespers to their school room where our boys took seats with them and I distributed chocolates, chewing gum, medals and rosaries to them. Then we all marched to the Pavilion and had the Jazz Band and all the kids screamed and jumped and had one big time.

A. P. O. 750, December 30, 1918.

* * * We are now starting out on a theatrical tour around the front to entertain the many boys billeted there ready to be in the army of occupation.

January 6, 1918.

* * * I am writing this letter from St. Maurice and we are making a side trip to the famous city of Metz. * * * The colonel is fine and surely appreciates my work in the show, which is making a big hit.

Father O'Connor reminds us of the great Apostle St. Paul, who became all things to all men, that he might save all. I Cor. ix, 22.

trio is our Old Boy Jos. B. Murphy, '01. Joe has practiced law since 1912, when he entered the well-known firm of Murphy & Elliff, of which his brother Barry, one of St. Mary's Old Boys, was the senior member. Later he became assistant prosecuting attorney in charge of juvenile cases, which position he has just left after a splendid record. An account of the farewell accorded him upon this occasion was carried in last month's edition of The Exponent. Do the three above names remind you of the "league of a nation?" May it prosper.

An O. P. Aloysius Sibila, '08, of Massillon, Ohio, is now Rev. Bro. Alfred at the Dominican House of Studies, 487 Michigan Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. He is attending the Catholic University, and will be ordained priest in the near future.

Your old school wishes you, Bro. Alfred, every success in your difficult studies and then—"Ascende superius."

On a Sad Duty Among the more than sixty clergymen who attended the funeral of the late Father Franz, '80, were the following Old Boys: Rev. Aloysius M. Gerdes, Rev. Henry Stich, Rev. John Kelly, Rev. R. Marcellus Wagner, Rev. Alphonse J. Schumacher (deacon), Rev. Martin M. Varley,, Rev. C. A. Ertel, Rev. Leo M. Schmitt; also Rev. Joseph A. Tetzlaff, S. M., '05, President of St. Mary College, with Rev. A. Frische, S. M., of the Faculty, and Rev. Lawrence A. Yeske, S. M., '02, Superior of Mount St. John.

Public prayers for the repose of his soul were offered in the College Chapel by the Faculty, also by the student-body, and a committee of students viewed the remains, clad in the garments of his priestly office, when they were transferred to St. John's Church.

A Play in 5 Acts Act I. Time, Winter 1908. Place, 407 S. Ludlow Street, Dayton, Ohio. (See The Exponent, April, 1908, page 199.) **"The Latest Future Alumnus."** "Special to the Alumni Editor of The Exponent: Our loyal Jos. W. Clemens, '99, joined the Booster Club of S. M. I. on March 14, when at 12:30 p. m., Mr. Stork paid his first visit to Joe's home, at 407 S. Ludlow Street, and left nine bouncing pounds with good, strong lungs, ready for rooting. Congratulations, Old Boy, and best wishes. Don't forget the cigars."

Act. II. Time, Spring, 1908. Place, His Alma Mater. (See The Exponent, May, 1908, page 253.) **"Don't Forget the Cigars."** "One of the finest smiles that came to the Institute recently was brought by Joseph W. Clemens, '99, on 'Dayton Night'; it was accompanied

by a fine box of 'German Specials,' of which a number have been smoked to the compliment of Joseph Nicholas Clemens, '27, his oldest hopeful. The Alumni Editor is watching for more storks."

Act. III. Time, Monday, January 13, 1919. Place, Somewhere in the Gem City. Joseph Nicholas Clemens, of the promising class of '27, is walking up College Park Avenue to register as a student of S. M. C.

Act IV. Time, Saturday, January 18, 1919. Place, On the piano stool, Music Department of S. M. C. Joseph Nicholas Clemens, '27, learns to his greatest surprise that his arrival in this vast universe with subsequent events was heralded broadcast all over the civilized world through two special articles of a wonderful college paper.

Act. V. Time, Some time later. Place, Somewhere at S. M. C. Registration of Clemens Jr. II, Clemens Jr. III, Clemens Jr. IV, Clemens Jr. V, and (erased by censor).

CURTAIN.

R. I. P. The Boys of '93 to '96 will hear with regret of the death of the then chef, Bro. George Maechtel; in '03 and '04 he was also in charge of the dining room. Fortified by the reception of the Last Sacraments he was called to his reward on January 27 in the 59th year of his age, after spending 41 of them in the service of God and of His Blessed Mother as a Brother of Mary. He died at St. Louis, and was buried in the beautiful cemetery of the Order at Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo., where he had spent the last days of his life. Kind reader, pray for the repose of his soul.

The Society of Mary in Japan

The Society of Mary, to which the Faculty of St. Mary College belongs, has established at the great Christian center of Urakami, near Nagasaki, Japan, an APOSTOLIC SCHOOL in which it gives a thorough Christian education to virtuous and talented boys and young men among the Japanese Christians, in order to prepare them for the priesthood, the religious state, or the important duties of teacher and catechist. Thanks to the generosity of its many friends St. Mary College is at the present time supporting four students at the Apostolic School of Japan and invites the readers of The Exponent to assist it in establishing a fifth scholarship. Address The Exponent, Department C, Dayton, Ohio.

FIFTH ENDOWMENT

On hand $154.84

Recent Contributions

Miss Susan Zey, $5.00; John P. Daleiden, $5.00; Henry W. Frische, $5.00; Miss Clara Sieben, $3.00; A. Botschen, $2.50; Catherine Hambrecht, $1.00; Anna Hofman, $1.00; Marianna Free, $1.00; Johanna Hill, $1.00; Catherine Kuhn, $1.00; Anna Lorenz, 50c; Theresa Lorenz, 50c; Anna Bregenzer, 50c; Mary Schuetz, $1.00; Aloys. Walser, $1.00; Anna Osterkorn, $1.00; Angela Schuh, $1.00; Anna Resch, $1.00; Gerard Resch, $1.00; Helen Keller, 50c; Josephine Sohm, 50c; Peter Latz, 50c; Elizabeth Mueller, 35c; Anna Meier, 25c 35.10

Grand total cash on hand, Fifth Endowment Fund, Jan. 31, 1919....$189.94

St. Mary begs God to bless abundantly the benefactors of the Apostolic School of the Society of Mary.

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS

High School Department

Fourth High—Norbert Mott, 98; Alvin Rabe, 97; Francis Farley, 96; Alfred Poliquin, 95; Raymond Helmig, 95.

Third High-A—Joseph Schwind, 95; William Kohl, 91; Lawrence Tierney, 89.

Third High-B—Lewis Sherer, 93; Benj. Seidenstick, 92; Daniel McCarthy, 91; Carl Leinesch, 90.

Third High-C—Joseph Deddens, 96; George Donovan, 96; Leonard Niesen, 96; Edwarde Heile, 95.

Second High-A—Lionel Bradmiller, 96; Karl Woditsch, 94; Albert Tischer, 93; Victor Keuping, 93.

Second High-B—John Russell, 98; Casimir Petkewicz, 97; Vernard Bremer, 93; Lawrence Kissling, 92.

First High-A—Maurice Reichard, 97; Harry Heider, 95; George Krug, 95.

First High-B—Pedro Gil, 99; Vincent Koepnick, 98; James Hannegan, 95; Willard Brunsman, 94.

First High-C—Henry Donnelly, 98; Alvin Tapke, 94; Arthur Meyring, 94; Edward Welsh, 93.

First High-D—John Dowd, 94; Charles Himes, 94; Edward O'Connor, 93.

Business Department

Second Year—Ysidro Reyna, 90; Louis Azcarraga, 88.

First Year—Karl Pauzar, 91; Louis Mason, 86.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—James Hatcher, 96; Paul Jackson, 94; Louis Stuhldreher, 94; Robert Oberlander, 94.

Seventh Grade—Charles Williams, 93; Edward Dobos, 91; Joseph Keller, 90; Cletus Corbett, 90.

Sixth Grade—Amer Keller, 96; Milton Roberts, 95; Charles Gartland, 95; Francis Hollencamp, 93; Walter Burger, 93.

Fifth Grade—Howard Crush, 98; Eugene White, 96; Gwinner Miller, 90; Ralph Hodgin, 88.

Semi-Annual Examinations

Owing to an enforced vacation, the result of the recent Influenza epidemic, the program to be covered in the January examinations is not so extensive as in past years. This will lighten the burdens of both pupils and teachers. Another advantage to the students in the present examinations is the prolonging of the time from three days to an entire week. In this manner only one or two branches will be taken each day, thus affording time for more thorough preparation. The examinations will be held during the week beginning January 27.

Pitt Parker

Pitt Parker, wizard wielder of the crayon, was the attraction when the third number of the Lyceum Entertainment Course was presented on the evening of January 21, at the College Auditorium. After a lapse of eight years, during which time his programs have been confined to the New England States, this prominent cartoonist and clever humorist made his second appearance on the College platform.

An appreciative audience was not only entertained, but likewise instructed when Mr. Parker lifted the curtain and gave an insight into an artist's work. He explained that in every delineation a manifestation of some phase of character or personality is made. After drawing a distinction between "seeing" a sketch and "looking at it," he demonstrated the adaptability of symbols and figures as settings for cartoons.

A number of humorous sketches accompanied by inimitably dry humor was followed by a series of interesting caricatures of William Jennings Bryan, Uncle Joe Cannon, and the former Kaiser.

Mr. Parker also displayed marked ability in the artistic line and his realistic drawings of the Pyramids, Niagara Falls and Mt. Ranier, the latter accompanied by a vivid description, were sources of admiration to every true lover of art.

To sum up, his versatility as a cartoonist, his accomplishments as a humorist, his ability as a speaker, and his magnetic personality entitle Mr. Parker to unlimited praise, and the enthusiastic reception which he was tendered was a palpable indication that his great skill and ability was thoroughly appreciated.

Preceding the entertainment given by Pitt Parker, the S. M. C. Orchestra rendered the following musical program:

Star Spangled Banner ..... Keys
March, "Hurrah for the Liberty Boys" ..... Paull
National Emblem ..... Bagley
Overture, "Diadem" ..... Herman
March, "On the Western Front" ..... Hildreth

Castellucci's Neapolitans One of the biggest attractions of this season's Lyceum Course, Castellucci's Neapolitan musicians, played to a capacity house on the evening of January 30. This much-heralded company, under the leadership of Signor Omero Castellucci, presented a very entertaining and diversified program. Their splendid rendition of classical and popular music, and their marvelous skill with a great variety of musical instruments, aroused the admiration of the audience. Signor Castellucci introduced a pleasant novelty in impersonating several well-known eccentric conductors.

In addition to the company proper which consisted of the six musicians who furnished the chamber music and who were arrayed in Italian costume, Miss Castellucci, a gifted soprano, assisted by a clever pianist, rendered several vocal numbers which were received with enthusiastic applause.

The universal appreciation which greeted their efforts attested to the success of their presentation and if the Neapolitans return for another engagement, as we hope will be the case, they are assured of a whole-hearted and generous welcome.

FRANCIS FARLEY, H. S., '19.

Athletic Notes

S. M. C. Athletic Association The passing of the S. A. T. C. at St. Mary College, has opened the way for a new athletic association with only College men as members. Heretofore High School men and collegians were eligible to membership. The idea is to give the College association a wider scope of activity, which will result in abolishing many old customs and hindrances and the bringing up of athletics here to the standard existing at other big institutions.

The reorganization meeting was attended by over one hundred members, and much was done to revive the old fighting spirit for which the red and blue has always been famous. The officers elected at this meeting are: President, Paul Ohmer; Vice-President, Edward Kuntz; Secretary, William Sherry; Business Manager, Michael Hess. Brother Thomas Seebald continues as Moderator. Frederick Kaullen was elected cheer leader.

Athletic Board The Board of Athletic Directors of St. Mary College, which has jurisdiction over all athletics whether Varsity or High School, has also been reorganized, and is at present composed of the following members: Messrs. Paul Ohmer, Edward Kuntz, William Sherry and Michael Hess, as officers of the S. M. C. Athletic Association, and of Bro. Thomas Seebald, Bro. John Banzer, Bro. Lawrence Drufner and Bro. Louis Reimbold, as Faculty representatives.

BASKET BALL

The Team After much shifting and numerous try-outs, Coach Bill Sherry decided that the Saints would put up their best game with Captain Mike Hess, Elardo and O'Hearn at the forwards, with Sum-

mers doing the jumping at center and with Faas, Emerick and himself looking after the defenses. This combination bids fair to develop into a fast and sturdy team, which will fight every inch of the way, and any quintet expecting to come out on top in a tussle with the Saints this season will have to be there with the goods.

The Opener On Saturday evening, January 11, the Saints tilted their Basket Ball lid with their old-time rivals from Antioch as the opposition. For an opener this game was one of the fastest ever staged on the local court, and the crowd was treated to real basket ball from start to finish, and at no time did either team have more than four points the better of its foe. The count at the end of the first half was 12 to 11 in favor of the Saints, but at the final whistle our boys were at the short end of the 28 to 24 score.

To say the least, Antioch sprung quite a surprise on the Saint bunch by grabbing this game, it being the first victory ever registered by Antioch on the local court. The chief obstacle to a Saint victory was not in poor guarding or floor work, but in a woeful lack of ability in shooting baskets. On the strength of their general play, the Saints should have just about tripled their score, but much time and opportunity was lost when easy chances at the hoops were tossed away where basket after basket should have been caged.

Elardo was the main works for the Saints in the scoring line, while the guarding of Sherry and Hess was excellent. C. Van Orsdal and Little did the scoring for the Yellow Springs tribe. Only seven fouls were called during the game, two on the visitors and five on the Saints.

The lineup:

St. Mary (24)	Position	Antioch (28)
Summers—O'Hearn	L. F.	V. Van Orsdal
Elardo	R. F.	Athy (C.)
Deckwitz—Summers	C.	Little
Hess (C.)	L. G.	W. Van Orsdal
Sherry	R. G.	Barr

Field Goals—Elardo 5, Deckwitz 1, Hess 1, Sherry 3, O'Hearn 2, C. Van Orsdal 6, Little 6, Athy 1.

Foul Goals—Elardo none out of two, and Little 2 out of 5.

Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, "Babe" Zimmerman.

S. M. C. Varsity—6
Toledo U.—42 The Varsity quintet met defeat at the hands of Toledo University by a 42 to 6 score. So well guarded were the Saints in the first half that they failed to get a field goal. Their only points in this period came as the result of two successful tosses from the foul line by Sherry. The count at the end of the initial 20 minutes was 21 to 2.

The passing of the Saints was good until they got the ball near the basket, then the air-tight guarding of the Toledo lads kept them from scoring.

Weber, last year with St. Mary, played against his former pals and made five fielders. Pittenger at left forward was the big point-getter for the Maumee City combination. He tossed in 11 field goals and 2 fouls.

The lineup and summary:

St. Mary (6)	Position	Toledo U. (42)
Elardo	L. F.	Pittenger
Hess	R. F.	Weber
Summers	C.	Ely
Faas	L. G.	Beck
Sherry	R. G.	Schelling

Field goals—St. Mary, Elardo, Hess; Toledo, Pittenger 11, Weber 5, Ely 3, Beck. Foul goals—Sherry 2, Pittenger 2. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Walter Wright.

S. M. C. Varsity—12 Orchard Lake—11 After dropping their first two games, the Saints pulled together and won over St. Mary College of Orchard Lake, Mich. The game was hard fought and the guarding of both teams was extremely tight as is indicated by the low score. The passwork of the Saints in this game was classy, but they seemed unable to locate the rims. The playing of Sherry and Hess was the feature of the Saints' play.

The lineup:

Orchard Lake (11)	Position	St. Mary (12)
Kilar	L. F.	Hess
Kronka	R. F.	Elardo
Sijewski	C.	Summers
Gorski	L. G.	Faas
Bognsz	R. G.	Sherry

Field goals—Kronka 3, Pol 2, Hess 2, Elardo, Sherry 2. Fouls—Kilar 1 out of 4; Elardo 2 out of 4. Fouls committed—Kilar, Kornka, Bognsz 3, Pol, Summers 3, Faas, Deckwitz 2. Referee—Stephenson. Time of halves—20 minutes. Substitutions—Pol for Garski, Deckwitz for Faas.

S. M. C. Varsity—15 Wittenberg U.—18 In one of the hardest fought games ever witnessed on the College court, the Varsity went down to its third defeat of the season, this time at the hands of Wittenberg University. It was only after forty minutes of hard play, every second of which was filled with excitement, that the visitors were able to claim a victory by a scant margin of three points, the score being 18 to 15.

At the end of the first half the Saints were leading by four points, the score then being 8 to 4. It surely looked as if the team which last week defeated Ohio State and which will next wek tackle the Dayton Triangles was due to bow before the Saints, but at the final whistle, we had just been nosed out by those three points. So close was the guarding that at the end of sixteen minutes in the opening half neither side had registered a field goal, the score at that time standing 2 all, with all points being counted on free throws. Both sides played a defensive game, with the result that as soon as either team got the ball past the center of the floor the passwork was smothered.

The Saints showed a great improvement over their last appearance here, and although they lost they can feel proud of the showing made. Such a brand of basketball is bound to bring out the crowds.

Captain Hess was the main point-getter of the evening, scorig four field goals and dropping in three from the free line. Etter and Kiley did the most scoring for the visitors with three baskets each. Both teams played hard, but

the game was exceptionally clean, only eight fouls being called during the entire contest. The lineup:

St. Mary (15)	Position	Wittenberg (18)
Hess	L. F.	Etter
Elardo	R. F.	Detrick
Deckwitz	C.	Kiley
Summers	L. G.	Lentz
Sherry	R. G.	Vandervoort

Scoring, St. Mary: Field goals—Hess 4, Elardo 2. Foul goals—Hess 3 out of 3.

Scoring, Wittenberg: Field goals—Etter 3, Kiley 3, Detrick, Lentz. Foul goals—Detrick 2 out of 5.

Referee—Zimmerman. Time of halves—20 minutes.

The Schedule The Saints were a little late in getting under way due to unsettled conditions, and after opening on January 11, cancellations forced them to lay aside their togs and remain idle until the 24th, when they set out on a little jaunt to the north, meeting Toledo U. and St. Mary's of Orchard Lake, Mich. At the present writing the complete schedule has not been definitely arranged, but there is every indication that games will be played against Otterbein, Rose Poly, Western Reserve, Georgtown, Antioch, Cincinnati U., and Mount Union.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Basket Ball

As announced in a previous issue, the High School Department at St. Mary College, will have its own representative teams in all branches of athletics. The football season of the Saint Highs shared the same fate as that experienced all over the country last fall, but with conditions bettered, the Highs are now busily engaged in building up a basket ball reputation.

To date the High School team has played four games, losing one and winning the other three. The squad has excellent material, and there is every indication that they will have a big say when it comes to deciding the basket ball championship of the city. In Boggan, Volino and Captain Farley, the young Saints have a trio of pill tossers that cannot be stopped; Gene Mayl at center has it in reach, speed and caging ability; while at guard, Sacksteder and Supenski can be relied upon at all times. Swint, Marcos and Butler, too, are on the squad, and may be seen before any High School game prancing around the court working up the pep they may at any time be called upon to display in a regular game.

Saint Highs—23
Squadron C—29 In the initial tussle, Squadron C from Wilbur Wright Field proved a little too much for the High School, and the final count stood 29 to 23 in favor of the soldiers. Though defeated, our boys looked good in this game, and gave every promise of what they would do when stacked up against teams of their own weight. The Squadron quintet was composed of former college men, two of them having been on the crack Cornell team. In this game Boggan and Volino were the leading point-getters, the former ringing up four fielders, and the latter three.

Saint Highs—41
Tipp City—11

In the second contest Gene Mayl was the headliner, with twelve baskets to his credit. The team from Tippecanoe High School was fast and sturdy, but was unable to cope with the pace set by the young Saints, and the game resulted in an easy 41 to 11 victory for our boys.

Saint Highs—45
Osborn High—12

Osborn High was next on our list of victims, bowing to the tune of 45 to 12. The game was fast, the visitors at all times displaying plenty of pep, but from the outset it was evident that we had the edge. The Osborn tribe came highly touted, but they really displayed little of the fine points of the game. The Saints on the other hand lost no time in getting started, and had rung up 16 points before the visitors succeeded in dropping one through the net. Boggan led in scoring with eight baskets, with Farley right behind with seven.

Saint Highs—50
Y. Springs—18

This game was faster and more snappy than the score indicates, both teams stepping along at a nice clip during most of the game. The first half ended with the Saints on the long end of a 24 to 12 count, and during the last half, endurance told in favor of our team, they scoring 26 to 6 for the visitors. Mayl was the best point-getter with eight ringers, and Farley was next with seven. Volino was out of the game on account of injuries.

There are still quite a number of good games on the schedule with out-of-town High Schools. The management is experiencing great difficulty, however, in trying to induce the High Schools of Dayton to try conclusions with the young Saints. To all appearances, Steele and Stivers have already concluded that it would not be to their advantage to meet St. Mary High, and it is now beginning to look as if there is just about as much chance for the Saints to induce the local foes to book games as there is for the Allies to coax Bill Hohenzollern to trust his hide outside of Holland.

AMONG THE MINORS

Besides the Varsity and High School teams, as in past years, the youngsters who find themselves not yet fit for the big show, have organized fast little quintets and the goods and pep displayed by these teams show just about where the material for the future representative squads is going to come from.

The Juniors

The Juniors, of the Second Division Resident Students, who made such a record as the Preps last season when they won 14 games without suffering a single defeat, are continuing the pace and to date this season have won four games and lost one. In scales and Volino the Juniors have a clever pair of pill tossers, while Bogagn jumps in fine style at center. Johnson and Lander are right there when it comes to air-tight guarding. The record to date follows:

Juniors	60	—Arrows	2
"	27	—Tacomas	16
"	20	Olympics	14
"	44	—Tacomas	8
"	17	—Centerville	24

The Sparks With the example of the famous old St. Mary Cadets as their inspiration, the Sparks last season organized a First High day-scholar quintet, and proceeded by strenuous practice to build up a fast little team with the intention of sticking together and developing into another credit to St. Mary. This season they are right at it again, stacking up against the best of their weight and age in and around the city, and losing no time in building up a reputation which they intend to sustain. The team lines up strong with Reilly, Bach and Ryan at forward; with Brown and Hagan at center, and with Whalen, Hemberger and Weckesser at guard. Captain Bob Whalen is leading the team for the second season and he is right there when it comes to the pep. To date the Sparks have won 9 games and lost 1.

The season's record to date follows:

Sparks	24	Yanks	16
"	48	Oswegos	9
"	23	Stivers Co-ops	11
"	18	Yales	7
"	42	Royals	10
"	52	Oswegos	3
"	41	Hamilton Reserves	19
"	16	Miamisburg Rexalls	21
"	18	Creonas	11
"	52	Trinity Orioles	7

The Preps The Third Division Resident Students boast of the Preps, a speedy little combination of pill tossers, who are trying to uphold the name and record made by the Preps of last season, when they won 14 games without suffering a single defeat. Iske, Gwinner and Telscher are really three classy little forwards; Volz and Doppes are right there when it comes to getting the jump at center; and with Staab, Hackett and Cleary doing the guarding, the teams who stack up against the Preps will not run up any high scores. Owing to the name made last season the Preps are being forced to go out of their class to get games; but to date they have won two games and lost one.

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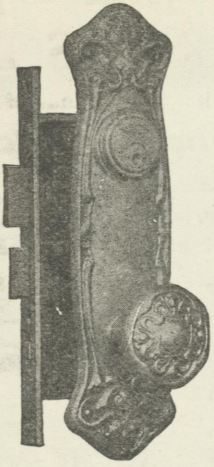

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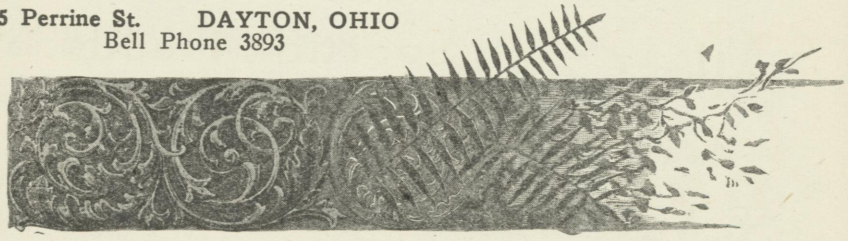

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