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THE EXPONENT

Vol XVII

MARCH, 1919

No. 3



*"Freedoms battles once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding
sire to son
Though baffled oft is ever won."*

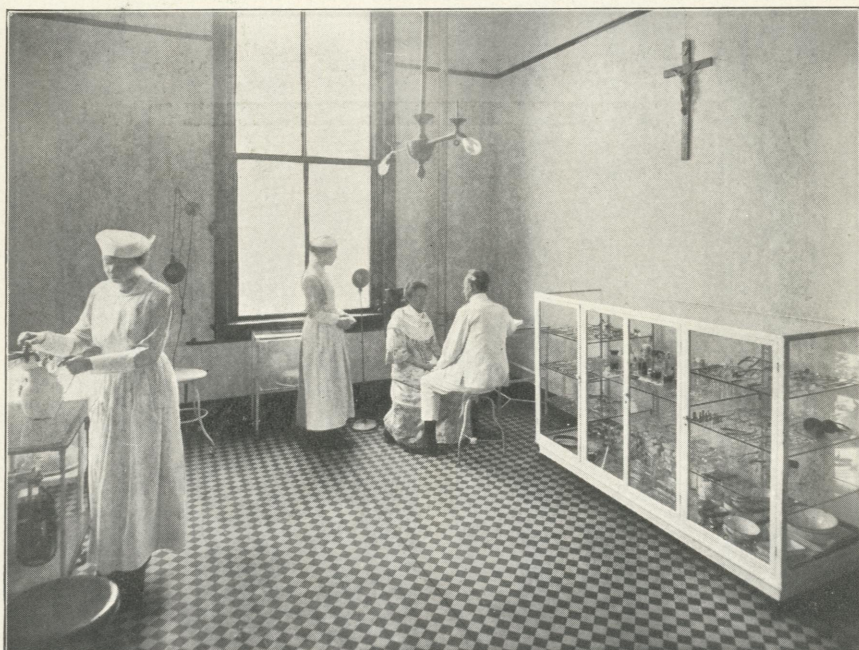
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

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

The Mission of Erin's Apostle—B. Sheran
The Woes of France—Lewis Jonson
Marion's Birthday—Ray J. Kitsteiner
Salvaging the Man—R. J. Deger
Lost and Found—J. C. Bollen
Roosevelt and the Strenuous Life—R. J. Killoran
The Result of Incompatibility—D. H. Abel
Heroes Immortal—Walter Brown
The Housing Problem in Modern Industries—J. Schaefer
Editorials
Alumni Notes
College Notes
Athletic Notes

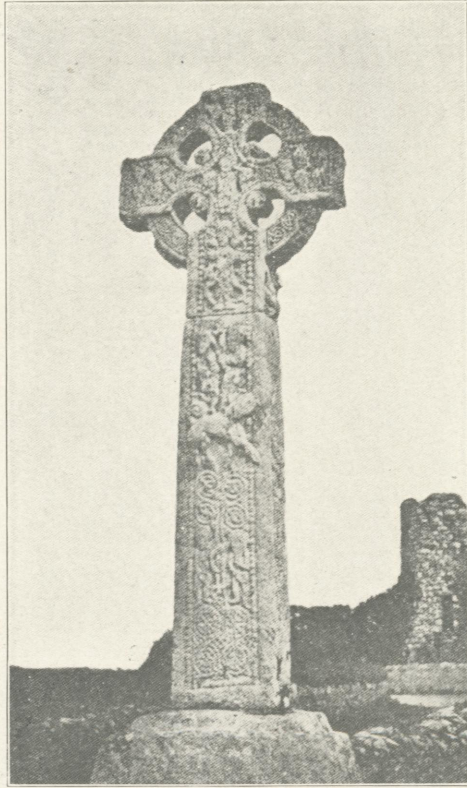
ILLUSTRATIONS

A Celtic Cross
In Cassock and Khaki
A Peasant Home in Western France
Alumni Benefactors
A Homecoming in 1908
Major-Gen. Joseph Theodore Dickman
The Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan
S. M. C. Basket Ball Team

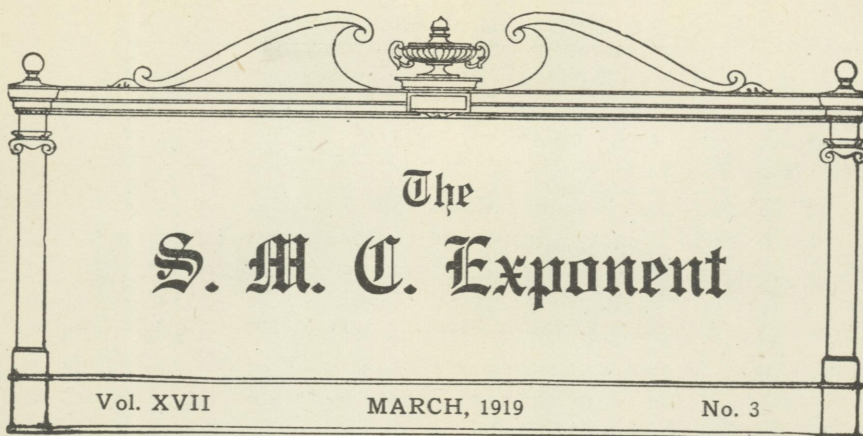
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A CELTIC CROSS



The Mission of Erin's Apostle

"There is not a Saint in the bright courts of heaven,
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;
Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,
In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice."

THE seventeenth of March is here again. Irishmen and their friends all over the globe are celebrating the day with parades and banquets, music, song and oratory. "A Nation Once Again" is their most frequent toast, and dear old Ireland the subject of their speeches. The glories of her past, her centuries of woe, and bright hopes for her future are eloquently depicted by sons and descendants of the Emerald Isle. The new flag of the Irish Republic and the Star Spangled Banner are united in expression of the longing that fills every Irish heart. But St. Patrick, whose death has given his name to the day, holds first place in the minds and hearts of all. His life, his character, and his work have never failed to arouse the interest and admiration of mankind. To her great Apostle, Ireland pays an undying tribute of love, and the world joins with her every year on the seventeenth of March in laying homage at his feet.

The reason for this universal honor bestowed on St. Patrick is evident from a brief consideration of his life and mission. Numerous volumes have been written about St. Patrick in many different lands and tongues. Authors dispute about his birthplace, about the cities he visited, about his miracles, his writings, and the time of his death,

but in this short article space can be given only to what has been proved by the latest researches, or what has been accepted by the best Irish scholars.

St. Patrick was born in the year 372 A. D., at Boulogne-sur-Mer, a coast-town in Picardy, France. His father was Calphurnius, a Roman decurion, and his mother, Conchessa, a noble matron of Gaul and a near relative of the great St. Martin of Tours. His baptismal name was Succat, signifying "strong in battle"; but the name by which he is known to history is Patrick, given to him by Pope St. Celestine, who sent him as Papal Legate to Ireland. The early years of his life were spent in those woeful days when the great Roman Empir was crashing to ruins before the repeated onslaughts of Alaric, Atilla and Genseric.

The Scots, as the Irish were then called, frequently invaded Gaul, and King Dathy penetrated even to the foot of the Alps, where he was killed by a bolt of lightning. It was during one of these invasions under King Niall of the Nine Hostages, that the sixteen-year-old Patrick was carried away to Ireland, and placed with Milcho, a chief in the county of Antrim. He worked for Milcho for six years "daily tending sheep" on the hillsides of Mt. Slemish. Here he spent much time in prayer, fasting and mortification and unconsciously prepared himself by this lonely novitiate for the great work of his future apostolate. During these years he learned the language of the country, and acquired a knowledge of the manners and spirit of the people, all of which served him in good stead later on.

At the end of this period he received a revelation that his time of servitude was at an end, as the Saint tells us in his Confession; "on a certain night I heard a voice that said to me 'You have fasted to good purpose, you shall return to your fatherland. Behold your ship is ready.'" Guided by Divine Providence, he safely traversed the north of Ireland from the east coast to the west, where he was taken on board a ship at Bantry Bay, bound for his native Gaul. His next four years were spent under the direction of his kinsman, St. Martin, at the great monastery of Marmoutier where he observed a rule of life similar to that of the Eastern anchorites.

Upon the death of St. Martin in 397, St. Patrick, now twenty-five years of age, began to bend all his efforts toward the realization of the project that was his constant thought by day and his unvarying dream by night, namely the conversion of the Irish nation to the faith of Christ. This noble aspiration, however, met with coldness and opposition, even from his ecclesiastical superiors, owing no doubt, to the condition of the times. St. Patrick was the contemporary of the

great Doctors of the Church, Jerome, John Chrysostom, Ambrose and Augustine. Their field of labor lay within the bounds of the Roman Empire which had been handed over to the Church on the conversion of Constantine, just fifty years before the birth of Patrick. The year 408 saw Alaric at the gates of Rome and in his footsteps came horde on horde of barbarians, involving the cities of the empire and the sanctuaries of the Church in a common destruction.

Under such circumstances, defense rather than aggression must to many have seemed the only rational aspiration of the ministers of the Gospel. But no opposition could swerve the young man from his purpose, and his determination was confirmed by a vision from heaven, in which he heard the voices of the Irish who dwelt near the forest of Focluth, which borders on the Western Sea, crying to him: "We beseech thee, holy youth, to return and still walk among us." St. Patrick knew that in God's own time he would be permitted to carry out his heart's fondest desire. The next thirty-five years of his life is a history of hope deferred and of faith that never failed. He travelled through Gaul, Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean, perfecting himself in the science of the saints. After spending nine years in the monastery of Lerins, he continued his studies under St. Germaine, bishop of Auxerre, who introduced him to Pope St. Celestine I.

This Pontiff, in the year 431, had sent the archdeacon Palladius as bishop "to the Scots who believed in Christ," but his mission was a failure. The Druids incited the people against him, and he was forced to withdraw. The failure of Palladius was a providential sign to Patrick that his apostolate was about to begin. "Not to Palladius but to Patrick the Lord vouchsafed the conversion of Ireland" is an old Irish proverb. The Pope now commissioned Patrick to undertake the task of carrying the Gospel into the land of his captivity. Consecrated bishop by St. Maximus, the great Doctor of Turin, he set out with twenty companions and the blessing of the Vicar of Christ.

He landed, the following year, at the coast of Wexford, but being repelled, sailed farther north, until he reached the river Slaney in the county of Meath. Here he converted a youth who later became his beloved disciple and successor in the See of Armagh, St. Benignus. From Meath, Patrick proceeded on his way to the north until he reached Down where he converted Dicho, prince of the province, but failed with his old master Milcho, who burned himself to death rather than submit to his former slave.

Not until Easter of 433 did the apostle meet Laeghaire, the ardrigh, or high king of the Irish. With the approach of this great Christian feast, our Saint resolved to make an attack on the stronghold of Druidism. This was the time of the year when the pagans kept their most solemn festival, called the "Fes of Tara." The supreme monarch and the four subordinate kings of the provinces, with their princes and royal retainers joined the bards, judges, philosophers and priests on this occasion, as was their custom every third year, to provide for the good of the country, to compile and correct the annals of the nation, to formulate and revise laws, and finally to pay divine honors to the sun god. A victory of faith in such a place and under such circumstances would strike a death-blow to pagan superstition.

One of the laws of the "Fes of Tara" was that upon this night the fires should be extinguished on every hearth in Erin and death was the penalty if any one kindled his own before the chief Druid lit the sacred fire upon the Hill of Tara. St. Patrick arriving at a plain in sight of the king's palace, lit the Easter fire. King Laeghaire saw the flame leap up in the darkness, and asked who it was that had thus violated the law. The Druids told him that if this fire was not put out before morning, it would never be extinguished, and the man who had lighted it would be exalted above kings and princes. The king, infuriated at these words, ordered the fire to be put out, and the offender summoned before the assembly. Our venerable apostle with his companions answered the summons and boldly proclaimed the truths of Christianity before the royal court. The queen was won to the faith, and all were so impressed that he was invited to preach the new religion in the halls of Tara on the following day.

On the morrow the Saint continued his preaching before the illustrious assemblage, refuting the arguments of the Druids and exposing their tricks of magic. His words of fire, his wonderful miracles, convinced the genius and the royalty of Erin. The chief poet, Dubtach, and Conall, the king's brother, embraced the faith, and their example was followed by the multitude. King Laeghaire however, blindly persevered in his errors until death, but allowed the holy apostle to preach throughout the kingdom. The Saint's tour through the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, Munster and Leinster resembled more a triumphal march than the journey of a missionary. Everywhere crowds flocked to hear him and being convinced of the truth of his message, asked for baptism. Their simple hearts saw in Christianity something purer and nobler than their own religion could offer and they accepted it unreservedly. The old Gaelic civilization, which in many points equalled and rivalled that of Greece

and Rome, was ripe for the reception of Christ and His doctrine took possession of Ireland as though it were a natural growth in the hearts of her people. The Druids, or pagan priests, resisted the longest, but soon their groves were forsaken and the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered on a thousand altars.

In the midst of his triumphs, Patrick never ceased his numerous prayers and austere penances. To these great weapons he owes his spiritual kingdom. In the year 435, he spent a period of forty days in prayer and fasting on a high mountain in Mayo, now called Croagh Patrick, where he is said to have obtained for his adopted country the gift of perseverance in the faith and for himself the right to judge the men of Erin on the last day. Returning to his people, he held the first synod in the same year at Elphin, at which he consecrated bishops for the growing Church. His chief care was to provide for a native clergy. The seat of his primacy, Patrick fixed in 445, at Armagh where Cardinal Logue succeeds him today. He revised the laws of Ireland contained in the "Great Book" of the Brehon statutes and made them conform to the law of God and His Church "although the law of nature had been quite right." This revision was known thereafter as "the Law of Patrick." It built up a Christian society in Ireland on old foundations; religion alone was changed. St. Patrick gave to the Church of Ireland a monastic constitution which was destined to be her strength and glory for centuries. He is said to have dedicated every tenth person he converted to a religious life. "The sons of the Scots and the daughters of princes have become monks and virgins of Christ," he tells us in his Confessions.

From 432 to the year of his death, the Saint left Ireland but once, and that was to give an account of his labors to Pope St. Leo the Great. The Holy Father confirmed whatever the Apostle had done, appointed him Papal Legate and gave him many precious gifts on his departure. After his return, he completed the organization of the Church, resigned his see at Armagh to his first convert and beloved disciple, St. Benignus, and retired to Saul, his favorite retreat, to spend his days in meditation and penance. He had the happiness to see the fruits of his labors before he passed to his eternal reward. He found Ireland pagan, he left it Christian; he found it a nation of warriors, he left it a nation of saints and scholars. The Irish disappeared from the battlefields of Europe to return as the apostles of Christianity. And it was all brought about without the shedding of a drop of martyr's blood—the most sublime spiritual conquest recorded in history. The Annals of Ulster record the Saint's death by the simple statement: "Patrick, Archbishop and Apostle of the Scoti, went to

his rest on the seventeenth of March, 492, in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age, sixty years after his coming to Ireland.

Thus passed away the greatest national apostle the world has ever seen. But his mission did not end with his death. His disciples carried on the work without interruption. Soon the land was covered with schools, monasteries and churches. St. Brigid, affectionately called Mary of the Gael, was the first superioress of the convent at Kildare, founded during the life time of St. Patrick. Large numbers of convents sprang up all over the isle. The noblest maidens of the country hastened to receive the veil from her hands. "Before long," says Jocelyn, an ancient writer, "there was no desert, no spot, or hiding-place in the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks and nuns, so that, throughout the world, Ireland was justly distinguished by the extraordinary title of the Island of the Saints. They rivalled the monks of Egypt in merits and numbers, and by word and example, they were a light to foreign and distant lands."

Not for long could all this sanctity and learning be confined in one small place, but it quickly burst its island boundaries and spread over the Continent. Fired with missionary zeal, the royal prince St. Columkille won the whole kingdom of Scotland to Christ and founded the far-famed monastery of Iona before his death in 597. St. Aidan founded the celebrated monastery of Lindisfarne and with his companions reconverted the whole of England, with the exception of the two small kingdoms of Kent and Essex, which had remained true to the preaching of St. Augustine. St. Bernard, in his life of the Irish St. Malachy, tells us that one monk from the monastery of Bangor, founded by St. Comgall in 599, is said to have founded as many as a hundred other monasteries. He also tells us that Luxeuil in Burgundy, the motherhouse of the disciples of the Irish St. Columbanus, "became a great nation." Montalembert in his monumental work, "The Monks of the West," says of this monastery that "during the whole course of the seventh century it was the most celebrated, the most frequented school in Christendom. * * * From the banks of Lake Geneva to the shore of the North Sea, each year saw some new monastery founded and peopled by the disciples of Luxeuil." The monastery of Bobbio, also founded by St. Columbanus before 615, became the stronghold against Arianism in Italy. St. Gaul, his disciple, founded in Switzerland the famous house that bears his name to this day. In Austria, St. Virgilius established the monastery of Salzburg.

The names of all these great saints, to say nothing of their foundations, are too numerous to recount here. Suffice it to say that one hundred and fifty saints of Irish origin are honored as patrons and founders of churches in Germany alone, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium and thirteen in Italy. "Their exertions at that time," adds Montalembert, "were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland and Belgium under a debt of everlasting gratitude." A thousandfold and more did Ireland repay to Gaul the debt of Patrick.

Not only did Ireland give to Europe the best of her sons, but she received with open arms all who flocked to her schools for learning and piety. Whilst the rest of Europe was the sporting ground of barbarians, Ireland was the School of the West. Thousands of noble youths from every part of the Continent received their education in Ireland. Alfred the Great, whose mother was an Irish princess, spent some time in the schools of her native country. One whole portion of the town of Armagh was set aside for Saxon youths, who, as the Venerable Bede gratefully acknowledges received "lodging and tuition free."

Full well does Ireland deserve the glorious title, "Island of Saints and Scholars," and no amount of calumny or propaganda have been able to filch her glory from her. To quote again one of the most eminent Christian writers of the nineteenth century, Count de Montalembert: "From the moment that this Green Erin, situated at the extremity of the known world, had seen the sun of faith rise upon her, she had vowed herself to it with an ardent and tender devotion which became her very life. The course of ages has not interrupted, the most bloody and implacable of persecutions has not shaken her faith; the defection of all Northern Europe has not led her astray; and she maintains still, amid the splendors and miseries of modern civilization and Anglo-Saxon supremacy, an inextinguishable center of faith, where survives, along with the completest orthodoxy, that admirable purity of manners, which no conqueror and no adversary has ever been able to dispute, to equal or to diminish."

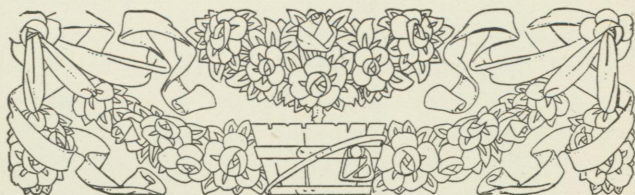
When the heathen Danes killed her monks and nuns by the thousands, others were ready to take their place. When they carried her sons and daughters into captivity, it was only to introduce missionaries into their households. When they burnt her churches and schools, she built new ones. When the Normans and Anglo-Saxons deprived her of these, she founded colleges on the Continent, where her sons were educated to return and keep alive the flame of faith in the bogs and glens of their persecuted sireland. When the heel of the despot scattered her exiles over the face of the globe, they planted

the faith in the land of their adoption. When the convict ships of the oppressor disgorged her patriots upon the wild and uncivilized islands of the South Seas, they built up a Catholic civilization that is the pride of Australasia.

A glance at the hierarchy of the United States, Canada and Australia today will impress anybody with the importance and extent of Ireland's contribution to religion in the twentieth century. "St. Patrick had more mitred sons at the Vatican Council than any other Saint," writes Cardinal Manning. Bishop Keatinge of Northampton, England, declares: "It is the Church of St. Patrick that has been the foremost evangelist in the English tongue, and has planted and replanted the faith in every land where that tongue is spoken." Finally, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, writing to Cardinal Logue concerning the beatification of the Venerable Oliver Plunket, which took place on St. Patrick's day of last year, praises "the generous Irish people, who have always been strenuous defenders of the Catholic Faith at home, and noble propagators of it in far off lands."

It is a long chain that binds Ireland to St. Patrick, but it is an unbroken one. Faithful to the teachings of her great Apostle at home, she continues to send missionaries to the four quarters of the globe. She maintains several foreign missionary Seminaries in her bosom today and has organized, within the last two years, a new mission to China. Thus the mission of St. Patrick still continues and will continue to the end of time.

B. SHERAN.



The Woes of France

Thy meadows soggy now with gore
Of friend and foe, the mingled tide,
In time, O France, will richer grow
Their wonted crop of daisies pied.

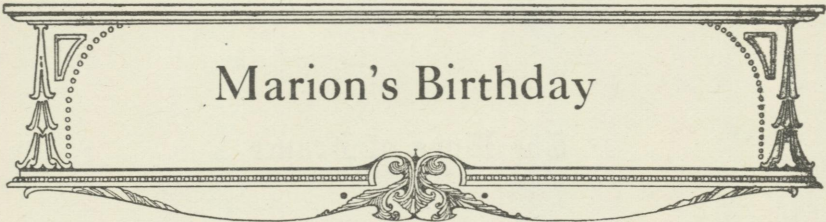
Thy battle-furrowed orchard-grounds,
Thrice battened with the mould'ring slain,
Ere rounds the vernal moon his horns,
Will joy in leaf and bud again.

Thy hearth-stones cold and desolate
Will shortly see the maiden wooed;
The blackened roof-tree raised aloft
Will ring with shout of peasant brood.

Thy foully desecrated fanes
More splendid from their ashes rise,
And gently draw with pointed spire
Thy saddened children to the skies.

But who will give to the waiting world
The unsung songs of the slain,
And fix with mallet, pen or brush
The dreams they dreamt in vain.

—Lewis Jonson.



Marion's Birthday

GLENN BLESSINGTON was four months old. A new month began with the new day and the solitary figure on his desk calendar awakened disheartening memories. His pleasing features marred by the frown of passing pensiveness, broadened into a defiant grin. Refinement and elegance could be seen in his bright blue eyes and in his carefully shaved face; the slightly frayed collar would have seemed out of place even without his fitful show of discomfort because its worn edge chafed.

The film of thought passed from his eyes, and while buttoning his top coat he studied the notes he had made beneath the disconcerting figure. Having once formed the habit of noting duties and engagements on his calendar, he still persisted, though now his duties, aside from routine, were few and engagements still fewer. One note was underscored and caused him to consult his wallet though he knew the exact amount of its contents. With its figure re-established in his mind, he aided meditation by stroking his upper lip where once had played a near mustache.

"Mr. Glenn," ventured a childish voice; then came a timid tapping on the door. "Oh, Mr. Glenn I was so afraid that you had gone," exclaimed his little morning caller with a face beaming delight.

"My little Princess," as he joyfully raised her to arm's length. "Your highness favors me unusually early with a visit—and I declare, dressed as though it were mid-afternoon. Pray, may I know the reason."

"You must put me down so that I can run when I want to—then I'll tell you."

"No, I don't want to hear the reason if relating it will cause you to run away," said Glenn as he sat on the bed with the child on his knee.

"I shan't run away, Mr. Glenn, because if I did I wouldn't be—what was that word you explained last night,—sin—sincere. I'll tell you and remain right here. Today is my birthday and I want you to wish me many more like mother, father and sister—after that they kissed me."

Glenn fought down the laugh that arose within him at this highly suggestive supplement. Standing the child on the table he pleaded with bowed head: "Will my Princess graciously accept of her humblest subject his best wishes for future health and happiness." He raised his eyes for approval. It came in the form of a leap into his arms and not one but several smacking supplements.

The velvety softness of her raven hair, the childish innocence in her warm brown eyes and the clinging embrace filled his heart to overflowing. The mutual love,—one the love for the sweetness and genuineness of a winsome little creature, the other, childish affection for a hero and ardent admirer—seemed ever calling for expression.

"And now," she whispered with delightful secrecy, "I am going to hold a dinner party this evening and I want you to come. Will you?" eagerly.

"O joy of joys! Would I ever miss an opportunity to be entertained by my little Princess?" assentingly queried Glenn. "At the same time I'll celebrate my birthday."

"Your birthday?" she exclaimed with surprise and wonderment. Her two little hands were pressed firmly against his shoulders, resisting his embrace and she looked directly into his eyes. "Your birthday,—toda-a-ay?" with drawn emphasis.

"Yes, I am four months old today."

This aggravated instead of relieved her curiosity.

"Now you're fooling me," she pouted, "you mustn't fool me on my birthday, tell me, please." She was looking at him again, her eyes filled with the ardent desire of childish expectation. Glenn regretted that his exuberant joy had tempted him to speak jocosely of what had been depressing a few minutes ago. A little more irresistible coaxing won from him: "Tonight, when you come to me for another story I shall tell you about it."

The time allowed but a half hour for breakfast and the trip downtown. With his princess on his shoulder he gayly tripped down the staircase and carried her to the deserted place at the Lessings' breakfast table. Bright and cheery were their morning greetings.

"Marion probably surprised you this morning," said the mother smiling. "She insisted on rising a half hour earlier in order to see you."

"She brought me worlds of happiness," replied Glenn. "Is there anyone so fortunate as I? Before the day has begun I'm favored with a royal invitation. My felicity tempts me to call a holiday and refuse to attend to business."

"My happiness this morning lies in the thought that I am a relative of one accorded so much unusual praise and admiration," spoke Constance placing bread on the toaster, "also, that her royal highness condescends to permitting me to prepare her toast."

The mature beauty of Marion as seen in Constance was even more exquisite. The soft brown eyes seemed more profound, and the contrast of the snowy morning gown lent her raven hair an even darker hue.

"Condescension is never felt by royalty when it favors royalty," salaamed Glenn.

The crisp air and early bustle of a large city brought Glenn to earth again. The trip on the surface car left few minutes for breakfasting but his cereal, toast and coffee at the self-serve required no more. Once at his desk he could not restrain his mind from recalling the events of the morning. The Lessings were the one source of joy in his empty life. What a contrast they were to the maskers of friendship who, with his fall, had dropped their masks and had deserted him in his struggle. Chance, the once unkind, was beneficent the day he selected from the "ads" 1211 Ludlow as his first attempt to find an unpretentious and inexpensive home. The affection which quickly grew between him and the little one brought him closer to the family. Many evenings of discouraging days were brightened by his merry little princess when she sought him out and begged for fairy tales. Long since, his memory of the Arabian Nights had been exhausted, and, he was obliged to contort the epics and myths he recalled from classical history into more modern fairy tales. It pleased him to see his efforts approved by the frequent company of Constance who would oftentimes seek the abstract of the stories and brilliantly discuss its virtues. Though of only a few more than twenty summers, Constance possessed rare intellectual qualities and ideals. Many of her remarks and comments had left a deep impression upon Glenn and had given him fresh courage in despondent moments.

Perforce of circumstance he had a position of little merit. Now that influence was gone, he could only hope, through persistent honest effort, to gain recognition of the inherent qualities so long dormant and yet of promising potency.

Eleven-thirty and he was again in the streets briskly stepping through the congestion of mid-day. By lunching a half hour earlier than usual he would be sure to avoid Crandall. Of late he had seen his former secretary as often as three days in a week but could not afford to give him time today. Glenn often wondered why Crandall still showed interest in his affairs. The man who was formerly on

his pay roll for exercising "power of attorney" seemed now the higher in rank. The business hints he gave were the only inheritance of a fortune whose amplitude and power satisfied every desire and need.

Shopping was always distasteful to Glenn but this time he found in it genuine pleasure. The only unpleasantness lay in the necessity of exercising economy. If only he could please Marion as he desired; but the morning's meditation which followed the counting of his fortune had subscribed a conservative sum. The jeweler thought the pearls a fair sale, but Glenn thought it a modest purchase.

* * * * *

Seated at the head of the table, radiant with the joy of a perfect day, was Marion. Precocious intelligence was displayed in the fleeting expressions of the little face during the arranging of the table. She reasoned that being the hostess, she had absolute supremacy over the preparations. For exercising this supremacy the high chair was a vantage point and she had climbed into her present position. The table was nigh ready and consistent with her incumbent duties Marion ventured to taste the salad and toasted pecans.

"This is the salad Mr. Glenn likes, isn't it Sis?" queried Marion. "I believe it's better than ever, and it was so sweet of you to have just ripe olives as I suggested. I never saw him eat a green one yet."

"Sis" could not convince herself that Marion's requests had wholly governed her plans. It was rather the case of Marion's wishes coinciding with what Constance thought would please Glenn. Through his own request he appeared at the Lessings' table only on special occasions; however, in the few meals he had taken with them she had observed a dainty discrimination which bespoke a well-informed palate. This was one of the several traits which had betrayed to her the existence of a "better day" in Glenn's past. Though he had never breathed a word to indicate it, yet, unconsciously, he gave evidences which were gathered and woven by Constance into an imaginary biography not deviating far from the actual.

Marion, insistent to the last degree upon exactitude waited until the six measured tones of the hall clock finished before starting up the stairs. She returned, seemingly forgetful of formality, upon her hero's shoulder loudly proclaiming him Prince Charming. The little one freely gave voice to her admiration of Glenn. From the long untouched wardrobe of better days he had selected a Tuxedo in which he totally captivated his princess.

"You have chosen a fitting title, Marion," observed Mr. Lessing in candid admiration.

"There is some advantage in youth after all," offered Constance. Glenn preferred to acknowledge this with his eyes which rather discomfited Constance who suggested that perchance appetites would be forgotten if admiration did not cease.

Glenn was quite willing to have the table command first attention; in his opinion it should have done so in the first place.

The blushing roses seemed to breathe their exquisite beauty upon the repast and awakened a poetic strain in everyone. Constance noted with pleasure that the success of her efforts to please was amply demonstrated by Glenn's liberal helpings. It was only when Mrs. Lessing offered a synopsis of "The Ne'er-do-well," as she had seen it at the matinee, that he lost interest in his plate.

"What's a Ne'er-do-well, mother?" questioned Marion.

"Someone, who through not understanding life, fails to make a success of it," replied Mrs. Lessing.

"The fiction of 'The Ne'er-do-well' is the truth of many of our young men whose potentialities are lost to the enervating influence of unearned wealth," said Constance. Glenn prayed that his face would not betray the importunate acknowledgment his conscience gave the truth of Constance's remark. He interrupted:

"I confess to not having read the book, which neglect proves rather awkward just now. However, the plot is very interesting and your description of its stage version tempts me to see the production." Then abruptly: "Constance you are a true connoisseur of salads. This is the most delicious I've tasted in months."

"Merci, Monsieur Blessington," she responded gracefully, "but may I know whether the use of the plural implies four or more months?"

Glenn did not ordinarily eat celery leaves, but some how or other they were in his mouth. Marion filled the silence but exploded another bomb.

"I'm sure it's only four, Sis, because Prince Charming told me this morning he's four months old today."

A shrill sharp ring saved the moment. Mr. Lessing returned from the reception room with the news:

"Some gentleman to see you Glenn," and handed Glenn a card.

"Crandall," with surprise. "What the deuce could he want? Well—I'm sorry my first caller came at such an inopportune time. Perhaps he will take but a minute."

The dinner party was interrupted for several minutes. Occasionally Glenn's hearty laugh could be heard, then insistent tones from the caller followed by equal insistence from Glenn. Constance voted

it a "muffled harangue." Finally came the welcome sound of the door closing and Glenn returned.

"Of all conundrums this is most interesting," he started, as he seated himself at the table. "Crandall insists, despite my very precious engagement, that I go with him tonight."

"A particular friend of yours, this Mr. Crandall?" queried Mr. Lessing.

"That's so, you've never heard of Crandall before," replied Glenn. "No, he's not exactly a particular friend, more of a business friend of mine. I've known him since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"My but you started in business early," laughed Mrs. Lessing. Glenn smiled but continued as though uninterrupted:

"Now he drops in and instead of the affable reasoner he has **always been, he's insistent, doggedly so.** I explained to him the nature and importance of my engagement but he said he would only be satisfied with a compromise. He threatens to return within an hour and if necessary remove the whole party to this all important place where I am wanted. **More than that I cannot draw from him.**"

"What a delightful mystery!" exclaimed Constance. "Do you suppose he is serious?"

"Well," replied Glenn thoughtfully, "his insistence is good cause for worry. Should he come, what shall we do?"

"Granted you have implicit confidence in him, I think it would be **interesting to call his hand,**" suggested Mr. Lessing.

"The fact is I have so much confidence in Crandall that I'm positive he has nothing exciting up his sleeve. If ever a spirit of adventure existed in him it was salted before my time."

"Then he's older than you?" questioned Mrs. Lessing.

"About fifty," replied Glenn. "Well," conclusively, "I'm not going to budge even though he brings all the king's horses and all the king's men."

"You might lose a business opportunity," offered Mr. Lessing.

"I think you had better go," acquiesced Constance.

"And leave my little Princess—never," said Glenn with determination.

"But can't I go with you?" suggested Marion.

A moment's deliberation brought from Glenn: "This threatens to mar the evening. If I don't go, you folks will think me wrong; if I do go I would feel miserably in the wrong. Why not take advantage of Crandall's compromise—can we not all go?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Burnham are calling this evening, aren't they dear?" asked Mr. Lessing of his wife.

"Yes," she replied. "That denies us a share in this escapade. Do you care to go, Constance?"

"If Glenn promises me the protection of a chivalrous knight, I shall more than care to go."

"Knowing that I'll not have to display it, I shall not be the least scrupulous in promising it; settled then, if Crandall carries out his threat the royal party will follow him."

* * * * *

At seven-thirty, with a healthy snort, a machine left 1121 Ludlow Street. As it smoothly sped down the bright artery of the city, its flash of color claimed many a backward glance from pedestrians. It deftly crept through the crowded downtown and then turned into Sheridan Road. Fifteen minutes later it left the smooth asphalt for a crunching drive and stopped beneath a portico. At the end of the portico, the moonlight sky was broken by the outlines of a possible Arabian Night's Castle. The soft warm glow from the windows gave color to the sombre white of the shrubbery; it savored of cozy fireplaces and for a moment made one forget the keenness of Jack Frost.

"Crandall, if it were not for the presence of Constance and Marion I'd smash your face for bringing me here. Of all places this is most odious," whispered Glenn vehemently. Crandall swept past him and beckoned the party to follow. They passed into a room of tapestry and rosewood. The faint aroma of a Brazilian forest was aided in its effect by the spreading tigers that vied with Brussels in softness. Before the fireplace were luxurious chairs which held the warmth radiating from the glowing log.

The Princess was calling to her Prince Charming to occupy with her one of the "thrones." Glenn forced the scowl from his face as he advanced into the circle of light. Gathering Marion into his arms, he settled into a chair next to Constance.

"Really Glenn," said Constance, "I think you have an extravagant idea of a mediocre man. Mr. Crandall already has eclipsed my wildest imagination and the adventure has just started."

"I'll admit he has surprised me also," replied Glenn with more scorn than enthusiasm.

"Do you know what I'm thinking about?" said Marion with dreamy eyes. "I'm thinking about those castles in your fairy tales." Glenn's face softened as he drew the little one closer. One of her hands was lost in his and the other fondled the pearls which flowed from her neck.

Crandall, who had disappeared for a few minutes, returned with a serving table bearing steaming lemonade and feathery cakes.



"From the number of glasses I judge your party is already complete, Crandall," hinted Glenn gruffly.

"Your proficiency in mathematics is commendable, my dear Glenn," and Crandall's eyes twinkled jestingly behind his spectacles. Over the lemonade he toyed with Constance's curiosity and Glenn's impatience. He met the one's frank questions and the other's sarcasm with dexterity until both gave evidence of hopeless submission. Suddenly his tone of voice changed and threw a spell of attentiveness over them.



"I'm really sorry, Glenn, to have excited in you the displeasure so evident yet so enigmatic to Miss Lessing; however, a man of my position lacks free will in many of his actions. Sustain your patience and allow me a few uninterrupted minutes in which to redeem myself. You have probably recalled during the course of today that exactly one year ago you received from Caracas the grave news of the fatal effect of swamp fever upon your father. Allow me to recall also that the subsequent disposition of the estate disclosed that public opinion was a great exaggeration of his wealth. Nevertheless, public opinion was not allowed to weaken. You agree that the inheritance rapidly diminished under the new administration. The inexperienced head had no interest in business, hence no interest from business paid for his splendor. My repeated admonishments were given serious thought only in the retrospect of the last four months. Now, another event which this day recalls is that exactly four months ago you were transported to paupers' row by that wicked decline in Central America Mining Securities. But my dear Glenn, just as every joy is hedged with sorrow, so every loss secretes a gain. Recent observation has revealed to me that through that mishap you are now familiar with another side of life; that you have met with pain of mind and have sought and won the counsel and sympathy of friendship; that you are now able to distinguish between the parasites of yesterday and the friends of today. The loss of a fortune meant the gain of priceless wisdom. Glenn," and Crandall arose and stood, with one hand on Glenn's shoulder, "I now come to you for forgiveness. Your ruin was caused by my manipulating against your securities, the millions you did not inherit because of a false will. But I was not wholly guilty in this. I was merely fulfilling another duty of my position; that position which imposes tonight's duty, which is far more agreeable. I am privileged to draw back the cloak of pretended death and to extend first welcome to what has always re-

mained the House of Blessington. Differing only from the man of a year ago by the faint trace of another year of life, your father awaits in the conservatory your approval of his educational philosophy."

RAY J. KITSTEINER.



Salvaging the Man



MODERN medicine and surgery have made the present war, in proportion to the numbers engaged, the least destructive to human life, of any in the history of the world. This is what the most eminent physicians and surgeons assert, and their contention is borne out by facts.

Five-sixths of the deaths in the Civil War resulted from what are now known as preventable diseases. Our memories are filled with shame and horror when we think of the havoc which typhoid and other intestinal diseases wrought among the troops who were never engaged in battle. We know that those diseases were preventable then as now, but the science of medicine had not progressed as it has in the present day. One method that has triumphed over disease and has accomplished almost incredible results has been, inoculation against disease. It is no wonder that inoculation is now compulsory, when typhoid has been practically abolished by it.

Cholera has been put under control, by vaccination and by disinfecting drinking water. Epidemic meningitis or "spotted fever," is now successfully treated by means of a curative serum. "Trench fever" has not been done away with, but at least its source, the body louse, has been determined, and the question now becomes one of prevention and sanitation.

The most frightful scourges of former wars have been lockjaw and gaseous gangrene. The soil of France contains large numbers of the bacilli of tetanus and gaseous gangrene. When particles of cloth or dirt, are carried into wounds by bullets, tetanus or gaseous gangrene, sometimes both, frequently develop. Dr. C. G. Bull of the Rockefeller Institute, has discovered the antitoxin for the gas bacillus. As soon as possible, after a wounded man is picked up, he is inoculated, and both of these diseases are now practically under control.

In experimenting with chlorine preparations, Dr. Dakin has made the greatest addition to modern knowledge of antiseptics. Dr. Carrel developed a way to use the solution compounded by Dr. Dakin. The two worked together, and experimented with two hundred antiseptics before the hypochlorite solution was perfected. Dr. Carrel then invented a method of application which made it practical. His is a unique mode of wound irrigation. It consists of a system of little rubber tubes, pierced here and there for the liquid to flow out. The wound is cleansed, the tubes are laid in and fed from a glass container which hangs above the bed. The flow is regulated by stop-cocks. Of the wounded treated at Compiègne by this method, ninety-nine per cent were healed by first intention. Whereas formerly amputation frequently resulted in painful stumps, and the healing process consumed from no less than six to eighteen months, now, when treated with the Dakin solution they heal quickly, and artificial legs can almost always be fitted within four to six weeks after the first treatment is given.

But the latest method of treating wounds includes the excision of all contaminated tissue, muscle, and even bone. This is on the theory that it is better and more economical to do the thing well at first than to risk a spreading of the infection and a second amputation. The use of the knife as a vital factor in cleansing wounds was the discovery of Dr. Pierre Duval, a surgeon in the French Army. Every bit of infected, and even suspected tissue is removed. When the wound is declared clean, it is usually closed. That is a matter of surgical technique. Under this treatment many severe wounds heal in two weeks. In connection with this treatment the transfusion of blood taken from slightly wounded but healthy men, who are willing to make the sacrifice, is freely used. It has been discovered that blood for transfusion can be kept for several weeks without deteriorating. Every casualty clearing station endeavors to have in its icebox in readiness for emergencies about thirty pints of blood.

A very important phase of surgery is the restoration of faces of persons supposed to be permanently disfigured. To reach the desired effect a photograph of the man, taken before his injury, is studied by a skillful French sculptor who has given three years to this work. He makes a careful model of the face in plaster, which is used by the surgeon as a guide. By transplanting bits of cartilage and bone from the man's ribs or legs, holding them in place by paraffin or the plastic material used by dentists, and then bringing over them portions of skin lifted from the forehead or cheek or neck—skin, which is left with some natural attachment to aid its nutrition, a new face is actually

built up, and one which is not only agreeable in appearance, but which resembles the man's former likeness. This work is being done in England, where twelve surgeons are working in collaboration with the sculptor. A station is now being established in New York.

To aid the appearance and efficiency of the crippled, many new and valuable types of artificial arms and legs have been invented. Major David Silver, of the United States Medical Corps, has invented an artificial leg, which has been adopted by the Government. It is said that a cripple, after he has become accustomed to it, may learn to walk with almost natural movements. No crutch or support is necessary. The foot movement is simulated by a jointed in-step. The invention has been tried successfully by a soldier who had lost both legs. When properly clad and booted it is difficult for a casual observer to detect the artificiality.

Careful consideration is being given to the future of individuals who have been crippled in battle. Belgium, whose man-power depletion has been the most severe, was the first nation to use her men over again. And she has made a profitable venture out of it. The large Belgian re-educational centre of Port Viliez has not only been **self-supporting**, but it has repaid to the Belgian Government its first cost. At Port Villiez forty-three trades are taught. Since the close of the war Germany has used ninety per cent of her disabled. The remaining ten per cent are entirely self-supporting. France has made provision for the vocational training of her wounded soldiers, but complete action has been retarded because of the difficulties of her position. England is teaching her wounded heroes telephone operating, boot repairing, mat making, basket weaving, joinery, poultry farming, and market gardening. Scotland has a National Neurasthenic Hospital for men suffering from shell shock.

But Canada has taken the most constructive action in this important matter of Vocational Training. One hospital best equipped for this training covers eight hundred acres. This is at Guelph. Here there is a woolen mill, machine, broom, tailor, shoe and woodworking shops, and a like kiln. Over eighty cows furnish the opportunity for the men to learn dairying. At Calgary also the Institute of Technology has a special training course in the various crafts, and the University of Saskatchewan provides free education in farm work, while the Department of Agriculture at this college is in constant touch with farmers who will take returned men for practical training.

And lastly, a few words about the work our own country is doing. A magazine with the avowed purpose of interesting the public in the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors is edited in the

office of Surgeon General William C. Gorgas. The late Colonel Roosevelt and Charles M. Schwab were frequent contributors to this magazine.

The Red Cross has a school in New York City, where our men are being taught different trades. At work an armless man uses the devices which will best aid him to fulfill his task. His working arms are fitted not with hands, but with tools, chucks and hooks, which may be changed. Already cripples have been placed in good positions. The film companies are among the large institutions employing reclaimed men. Pennsylvania is the pioneer state, as such, perhaps, because she maintains the Bureau of Employment for Disabled Soldiers. Through this bureau over fifty thousand jobs have been given to crippled soldiers and sailors.

RICHARD J. DEGER.

Lost and Found

When silently thy shrouded form
 They bore to thy last sleep,
 Methought to ease the grief that sears
 In copious flood of welling tears;—
 Mine eyes they could not weep.

When tenderly they let thee down
 Upon thy lonely bed,
 Methought well-nigh with pain to die
 In cold and rain to leave thee lie;—
 My heart it sorely bled.

When rudely 'pon the sounding board
 Low fell the heartless clod,
 Methought that all my joy was fled
 Twere better far that I were dead;—
 My soul forgot its God.

But when upon thy lowly mound
 A cross its shadow threw,
 Mine eyes grew moist, my heart beat fast,
 My spirit whispered, "There at last
 We twain will meet anew."

—JOHN C. BOLLEN

Roosevelt and the Strenuous Life

IT has been said that while a great man lives it is impossible for an unbiased opinion to be formed of his character and ability and that it is only after all that is human of the man has been laid to rest and the questions and principles for which he fought are forever settled, that an impartial and a just judgment can be given without fear of contradiction. There is indeed much truth in these words. Was not our own immortal Washington in his day criticized by many? Was not his advice and wisdom many times set at naught, and his authority questioned? And yet today his words of wisdom are a beacon to the world. His deeds emblazon the pages of our history and the very utterance of his name fills us with awe at his greatness. He is indeed the spirit of America. Was not Lincoln considered a character vile and uncouth? Was he not looked upon as a murderer and a destroyer of homes? And yet today if one word of slander were uttered against his name, one hundred million hands would be raised ready to defend his name and honor. So it is and will be with Roosevelt. Living among us and enduring the trials of a lifetime with us, becoming a part of us as he did, we were able to realize the full force of his genius. Thus it remains for us to estimate correctly the greatness of his character and ability and to preserve such as evidence for the final judgment of posterity.

From one of the proudest families of New York's aristocracy this mighty man came forth. With every advantage which wealth, tradition and social position could give, it seemed to the casual observer then that he was marked for a life of ease and leisure, but he proved by overcoming these temptations that not only men of humble origin and poverty were destined for posts of honor but that he also handicapped as he was could aspire and win his way to fame and glory.

During his infancy Roosevelt manifested signs of a weak constitution, and from year to year it was doubtful whether he would ever grow to manhood. He realized his condition and strove by strenuous outdoor exercise to master this seemingly insurmountable difficulty. From his long tramps and hikes in the woods the frail body toughened and broadened, and before long he stood on the

threshold of a virile manhood. During his college career, he never stopped or wearied of his outdoor life; but rather he seemed to realize the danger in a life of ease and leisure, and was ever allured by the triumphant reward that comes to those who toil and labor. It was in his early days, in his youthful struggle with nature that he learned the doctrine of the strenuous life.

Then came the time when he must apply those principles, when he must abide by that doctrine. His college career was over and a new field spread out before him, a field in which he could do much harm or much good, a field in which he was to be either one of the leaders or one of the led. Before long we find him as an historian writing the story of his country's prowess on the sea, and, like the poet of old, retelling the history of our glorious naval successes, hoping by so doing, to awaken the nation to a realization of its needs and sinister dangers. The result was that the rebuilding of the navy, which was then in decadence, was rushed forward. And had it not, had Roosevelt never been heard, the story of Santiago and Manila would be the blackest pages of our history. His keen insight had enabled him to see the part that America was to play among the roll of nations. He knew that the age was one of progress and development. He knew that America could not afford to sit idly by and watch the nations of the earth as they filed past her to the goal of greatness. He knew also that America with her extensive lands and wide plains, rich with the resources of mankind, were eagerly sought after by envious nations who were looking for fields in which to expand their commonwealths, and that therefore protection against foreign aggression was primarily essential to the life and safety of the Republic. Realizing as he did all this he sought to awaken the people to a sense of their great responsibility by giving voice to these eloquent words, "We stand on the threshold of a new century, a century big with the fate of the great nations of the earth. It rests with us now to decide whether in the opening years of that century we shall march forward to fresh triumphs or whether at the outset we shall deliberately cripple ourselves for the contest. Is America a weakling to shrink from the world work which must be done by the world powers? No. The young giant of the west stands on the continent and clasps the crest of an ocean in either hand. Our nation glorious in youth and strength, looks into the future with eager and fearless eyes, and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. We do not stand in craven mood asking to be spared the task, cringing as we gaze on the contest. No, we challenge the proud privilege of doing the work Providence allots us, and we face the coming years high

of heart and resolute of faith that to our people is given the right to win such honor and renown as has never yet been granted to the peoples of mankind." Such were the high expressions and noble sentiments of a man whose only thought was for the honor and safety of the Republic. Such were the gentle chidings to his people. Was the nation now to rest on the laurels of victory, or continue onward to fresh triumphs. Were we to preserve "liberty" a helmeted Queen among the nations or by a life of ease allow her to sink into oblivion? "Shall we play the part of China and be content to rot in ignoble ease within our borders and live in the gray twilight that knows no defeat or victory?" And again he answered, "Better were it to loose a thousand bankers that have added to the nations wealth than one Farragut. Better were it never to have had all the railroad magnates that have built it up than to have lost Grant or Sherman. Better were it never to have known commercial greatness than that it should miss from its history one Lincoln."

But Roosevelt was not content to sit idly by and give expression to mere words. He was first and last a man of action, and a man of action greatly gifted to do a great man's work. He was a man confirmed in the belief that the only true and happy life, not only for the individual but for the whole nation, was the life of toil and endeavor. Thus he put aside the pen, and we find him later as a rough rider of the plains, roaming over boundless prairies, trailing through vast snow-clad wastes, listening to the rushing rivers and mountain cataracts and enjoying in it all a delight that can come only to lovers of the unknown wilds.

There in the western wilds, as a hunter of the plains, he became, like the pioneers that formed the vanguard of our civilization, rough and ready. There in the savage wilderness he developed the daring, endurance and keensightedness, that characterized him so, when in later years he led his troops to victory at San Juan, and again when as President, he was called upon to decide questions of the most vital importance to the Republic. There in the mighty West he grew to robust manhood. There he lived "in the lonely land, where mighty rivers twist in long reaches between the barren cliffs, where the prairies stretch out into billowy plains of waving grass bounded only by the blue horizon, where the glory and the splendor of the burning sunset kindles the blue vault of heaven and the level brown earth till they merge together in an ocean of fire." Thus he saw it, and so he loved it, until the trumpet call to another life, to action, to duty, broke the spell of that wonderland.

Henceforward his name is emblazoned on the pages of our Nation's history. As a Commissioner, as the champion of civil service reform, he put an end to the demagogue and corruptionist, the spoils-monger and the spoils-seeker, and made of it the honest and meritorious system it was intended to be. As Police Commissioner he put an end to blackmail, he enforced the laws and he suppressed disorder and rascality so that by the plain performance of his duty, because he saw only what was right and stood in defense of that right, the honest and respectful citizens became his most ardent admirers and followers, and the rascals whose interests it was that corruption should continue, became his enemies. As assistant Secretary of the Navy he has left behind him a record seldom excelled by any man before him. When he entered upon his office his farsightedness had enabled him to see the danger of impending war. He knew that it was his duty to see to it that we were prepared for it, and so from that time on, until the declaration of war, he saw to it that the navy was ever prepared, and it can be said that it was through him and him only that the victory at Manila was ours; for through his influence the fleet was kept intact. And until the day when orders were cabled to Admiral Dewey to "Go in and capture or destroy the enemy," not until then did the restless energy of the man cease. Then his work was done. "There is nothing more for me to do here," he said and before the smoke of that memorable battle had cleared away, Roosevelt had resigned and was preparing to answer the call of his country in the field.

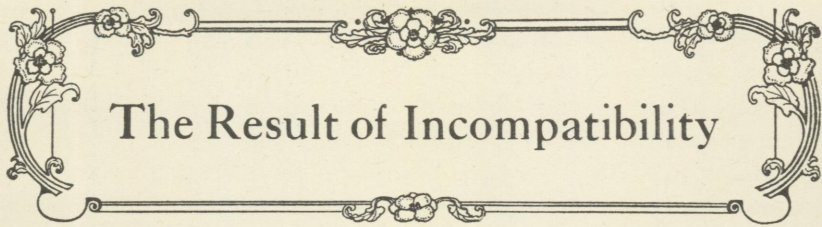
The rest of the story we know only too well. It is written in the pages of our glorious history and as such will ever remain one of the most glorious chapters of that memorable war. In camp, in field, in garrison and through dense swamps he carried the flag of his people and returned it unsullied and unstained. The honor of the Republic was surely safe in the hands of this man who a hundred times defended it by word and deed; and who a hundred times offered his life for the cause of his country. So after years of steadfastness to principles and ideals, the American people bestowed on him as a reward its greatest honor, its greatest gift, and made him the ruler of the greatest nation and the greatest country on earth.

As President, Roosevelt was ever watchful for the honor and safety of the Republic. It was Roosevelt, who, when the nation threatened to submerge in the depths of commercialism, stimulated in its hour of greatest peril the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of all true Americans. It was Roosevelt who, while the nation slept on in utter ignorance of its danger, stood sentinel over the "watch fires" of liberty. His soul was imbued with the same spirit of Americanism

and patriotism that actuated those high-souled Americans who went before him, and therefore he could not allow the honor of those Americans, the honor of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Grant to be stained. And though many peace-loving people mistook that Patriotism for rashness and feared that he would plunge the nation into war, yet would he cry out "Better a thousand times war with all its horrors than peace with dishonor." So the years passed, but ever and always, Roosevelt was to be found going among his people preaching and warning them to heed his words. He has always stood in defense of the right, and opposed all that was unjust, ignoble and base. He feared nothing but failure to do his duty to God and to humanity. Thus the people began to love and admire him. And in future years when they come to realize the great deeds he has accomplished, they will never cease to thank Providence for such a man as Roosevelt. But even time with its unerring regularity, eventually and inevitably claims its own, and all men whether they have spent their lives in luxury or poverty, in ease or in toil must come to the natural and common end. Roosevelt broken in years and in health, departed this life for another and a better world. Thus we come to the last scene of all, in that strenuous and eventful life—the funeral cortege. As the sun is slowly sinking in the distant west, his body is gently and with humble ceremony laid to rest in the silence of the grave. A fitting scene indeed, a fitting end that a life so spent, so full of labor, should at last end in peaceful repose. His day is over and well spent; his work is over and well done. To the young man who craves success he preaches but one doctrine, the doctrine of "bitter toil." For he says, "The highest form of success which comes is not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from bitter toil and who out of these wins splendid ultimate triumph." In future generations when the sage of history, unbiased and unprejudiced shall inscribe his name on the scroll of time, Roosevelt will come into his own as the highest, the grandest, and the noblest model of virile American manhood.

R. J. KILLORAN.





The Result of Incompatibility

WELL, young man, do you realize that this is your fifth offense? Have you nothing to say for yourself?" Doctor Torrence, President of Milford College, looked his indignation,

"Yes-er. I know it is, sir," came the reply of the culprit standing before him.

"Did you not know that I threatened to suspend anyone who would be caught out of the building after hours?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Where were you last night?"

"I was-er in the-er that is-er—"

"Precisely. You were in town. Not alone, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"May I be so bold as to ask who was with you?"

"I'm afraid I-er I cannot answer that question, sir."

"Oh! You can't? Well we'll take the conceit out of you, Mr. Leslie Parker. How did you happen to be found in Professor Connor's window?"

"Well, you see, it was this way. I was climbing up the spouting to get to my room and—"

"The spouting!", ejaculated the Doctor, amazed.

"Certainly. That was the only way to get to my room. All the doors were locked. As I said, I was just above Professor Connor's window, and had but a short distance to cover until I would have reached the lower casement of mine, when suddenly my grasp upon the spouting relaxed. I hastily threw out my feet for support and one of them unluckily found a resting place in his window pane. That awoke him and of course he had to report me. It's no wonder that it frightened him. I never knew that glass could make such noise."

"Undoubtedly," replied the President sternly. "But," he continued, "don't you think that we are entitled to some consideration on this subject, young man? Have I not told you repeatedly that I would suspend you upon the next infraction of the disciplinary regu-

lations of this school? Well, then I think nothing more need to be said. I am positive that we can exist very comfortably without Mr. Parker until the opening of the new term in February."

"Now listen, Doctor, let us decide this affair amicably. You were a boy yourself at one time and—"

"Yes, I know that. But it does not make me blind to my present duty. If I were to permit you to continue here, all my efforts to enforce discipline would indeed be futile. No. I must make an example of you, and accordingly, you have until tomorrow to leave. Good-day, Mr. Parker."

"Very well. It's just as you decide. Good-bye, doctor."

On the following morning eight happy-go-lucky young men were to be seen engaged in animated discussion at the little railway station of Milford, Illinois. They all wore their hats at a prescribed angle, and upon each hat was the green and gold colors of Milford. One was carrying a valise, while the others were unencumbered. A shrill whistle sounded in the distance and the train master cried out:

"Big Four South!—Kankakee, Lafayette Indiana, Indianapolis and Cincinnati."

That was the prearranged signal for the big noise to begin. Those eight boys cheered and sang as only carefree College lads can. The train pulled into the station and Mr. Leslie Parker boarded the last coach.

"So-long, Les!"

"Say hello to the bright lights for me!"

"Beware of champagne!"

"Tell Mary I'll see her at Christmas!"

These and other injunctions were hurled at Leslie until the rear of the train drowned their voices; even then the lack of words was compensated by pantomime.

The young man impatiently tossed his valise to the floor and threw himself moodily into Chair No. 12. They were due at Indianapolis at eight that night. What would "dad" say? He had made dire threats subsequent to the last encounter his son had had with the College Authorities and poor Leslie was quite averse to meeting him.

Whenever he would think of his experiences his face would contract into a frown, his hands would sink deeper into his pockets, his shoulders would droop and his chest expansion would visibly decrease. He wondered what he would say to father. That was a problem. If he could only think of some plausible—but pshaw! That could wait. He would have a pleasant trip at least for he knew that

the home-coming would not be as pleasant. Thus he dismissed his troubles and spent a most delightful day in travel until, at eight, the Cincinnati Express came into Indianapolis on the "Elev."

He alighted.

"Taxi! Any part of the city! Right this way! Taxi!"

"To 1000 East Washington Avenue."

"Yes, sir."

And the taximeter with Leslie proceeded through the gloom to the destination given.

On this memorable evening a grand reception and dance was in progress at the fashionable winter mansion of Mr. Leslie Parker, Sr. This gentleman was the greatest Prohibitionist leader of Indiana and it was his fondest hope, that some day his son would inherit the political position and prestige left by him.

It was only this hope that enabled him to endure the many scrimmages and vicissitudes of his son's College Career. If only Leslie Jr. would remain at his studies and abstain strictly from woman and song; (he left out "wine," being a Prohibitionist), if he would only behave himself everything would be all right. He was saying that very thing to his friend, Maurice Bentley, the great coal magnate.

"The boy is too flighty. He takes absolutely no interest in his studies. In fact he does nothing but waste his time and my money. Why, just the other day I was requested to send five hundred dollars for "personal needs." God only knows what he did with them."

"Don't worry, Leslie," replied the "Koal King." "All these troubles will adjust themselves readily. In my opinion, you are at fault at present. You are by far too easy with the boy. What he is in need of is a good shock that will wake him up."

"By George, you're right. I'll do it. As deep-rooted as my affection for him is, I'll do it. You know ever since Minn died, he's all I have. But if you really think it will help him and will form his character along better lines, I'll do it. Why he's—"

"Right here, dad," completed our young friend. "How are you? Gee, excuse the slang, it's certainly a sight for my sore eyes to see you again. You can never imagine how lonesome a ride it's been from Milford. I just arrived for a short vacation until February and—"

"And what?", broke in Leslie Sr. in response to a cautious push in the side and a covert "begin now" from Bently. "Now you listen to me for a moment. At college vacations are not given for the asking. I have never been a student at Milford or a visitor either for that matter, but I pride myself that I know that much about the

place. What have you been up to now, you young reprobate? I ought to have shown better judgment than to have sent you that five hundred last week."

"Well, you see, it was this way." And then he told his story. "But then," he continued, "if Bugs—"

"Who?", demanded Dad.

"Oh! Professor Connor. We call him Bugs."

"Well don't call him that when I'm around."

"All right, I won't. Well, as I said, if Bug, I mean Professor Connor, had not been such an infernal grouch I wouldn't have been reported. Now if that would have been MacLaren's window we would not have heard a single word about it. So you see, I am really not to blame."

"No! Of course not!" retorted the father. "They should have given Professor Connor his walking papers! A shallow-minded and hair-brained argument! Well, I am not going to afford you another chance to be disgraced and sent home. And, moreover, I am heartily tired of being an automatic bank roll. Right now you will be given a chance to make up your mind concerning your vocation. I can offer you a high place in my employ from which you can rise to the the most important position of the Prohibitionist Party of this state. You will be able to follow in my footsteps, using my influence and my fortune until you are the equal of any of your fellow statesmen."

"Why-er-wh-wh-why this sudden change, Dad?", stammered the Leslie hopeful.

"Simply because I am heartily tired of having to extricate you from all your affairs. Now to get down to the point. Do you accept my offer?"

"Well,-er,-no, father. Although it is kind and generous, I cannot accept it. Prohibition is in direct opposition to nearly all my principles. In fact, I am prejudiced against it and have determined to work against it with all my heart. Therefore I think that if I am compelled to work, I will depend upon the bar as my means of livelihood and not upon your unscrupulous politics."

"What? You young scamp! Do you dare insult me in that manner? Do you dare to voice that tirade upon me, your father and a radical Prohibitionist? To think that my own son would espouse the cause I am endeavoring to overthrow! The height of impudence! Have you ever heard the like of it, Maurice?"

"I most assuredly never have," replied the coal magnate decidedly and with rising anger.

"I am indeed very sorry, Dad, that I cannot see these ideas in your light, but I repeat that a Prohibitionist's life is not for me. Prohibition seems to me a false ideal and I hope to prove it by my work at the bar. And then, too I much rather prefer that life. It suits my taste better and—"

"It'll suit your taste better. That's one true thing you've said. You ingrate! And you dared to repeat it! Well then, go," he cried, now thoroughly incensed. "Go to your bar. But never ask for a cent from me. Here are a hundred dollars. When you've spent that, you get no more. Now get out! Get out, I say!"

"I'm sorry father to have to leave you in a condition such as this. If you would only not be so hasty, would only listen to reason and understand that I don't—"

"Enough! I want no explanations! You've insulted and disgraced me. Go!"

"All right, dad. Since you force it, I'll go. You think I'll turn out to be a vagabond, but I won't. I'll make good! But remember this: You'll not hear of me until you want me."

A period of ten years passed and no word was received of Leslie Jr. Prohibition under the able leadership of the elder Parker had been enforced throughout the state. Drinking resorts, the bar and their evils had been eradicated from every portion of Indiana.

But in spite of all this, Leslie Parker Sr. had aged wonderfully in that short time. On this particular evening he was sitting in his library in earnest conversation with his old friend, Maurice Bentley.

"Maurice," he was saying, "I wonder what has become of my son. I haven't seen him in these ten years. The suspense is terrible and each day adds another gray hair to my head."

"Why should you worry concerning him, Leslie? He repudiated you. He ignored your requests. He turned his back upon you by saying that he would live by the bar."

"Yes, too true. But not entirely did he cast me off. Do you remember his last words, Maurice: 'You'll not hear of me until you want me.' And I want him **now**, Maurice. Ever since that election when in my rage I overthrew **his** bar, I have often wondered what became of him. The Heavens know that I want my boy to come back."

"Nonsense! Imbecility! He refused to aid you in your struggles and now you wish him to adorn your triumph? Will you never have done with this weakness?"

"Call it weakness if you will; but notwithstanding, it is a fact. Maurice, repeatedly the irresistible force of my love has almost dis-

mantled the barriers of my pride. But each time my haughty spirit reasserted itself. Each time some latent being within me whispered:

"He has wronged you. He must make the advance. Be not weak in your affection but strong in your will." And so, each time, I closed the Chamber of Love and enthroned Hatred and Arrogance in my heart."

"Bosh! Weak sentimentality! I fear that this is affecting your mind, Leslie. To think that one of your strong will would allow your spirit to be broken like a reed in the wind."

"That is all very well for you to say, who are a bachelor and have no filial affection. I have not even seen my son's pictures for for over eight years. I destroyed them all in my first rage. If I could only see his face. It haunts me. In my evenings at the hearth it looms up, reproaching me for my rashness."

"More nonsense! I would never have advised such a course had I thought you so weak-minded."

"Have your own opinion, Maurice. But only God knows where my boy is at this moment. I have often wondered whether he enlisted in the World War. Perhaps even now he may be sleeping in an unmarked grave in Flanders or, worse still, be a submarine victim. Oh—I—I can't stand it—"

And the leader of men broke down and wept like a child.

"Come, come. This won't do. You'll have to brace up, Leslie. —What's that? Oh! It's only a newsboy."

"Extra! Extra!", he was crying. "Extra! All about the Mortimer case in New York. Extra! Don't miss it! Get your latest Times!"

Parker was suddenly aroused.

"What's that about, Maurice?" he asked.

"Oh Young Mortimer killed a man at a gambling resort and the case was to be tried today."

"What Mortimer is that? Old Jacob's son? Well, I'll have to read about that."

He rang a bell and a butler appeared.

"Get me a paper, Kearney."

"Yes, sir."

A few moments later Kearney brought him the paper. And there on the front page was a picture, strangely familiar, and under it in bold type stood:

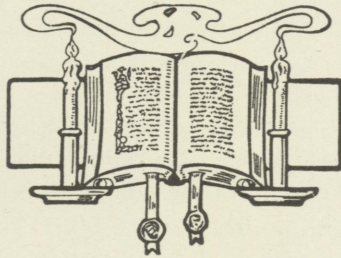
The Hon. Leslie J. Parker, B. A., LL. B.

Young brilliant lawyer who won Mortimer Case.

Mr. Leslie Parker, the Prohibitionist was nonplussed.

"So **that** was his bar," said he. "What a fool I've been. Kearney, pack my grip. I leave for New York tomorrow."

D. HERBERT ABEL.



Heroes Immortal

Close to the heart of France they sleep
The gallant Dead, for whom we weep.
And the rude cross carved by kindly hand
Will guard their graves in the stranger's land
Till sands of Time are run.

Gratefully too, the shaft we raise
And tablets for aye to record their praise,
And the sweetest songs that pen can trace
Will keep alive in the hearts of our race
The memory of our Dead.

Columns upreared will crumble to dust,
The tablets graven will tumble and rust,
But the mem'ry of their valorous deeds
In youthful hearts, like precious seeds
Will raise up heroes, when Liberty leads.

—WALTER BROWN.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN MODERN INDUSTRIES

ONE of the greatest problems of the modern manufacturer is that of properly housing employees. Even before the World War forced industry to strain itself to the utmost, many of the larger concerns took the housing problem into their own hands. So much depended upon it that they were often well repaid for any steps taken in this direction.

In fact, each man's production figure depended largely on his home surroundings. Often four or five families lived in the same house, filthy to the utmost, and no fresh air at all. A man living under such conditions could not be estimated as a positive factor tending to maximum production from the number of people employed. The wiser manufacturers quickly perceived the results of such conditions, and knew full well that they were of very common occurrence.

To avoid paying car fare, the lower classes of laborers try to live as close as possible to the factories in which they work. Profiteering real estate men therefore buy lots as close to the plant as possible and erect on them houses so close together that unsanitary conditions usually result. Then as the business progresses, two or more families move into the same house and it becomes necessary for three or four persons to sleep in the same room. Under such conditions the workingman comes home, not to enjoy a happy evening and a good rest in a cozy little home, but to find a necessarily dirty house and his slumber in consequence is very restless and suffocating.

What is the natural result? When at work the next day, the employe is not fresh and the tired feeling which overcomes him makes necessary the hiring of another man and probably the buying of another machine to accomplish the work which one efficient operator and one machine alone could easily turn out. And then quite often the inefficient man is forced to lay off to recuperate from such a weakened condition. The result is idle machinery, increased overhead expense, higher cost of production per unit output, and consequently lost business because of the necessity of making higher bids on contracts.

As long as there was an oversupply of labor, most business firms were willing to permit such conditions because they could always

get enough hands to do the work. But the war broke out and all manufacturers were rushed with business and more and more labor was needed. Then the drafts drew their quotas from every trade, thus causing a shortage of help and the manufacturers had to find some way of keeping up their production rates.

New plants were erected away from the manufacturing districts on large open plats of ground and houses built around the factory so that proper living conditions would result. They were sold or rented to the laborers on easy terms and their upkeep carefully watched. These attractive surroundings drew large numbers of workmen from other plants and having better homes they were able to do better work.

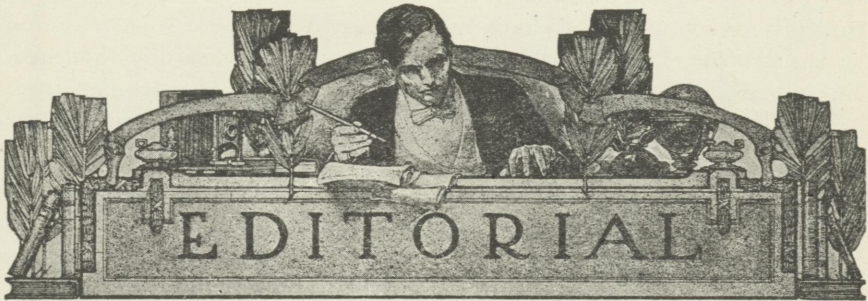
The older factories saw that they were rapidly losing help because of home advantages produced by newer concerns. They could not erect houses near the plants because of the crowded conditions and so they did the next best thing. Welfare work was started among the employees. This tended to produce in them a desire for better living conditions and at the same time provided all sorts of amusements for them. Some factories bought large tracts of land and converted them into parks for the sole use of employes and their families. Every morning and evening they used their large motor trucks to transport people to and from work so that they would not be forced to undergo the results of riding in crowded street cars.

They were thus able to compete for help with the newer factories and everything progressed satisfactorily for a while. But after a short time, demands for more help caused a great influx of labor from surrounding towns, and in the larger manufacturing centers it became necessary for the people to take in boarders. Every house was soon taxed to its capacity and the incoming people could not find homes. Building materials were scarce and it seemed as if industry would be impeded by the lack of housing facilities. The government was appealed to for help and in a very short time a program was outlined, providing for the erection of large numbers of houses in locations where the demand was more pressing. But before work actually commenced on the construction, the armistice was signed and the strained situation relieved. Many of the people from other towns went back to their homes and families in the crowded cities quickly readjusted themselves.

However, the advantages of properly housing employes have been widely recognized by the more progressive manufacturers and the future will undoubtedly see rapid developments in the solution of the housing problem by the modern industries. Truly this war

has brought about in more ways than one, the realization of ideals hitherto dreamed of, but never deemed possible, and with the opening of new markets daily, the future of the American workman seems to be brighter than ever before.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER.



THE POSSIBILITY OF PERMANENT PEACE

History's latest pages are covered with the blood-stained account of the world's worst war. While the lines are yet moist, the nations stand aghast at the ruin which has for four years been causing an almost irreparable loss. This terrible shock that was felt so widely and so deeply, has but too recently ceased for true calm to succeed it. We are even now under the influence of the last dread tremors of the war's violence. It is too soon to expect that all nations can regain their equilibrium. An armistice as stringent as man can enforce is nevertheless weak. There are in the moral order wounds which do not close and heal at the same instant that the last shell bursts and dies away in echo. One remedy must be found which possesses that potency demanded by the seriousness of the disaster sustained throughout all humankind. In what direction shall we turn to find this cure?

That a relief for even this evil is possible must be granted else one is led to admit that eventually the best ideal must cede its place to the worst. But how can the real remedy be recognized? To say the least, it is scarcely that which tends to protract the malady: rather may we say it is that which is fitted to counteract whatever is amiss. Within easy reach the world has such an antidote for war; none other than the message of the true peace contained in the Gospel of the Godman, Jesus Christ.

Let us test this statement. During His most solemn and withal, most intimate discourses with His Apostles, Jesus repeatedly drew

their attention to one of His choicest gifts, peace. St. John is our authority that the oncoming shadow of Calvary did not distort the Master's peaceful leave-taking into a dull and hopeless threnody. On the contrary, He gave us peace "not as the world giveth." Furthermore, when the glory of the first Easter was most radiant He thrice reminded His chosen ones that he wished them peace. Then, if ever, His words were an earnest expression of the treasure flooding forth from His pierced Heart. This is only part of the full truth. Of old, God fondly taught His people He was their Emmanuel. Without end, He repeated His "delights were to be with the children of men." As if this were not enough, the Word of God added: "without Me you can do nothing." Yes, God has sworn to be with mankind forever. If the world turns away from Him it must experience no longer His mercy, but His justice, for verily He will be with us either to reward or to punish. Moreover, we must yet learn that Divine help is absolutely needed in such a crisis as the present. Man must admit that God alone can grant peace and that man must needs beseech the Divine clemency for it.

Hence, is it not almost mockery that the recent sessions of the World's Peace Conference were so decidedly human? There is small need for saying that such cool and idealistic planning for enduring peace cannot be considered the *Te Deum* due to God for His delivering us from the woes of war. Since He is "the Father of all consolation," why should He not have an active share in reuniting the lately discordant world? Or again, if the Entente nations sincerely wish for permanent peace why do the terms of their combined armistice ring with a note resembling the distant sound of the next war? Is it scarcely right that the allies should seek to end war by agreeing upon measures which may be mistaken later for the far-sighted preparation for a more deadly war than that recently ended?

No, there is no intention of maligning our able President. In conjunction with the several delegates from various nations he has done his best to guarantee to the world future security from another such war. Still, can the world sanely congratulate itself upon assured success when the Pope of Rome, God's own Vicar on earth had no voice in the conclave of the most powerful nations? Let the answer to this be hushed so as not to cause new trouble inopportunistly. More than once during the late war did the present Pontiff attempt to do what the envoys of the allies have met to accomplish. It remains to be seen if the end has been gained despite the fact our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV had no voice in the World's Peace Conference.

In fine, the world has for four years known that the war began because of anarchy: let us hope that its end will not be too evidently marked by an atheistic attempt at peace, which is more futile than the wildest Utopian scheme.

ED. WARD.

A PLEASING PERSONALITY

Every day of a man's life shows the reaction of his personality in the form of happiness or of sorrow, of opportunity or of disappointment. But how few ascribe particularly the depressing experiences to their true source. The weakness of self-sufficiency with its lack of introspection acts as a blind and leads the individual to crediting or blaming his "luck." And in youth, this fault is not altogether blameworthy. The educational world, while offering all the fundamentals of an ideal personality in its teachings of religion, ethics, and sociology, leaves its development in the concrete to the individual's initiative. If he reflects at all on the flaws in his personality, it is usually after contact with the world has given depth to the workings of his mind. But then the pliancy of youth has been lost in the firmness of habit.

At college we labor through mathematics or languages, and call our labors "personal development"; perhaps become adepts in a particular science and then expect during the productive phase of life a reward proportionate with our knowledge. Not so. Mental power alone does not determine a man's ultimate status in life; neither does "personal development" consist only of acquiring knowledge. Both the social and the business worlds are extremely sensitive to the effect of personalities. In fact, the individual, lacking extensive learning but displaying a pleasing personality, may be more richly rewarded than one who displays knowledge, but has a faulty or disagreeable personality. This is only natural. Usually a man's first disclosure is too frequently accepted as a gauge of his worth.

A man is, in a general way, either pleasing or disagreeable to his fellow beings according to his moral code. If it admits constantly of a desire to do justice, of that flower of charity, solicitude, of deference at the proper time, which is an expression of humility, a man is sure to please. If he accompanies these moral precepts with democratic sociability and if he develops the power of keen and immediate perception of temperaments, he will be able to meet and satisfy every reasonable man; his trained mind will see immediately the type of person before him and his broad development will supply the ability to please.

One of the most laudable traits of a pleasing personality is its willingness to acknowledge the wrong done in a weak moment, accompanied by a whole-hearted effort to make amends. This is the outgrowth of the desire to do justice and often rewards by establishing a new and lasting friendship. Men know that occasional self-disapproval is indicative of rich qualities in a fellowman.

Some of the pleasing personalities met with did not originate in the qualities enumerated above. They were rather, at first, a reflection of what those persons had gathered in their study of fellow creatures. In these cases the process of development is reversed but is equally good in its final effect. With a desire to please as their only incentive they closely study that which is pleasing in others, gathering and selecting traits and then weaving them into their own personalities. Faithful observance of what they approve in others leads to establishing within them the principles which are the true source of their personality. In truth, this second process is more desirable because of its reliable foundation. A man may profess an ideal moral code and yet, if he has not a desire to please, he will be guilty of acts which are not grievous violations of its laws, but which play havoc with the sensitive strings of friendship.

RAY J. KITSTEINER.

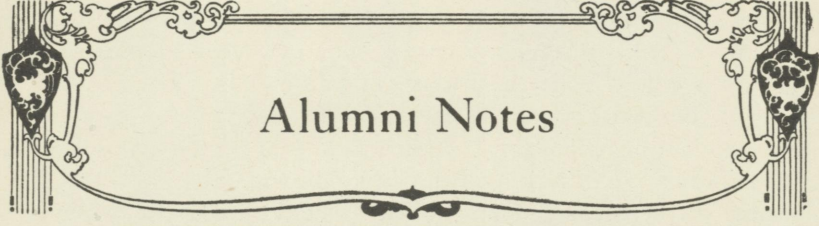
WHY ?

Why has every republic a name except our own? Why should these United States, the greatest of all republics lack a fitting appellation? The two Americas hold about thirty republics, each representing a union of states such as we have, but each has a specific name which distinguishes it from other republics.

Imagine yourself as one of a cosmopolitan group of American tourists being introduced in Paris. One is a Brazilian, another is a Peruvian, one a Mexican and the last a Canadian—all Americans. The explanation that you are an American would be ambiguous. So are your companions. Your country could be designated as those United States that are between Canada and Mexico to distinguish it from the United States of Columbia and other republics which have "united states" added to their names. Or, you could explain that you are from those United States that have no name.

In these days of many changes among nations why cannot our country be christened appropriately. There are any number of fitting names, but the task is not to find a name but to actually name our country.

A. C. HORN.



Alumni Notes

THE STARS IN OUR SERVICE FLAG

ERNEST C. KIRSCHTEN, H. S., '20

Albert H. Adelberg
Walter I. Agnew
Carl Aman
Sergt. Hans Amann
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 J. Barlow
Russell Becker
Corpl. Russell G. Beckerer
Lieut. T. E. Bennett
Corpl. Clarence Benvenuti (deceased)
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
Clarence E. Blommel
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
Joseph A. Burgmeier
Harry Burke
Thomas M. Burke
Alvin Burkhardt
Hans Burkhardt
Elmer Burnett
John L. Burns
Sylvester J. Burns

Henry Cahill
J. F. Cahill
Matthew J. Cahill
Edmund V. Callahan
Evrard C. Caluwaert
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

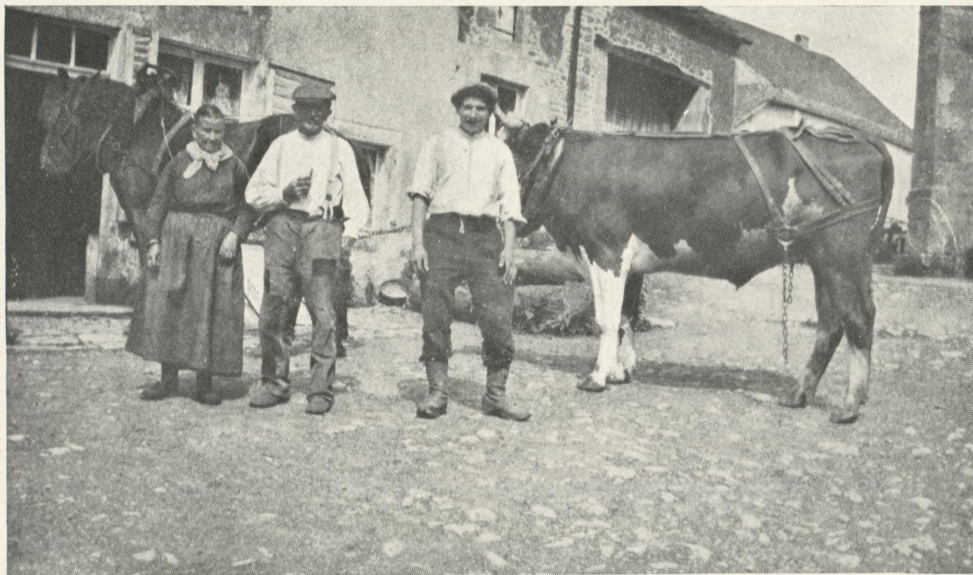
Herman Decker
Carl R. Deckwitz
William H. Deddens
Lieut. Dr. Leon J. Deger
Richard J. Deger
Walter E. Deis
Clemens B. Demann
Lieut. Joseph Derrivan
John Devereux
Maj-Gen. Joseph T. Dickman
Frank Donovan
Capt. J. O. Donovan



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"In Cassock and Khaki: A French Abbot and an American Lieutenant in a Monastery Garden"

The above scene and the explanation of it, as well as the scene and explanation on the following page, are taken from a recent issue of the Geographic. It was a pleasure for his many friends to recognize in the smiling lieutenant our alumnus, Dr. Leon J. Deger, '10, of this city. For further details call on our Old Boy, W. J. Jaekle, '92, architect, 1300 U. B. Building, who furnished the snapshots to the Geographic, or on Leon's father, also a former student, Adam Deger, '82, of "Mother's Bread" fame, Brown Street and Union Avenue.



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“A Peasant Home in Western France where American Officers Were Recently Billeted”

The Lieutenant's hosts and quarters are shown here. Both pictures were taken with Leon's own kodak, the latter snapshot being made by himself. He reports a strenuous, but not unpleasant life he spent amid the kind farmers that live in the neighborhood of Le Mans, where both scenes are laid. Upon request for use of the halftones, The Exponent was treated with unusual courtesy, for which it is very grateful to the Geographic.

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
Corpl. Urban G. Focke
 Walter E. Focke
 Bernard J. Fox
 Victor E. Frank
Lieut. Benj. W. Freeman
 Albert Freudenberger

Alexis J. Genard
 Cornelius B. George
Corpl. 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. Grothouse
Sergt. Fred P. Grundish
 Quentin A. Guenther
 William L. Haag
 Charles F. Haas
 Harry J. Haas
 John Hackett
 Carl J. Hahn
 C. Forster Hahne
Lieut. Herbert J. Haile
 Elmer A. Hais
 G. Hamberger
Corpl. Bernard J. Hanley
 Edw. M. Happensack
 Donald F. Harker
Lieut. James F. Harrington
 Harry A. Hart
 Clement E. Hartshorn
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 G. 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 G. Hodapp
 Frank J. Hoffman
 Edward Hogan
 John L. Hogan
 Norbert F. Holbrook
 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
Sergt. Bernard J. 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 J. Kranz
 Edw. H. Kremer
 Joseph J. Kuhn
 Andrew Kuntz
 Edward J. Kuntz
 Victor Kuntz

Edward Lacken
Corpl. Eugene Lapierre
 Edward Larkin
 Elmer Larkin
 Bernard Lash
 Nicholas Last
 Edward J. Laughlin
 Edwin J. Lauterbach
 Walter H. Legge
 Walter T. Leifheit
 Edward Leonard
 Theodore F. Lienesch

James Lyons

John M. McCabe
 Wendell McCulloch
 William E. McDonald
 Harold McEntee
 Burns T. McGary
 Walter J. McGary
Lieut. Gerald F. McKinney
 James McMahon
 J. McNamara
 Edwin Mack
Sergt. Thomas J. Macklin
 Bernard Maher
Capt. Frank Mahoney
Lieut. George Mahoney
Lieut. Joseph Mahoney
 Alphonse H. Mahrt
 Armin Mahrt
 Karl Mahrt
 Vincent Malloy
Corpl. 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
 Iris Neunam
Lieut. Dr. J. Russel Neunam
 Samuel Newnam
 Charles R. Niehaus
 Fred Norckauer
 Fred Nugent

Allan D. 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
 J. Raymond Pla
 Walter Plummer
Sergt. Al. J. Pohnman (deceased)
Lieut. Leslie F. Porter
 Earl R. Procuniar
 Richard Punch
 Edward Purpus

Thomas Quigley

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

Clifford D. Sachs
 J. C. A. Sack
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
Sergt. Albert J. Schmackers
 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
Corpl. Eugene L. Shenk
Sergt. Chas. W. Sherlock
 Edward Sherlock
 John D. Sherlock
 William B. Sherry
 Charles Shields
 Lawrence P. Sinnott
 Eugene Skelton
 George Skelton
 Harry J. Skelton
Ensign W. J. Skelton
Sergt. Clarence Smith
 Carroll Sprigg
 Paul Staley
Lieut. Henry Stang
 Vinc. A. Steger
 W. J. Steger
 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. Strattnr
 Fred G. Stroop
 Carl Stuber
 Edward Stuber
 Clifford Stuhlmueeller
 Fred Sturm
 M. Leo Sullivan
 William J. Sullivan
 James R. Summers
 Thomas Sunshine
 Joseph Sutton
 Harold Sweeney
 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 Ungar

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

Harry Wager
Alfred Wagner
Lieut. Dr. 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 Wetzell
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
John Wuertz

Wilbur A. Yackley
Elmer Yost

Clarence Youngerman

Lieut. Arthur C. Zimmerman

24 Additional 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.

St. Mary has now 488 names on its "Honor List."

Washington Orders The War Department has asked St. Mary College for a complete list of its former students with the army and navy, stating also the rank, the branch and place of service. Example:

John J. Jones, second Lieut., 159th Depot Brigade, Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

Peter P. Piper, Corpl., Battery B, 135th Field Artillery, A. E. F., France.

Lest you forget, do it NOW. A card will do. Better yet: send us a few lines concerning other S. M. C. Old Boys with the Colors. Address The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

Gallery of Heroes Following our request for pictures of our Service Flag Stars, a number of photos and snapshots have already been received. Let us mention those of Major General Joseph T. Dickman, Joseph W. Evans, Captain J. Edward ("Ned") Grimes, Lieutenant Gerald F. McKinney, Thomas

J. Macklin, Ensign W. J. Skelton, Sergeant B. J. Keuping and Lieutenant Benj. W. Freeman.

Thanks to the kind senders. We want to hear from more.

**An "Official"
Communication**

RECRUIT DEPOT

Columbus Barracks, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1919.

From: Sergeant Albert J. Schmackers, Q. M. C.—
U. S. A.

To: Reverend Brother O'Reilly, S. M., St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio.

Subject: Addition to "service list" Exponent, S. M. C.

1. In compliance with request expressed in recent issues of The Exponent, I herewith submit my name to be added to the "service list" of St. Mary College.

2. I enlisted at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, on December 15, 1917, and have been stationed on duty at this depot since that time. At present I am in charge of the Correspondence Department at Headquarters. Was recommended for a commission as First Lieutenant with prospects for service overseas, in November last, but action on same was suspended by the signing of the armistice.

3. My copies of The Exponent are being received from home by me and they afford me much pleasure. I desire to renew my subscription for this good friend and companion, for which I enclose herewith one dollar (\$1.00). I desire the magazine to be addressed to my home address, 1322 S. Limestone Street, Springfield, Ohio.

4. I do not anticipate an early discharge from the service, inasmuch as this depot is busily engaged in demobilization work.

5. With best wishes to the Faculty, personnel, and my friends of St. Mary College, I am,

Yours for "Uncle Sam",

Albert J. Schmackers.

Blighty!

Lieut. Arthur C. Zimmerman, '16, was relieved from duty with the Ordnance Department of the Army on last January 10, and is now at his home, 1850 Wayne Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Edward C. Caluwaert, '16, sends greetings to the Faculty and students, especially to the '19 class, from his home, 215 S. Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Chicago, Illinois, whither he has just returned after an honorable discharge from the army.

Corpl. J. P. Georges, '09, has also returned to Wilmington, Ohio.

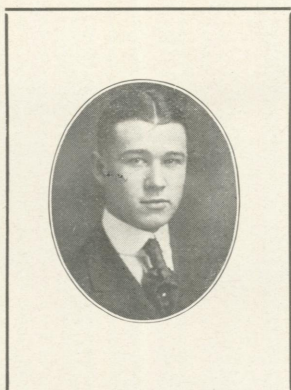
Ensign W. J. Skelton, '06, recently came from Raleigh, N. C., to attend the funeral services of his father, the late George E. Skelton, a well-known Dayton business man. The Exponent extends the sincerest sympathy of the College to Ensign Skelton, as well as to his brothers Harry, '07 and George, '10, who are both still with the American expeditionary forces in France.

A Devil Dog That's what the Germans called the U. S. Marines, who are "first to fight and last to leave." John M. McCabe, '09, of St. Bernard, Ohio, is a member of the corps. He received his training at Paris Island, S. C., and guarded a munition plant in the East before going overseas.

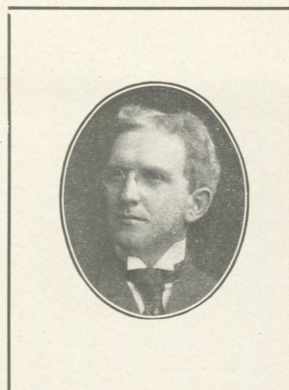
One Million Francs . On February 22 we received news that Lieut. Gerald F. ("Rip") McKinney, '10, of Portsmouth, Ohio, was still with the Engineers at Is-Sur-Tille, France, where the U. S. has much work to do before leaving. The same day a Havas dispatch from Dijon stated that the American Camp at Is-Sur-Tille was completely destroyed by fire despite the valiant efforts of the boys. This \$200,000 fire will perhaps make Rip's long stay short.

Thank You If the Old Boys are pleased, as they say they are, with the "Alumni Notes," we assure them that our success is due to the loyal co-operation of our readers sending us news. Special thanks are due to Mr. L. L. Starlin, of Portsmouth, Ohio, for information concerning Lieut. "Rip" McKinney, '10, and for a good snapshot of him; to Mr. John Georges, Sr., of Wilmington, Ohio, for telling us of John M. McCabe, '09, a nephew to Miss Margaret McCabe, the charitable foundress of the Boys' Home in Cincinnati; to Rev. Francis M. Mueller, '12, of Cincinnati, and to Dr. Geo. W. Dancer, '96, of Dayton, for five additional names. Let's hear from more. Thanks.

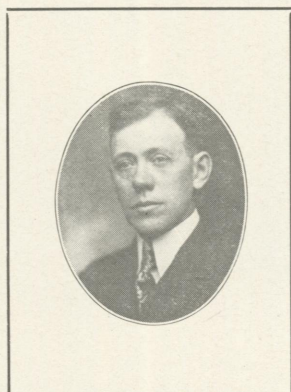
At Home Lieut. Jos. B. Ferneding, '14, a member of the 99th aero squadron, is now at his home in Dayton, after training at the Mt. Clemens, Michigan, Aviation field six months and six months in France. He spent his first night in Dayton at the S. M. C. gym, to cheer the Varsity basket ball team against the famous Mt. Union quintet. He was successful. St. Mary got 22 but had to give their opponents 21. The game was one of the most exciting



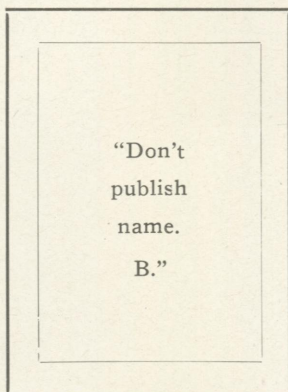
\$25



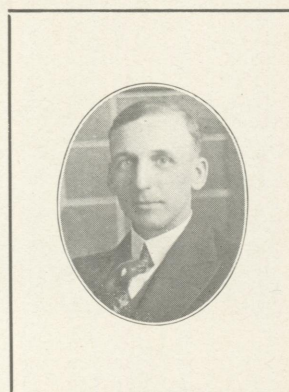
\$25



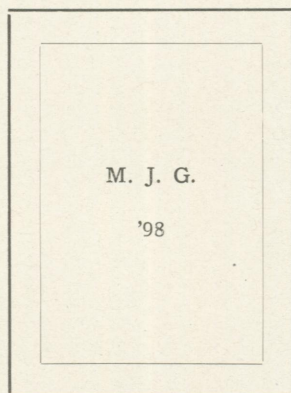
\$25



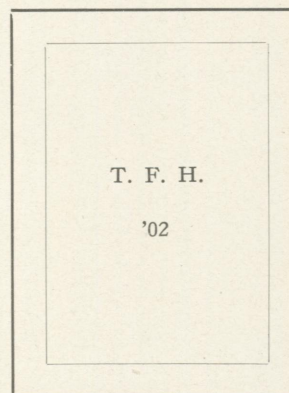
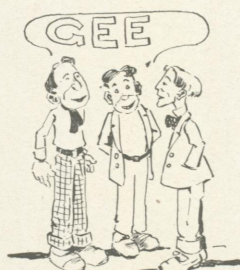
\$100 + \$100



\$25

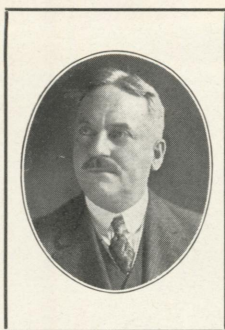


\$25

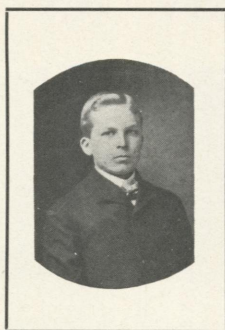


\$50

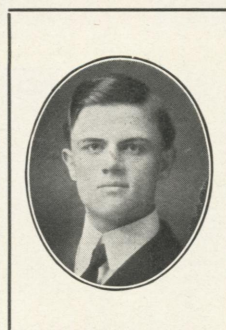
"SOME" ALUMNI BENEFACTORS OF THE COLLEGE DIVISION CLUB ROOM



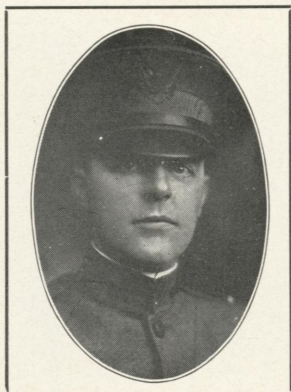
Combination
Pool & Billiard Table



\$100



\$25



\$50



\$25 (First Installment)
Also U. S. Flag



Prosperous Alumni on the Way to Help a Greater St. Mary's Fund

MORE ALUMNI WHO BELIEVE THAT "ALL WORK AND NO PLAY
MAKES JACK A DULL BOY"

ever played "on the hill" and it proved S. M. C. can display such a brand of basket ball, that the alumni have to sit up and take notice!

Clarence G. Hodapp, '08, is now at his Dayton home, after receiving his honorable discharge from the 83d division, headquarters troop, at Camp Sherman, Ohio, after long service overseas.

Clement E. Hartshorn, '16, 704 Smith St., Dayton, was also honorably discharged from Co. K, 29th Engrs., U. S. A., on last December 28 after four months' service as a soldier.

Varia

According to Lieut. John L. Crowley, '18, who has been transferred to the newly organized "Engineering and Standardization Branch" at Washington, D. C., Edward Maloney, '14, is making good in the Signal Corps, testing electrical equipment, but he has never forgotten his chemistry record at S. M. C. Leslie Porter, '18, from Camp Lee, Va., is again at home, but sickness and death have unfortunately been visiting his family. The Lieutenant wishes to know whether Ohmer still plays "African Golf."

FOR A GREATER ST. MARY

ERNEST C. KIRSCHTEN, H. S., '20

The Big Drive

Special Bulletin.

(Not a war story) The strategists at St. Mary are about to launch a big offensive on the collegiate front. The objective of this drive is admission into the O. A. C. and the N. W. A. C. S. S., as explained in the sealed orders issued January 20, 1919.

However, before this drive can begin, it is necessary to capture a point of strategic importance—100 men in the College Department. This can be secured by providing the collegians with suitable quarters, especially with a large, well equipped club room. There is a great need of supplies that must be satisfied. A call for volunteers has been made. Some have already answered generously. Will you help your Alma Mater "go over the top," by your assistance in furnishing the club room? She will deeply appreciate your loyalty in sending your contribution at once.

"Some" Answers to the Call "I heartily endorse the improvements suggested and take pleasure in enclosing my check of \$25.00."

"Enclosed herewith you will find my check for \$25.00. I am much interested in the welfare of St. Mary's and am pleased to do my little bit."

"I am heartily in sympathy with any movement to advance the interests of the College and it is my conviction that this is a step in the right direction."

An alumnus whose professional work often calls him to St. Mary, "Am enclosing check for \$25.00. I believe the idea of separating the College from the High School students is of distinct benefit. Many things allowed college students are not advisable for those of less mature years."

"Your purpose is a correct one for all former students to take up.—You will find enclosed a check for \$50.00. While this is only two per cent of the amount you desire to raise, nevertheless I feel that we ought to average at least fifty people for a like sum, which would reach the \$2,500.00 mark you are after.—If at any time I can personally be of any assistance to St. Mary, it will be my pleasure."

How do you like the spirit in which things for the new College Division are said—and done—by some of the Old Boys?

From the Rectories

The loyalty of the ordained sons of St. Mary is interesting. One would expect little of them, who receive but a pittance.

From one who has never learned to say "No," "Enclosed find my donation for the fund. I like to help everybody a little."

Another, "I am glad to boost S. M. C. a little on the way toward that N. W. A. of C. and O. A. of C.—But let me tell you this; you can get all the paraphernalia in the Balke-Collenders store rooms and all that Bott Bros. ever manufactured, before you produce the cue artists and pill spillers that were at S. M. C. in the days when Prudencio Garcia and myself were chalking cues, and when the eagle eye of Paul Welch and the mighty arm of Leo Walsh reigned over the alleys.—Enclosed is a white slip that Pinkey Edmondson's father will honor and which, I hope, will help a little on the Club Room improvements."

From the All-Highest

Tent and Castle of the All-Highest Caliph and Grand Knight of the Order, February 28, 1919.

Dear Sir and Brother:

Our honorable scribe has laid his parchments before us, and from them we note that,

1. There are 48 members of the Fraternal Order of S. M. Boosters, of whom 33 are Alumni and 15 friends of the school;
2. There is a difference of \$597 between the contributions of the Alumni and those of the friends, in favor of the former;

3. The \$1,000 mark was reached on February 7, 1919;
4. There are now 8 charter members of the Fourth Degree—having contributed in January. They may wear the only original oriental Fez;
5. There are 39 of the Third Degree—being February contributors—who wear the mystical Turban;
6. The March contributors shall be initiated with due and proper ceremonies into the Second Degree and be awarded the sign of the Scimitar;

N. B. We deeply regret to state that our goat "Nanny" can no longer be used at initiations, she having died from overwork after the Fourth and Third Degree Rituals.

7. April members shall enter the First Degree;
8. Those contributing in May shall join the "Knife and Fork Caravan" and June contributors the "Table Cloth Caravan;"
9. The scribe will in due time divulge the names of the honorable Knights, Squires, Yeomen and Mercenaries of the All-Highest Order;

10. The Keeper of the Keys of the Kash Kompartment has asked us to announce that the payment of dues is now in order.

It has pleased us to bring these facts before you, so that all of you may rise to the dignity of our noble, high, and most exalted Order of S. M. Boosters.

Fraternally yours,
The All-Highest
Muck-a-Muck,
Caliph and Grand Knight.

Under our hand and seal. (*N. B.—It grieves us greatly to be forced to announce that our late goat "Nanny" dined on the great Seal of State of the exalted Order before her recent demise. And thereby hangs a tail.*)

CHIPS

NORBERT P. MOTT, '23

"A Shining Mark"

Under this caption we found an article referring to one of St. Mary's ablest Faculty members, in the Catholic School Journal of February, 1919, a magazine read by educators all over the country. In a previous issue we had already given notice of Brother Garvin's death. The Journal article is too good to be ignored by the editorial clippers of the Alumni Notes Department.

"The sympathies of the Catholic educators of the entire country go out to the Brothers of Mary who have recently lost one of the most gifted, most godly, most efficient of their members. Brother John Garvin, a victim of the influenza epidemic, was called by God in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Nowadays we do not consider that age a ripe one at which to die, but in Brother John Garvin's case a lifetime of learning and holiness and successful teaching lay fruitfully crammed within the less than half century of his professional career."

"Brother John Garvin was a man of many gifts, not the least graceful being a literary style chastened and piquant. He knew how to write; and the reports of the proceedings of the Catholic Educational Association contain more than one paper from his pointed and perspicuous pen. His superiors showed their confidence in his character and attainments by entrusting him with the important task of writing the history of the Brothers of Mary, a splendid piece of work which he completed on the occasion of the jubilee of his congregation."

"Brother John Garvin's body reposes tonight in the Brothers' little cemetery at Dayton, Ohio; and may the earth lie lightly there. His soul, it is ours to trust and pray, has winged its way to its surpassing great reward. And may the memory of his fine spirit of manly piety and unflinching zeal be to his brethren in Christ a source of consolation and inspiration."

A Quotation To illustrate the above we transcribe the following from Brother Garvin's latest book, "The Centenary of the Society of Mary." The paragraph will be of special interest to the Old Boys, as it refers to the founder of their school, Brother Maxim Zehler, for whom the gifted writer had a special cult.

"He (Brother Zehler) was a most affable and condescending man, for all his ponderous approach and seemingly overwhelming personality. There was a winning inviting smile, an outstretched hand, and he could bend his stately form to the smallest boy, and make him feel that he was loved. He had that gift of kings: he could remember faces. There are hundreds of old pupils who bear witness to this remarkable faculty. But not only were they recognized when they came back, even after many years, to see their beloved College and their revered director; they were also catechized and cross-examined. Their worldly prosperity counted for little with their unworldly old teacher; he assumed **that**, as a result of their secular training, but he wanted to assure himself of their spiritual growth. And it is an evidence of the intense spirituality, of the unworldliness, the 'other-worldliness,' we might say, of good Brother Zehler, that,

of all old teachers, pupils loved to call upon him. Evidently there was something in the tone and manner and spirit of this saintly man that was elevating and refreshing and refining, and all the more so, to men who came from among the pursuits of the world."

**In the
Eternal City**

We quote, "*Catholic Press Cablegram*)"

"Rome, February 10.—Two United States military chaplains, accompanied by three American Red Cross nurses were received in private audience by Pope Benedict last Friday. One of the chaplains was Rev. Lieutenant William P. O'Connor, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, who is attached to the 136th Regiment, Field Artillery; the other was Rev. Lieutenant Edward A. Duff, of Admiral Sims' fleet. The Holy Father graciously sent his blessing to regiment and fleet through their respective chaplains."

Congratulations to our Rev. Alumnus of '08 upon his good fortune. It is hoped that he will bring along the latest news from the large college of the Society of Mary in the Eternal City. His last letters, dated from Aix-les-Bains, the famous resort in the Alps and addressed to his home in Dayton, refer to the crowded houses greeting the spectacular soldier play, "The Passing Show," which he is sponsoring. He wrote them in view of Mt. Blanc, the highest peak of Europe. After leaving Rome, he joined his regiment on board the ship which sailed for "Home, Sweet Home"; sweeter indeed after a seven months' absence, and a life in the trenches that often separated them from death by a hair's breath.

**Was It
Coincidence
Only?**

The January Exponent carried an article, "To the Honor of God," referring to our former student, Rev. Augustine H. Metz, '09, and another article, "Need a Mission?" referring to our Rev. alumnus,

John A. Costello, '08. A month after the publication of the above the two joined hands when Father Costello arrived in Eureka Springs, Ark., to give a mission in the parish of Father Metz. And now the Alumni Editor wonders whether it was coincidence or cause and effect that brought the two old College chums together.

Father Costello is portrayed as an impressive speaker in a local paper, which quotes one of his hearers as saying, "In our articles on the mission the past week we have said little about Father Costello as an orator. But our pen has seemed so helpless to adequately portray his sermons. He enters fully into the subject of his discourse and his command of words is extraordinary. They fall from his lips, these jewels of thought, as freely and easily as the bird warbles its

song of love to its Master. For he, too, is in the service of his divine Master, and so great and earnest is his love for that Master that, like Michael Angelo, he would carve in the hearts of his hearers the likeness and image of his Lord and Savior. And we have no doubt that the seeds of the divine word that have been planted during this mission will bear fruit in the vineyard of our Lord's love."

And elsewhere the Eureka Springs daily writes of the St. Mary's Boys: "Father Costello is an old friend of Father Metz. These gentlemen were classmates and graduated at St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio. While at this college Father Costello was awarded a gold medal in oratory. Later, the two priests met at Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio. Father Metz thinks he is fortunate indeed in securing his friend for a course of lectures. After leaving here Father Costello will tour the Northern states. When the new Catholic church is erected and finished at Harrison, he promised Father Metz to come and lecture there."

In the Lone Star State

Rev. Joseph I. Klein, who registered at St. Mary's on September 6, '89, from Mt. Vernon, Ind., is now the pastor of St. Michael's Church, Burlington, Texas. Success to our Reverend alumnus in his new field of labor.

Welcome Visitors

Joseph W. Clemens, '99, the man who "don't forget the cigars." Thank you.

Adam Deger, '82, to bring news of his oldest hopeful, Lieut. Dr. Leon J. Deger, '10, now at Le Mans, France.

Ensign Max Von Mach, '18, from the Great Lakes Naval Station; he was enjoying a brief furlough.

Edward A. Moritz, '05, to greet his old friends of the Faculty.

Rev. Bro. John A. Waldron, at present Inspector of the Province of St. Louis, formerly Vice President of the College, whose pupils have always distinguished themselves by their loyalty to the old school.

John C. Wickham, '09, of Springfield, Ohio, to look over the old stamping grounds.

Ralph J. Wirshing, '16, of Dayton, Ohio, to enjoy the basket ball games and give "The Dayton Journal" a good taste of them.

Al. J. Mahrt, '12, to attend, of course, a basket ball game between the Varsity and Mt. Union and cheer the old school to victory.

Geo. Zimmerman, '11, our "Babe," always in demand where a good basket ball game is to be refereed.

Frank H. Kronauge, '92, to root for his old school at the basket ball games from the old familiar reserved seat he has occupied for the last twelve years and then some.

Harry F. Finke, '02, to boost the College Division Club Room fund.

Rev. Chas. E. Ertel, '05, of Wilmington, Ohio, who came to Dayton to attend the Month's Mind of Rev. J. George Franz, '80.

Rev. Martin M. Varley, '06, and Rev. John Kelly, '10, to attend the last number of the Lyceum Course with the quaint Lilioukalani Hawaiians.

Dr. Albert J. Moorman, '00, a weekly and sometimes—rarely—a daily visitor, to discuss the latest frills and pills and ills of humanity, and kill them all.

Corpl. Urban G. Focke, '09, of 952 Valley St., Dayton, Ohio, to announce his safe return from Le Mans, France, where he had a not unpleasant experience these last months. Urban came also to thank his former professor of chemistry, Brother William Wohlleben, for various services rendered him overseas.

The Glad Hand T. Francis Hart, '02, writes to Father Tetzlaff from Dunkirk, Ind., "Some time ago we had the pleasure of the presence of Father O'Reilly here at our home; he visited also our glass factory. If at any time you or any of the Brothers could possibly stop off here, I, and Mrs. Hart too, would be only too pleased to entertain you."—Tom, you'll have to keep open house for the Old Boys, too, for it's all the same family.—Thanks.

Notice to Travelers Whenever in trouble, or in glee, or in a quandary, during the dark and dreary hours of the night at the Dayton Union Station, just call for Carl A. Bauer, '08, at any of the ticket windows and he'll be Johnny-on-the-Spot to please serve you.

A Recruit Recently there was great rejoicing at 511 North Old Orchard Ave., Dayton, Ohio, when Heir Number 3 arrived at the home of J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06. It is better late than never for the Alumni Editor to tell our alumnus, "Please don't forget the cigars" in compliment of the new soldier in the young army of Hochwalts who have attended St. Mary's since the time, 60 years ago, or to be more exact, since June 11, 1860, when the first one of the tribe, Henry by name, meandered with book and slate un-

der arm through the big wheat field, over the path that began on the corner of Brown Street and Brothers Lane and lead up to the present chapel.

A Dip in the Pacific "Long Beach, Cal., January 24, 1919.—The water was as cold as ice, but the sun, nice and warm.—The days are sometimes even hot, but the overcoat feels comfortable after sundown.—I have gained 11 lbs. since leaving St. Elizabeth's.—I wonder how Ralph Wollenhaupt is facing the fire."—Thusly and more writes R. H. Hummert, '17, of whom more in previous issues of the Expo.

For Your Mail The following addresses were recently given to the Alumni Editor. You want to write to that old chum of yours and live over pleasant college days, the campus, the classroom, the gym, the shoe room, the study hall, the dining room, the chapel, the park, the lab, the swimming pool, the—hundred and one nooks and corners of the dear old place. Sit down today and drop him a line.

Richard V. Burkhardt, '85. Residence: 927 N. Broadway. Office: Webster and Monument Aves., Dayton, Ohio.

Philip G. Wagner, '15. Residence: 123 Miami Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

William J. Lukaswitz, '81. Residence: 334 S. Main St. Office: 730-734 E. Monument Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Michael J. Gibbons, Jr., '98. Residence: 247 McDaniel St. Office: 601-615 Monument Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Wm. E. Schantz, '85. Residence: 314 Schantz Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Otto Moosbrugger, '83. Residence: 1005 N. Broadway, Dayton, Ohio.

Captain John F. Ohmer, Jr., '09. Residence: 354 W. First St., Dayton, Ohio. At present at Washington, D. C.

Ellis J. Finke, '77. Residence: 14 Finke Place. Office: The Homestead Loan & Savings Association, 709 U. B. Building, Dayton, Ohio.

Matthias J. Daeges, '96. Templeton, Iowa.

Rev. Aloysius C. Angel, '04, St. Martin Rectory, 162 Steuben St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lieut. Herbert J. Haile, '15. 208 Cherry St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. Walter C. Tredtin, '95, S. M., West Philadelphia Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Carl Anthony Bauer, '08, 40 S. Dover St., Dayton, Ohio.

Joe Heidkamp, '97, 2936 Hackberry St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clarence J. Schmitt, 405 S. Miami Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

Walter C. Sitterle, '16, 440 E. 10th St., Erie, Pa.

John M. Burgmeier, '02. Residence: 2549 Smalley Court. Office: Burgmeier Book Bindery, 1908-1910 W. North Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

William A. Reith, '13, St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa.

Lieut. Gerald F. McKinney, '10. Residence: 1223 Park Ave., Portsmouth, Ohio. Overseas: Co. E, 34th Regt. Engrs. U. S., A. P. O. 712, Is-Sur-Tille, France.

Edwin J. Lauterbach, '14, 154 Allen St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sergt. Hans Amann, '10. Home: 152 Eagle St., Dayton, Ohio. Overseas: Treves, Germany.

Rev. Bro. John A. Waldron, S. M., Maryhurst, Kirkwood, Mo.

Emmet F. Sweetman, '04, City Civil Engineer, Urbana, Ohio.

Robert A. Carton, '16. Residence: 632 Main St., Coshocton, Ohio. Is still overseas.

Dr. Albert J. Moorman, '00. Residence: 827 Kenwood Ave., Dayton, Ohio. Office: 859-860 Reibold Building, Dayton, Ohio.

George W. Dancer, D. D. S., '96. Office: Time Painless Dentists, 11 E. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio.

Carl J. Ryan, '16, Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Leo Showel, '96. Residence: 2601 Parkwood Ave. Office: 501-503 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

Rev. T. L. Kearns, '11, St. Mary Rectory, 251 N. Main St., Marion, Ohio.

Charles W. Whalen, '07. Residence: 952 Cottage Grove Ave., Office: 1012-1015 U. B. Building, Dayton, Ohio.

George E. Edmondson, '18, care J. B. Brennan, 758 Neil Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

M. J. Sherry, '90, 1423 E. Fourth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Leo Sullivan, '08, Payne, Ohio.

Harry C. Busch, '96. Law office: Union Trust Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Harry F. Finke, '02. Office: The Finke Engineering Co., 1533 Germantown St. Residence: 34 Logan St., Dayton, Ohio.

Rev. Francis M. Mueller, '12, 933 Bank St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Joseph W. Clemens, '99. Office: 28 N. Jefferson St. Residence: 232 Dutoit St., Dayton, Ohio.

John Breen, '18. Residence: 107 Edgemoor Lane, Ithaca, N. Y.

Thos. Coughlin, '93. Office: The Morris Plan Bank of Cleveland, E. 6th St. and Rockwell Ave. Residence: 879 Parkwood Drive, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Bro. Joseph J. Lattner, 938 Dayton St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Corpl. Eugene Lapierre, '09, Ambulance Co., Sec. W, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Lieut. John L. Crowley, '18, 1516 Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

Virgil J. Terrell, '00, 1121 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. John L. Kelly, '10, Corpus Christi Rectory, 497 Forest Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

B. J. Kirchner, '01, Box 332, Riverside, Ill.

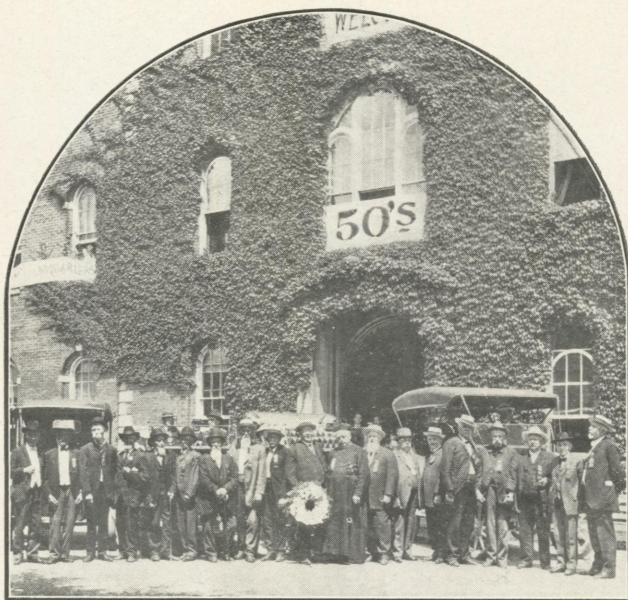
Lawrence W. Strattner, '11, West Va. Pulp and Paper Co., Piedmont, W. Va.

Urban F. Weckesser, '17, 30 LaBelle St., Dayton, Ohio.

The above came to us through subscriptions to The Exponent and contributions to the College Division Club Room fund.

Do It Now! "Although our dollar for the present year is paid, I hereby profit by your offer (\$5 equals \$6) and send \$5 to subscribe for six more years." That five-spot came in answer to our recent offer. Send us five dollars for a six years' subscription, which will accommodate our business manager immensely. Or send us \$1 for one year. Every loyal Old Boy keeps in touch with his Alma Mater through his College paper. Subscribing to it is the minimum of loyalty. Our great institutions of learning have become great through the support given them by their former students. Send your dollar today. The six years' subscription for five dollars lasts only as long as the business manager can afford making the offer. Address The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

"Open Day and Night" That's what you may read over the entrance to the new College Canteen, and the reason is added, "We've Lost the Key." This latest enterprise has been a success from the very start. Everybody patronizes it; all corridors lead to it, just like all roads lead to Rome. It's only a minute's walk from the main entrance, and it will pay you, Old Boy, to bring your family, or your sweetheart, there. Something for every taste and a taste for everything. A partial list of its contents follows:



HOMECOMING IN 1908

"Welcome to the Old Boys of the 50's" was the greeting prominently displayed over the main entrance of St. Mary's Hall on June 23, 1908. It was meant for the patriarchs of the big S. M. C. family, who had joined it during the first decade (1850-1860) of its existence. Some were 70 years old. Others had not met for 50 years. It was a great time the Oldest of the Old Boys had. And they felt 50 years younger for that day—and long after.

Query: How much younger would you, Old Boy, feel, should the 1919 Homecoming become a pleasant reality?



"MAJOR-GEN. JOSEPH THEODORE DICKMAN
(Commanding the American Army of Occupation in Germany)"

The above is taken from a recent issue of the Review of Reviews, through whose courtesy The Exponent is enabled to publish a late picture of our Old Boy. General Dickman was born in Dayton some sixty years ago. Circumstances obliged the family to move to Minster, Ohio, whence he came to be enrolled by the late Brother Zehler at St. Mary's on December 1, 1871. Always a hard-working student, he developed a special talent for languages and speaks fluently German, also French, Spanish and several others, an asset peculiarly useful for a general officer under present circumstances.

West Point, the various promotions from Second Lieutenant to Brigadier-General, the Spanish-American War, the Boxers' Uprising in China, the Philippines, visiting Germany, Austria, Italy, France and England under the direction of the War Department as a member of the Cavalry Board, are so many chapters of his interesting biography.

The General is a brother-in-law to our Old Boy, R. Emmet Murphy, '85. this city.

California navels, the best oranges in the world.

Pies, 6 kinds. The day after the house warming, 360 of the students almost mobbed the pie stand.

Nabiscos and Unedas.

Candy, 58 varieties—beats Heinz, him of the 57.

Jams and jellies.

Cough drops: SB's, etc., four varieties for our four varieties of rooters.

Cherries and olives.

Bottled pasteurized milk for the Old Boys, too, their children and other babies.

Pretzels.

Hot dogs. 175 ran away the first day, which day had followed a Friday. Prince Albert.

It's a regular 5 and 10c store, better than Kresge or Woolworth, for Brother Joseph G. Wiesmann, the vice president and general manager of this new Pigly-Wigly or Higgledy-Piggledy concern, says, like wise Poor Richard, "Many a nickle makes a mickle."

It will pay you, Old Boy, to visit the College Canteen, "Open Day and Night."

FOR SWEET CHARITY

The Alumni as well as the other Old Boys are invited to contribute towards the fifth scholarship which The Exponent is raising for the poor mission of the Society of Mary in Japan. Lent is an appropriate time for alms. Address your contribution, large or small, to The Exponent, Department C, Dayton, Ohio. Do it now, lest you forget.

WHAT ABOUT A 1919 HOMECOMING?

Norbert P. Mott, '23

The Proposition And now there cometh unto us one T. Francis Hart, '02.—And who, of that and other years at St. Mary's, don't know Tom Hart, the famous southpaw, then of Mason, W. Va., now vice president and general manager of the Hart Glass Manufacturing Company of Dunkirk, Ind.?

Says Tom to the Rev. President in a recent letter containing a substantial donation to the College Division fund, "I have never been a graduate of the College, because I had to leave it before I finished my course. At the same time I have often felt that many former students in the same condition as myself, if gatherings were arranged for them once a year, would become as great boosters of the College as the Alumni are.—I for one could see no greater pleasure than having a gathering of all the old students some time in Dayton, for one real meeting and glorious good time."

The Echo A little bird has told the Alumni Editor that the above proposition was received with open arms by the Very Rev. President of the College, who is willing to do all in his power in order to organize a never-to-be-forgotten homecoming. St. Mary College never forgets its Old Boys. The Faculty members often write to them, think and speak of them, pray for them. What a satisfaction for teachers and pupils to meet again, for old college chums to live over the pleasant days of 10, 25, 50 years ago!

Dates Commencement Day is not convenient. The Officers of the College and the Faculty are busy with the 700 younger members of the big family. But then there are 30 days to choose from between the middle of June and the middle of July.

Which day of the month, which day of the week is your choice, Old Boy?

Program If the homecoming takes place on a Sunday: Solemn High Mass, our Rev. Alumni being officers of the Mass; one of them, we vouch for his eloquence, to give a sermon short and sweet; special program of sacred music.

Renewing old acquaintances; talking it over.

An old fashioned genuine College dinner; toasts—hardly, but the well-known College orchestra to discourse its best.

Visit to the beautiful Brothers Cemetery with a hymn and a prayer for the deceased founders and teachers.

Automobile drive to Soldiers' Home, Hills and Dales, and many new places of interest and beauty.

Baseball game, Tom Hart, '02, or Vic Schlitzer, '04, pitcher.

Molasses bread lunch.

Track and field events.

Supper.

Smoker.

In the "Play House": Lantern slides of events, students, teachers of ye olden times; movies portraying present S. M. C. life; talks by Faculty and Old Boys.

Good night—pleasant dreams—and au revoir.

The above is only suggestive. It will give you your money's worth.

A Progressive College During the summer of 1918, an institution like your old College gathered its former students and many friends for retreats. To accommodate everybody four retreats were held at different times during the vacation months.

Each retreat lasted three days, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Last year was not the first year retreats were given at that College. At first there was but one retreat a year, but the movement became so popular, that it was necessary to have several such gatherings a year to satisfy the ever-increasing crowds flocking there. The College has on the roster of its former students a large number of very successful professional and business men and, at the present time, of officers in the army and navy.

**A Laymen's
Retreat**

We quote from a letter of Father Tetzlaff to Tom Hart. "What would you think of a few days of rest and quiet at St. Mary's?—Three days could be devoted to the exercises of a retreat, and the fourth day could be devoted to a reunion of local and outside students, to a renewal of old ties and acquaintanceship?"

"This plan would allow the Old Boys to live over their boyhood school days, to breathe in the fresh air and atmosphere of St. Mary's, and to roam over the grounds with which they were so familiar in their youth. The exercises would be conducted by one of the Fathers of the College. The talks would be heart to heart, nothing elaborate or theatrical. In this way the homecoming would embrace both the useful and the agreeable, and the impressions would be pleasant and lasting."

"For several years we have entertained the hope of establishing here at the College a Laymen's Retreat, especially for the benefit of our Old Boys. Your letter encouraged me to speak about a project which is so dear to our hearts."

289 Rooms

The ten buildings on the fifty acres of the present College property afford ample quarters for the invading army of Old Boys in their three days' fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil; quarters for the general and his staff as well as for squads, platoons, and even for a young company, all better housed in this battle than U. S. men in the trenches over there.

It's Up to You The Exponent has nothing to decide in the above matters. It gladly gives them publicity. It invites the former students to discuss them in its columns. It calls for boosters of the College and of the progressive spirit in which the two above propositions are offered. It opens a new campaign. It is now up to you, Old Boy, to—

Address your mail to the Very Rev. President or to The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

And thus endeth another chapter.

ALUMNI NIGHT

Ernest C. Kirschten, H. S. '20

Alumni—31 That is the score with which the brilliant Old Boys' charity game ended on Friday night, February 28, 1919. The stars of the alumni team, Solimano, Mahrt, Zimmerman, Sacksteder, Martin, and the others, as well as newspaper publicity drew a crowd, 900 strong, to the Gym. Every possible bit of space was occupied. The handsome amount of \$250.00 was realized for the Christ Child Society.

The Rooters The greater part of the rooters were Alumni. Old Boy Kronauge (Note next article) was there, of course. The following were also detected in the cheering: Alfred Bergman, Urban Unger, Charles Whalen, Clarence Stoecklein, Herbert Whalen, Hugh Wall, George Hochwalt, Howard Germann, George Kirby, George Allison, Carroll Hochwalt, Martin Kuntz, Ed. Horan, Peter Kuntz, Leo Kramer, Frank Hollencamp, Rev. John Kelly, Ed. McBride, Joseph Heim, Bro. Ulrich Rappel, Edward A. Moritz, Al. Unger, Louis Moosbrugger, Harry J. J. Miller, Chas. Lause, James Murphy, D. Kinninger, R. Emmet Murphy, Frank McBride, Rev. John Rauscher, Chas. Rotterman, Leo J. Barlow, Wm. Conway, Geo. Brennan, J. Costello, Dr. G. W. Dancer, J. E. Duffy, A. J. Dwyer, R. J. Eckenrode, Jos. C. Ferneding, M. J. Gibbons, E. H. Dwyer, Arthur Gibbons, and scores of others, plus wife and children and children's children, and sweethearts.

Familiar Faces To the surprise of the fans the Alumni cheer leader, Frank Kronauge, was not at his time-honored, 12-year-old reserved seat. Nor did he wave his famous two by two flag of truce as he would do when the raging battle threatened defeat for his favorites. It developed later that he had arrived late that evening from Columbus and made a bee line from the Union Station to the gym to complete the usual quartette of his family.

And George Allison, '96, then of Hamilton, now of Chicago, was also in the crowd. He had noticed headliners of the newspapers announcing the game and nothing could keep the tried old player away from the court on which he had battled fifteen years before. He had the time of his life.

Same Old Style The game was among the most interesting ever staged on the S. M. C. court. The Varsity put up a plucky battle against the Old Boys, who had taught them the game.

But the Alumni had a way of shooting the basket that was positively annoying; they were the same Old Boys with the same old style.

There was Babe Zimmerman, the same old Babe, who drops them through the net with that peculiar twist of the wrist all his own. Frank Martin still has the knack of sneaking them in from right beneath the basket, and caused the Saints no end of trouble.

At center was the crafty Solimano, the veteran of them all, who never seemed to hurry, but was always at the right place at the right time. And then there was Al Mahrt with his clever passwork, taking part in almost every play, together with Norb Sacksteder, just back from the army, with his dodging and side-stepping just as in the old days when he played with the Varsity.

A more detailed description of the game appears in the Athletic Notes.

Ancient History Some cadets became famous; West Point Cadets, for instance; St. Mary's Cadets, too, as you well remember, Mr. Alumnus. The old Cadet spirit was in that game. That spirit made history, not only in athletics but—well, here is all that is known of a certain event.

One Thursday the old Cadets landed in a southern Ohio burg at 7:00 p. m. One hour later the quintet was on the basket ball court and ended their stunts with another victory. Now it was an invariable rule with these pill-tossers to receive Communion on every First Friday. But the little Catholic church of the place was closed when the game was over; so they did the next best thing, and in the wee hours of the next morning they were seen trundling with their heavy suitcases through Main Street, intending to go to Confession and Communion and then catch the flyer for Dayton.

All came off as scheduled, but the good pastor almost put a spoke in the wheel. For when the doorbell roused him from his sleep and he saw the five huskies from his bedroom window on the second floor of the rectory at that unearthly hour he wondered. Just then a newsy came around the next corner advertising the papers in his bag with "All about the big game last night." That explained all. Three quarters of an hour later six happy people were making for the station, the priest delighted with the St. Mary's Cadets and these delighted with having kept their First Friday record perfect.

If any one knows more of this bit of ancient history, let him rise and speak.

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS

College Department

Senior Electrical Engineering—Elmer Hess, 96; Joseph Holters, 95.
Senior Chemical Engineering—William Sherry, 96; Fred Martin, 95.
Senior Mechanical Engineering—Waldemar Schmidt, 95; Joseph Moosbrugger, 92.
Junior Electrical Engineering—Howard Hetzel, 89; Matthew Cahill, 88.
Junior Chemical Engineering—Wm. Boesch, 94; C. Hochwalt, 94; G. Hochwalt, 93; Emil Kesler, 93.
Sophomore Engineering—Walter Curtis, 95; Robert O'Hearn, 89.
Pre-Medics—Harold Kemper, 90; Edward Duffy, 87; Carl Mueller, 82.
Freshman-A—Joseph Murphy, 95; Ramon Schmitter, 92.
Freshman-B—Edward Finan, 94; Ralph Pauly, 92; Harold Kremer, 90.
Arts & Letters—Herbert Abel, 98.

High School Department

Fourth High—Alfred Poliquin, 98; Alvin Rabe, 98; Edward Winterhalter, 97; Norbert Bergman, 96; Rudolph Drouillard, 96; Francis Farley, 96; Norbert Mott, 96.
Third High-A—Joseph Schwind, 94; William Kohl, 98; Norbert Hils, 87.
Third High-B—Lewis Sherer, 95; Benj. Seidenstick, 93; Norbert Westbrook, 92; Carl Lienesch, 92.
Third High-C—George Donovan, 97; Joseph Deddens, 96; Edward Heile, 96.
Second High-A—Ernest Lamoureux, 95; Lionel Bradmiller, 94; Albert Tischer, 93; Karl Woditsch, 93.
Second High-B—Casimir Petkewicz, 96; Vernard Bremer, 95; Lawrence Kissling, 94; John Russell, 94; Sylvester Heckman, 94.
Second High-C—Albert Freiberg, 90; Fred Gwinner, 88; Robert Wintermeyer, 88.
First High-A—Maurice Reichard, 99; Harry Heider, 98; George Krug, 97; Edward Lienesch, 97.
First High-B—Pedro Gil, 99; Vincent Koepnick, 98; James Hannegan, 97; Willard Brunzman, 95.
First High-C—Omer Burdick, 95; Henry Donnelly, 93; Louis Mahrt, 92; Philip McBride, 88.
First High-D—John Dowd, 95; Chas. Himes, 95; Chas. Kohl, 93; Andrew Kunkel, 93.

Business Department

Second Year—Ysidro Reyna, 91; Louis Azcarraga, 90.
First Year—Karl Pauzar, 89; George Hahn, 89; Arthur Damm, 85.

Elementary Department

- Eighth Grade—James Hatcher, 94; James Carlin, 94; Arthur Kugelman, 93; Paul Jackson, 93.
 Seventh Grade—Charles Williams, 91; Cletus Corbett, 90; Joseph Keller, 89; Andrew Patko, 89.
 Sixth Grade—Amer Keller, 93; Wm. Kehm, 92; M. Roberts, 92; Fr. Hollencamp, 91; Chas. Gartland, 90.
 Fifth Grade—Howard Crush, 92; Eugene White, 91; Walter Salwicz, 90.

THE JANUARY EXAMINATION**High School Department**

- Fourth High—Francis Farley, 96; Alvin Rabe, 96; Norbert Mott, 95; Alfred Poliquin, 95.
 Third High-A—Joseph Schwind, 95; Fred Schoppelrei, 89; Norbert Hils, 88.
 Third High-B—Lewis Sherer, 94; Benj. Seidenstick, 94; Carl Lienesch, 94; John Holtvoigt, 91.
 Third High-C—George Donovan, 98; Edward Heile, 97.
 Second High-A—Ernest Lamoureux, 93; Lionel Bradmiller, 92; Albert Tischer, 91; Karl Woditsch, 90.
 Second High-B—Vernard Bremer, 90; Casimir Petkewitz, 90; John Russell, 90; Joseph Lamoureux, 88.
 Second High-C—Walter Staab, 93; Norbert Hellmann, 93; Albert Freiburg, 92.
 First High-A—Maurice Reichard, 99; Harry Heider, 95; George Krug, 95.
 First High-B—Vincent Koepnick, 98; Willard Brunsman, 95; James Hannegan, 95; Frederick Borck, 95.
 First High-C—Omer Burdick, 97; Henry Donnelly, 94; Walter Sherman, 94; J. Murphy, 93; J. Bender, 93.
 First High-D—Charles Himes, 95; Charles Kohl, 93; John Dowd, 92; George Lowry, 92.

Business Department

- Second Year—Ysidro Reyna, 91; Louis Azcarraga, 90; Perry Volino, 90.
 First Year—Louis Mason, 90; Karl Pauzar, 89.

Elementary Department

- Eighth Grade—James Hatcher, 96; Louis Stuhldreher, 93; Paul Jackson, 90; James Carlin, 90.
 Seventh Grade—Andrew Patko, 93; Joseph Keller, 92; Cletus Corbett, 92; Robert Beck, 91.
 Sixth Grade—Amer Keller, 92; Milton Roberts, 91; Charles Gartland, 87; John Kender, 86.
 Fifth Grade—Howard Crush, 94; Eugene White, 90; Gwinner Miller, 89; Walter Salwicz, 89.

The Ward**Waters Company**

On Thursday, February 6th, the fifth entertainment of the Lyceum Lecture Course was rendered by the Ward Waters Company. The personnel comprised Mr. and Mrs. Waters assisted by the contralto singer, Miss Witmer. Mr. Waters gave a unique program of playlets and impersonations which were interspersed with clever child sketches by Mrs. Waters and songs by Miss Witmer.

In the impersonation "Colonel Crawford" was solved the "Why" of the generous title of "Colonel" prefixed to the name of many Southern gentlemen. The dominant note of patriotism in this sketch invited vigorous applause.

The feature of the evening's entertainment was the decidedly humorous debate in "The Town Council," whose members, ambitious representatives of a rural community, had assembled to discuss ways and means of installing three gasoline lights on Main Street.

No doubt the large crowd was pleased with the display of varied talent by the Ward Waters Company.

FRANK KRONAUGE, H. S., '19.

The Lilioukalani Quintet One of the most enjoyable attractions of this season's Lyceum Lecture Course was the last entertainment given by the popular Hawaiian quintet, Tuesday evening, February 18th. The company presented a most entertaining and varied program which held the audience in rapt attention. An attractive spirit prevailed in the quaint songs and musical productions while the humorous presentation of popular pieces proved fascinating. The climax to this well attended performance was the wild and bewitching native dance which aroused continuous applause.

The whole-hearted appreciation of Hawaiian talent assures the company of a favorable reception each succeeding year.

ALVIN F. RABE, H. S., '19.

Holy Name Rally Owing to the inadequate seating capacity of the College chapel, the annual Holy Name Rally was held in the College auditorium on Monday morning, February 10th. Father Lawrence Yeske, S. M., superior of Mt. St. John Normal Department, was the orator for the occasion. He explained the purpose of the Holy Name Society and emphasized the serious duty of the College students to set the example of clean and wholesome speech to those less favored by their environment. After a solemn renewal of the Holy Name Pledge the meeting closed with an appropriate hymn.

M. GULDEN MACKMULL, H. S., '19.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Engineering Society of St. Mary's College was reorganized on January 17, 1919. Previous to this date the Student's Army Training Corps prevented the members from meeting at stated intervals.

When conditions were again normal it was decided to resume the former activities of the society. Brother Frederick Hartwick, our moderator, called a meeting, and after a few brief remarks had those present elect the officers for the rest of the scholastic year. Mr. Paul Ohmer was elected president, Mr. Edward Happensack, vice-president, Mr. Matthew Cahill, secretary, and Mr. Clemens Deeman, treasurer.

On the eve of January 27, 1919, the second annual initiation of the society was held in the College Club Rooms. The following were duly initiated and accepted as new members of the society: Messrs. Adrian Buerger, Walter

Curtis, William Conway, Marcellus Heile, Edward Horan, William Kochis, Frederick Kaullen, Adrian Kuhn, Andrew Kuntz, Joseph Holscher, Theodore Lienesch, Robert O'Hearn, Henry Stang, Mark Thompson, and Alphonse Weckesser. Brothers William Wohlleben, Ulrich Rappel, William Beck, Peter Maier, Frederick Hartwick, Michael Grandy and Matthias Haas of the Faculty assisted at the entertainment. Lieutenant Milton Schwab, former director of the S. A. T. C. at the College, and the Old Boys, Messrs. Eulogius Lause, Russel Garrison, Ralph Wirsching, Paul Stanton, Otto Behrer and Arthur Zimmerman were present also. After an evening of merriment a light luncheon was served.

Under the direction of its new officers, the first general meeting of the Society took place February 21, 1919, in the Auditorium of the College. Mr. Paul Ohmer briefly outlined the purpose of the meeting. His remarks included the program of the afternoon. Through the courtesy of the National Cash Register Company the following educational films were secured and thrown on the screen: "Making a Sales Book," "Logging in Canada," "Making Money," "The King's Printing Office," "Visiting a Steel Works."

This first general meeting was a pronounced success and augurs well for the future gatherings of the society. With the loyal support that each and every member is giving to attain the object of the organization as outlined in the constitutions, the Engineering Society promises to be a great incentive for each one to realize the high ideals of the engineering profession.

M. CAHILL.

Acknowledgment The Department of Chemistry is very much gratified to announce that it has been the fortunate object of the generosity of Mr. Henry Hummert of Breese, Illinois. Mr. Hummert has enriched the equipment of the Department by the donation of the following apparatus valued at \$300.00:

- 1 Voland Analytical Balance (Professional model).
- 1 Ainsworth Analytical Balance.
- 2 Sets of gold-plated Analytical Weights.
- 1 Motor Generator Set.

While publicly thanking Mr. Hummert for this gift which is enabling the degree candidates to prepare themselves all the better for their life's work, we feel that his example will find followers.

The Faculty and the boys of the College Division are deeply grateful to Messrs. Leonard B. Witte and Jos. H. Tegenkamp of the Catholic Library Store of Dayton for the beautiful pictures which give such an attractive appearance to the College Department's club rooms.

**For Sweet
Charity**

The students of St. Mary College are invited to contribute toward the fifth scholarship which The Exponent is raising for the poor mission of the Society of Mary in Japan. The March Exponent bears the name of a student as well as of a sodality as benefactors. The various College societies, and the individual students as well, are invited to contribute. Lent is an appropriate time for alms. Spend less for sweets at the College Canteen. It's good for the soul, maybe for the

body, too. Address your donations to The Exponent, Department C. Drop your mail in the Exponent mail box, or in the President's—which is large enough for any size of alms.

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

On hand\$189.94

Recent Contributions

W. Green, 50c; Catherine Kummer, \$2.00; Anna Mandik, \$1.00; Eva Wagner, \$1.50; Anna Enders, 25c; Margaret Jung, 30c; Angela Weiss, \$1.00; Helen Butzen, \$1.00; Anna Miller, 50c; Catherine Toussaint, 50c; Margaret Kloempken, \$1.00; Emilia Vogel, 50c; Clara Teschke, 50c; Sodality, Third Division Boarders, \$1.00.

Grand total cash on hand, February 28, 1919.....\$202.49

The readers of The Exponent are invited to further the beautiful cause of our mission in Japan by sending an alms to The Exponent, Department C, Dayton, Ohio.

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





Execution of the Twenty-Six Martyrs of Japan At Nagasaki, February 5, 1597

These twenty-six martyrs were the first Christians to shed their blood for the Faith in Japan. Loaded with chains they were cast into prison. After languishing there a long time they were led through the large cities of the empire for a distance of 600 miles. Finally they were condemned to be crucified. Three of the martyrs were Japanese Jesuits, fifteen Japanese Franciscans, two Japanese laymen, and six Franciscans from Europe. Foremost on the picture, hanging from the cross, is the Japanese youth Antonius, who withstood the entreaties of his parents to renounce his Faith and joyfully sacrificed his life for Christ.

The Mission of the Society of Mary, for which The Exponent is gathering alms, is but a few miles from the Hill of the Martyrs. Again has it come true that "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of Christians."



S. M. C. BASKET BALL TEAM

Athletic Notes

VARSITY BASKET BALL

After getting away to a bad start, losing three of their first four games, the Saints finally got going in old time fashion, and hung up two neat victories at the expense of Mount Union and Otterbein. The delay in striking their stride was due in large measure to a lack of consistent and strenuous practice just prior to the opening of the season, and during the early weeks of the campaign. It was evident right along that the team had the goods, Sherry, Hess, Elardo and Summers all being crack individual players, but for some reason or other, they failed to show to advantage when facing stiff opposition. This was due, very probably, to a lack of practice. Over-confidence, too, at first combined with a woeful loss of pep following the defeat handed out by Antioch in the opening game, put a damper on things, and before the Saints made up their minds to show their supporters the old, dashing "Red and Blue" style of game, they had allowed three possible victories to slip through their fingers.

Had the team been ready to open up in proper form against Antioch, they would have easily gotten away with the game, and would have gone ahead with a winning spirit and set a better showing than three victories and four defeats for the season to date. This is the second consecutive Basket Ball season that has resulted in more or less of a fizzle, due principally to a lack of form in the lid-tilting contest and those immediately following.

The contest with the Alumni was dropped, but no fault can be found with the Saints for this, when it is remembered that they were up against such stars as Mahrt, Solimano, Zimmerman and Sacksteder who are still in their prime.

S.M.C. Varsity—22 The Varsity's first victory on the local court this season
Mt. Union—21 was at the expense of Mt. Union. It was only after the hardest kind of a tussle that the Saints were able to trim the Alliance collegians by the scant margin of one point. The first half ended with our boys holding the short end of a 15 to 9 count, but a spurt at the opening of the second period put the Saints in the lead, which they held till the final whistle.

The game was featured by long shots, shots that seemed almost impossible, and brought the crowd to its feet time and again. Both teams played a defensive game, compelling the other side to resort to long and difficult shots in an effort to cage the pill. Not more than two ringers were made from beneath the basket during the entire game. Mount Union, runner-up in the state conference, presented a well-balanced team. Their teamwork was good and a little hard luck in basket shooting during the second half was all that proved their undoing.

The game started off with a rush, with Elardo having the honor of the first fielder after about one minute of play. Hess then added one, making the count read 4 to 0 in favor of the locals. McBride scored first for the visitors, making two field goals, with a foul sandwiched in between, putting his team in the lead. Hess tossed one in from the free line, tying the score. Near the end of the first half Mount Union took a spurt and some pretty shots by McBride brought their total up to 15, while the Saints had but 9 when the period ended.

The Saints took matters in their own hands in the second half, and baskets by Elardo, Hess and Sherry put them out in the lead. So close did the locals guard in the second half that Mount Union scored but two field goals. With the score standing 22 to 20, and but one minute to play, the game became fast and furious. McBride scored one from the foul line as the whistle blew, making the final score 22 to 21.

For St. Mary Elardo did most of the scoring, with six field goals to his credit, most of them of the sensational variety. Hess counted three, while Sherry kicked in with one that was a hair-raiser. Summers at guard played a nifty game, doing great work at blocking the opposing forwards and taking a hand in most of the passwork. The lineup:

St. Mary (22)	Position	Mt. Union (21)
Hess	L. F.	McBride
Elardo	R. F.	Wagner
Deckwitz	C.	Evans
Summers	L. G.	Burkle
Sherry	R. G.	Ruch

Scoring—St. Mary: Field goals—Elardo 6, Hess 3, Sherry. Foul goals—Hess 2 out of 3.

Scoring—Mount Union: Field goals—McBride 6, Ruch, Evans, Wagner. Foul goals—McBride, 3 out of 4.

Referee—Zimerman. Time of halves—20 minutes.

S.M.C. Varsity—34 Displaying the best form of the season, the St. Mary Otterbein—17 basket tossers had little trouble trouncing the Otterbein quintet on the College court on the evening of Washington's birthday by the score of 34 to 17. The game throughout was fast but clean, with plenty of dash and pep, and the Saints performing before a big crowd, many of whom were Otterbein rooters, doubled the score of the visitors after leading the latter 18 to 7 at the end of the first half. Long shots and snappy passwork featured the game. The Saints played a far superior game, their passwork having the Westerville lads running around in circles most of the evening, while their guarding was so close that the few shots at the hoops that Otterbein did get were the long kind almost from the center of the floor.

The locals counted first when Elardo sidestepped his man and dropped a pretty one through the net. Fox made one from the foul line but Hess made the score 4 to 1 by a nifty shot. From this time on the Saints remained in the lead, which they gradually increased, and they were leading by a score of 18 to 7 when the half ended.

Hess had his eye on the basket during the initial period and looped five through the net. In the second half some excellent shots by Elardo enabled

the Saints to retain their lead. Near the close of the game both teams made changes in their lineup, but this did not tend to slow up the game to any extent.

Hess was the leading point-getter for the Red and Blue, with seven goals to his credit, but Elardo ran him a close second with six. Sherry and Hess played their usual good guarding game, while Bill succeeded in locating the net on two different occasions. O'Hearn, who took Elardo's place near the close of the second half, made a good impression on the fans by the manner in which he seemed to fit into the Saints' style of play.

A large number of Otterbein alumni were present and were somewhat disappointed at the showing made by their team. The score:

St. Mary (34)	Position	Otterbein (17)
Hess (c.)	L. F.	Albright
Elardo	R. F.	Freeman
Deckwitz	C.	(c) Fox
Summers	L. G.	Hollinger
Sherry	R. G.	Meyers

Substitutions for Otterbein—Sprout for Albright, Cornette for Meyers.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals: Hess 7, Elardo 6, Sherry 2, O'Hearn. Foul goals; Hess, 2 out of 7.

Scorig for Otterbein—Field goals: Fox 5, Meyers, Albright. Foul goals: Fox, 3 out of 7.

Referee—Fleet. Time of halves—20 minutes.

S.M.C. Varsity—11 In the annual Alumni-Varsity contest, staged on the evening of February 28, for the benefit of the Christ Child Society, the Old Boys demonstrated to the satisfaction of all present that they still retain a slight recollection of the fine points of the pill game, by downing the Varsity by a 31 to 11 count. It was a treat to see how cleverly the ancients handled themselves on the floor, never losing their heads, not over exerting themselves, but all the same managing to fill the baskets time and again while stemming off the attack of the younger men.

From the outset it was evident that the Alumni had the game in their hands, and it was only a question as to how low the Saints would be able to hold down their opponents' score. The Varsity played a good game, but at no time did they have a look in.

Coach Sherry and his tribe need not feel down-hearted over being defeated by such a team, for it was a combination as strong as any ever seen here.

There was Babe Zimmerman, the same old Babe, who drops them through the net with that peculiar twist of the wrist all his own. Frank Martin still has the knack of sneaking them in from right beneath the basket, and caused the Saints no end of trouble.

At center was the crafty Solimano, the veteran of them all, who never seemed to hurry but was always at the right place at the right time. And then there was Al Mahrt, with his clever passwork, taking part in almost every play, together with Norb Sacksteder, just back from the army, with his dodging and side-stepping just as in the old days when he played with the Varsity. This quintet played rings around the college lads in the first half, but although

outclassed, Captain Hess and his team tried hard to keep down the score. The alumni scored first when Solly flipped one through the net, and they remained in the lead throughout the game. The Saints scored but five points in the opening half and Hess was accountable for all of them, caging one from the center of the floor and three from the foul line. The score at the end of the initial period was 20 to 5.

In the second half the Old Boys made several changes in their lineup and the game slowed up quite a bit. Elardo located the net three times in this half, all of the ringers being of the sensational variety. Sherry was suffering from a sever cold and was forced to retire from the game in the first half. Diddle Baker, who was to play with the alumni, was unable to appear owing to an injured knee.

Martin and Solimano scored the most points, with four baskets each, while Zimmerman caged the pill three times. So close was the guarding of Mahrt and Sacksteder that the Saints registered but four field goals.

The score:

St. Mary (11)	Position	Alumni (31)
Hess	L. F.	Martin
Elardo	R. F.	Zimmerman
Deckwitz	C.	Solimano
Summers	L. G.	Sacksteder
Sherry	R. G.	A. Mahrt

Substitutions for St. Mary—Faas for Sherry.

Substitutions for Alumni—J. Mahrt for A. Mahrt, Barlow for Solimano, Varley for Martin.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals: Elardo 3, Hess. Foul goals: Hess, 3 out of 5.

Scoring for Alumni—Field goals: Martin 4, Solimano 4, Zimmerman 3, Barlow 2, Sacksteder, J. Mahrt. Foul goals: Zimmerman, 1 out of 1; Martin, none out of 2.

Referee—Fleet. Time of halves—20 minutes.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL

After a three weeks' period of idleness following the victory over Yellow Springs High, the Saint Highs resumed their basket ball togs, and during the past month played three games, one on the home court and the other two at Middletown and Xenia respectively. The home contest resulted in an easy win for our favorites, but the two road games were allowed to slip away, both by the scant margin of a lone point.

To date this season, the record of the High School quintet shows four wins and three defeats. The defeats were all by such scant margins as to indicate that with the proper handling the necessary punch and pep could have been instilled to land these games on the right side of the column. The team, undoubtedly, is of a calibre to hang up a record better than an even break and it is unfortunate that the best is not being gotten out of the team, and that it is not putting up the game of which it is capable. As far as class is concerned, the Saint Highs have it over the other two local Highs, but while the latter are going right ahead grabbing off one contest after another and showing up better every time out, our boys seem to be content to travel along at an indifferent clip, winning now and then, and allowing themselves

to be downed just about as often. We would like to see the old pep and system, and a display of some of the fine points of the game.

Saint Highs—20 The first road game of the High School team was dropped
Middletown—21 to the Middletown High quintet, the Saints being nosed out by a single point. Reasonable excuse may be made for this defeat, as this was the first appearance of the local Highs before hostile rooters, and because they were further handicapped by the absence of Boggan and Volino from their lineup, these two star forwards having been temporarily suspended from the squad. The Middletown newspaper attests that "the St. Mary team was heavily outweighed, but, despite the loss of two regulars, played stellar ball." Mayl was high man at the scoring with four fielders and his playing together with that of Farley and Reilly featured for the Saints.

Saint Highs—46 Playing again before the home rooters, after about a
Springfield—15 month's absence, the Highs put it all over the Knights of Columbus Independents of Springfield, defeating them by a 46 to 15 score. The contest was fast, the young Saints playing a brilliant game. Their passwork was superior to that of their opponents, and they uncorked some pretty accurate basket shooting. Mayl with seven ringers, and Farley and Sacksteder each with six featured for the locals. The visitors played a snappy game the first half, but the pace set by the young Saints, especially near the close of the game, was too fast for them.

Saint Highs—27 For the second time this season did a lone tally stand
Xenia High—28 between the young Saints and victory. The tussle at Xenia was fast, but the Saints never overcame the five point lead that their rivals held at the end of the first period. Gene Mayl deserves great credit for his fine playing, he again leading his mates in the scoring line with seven baskets. Volino edged in with three fielders, while Farley was good for two from the floor and three from the foul line.

AMONG THE MINORS

The minor pill-tossing aggregations at the College are going fine, displaying splendid skill at the floor game, and winning their games with regularity. Especially is this true of the Juniors, the Sparks and the Preps, whose records up to a month ago appeared in the last Exponent. During the past month they have all kept right at it, adding to their string of victories, at the same time not having been forced to bow in defeat. The little fellows all have the fighting spirit that wins.

Sparks Win The Students' Basket Ball League of Dayton, was organized
Student Cham- some weeks ago by the City Commissioner of Recreation and consisted of four teams composed of High
pionship of Dayton School students who were not members of any representative High School team. The schedule was arranged and all games were played under the supervision of the Commissioner at Bomberger Park. The Sparks of Second High-A, were not slow in getting in on the proposition; they went right at their opponents with the determination to win, and annexed nine consecutive games, easily cinching the championship. In recog-

dition of their title, the Sparks were awarded a handsome pennant, and each member of the squad received a medal from the city.

Besides the games played weekly in the Students' League, the Sparks have been playing an independent schedule with teams of their weight in and around the city. To date, their season's record is 20 victories and 1 defeat. Proud of their title of Student Champs, the Sparks are now putting up a strong bid for the 125-lb. championship of the city, which seems to be headed their way.

The Juniors

The Juniors of the Second Division are continuing to put up a classy article of ball, and the reputation they are making is causing their manager quite a little difficulty in booking games with teams of reasonable weight. For their age and weight, the Juniors are about the fastest team turned out at the College in years.

The record to date follows:

Juniors.....	60—Arrows	2
"	27—Tacomas	16
"	44—Tacomas	8
"	20—Olympics	14
"	17—Centerville	22
"	42—Miamisburg	2
"	39—Dayton Turners	13
"	33—Elites	12
"	27—Colonials	22

The Preps

The Preps, representing the Third Division, have rounded into a speedy, well balanced little team. Their floor work is that of old timers, while several of the youngsters on the squad are developing into excellent basket shooters.

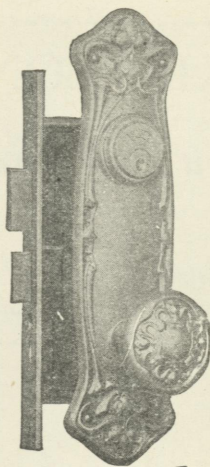
Following are the games played to date:

Preps.....	29—Ramblers	15
"	29—Royals	41
"	40—Oswego	12
"	28—Ramblers	12
"	53—Dayton View	5
"	23—Creonas	10
"	56—Trinity Orioles	20
"	39—Marians	20
"	26—Creonas	19
"	42—Arrows	9

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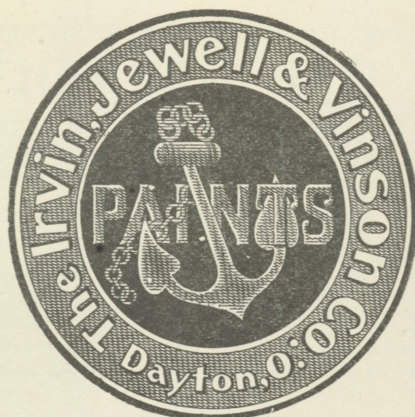
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