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The Exponent, April 1919

St. Mary's College

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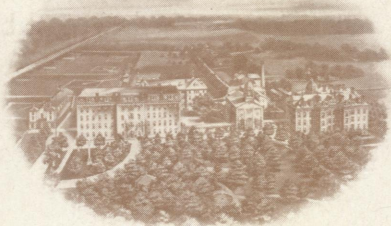
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THE EXPONENT

Vol XVII

APRIL

No. 4



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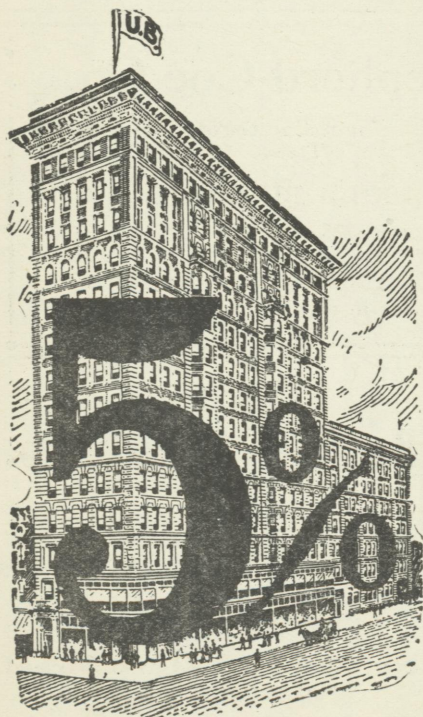
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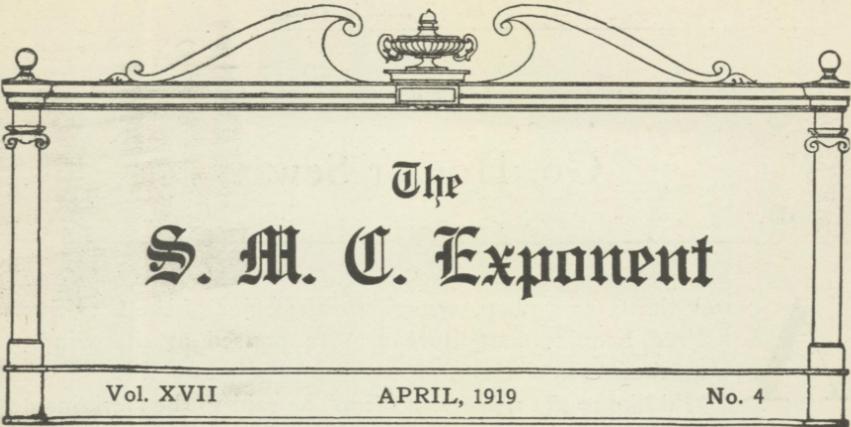
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THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB



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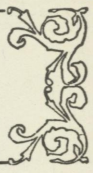

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

Easter Morn

The night is dark, but darker still the tomb
 Rock-hewn, secured with sacerdotal seal,
 And guarded by the stalwart Roman's steel;
Yet hides the Life and Light within its gloom.
That sympathetic heart no more doth throb,
 Which found for every human grief a tear:
 Unerring in its aim, the lethal spear,
Though deeply probing, no more of life could rob.
The night is dark, but soon the darksome tomb
Will burst with light resplendent into bloom.
 The limp and lifeless Christ the hour awaits
 When o'er the brow of Olivet the gates
Of light are oped. An angel's hand flings wide
The stone. No more the Christ within doth bide.

—WALTER BROWN.



Go, Hoe or Sew



A tall, thin young chap swung into the office of the City-State Free Employment Bureau. He paused at the window marked "Farm Help."

"I'd like to get a job on a farm," he said to the clerk inside.

The clerk, who was also young, came to the window and looked the applicant over.

"You don't look much like a farmer," he said whimsically, taking in the exquisite fit of the suit, the tortoise-shell eye-glasses and the expensive Panama. "Ever work on a farm?"

"No. I couldn't tell a wheat from an oat, nor a sheep from a goat. But I think I could learn."

"It isn't so easy," laughed the clerk. "Let's see your hands. Pretty soft-looking! Think you could stand eleven hours in the hot sun?"

"Fifteen!" the applicant grinned back confidently. "Don't let those hands fool you; they're not so soft as they look. They're just about the right size to wrap around a plow."

"Ah, but the farmers use riding-plows in this age."

"Well, doesn't that make it all the easier? I could ride a plow the whole day long and never notice it."

"You could nit! What have you been doing?" asked the clerk.

"Putting in my third year over at St. Mary's."

"And you think you could jump straight from the classic shades of the old college to the burning sun of the cornfield? Why, you'd keel over in an hour!"

"Eh? What makes you so sure?" asked the applicant in a tone of one utterly unconvinced.

"Because I've been through the mill myself. I once tried jumping from college to the harvest fields; and I tell you it pretty near killed me."

"All the same, I'm fool enough to want to take a chance. Have you had any applications for farm hands?"

"For experienced ones, I have; but none for green men. If you could milk, now, I could put you in a nice place."

"But I can't milk. From the papers I got the idea there was an overwhelming demand for farm laborers, inexperienced as well as the finished product."

"I haven't had any calls; I think the newspapers exaggerate. However, there may be calls in a week when they start harvesting. I'll put your name down." The clerk reached for a card.

"My name is Lawrence O'Hara."

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

"Nationality?" And the clerk grinned.

"I'm a Pole," laughed young O'Hara. "At least that's what I was called just before I came in. A kid on the street yelled: 'Aw, go on, yah big bean-pole!'"

The clerk roared.

"Well, you are awfully thin," he said seriously when his mirth had subsided. "I honestly don't believe you could stand ten hours hard work in the hot sun."

"Say," said O'Hara, "excuse me, but I think you're a poor employment official. You try to scare men away. But," he added quickly, "on second thought I guess I'm wrong. You have the interest of your customers at heart and when they ask for a farm hand you don't want to send them a soft greenhorn, eh?"

"What makes you so anxious to get on a farm?" laughingly countered the clerk.

"What?" Instantly O'Hara was all fire. "Man alive, because I want to do my bit! I'm no slacker. I tried to get into the army, but they turned me down on account of defective vision. When I kicked they said I could be just as useful on a farm. 'Go or hoe!' is the slogan. I can't go, so I want to hoe."

"You've got the right spirit," the clerk admitted, and shook hands. "Give me your address and I'll let you know if I get any calls for inexperienced help."

When O'Hara had departed the clerk turned to a colleague.

"Did you hear that guy? He's the smoothest bluffer I've heard in a good while. Gee, but can't he talk! The fellow who enlists doesn't make a speech about the glorious cause he's fighting for. That guy is some delicate little rich-mama's darling. I see him doing an hour of hard work. He wants to become a farmer so he can claim exemption if his number should come out today."

"Which reminds me," said the colleague, going to the telephone. "The drawing should be starting about this time. Hello! This the

Tribune office? Have they started drawing yet? Oh! First is 258? Thanks.

"Say, Mills—" turning— "what is your number?"

The clerk stood white and shaking.

"That's mine!" he gasped. "Mine is 258!"

Lawrence O'Hara paused before the building which flew the big Red Cross banner. He walked up to the door; then paled suddenly and turned away. After walking a block, however, his face took on a grim look; he swung round, strode quickly back, entered the building and went up the stairs with a firm tread.

But as he reached the door marked "Red Cross Work Room—Come In," the fit of nervousness returned. He stood irresolute on the threshold, fingering the small bundle he carried. His eyes had taken on a look indicating flight—when the door opened and he was confronted by a very pretty girl.

"How do you do?" he stammered, blushing scarlet as he removed his hat.

"What is it?" asked the girl, with a look in which ridicule for his apparent causeless embarrassment was ill concealed.

"I should—should like to see the lady in charge," O'Hara gulped.

"I am in charge today," the young woman announced evenly. "What is it?"

O'Hara licked his dry lips; he seemed for the moment the very embodiment of tortured anguish.

"Well, you see," he faltered, shifting from one foot to the other, "I tried to get into the army but was rejected on account of bad eyesight. Then I tried to get a job on a farm but there were no places around here for inexperienced help."

As the girl looked over his shoulder, obviously wearied of these personal confidences, he stumbled on quickly, almost incoherently: "So as I wanted to do my bit in some way I took up sewing. My mother taught me. I know Red Cross work has to be done in the society's own room, and that's why I came up today to see if I could be of any help. I want to do my bit a whole lot, you know; and as I can't go or hoe, I'll try to sew." He wound up with a sickly smile.

The girl's answering smile said: "Oh, you poor sissy!" as plainly as if she had uttered the words. "I'm sure you're very patriotic," she however said with her lips.

"But," she added, "you need not have come up, as knit work is allowed to be done in your own home. I suppose by 'sewing' you mean that you knit?"

"Oh, no," O'Hara hastened to assure her. "I use the needle. I can roll surgical dressings," he went on bravely, "and mother says I do them very well."

"In that case," the girl said with the same pitying smile, "you're welcome. Come in."

O'Hara's expression indicated he would rather have charged a dozen German trenches with his bare hands than enter that room of gentle, smiling women. The sweat stood out on his forehead in great beads; his fingers trembled so that the bundle slipped from their grasp.

Yet somehow he found the courage to stoop and pick it up, and then follow his new chief through the door.

The girl obtained his name and introduced him to the score or more women who sat plying their busy needles. O'Hara was sure she must have winked behind his back, for all faces stabbed him with the same amused, pitying smile. Some of the younger women giggled outright.

Cheeks aflame, the poor fellow took the place assigned him, opened his bag of material and began work. At the first stroke he ran the needle into his finger. Shouts of laughter greeted his involuntary exclamation of pain. A tiny drop of blood, invisible to any but intently searching eyes, fell onto the linen in his lap.

Nevertheless he stuck to the job. In a few minutes his nervousness wore off, and then he began turning out rapid, perfect work.

"That's fine," the girl in charge was compelled to acknowledge when she examined his batch of bandages. "I hope you'll come up each day now?"

"I will," said O'Hara firmly.

Darkness hung over the trench. It hung thickly, opaquely, blotting out all shapes and forms. The man at the end felt a hand upon him so suddenly that he jumped with a startled exclamation.

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned a low voice. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," he whispered, recovering himself.

"Sure you have your first-aid kit with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go on over."

The soldier saluted in the darkness. Then, shifting the heavy steel pliers to his right hand, he footed softly up the ladder and went out over the top.

Blackness lay all about him. Not a sound broke the stillness. He could feel, rather than see or hear, the man on his right creeping

forward. It deadened somewhat his tense fear, this slumberous black night, as, flat on stomach, he began worming his way through the soft mud.

For half an hour he had gone on, down through water-filled shell-holes that soaked him to the skin and up over three-foot ridges that seemed mountainous high, with still no sound, no light to mar the inky hush.

Then, without the slightest warning, a huge star-shell burst directly overhead. In the terrible brightness that followed the soldier made out his truly heart-stopping position. He was only a yard from the enemy wire, and the muzzle of a machine-gun pointed straight at him.

Fear paralyzed all volition. Only the gun's quick vicious bark cleared his mind. Bullets whined above him; and he lay still, on the desperate chance that he had not been discovered and that the shots were meant for some one behind him.

The shell flared out. Instantly he leaped up and sprinted madly for his own trench. But another shell caught him before he had gone a dozen yards. He dived headlong into a shallow hole, which was just deep enough to hide his body.

The Germans now kept the sky ablaze; and the whirl of machine-guns and chatter of rifles became incessant. In his precarious shelter the trapped man settled himself for a long wait, feeling he could not get out until the next night.

Presently it began to snow. An hour's fall mantled the ground with an inch of white. The dawn came on, and the German fire ceased. In the gray, indistinct light the shivering American risked an eye over the top of his hole. A chill worse than the cold ran through him then. For there, just outside his shelter, the snow had eddied away from two black, tell-tale footprints! In ten minutes, in the clear light of day, his presence incontestibly would be revealed to the enemy watchers.

Under the desperate necessity his mind worked out an invention to save him in a single luminous flash. He drew forth his first-aid kit and feverishly unwrapped the bandages. He draped one of these over his hand and arm, which he slowly, with infinite care, stretched out until the two black footprints were covered. Then he withdrew his arm and waited tensely for the result.

When an hour had passed and still all remained quiet, he permitted himself a smile of relief. He patted the end of the bandage which rested before his eyes.

"You've saved me, old rag," he muttered with soundless lips.

And then he again received a sudden shock. His eyes detected a tiny spot of blood on the bandage. He put a hand swiftly on the spot from which he had drawn the linen, but the fingers when inspected showed nothing.

"Aw, gee," he said to himself, "I'm getting awful. This spot got on when the stuff was being fixed up. I must be getting as big a coward as that O'Hara guy I remember."

—An unpublished story by the late Francis Fennessey,
former student at S. M. C.

The Meadow-Lark

When lilac buds are nigh to burst,
And wanton robins frolic on the green,
When round the margin of the hurst
The brooklet trails again in limpid sheen,
Then wails the pensive meadow-lark
Its plaint for all the world to hark,
From dawn to fall of dusk.

"Sad Herald of the merry Spring,
What secret sorrow prompts thy plaintive song?
When hill and dale with revel ring
Wouldst warn, that neither love nor joy live long.
That thou hast known as bright a day,
That other summers passed away,
And thou hast loved and lost.

No minstrel of the gay young year
Can waken deeper echoes in my heart;
From out the past, the faces dear
Of other happy days, at thy voice start.
And though the world be glad, in sooth
With thee I rather mourn for ruth
The days that are no more."

—WALTER BROWN.

Art, the Disguise of Immoral Movies

THE need of adequate censorship for motion pictures has never been felt more than at the present time. They have become an instrument for good and evil among the young and old alike. Whether we live in rural districts or cities we feel the effect of movies. Shall they become a moral menace or shall they be turned into a means of profit and instruction?

What a pity it is that with so great a potency for good, the influence of the film is being so largely used for evil. How much lewdness in modern pictures masquerades under the disguise of art! It is difficult to describe in decent words the character of many films of this category, that are being shown indiscriminately to children as well as adults throughout the length and breadth of our country.

Wholesale nudities, elucidation of sex problems, nasty situations and degraded themes are all combined to produce one of these works of art as they are called. Has art become so demoralized as to embrace licentiousness or has it changed its standard? One is almost led to believe that lewdness is necessary to a plot. On several occasions I overheard the remark that these pictures had "pep" in them. It would almost seem that the definition of the slang word "pep" were lewd suggestiveness.

However, the average person does not want the indescribable nudities, in which woman is dishonored in every imaginable way. We must remember that these pictures are insults to our mothers. They have led clean and virtuous lives and are models of womanhood. Do you desire this womanhood, which they value so highly, to be besmirched by the producers of immoral pictures?

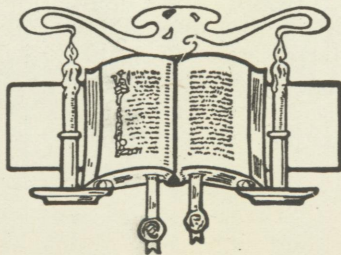
Some people may say, "they are only pictures." It is true that the mature man or woman looks at the movies merely as shadows on a screen, but to children and even to adults with the mentality of children, the pictures cease to be merely pictures and become a living and breathing reality, so that what they see has almost as much influence on them either for good or evil as the actual occurrence itself would have. We have only to listen to the cheers, the exclamations and applause of a childish audience in order to see how they become

frightened, entranced or surprised, as though they were present at the actual scene.

Many of our young people receive their ideas of styles, theft, burglary and even immorality from the motion pictures. What is the result? The young girls begin to demand of their parents styles such as are worn in the movies, with the low neck waists and short narrow dresses which tend to lead our young womanhood into anything but virtuous lives. On the other hand, the too readily inflamed imagination of the adolescent is frequently captivated by the thrill of theft and burglary as too often portrayed in certain films. Statistics taken from the juvenile court of Chicago show that the majority of the cases of theft and burglary brought before this tribunal were the results of seeing these acts performed on the screen. The movies have also proven to be a detriment to our young men and women in so far as they present the evils of divorce, and immorality in such a manner as to make them appeal to the sexual appetites.

All clean living and thinking people should unite in protecting themselves and others against the appalling sordidness with which some producers of motion pictures are corrupting the imaginations of the people. If the depraved tastes of certain floating hordes of New York or Chicago demand pictures that are immoral, let them have those, but let us keep the minds of self-respecting people, and especially of our children free from suggestive thoughts. It is our bounden duty to upbraid in the newspapers any manager of a theater who permits indecent pictures to be shown in his house. Furthermore a determined and nation-wide effort ought to be made to secure intelligent but uniform legislative action throughout the country on this vital point.

JOSEPH W. HOLTERS.



The Maid of Nazareth

No sin doth mar that kneeling form;
 Her soul is pure as snow
 New-driven by the mountain-storm:
 A crystal fount, whence flow
 Unsullied sweetness, love, and calm.
 As fresh her lips as dew;
 As sweet her breath as fragrant balm.
 Her beauty would renew
 My ebbing strength in parchèd waste
 Of trackless desert-land,
 So earthly fair, so heavenly chaste.
 Can ought beside her stand?
 Can princely maiden sin-defiled,
 King-vaunted and adored?
 She ranks apart, this stainless child
 Whose bridegroom is the Lord.

Fair beams of evening softly glow
 Upon her youthful cheeks;
 As softly as on roseate snow,
 At eve, on Alpine peaks.
 And glad, forsooth, yon evening ray
 Mid such companionship;
 It lingers on, and fain would stay,
 And endless vigil keep.
 And when her tresses, long and fair,
 Those maiden cheeks caress,
 The zephyrs into envy flare,
 And fondly round them press;
 All wooingly they come to them
 And fervent love outpour;
 A ceaseless flow that nought can stem,
 A never-ending store.

The kneeling maiden nothing heeds;
 Her thoughts are far away;
 She for the promised Savior pleads,
 And thus, behold, doth pray:
 "Oh! tarry not! The Weeks foretold
 Have come and well-nigh passed;
 And now, O Lord, wilt Thou withhold
 The Promised One at last?
 Oh! send Him down from heaven's height!
 Oh! speed Him on His way!
 Oh! let Him bless Thy handmaid's sight!
 Grant this, O Lord, I pray."
 She ceases. On her cheeks appears
 A fervent tinge of red;
 Her bosom heaves; she bursts in tears;
 And lowly bows her head.

—JOHN IRWIN.

Just For a Bet

TING-A-LING-A-LING. Ting-ting-a-ling—
 The mass of humanity and bed clothes stirred uneasily.
 "Ting-a-ling-ling. Ting-ling-a-ling."
 The blankets and comforts described a semi-circle through the atmosphere and the human element of the combination grasped the alarm clock rudely.

"Won't you *ever* let me sleep?" indignantly muttered Tom Gordon. With which he again retreated under the warm blankets. A half hour later:

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

And an arm was extended toward the alarm clock. With a roar of rage, the first disturber of peaceful dreams was hurled at the second. But alas for the besieger. The sortie failed. The cuckoo was by far better versed in the art of this kind of war than his more intelligent enemy. Seeing the danger signals flying, he withdrew to his billet just a fraction of a second before the bomb of the enemy battered against the door of his habitat.

"Bang Bang! Bang! Bang!" was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried Tom, now thoroughly awake.

"Well, unlock it!", proceeded from the other side of the portal.
 "Unlock it! We have no skeleton key!"

"All right, in just a moment!"

A few moments later, five men walked into Tom Gordon's bedroom. They were all young married men.

"Well," cried Jack Manchard, "have you heard the latest?"

"Can't say that I have," replied Tom. "What is it?"

"Do you remember Tony Wells?"

"Do I? How could I forget him! What is he doing now?"

"At present he's at home with a few broken bones."

"You don't say! How did he happen to do that, Jack?"

"Well, you know, he took up law practice and then dropped it."

"Yes!"

"And then he took up medicine and dropped that."

"Yes; and what then?"

"Well, he took up Aviation and *that* dropped *him*."

"You don't say!"

"I do say! And I wish you'd stop that. That makes me nervous."

"All right. But what do you want to see me about?"

"Here it is, Tom. We're going to have a little gathering at Tony's tonight and you want to be there."

"You don't say! Well, you can count on me. That is, if my wife let's me go."

"She'll have nothing against it, I'm sure. But say," he continued, "I wonder if Tony would care for a little wine. You know he used to indulge before the State went dry."

"You don't say!"

"I do say!"

"Well, what if he did?", continued Tom. "He helped vote it dry, just as we did. We don't want any liquor."

"I know we don't," retorted Jack, "but why couldn't we get a little for Tony? He certainly would appreciate it."

"Undoubtedly, he would, Jack," replied Tom. "But who cares to risk his freedom and good name for the sake of a little pint of wine. It's foolish!"

"Oh! Come on! Don't be so narrow-minded! Look at it in the right light. There's no danger."

"What? No danger? Are you mad, Jack? Why those customs officials are terrible."

"Listen to that weak prattle. You're simply afraid to take the risk. A man like you afraid to bring over a pint of wine! And the Illinois line only four miles away. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"You don't say! Afraid, am I?", retorted Tom. His attitude at this moment resembles most the proverbial tom-cat in face of the snarling dog. "I don't dare to take the risk? I can show you."

"Well," replied Jack with a sly wink at the others, "you may try it, but I hardly think you'll succeed. They will certainly suspect you immediately. And how are you going to get it over? You can't carry it in your vest pocket."

"You don't say! Well now, really, I must thank you for that information. But I'm not afraid of those officers."

"Prove it then, Tom!"

"All right! I'll prove it! And, what's more, I'll bet you I can get it in all right."

"Better bet some of your small change, Tom."

"You don't say! Small be hanged. I'll bet you an even hundred."

"Bet your wife's money. It would be a shame to lose yours."

"You don't say! I think I'm old enough to take care of my own purse."

"All right. Now don't forget: You must bring in at least one pint. If it is less than that then I'll get the hundred. Remember now, at least a pint!"

"Don't worry. You had best bring your check book along. I'm only doing this for the sake of the bet. You know how I detest liquor."

"Yes, I know. Well, goodbye till I collect the hundred."

"You don't say!"

"Oh, hush up with that. So-long."

With this, five of the jolly crowd of young men in Clinton known as the "Simple Six," left their companion to his thoughts and the completion of his toilet.

Breakfast found him seated with his pretty young wife, Belle. They had only been married six months and as yet the sentimentality of those days had not burned itself out.

"Good morning, hon!", he said as he kissed her affectionately.

"Hello sweetie. But listen, don't call me a Hun. Say, Tommie, who were those boisterous fellows that came here about eight o'clock this morning?"

"Oh. Just the members of our club. They got me all incensed. We are going to have a little meeting tonight at Tony's house. He was injured in an airplane accident. And I, fool that I was, offered and bet them a hundred dollars that I could get a pint of wine for him."

"Oh Tom! You're not going to try to smuggle that, are you?"

"That's precisely what I propose doing. How am I to get it over here? I know I'm always the goat in these matters. But then you'll help me along, won't you dimples? Think of what that hundred dollars will do. Wouldn't that Baby Grand you saw the other day look nice in the parlor?"

"Will you, Tom? Oh, Tom! Won't that be grand? But then, don't forget that picnic we had last summer, Tom. Remember the time you had then with those—"

"Yes, I was caught then. I had the stuff sent by express. Well, I ought to have known better than to have sent liquor labeled as **'Cut Glass. Handle With Care!'** They didn't handle it with care. That's the reason the bottles broke and—"

"But Tom, remember how strict those officers were. They said they'd prosecute you, next time. Oh Tom, do remember that picnic."

"I can't hardly forget it, Belle, when you remind me of it every minute. But then, this is different. If I am caught at this, then I am going to be caught red-handed. I'll have it right with me. I wouldn't risk my hundred dollars by allowing anyone to bring it over for me."

"Oh Tom!"

"What's the matter, now?"

"They'll catch you and put you in jail and then—then—wh-wh-what w-w-will I do? Oh T-T-Tom, don't go."

"Don't forget that Baby Grand. And don't cross the bridge before you come to it. Listen, you know old Farmer Wiggins, don't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, you call him up and tell him we're going to take a hay ride to-night. Tell him there's six of us and ask him if we can't have a load of hay. We'll want it on a small wagon, the smaller the better, just so that six people can get on it. Jolly him up a little bit, so we'll be sure to get it. And then tell him that I'll be out for it at two o'clock."

"Yes, Tom. But what's all this for?"

"Now don't worry. Hay is regular camouflage. You'll see."

"Listen Tom. I wish you wouldn't do any more about this. Let them get their own drinks. And listen, don't forget that picnic. I can remember that tall Irish officer yet. Ugh!"

"No. I put my foot in the hole and now it's up to me either to go deeper or to climb out. Personally, I want to climb out. Now run along and call him up. And listen sweetie, don't jolly him *too* much."

"Jealousy! Don't fear, I won't."

"And Belle," he added, "I'll be busy this morning and won't see you till noon. I must arrange for concealing that liquor."

"All right. Good-bye, sweetie."

Putting on his coat and hat, Tom selected from the rack a cane that looked as though Methusaleh's grandfather might have used it. A door slammed and he was gone.

Two o'clock saw a young man dressed as a rustic of Western Indiana plodding painfully along the dusty road, with the aid of a venerable walking stick. Just a short distance further on stood the farmhouse of Eulogius Marcellus Wiggins.

"Whew!", muttered the masqueraded Tom. "Whew-ew-ew!" This is positively the last time I will ever try to be a farmer. I have seen more country this afternoon than I care to see for a year. I

wonder how many more miles I'll have to travel before I find that man Wiggins. Oh. There's a name on that barn—

EULOGIUS M. WIGGINS.

Glory be! At last I've found, him. This is the hardest work I've ever done for a hundred dollars. Say you! Is Mr. Wiggins at home?"

"Be yuh wantin' the youngon or his pap?"

"Well, the father, I presume. Are you Mr. Wiggins?"

"That's who I be. An' who air you?"

"Mr. Gordon from Clinton. I've come after that load of hay my wife ordered this morning. We are going out for a hay ride tonight and I was delegated, as a committee of one, to—"

"Yuh wuz what?"

"I was delegated—chosen. I was chosen as the one to get the hay. Is it ready?"

"Oh! So that's who ye be. I thot as haow yuh might be all trussed up in them there sassiety togs what you folks wears when you goes any place. Yuh sorter fooled me yer know, I hadn't calc'lated seein' yuh in them riggin's. Yep, thet hay's ready. Been ready since ten o'clock."

"Thank you, Mr. Wiggins. Any charges on it?"

"Nope. At least not till yer bring her back. Ef yuh don't lose ther hay, we won't charge yuh a cent."

"That's fine. Thank you ever so much. I reckon you haven't any refractory horses on it."

"Yuh mean frisky ones? Nope, them there hosses air tew slow ter go ter a fee-uneral. Well so long, Mr. Gordon."

"Goodbye, Mister Wiggins."

He drove out of the yard and along the road that led to the city of Danville. It was lucky for him that Farmer Wiggins lived in Illinois. He could never have gone from Indiana to Illinois and back again with the same load of hay.

At Danville he drove up to the cafe of an old friend of his. Upon alighting he hobbled painfully into the place leaning on his cane.

"Is Mr. Harkness in?", he asked of the waiter who came up to him.

"Yes, sir. Right this way, sir. Won't you have a seat?"

"Well-er no. Can't say thet I care to set. I happen ter be an ole pal o' Jim's. Yuh tell him thet Tom Gordon's here an he'll be glad ter see me."

"Hello there, Tom," cried a voice behind him. "I wouldn't have known you if you hadn't given your name. What on earth is the reason for masquerading in June?"

"Hush. Come here, Jim," said Tom, dropping his rustic tone. "I've got to have a pint of wine in Clinton tonight or lose one hundred dollars. I've a bet with Jack Manchard and I simply must make it. You can put the stuff in—wait I'll whisper it in your ear."

He whispered something into Jim's ear and pressed something into his hand.

"Good!", cried the owner of the cafe. "Tom, if they ever find it there, then I'll take off my hat to the man who does discover it."

"Hay is fine camouflage. They'll look for something in a hay stack and it won't be a needle either. Hurry up, Jim."

"All right. In just a few moments."

He disappeared and soon after returned.

"What kind of wine do you want, Tom?"

"The best you have. I may as well lose the best as the worst. Besides if I buy the more expensive, they'll have to pay so much the more. I've done my share in tramping over these roads and, what's worse, I'm not done yet by a long way."

"That's right. Make them pay while you can."

"Yes. You see, if I get through with it, they pay for the liquor and give me a hundred dollars and if I am caught I pay for it and give them a hundred."

"I understand. Well, I'll soon fix you up."

He left Tom to his thoughts for a few seconds, after which he returned.

"Here it is. The best we have in stock. Whom will I send the bill to?"

"Wait and see if I'm caught at it or not. Say, Jim, do you remember that picnic we had last summer. Well, my wife has been reminding me about this old picnic ever since she found out that I was going to be a smuggler again. All I hear from Belle when I talk about stimulants is: "Don't forget that picnic" and: "Oh that picnic" followed by more exhortations to be careful. She cried this morning. Fact!"

"Is that so? Well, goodbye and good luck. I hope you can run the gauntlet."

"Thanks. So-long."

A few moments later Tom was driving along the Clinton-Danville pike. He had six miles to go before he would reach the border. These were passed uneventfully and in due time the Indiana-Illinois State Line loomed up in the distance. As he neared it, he perceived two guards standing on either side of the road. One of them shuffled out into the middle of the road.

"Halt!", he cried.

"Wall, what d'yer want?" drawled out Tom, as lazily as he could.

"Any booze up there?"

"Enny what?"

"Booze, intoxicating drinks, liquor. My but you're stupid."

"Mebbe! Mebbe! But who would carry likker on a hay wagon?

I'm a-bringin' this hay from Mr. Wiggins up the road here in ter the city o' Clinton. They's some parties in there what's goin' ter have a hay ride ternight an' I got ter be hustlin' up. So ef yer want anything, yer better hurry up an' say it. So, what d'yer want?"

"Do you think he's got any of it, Mack?" asked the one guard of the other.

"I don't think he has. Well, you might search him. And anyway it won't hurt to look him and his load over."

"Say bub, what d'yer think I be?" asked Tom. "I'm no crook. I voted fer you fellers last 'lection!"

"Well, that's all right. But come down off that load, Jake."

"My name's Ezry an' not Jake!", put in Tom in his longest drawl.

"Well, Ezry then. Come down here and let us look you over."

"Naow. Don't yuh be disturbin' that thar hay. I happen ter be the risponssibul party fer thet an' I haint got ther time ter pile it up agin."

"Don't worry. We won't hurt it."

"Hurry up, Ezry!", put in the other guard.

"An' doan yer be in sech a rush. I've got the rheumatiz bad an' I can't jump around as spry as I useter."

"Hurry up," cried the guard. "Don't make us wait so long."

"I'm a-comin'. Naow, go on an' search thet hay but I swear thet yuh won't find nuthin'."

Tom stood resting on the antiquated cane, as the two officers rummaged futilely in the hay, in the feedbox, under the seat and everywhere. Then in turn they searched him.

"Guess he was right, Mack," said the one, after feeling for all places that could conceal two drops of liquor. "I suppose we'll leave him go."

Four hours later the same rustic farmer leaning on the same rustic cane, entered the room where five fellows were amusing a sixth, who was confined to bed. A roar of laughter greeted his appearance.

"Look at him!", crid Manchard. "He even had to pawn his clothes to get that hundred. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Are you certain of that, Jack?"

"I certainly am. What would be the object of going out dressed as a farmer?"

"I just returned from an outing. Do you notice any thing peculiar about this cane?"

"Well, it does look rather antiquated. What of it?"

"This happens to be a curio that my uncle sent me when traveling through Arabia. He said that the people used them in crossing the desert."

He walked to the table, turned the curious looking cane upside down and removed the pearl handled top. A full pint of clear wine ran into the measure standing upon the table.

Jack looked his amazement.

"A hollow cane! You win. Where is that checkbook?"

D. HERBERT ABEL.

Dear Old Dad

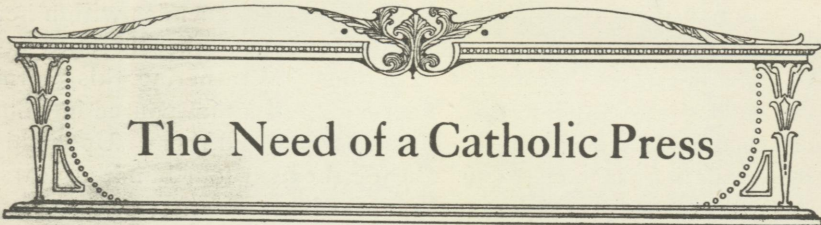
Here's to the one who toils the most
In thriving times or bad
Who worries, fears, oft plans in vain:
Three cheers for dear old dad!

When sickness, death and dour distress
Have weighted down his soul,
Old dad's a faithful sentinel
Success is still his goal.

Upon the remnants of his hopes
Destroyed by Fortune's blast
He clings as lonely sailor lad
To Fate's fast tottering mast.

While mothers are the best of friends
Through troublous times or sad,
The beacon light of life's dark way
Is just our dear old dad.

—D. HERBERT ABEL.



The Need of a Catholic Press

IT has been said that if St. Paul were now upon earth he would be found running a chain of papers. If we consider the burning zeal of that Apostle, and the power of the modern press, we realize that there is much truth in this statement. If ever a strong, influential Catholic Press was needed, it is today; and if there be any class of people who should support it, it is we who have received the advantages of a higher education along solid Catholic lines. We already have the beginning of such a press, but we must strive to put it on a bigger and stronger basis. To bring to our attention the advantages of such a press, let us dwell upon these few considerations.

The most important mission of the Catholic Press is the instruction of our people in the doctrines of their Church, and to instill into their lives a true Catholic spirit that will counteract the evil influences of the day. It is a well known fact that the average Catholic knows all too little of the teachings of his holy religion. Grant that he had a parochial school education, and that he once possessed a fair knowledge of the essential points of his religion; how many times do you think he has looked at his catechism since he left school? And unless he did, so much of his knowledge was forgotten. Even if he does hear a sermon on Sundays, these are all too seldom upon dogmatic subjects. But if he were to read regularly a paper in which the doctrines of his Church were simply and popularly explained, he would soon possess a deeper, broader and more appreciative knowledge of his religion.

By these same means he could acquire a knowledge, not only of the doctrines, but also of the history of his religion. Such a knowledge would surely tend to strengthen the Faith. The Catholic layman often hears it said that the Church is founded upon a rock, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. Does he realize what this means? Perhaps in a vague manner. But suppose he were to follow the history of the Church down the ages, and see her, while still an infant, subjected to a most cruel persecution by the Roman Emperors, a persecution which would have annihilated any

purely human institution. When this had ceased, enemies within her own ranks, Arius, Nestorius, Eutyches and the other heretics attacked her doctrines, her very foundations. Weathering this storm successfully she took hold of the Teutonic hordes that poured in from the East, tamed their savage passions and civilized them. Upon this crude foundation she constructed, during the next four hundred years, a civilization which we today, with all our boasted progress, in many ways cannot equal. As ever, prosperity brings moral corruption, and this broke out within her own ranks, and once more tested the stability of Peter's Bark. Before this trouble could be completely rooted out, a rebellion, erroneously known as the Protestant "Reformation," broke forth, tearing whole nations from the bosom of the Church. From the seed sown during this rebellion there has flowed, as the natural consequent modern unbelief and infidelity, which today strikes with its venomous fangs at Christ's Church. Thus the waves of perdition ever beat against her bulwarks. Yet the Church still stands upon the rock, holding to her breast, the Faith as pure and unsullied as when it came from the hands of the Master. Who can behold the Church surviving such dangers and weathering such storms, without having his faith in her increased? For come what may, he knows that if he but clings to the Church, no real harm can befall him. And if such a one must see the Church persecuted and attacked, will he not derive consolation and courage from reflecting that many a time before has the Church passed through such and worse troubles. Then he will begin to realize what Christ meant when He said the Church would be founded upon a rock.

Not only will the Catholic Press keep our people instructed upon the doctrines and history of the Church, but also upon the activities of Catholics beyond their home surroundings. It will be a bond uniting Catholics upon matters other than faith only. And was there ever a time when it was more necessary for Catholics of this country to unite for their common protection? History teaches that after great wars often follow persecutions of the Church. At the present time indications seem to point to such an occurrence in this country. What other interpretation can be given to some of the threatened legislation?—such for example as that which would compel parochial schools to teach religion outside of school hours; or, that would establish a Department of Education as a part of the Federal Government, and have this department to select teachers and prescribe the curriculum. Or what are we to understand by the changed attitude of some of our influential papers which have but recently begun to attack things Catholic? Or who can give us a definite assurance that in the re-

cently passed prohibition amendment there is not intended a veiled attack on the very heart of the Catholic religion—the sacrifice of the Mass?

The Catholics have made a glorious record in the war just closed. They have shown that loyalty to God is the best assurance of loyalty to country. One would think this would disarm the forces of bigotry. But such will not be the case, for her enemies do not appeal to facts and reason, but to ignorance and prejudice. Lined up against the Catholic Church will be all the forces of evil: Socialism and its offspring Bolshevism; unbelief and irreligion; and that section of big business which seeks to wipe out Christian morality. Unless we are badly mistaken there will be more financial power back of the next attack on the Catholic Church than ever before.

In this country we Catholics are but a minority—the most hated minority. We are ever ready bait for any demagogues who would ride to power on popular prejudice. But in a fight for our just rights, the strength which numbers does not give, can be obtained by solidarity and united action. And that which must do most in uniting us and enable us to put forth our just claims and to back them up, must be the Catholic Press. To see what a compact united minority can accomplish against heavy odds, we have but to look to the Catholics of Germany in their fight against the Kulturkampf. After the Franco-Prussian war, Bismarck, in his efforts to crush the Catholic Church, brought to bear all the power of a victorious military autocracy. The Catholics united their forces, and although a minority, so effectively were they able to wield their power, that in repealing the notorious May Laws, Bismarck was forced to acknowledge defeat.

Not only as a leader in the fight for our just rights, but as an exponent of correct ideas and ideals, must we look to the Catholic Press for leadership. The need of such leaders was never more pressing than it is today; nor was the lack of them ever greater. People no longer think; they read. Those who write for the people, think for the people. Who are those who write for the people? They are mostly men imbued with the spirit of the age, whose ideals are worldly, whose philosophy is material. Their teachings are generally the opposite of the teachings of Christ. Our people daily absorb these doctrines, and gradually make these ideals their own; and we know that people follow their ideals.

These secular periodicals often contain open, and what is yet more pernicious, veiled attacks on religion in general, and the Catholic religion in particular. Such attacks are often masked under the title of science, higher criticism and the like. Many a Catholic

reading such arguments time and again, and never seeing them answered, begins to believe them and gradually has his faith undermined. From such a weakened faith to unbelief there is but a step. So powerful and anti-Christian is the modern secular press that Dr. James J. Walsh could truthfully say that the Catholic family that does not take a Catholic paper is on the way to loss of faith.

How then are we to counteract the pernicious influence of the secular press? Will the pulpit alone suffice? No, because such arguments as are advanced can hardly be met from the pulpit. Besides, can you expect a priest to undo in a twenty-minute sermon, influences which have been at work on the people seven days in the week? The only solution to the problem is to meet the enemy with his own weapons. We have men who have been taught the truth, and who have correct ideals. They owe it to our people to lead them in the way of truth and to protect them from error? The secular press may have on its side wealth and power; but when we are fighting for the Faith and truth, we have Christ on our side. And "if Christ be with us, who can be against us?" To their materialism we shall present true philosophy; to their false ideals we shall hold up correct ideals; to their lies and deceits we shall present the truth. For to him who is sincere of heart,

"Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen."

The Curé of Ars once said: "I often think that most of the Christians who are lost, are lost for want of instruction; they do not know their religion well." This lack of instruction will also explain, to a large extent, the falling away of so many from the Faith. How else can it be explained? No man will exchange a costly diamond for a piece of glass, unless he be ignorant of the value of the gem. Nor would any man give up his Faith for some passing advantage if he fully realized the value of his Faith and the terrible consequences that will follow such an act. Of course there are cases in which persons blinded by pride or hardened by vice apostatize, fully knowing what they do. But this is not the case with the big majority who give up their religion. It is largely a matter of ignorance. To check this loss we must instruct the people better in their religion. Our instrument in this work must be the Catholic Press.

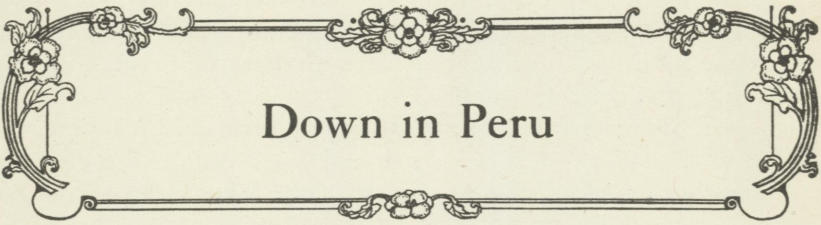
There is yet a final mission for the Catholic Press. It must carry the light of Faith to those who are without the fold. One hundred years ago Protestantism could still exert a powerful influence upon its adherents; today its influence is practically nothing. Under the attacks of materialism, rationalism and pseudo-science it is falling

and crumbling to pieces, and thousands of persons are being swept into the sea of unbelief. Among these are many souls sincerely looking for the light, but they look in vain. Why is this? Has the light gone out? No, it is still there as it has been for nearly twenty centuries past, with its splendor more radiant than ever. Yet they do not see it; for before their faces is drawn a veil of life-long prejudice. As much as we deplore this, we cannot blame the persons themselves. We must remove the curtain and let them see the true light. To do this we must use the press. Where the priest cannot enter, the paper can; and once within the bulwark of error it will show forth the true light so clearly that only a perverted will can prevent it from being acknowledged. How many have not been put on the road to the Faith through the chance reading of a Catholic paper? May we not hope for greater results with a better, stronger and more widespread press?

We have seen what must be the mission of the Catholic Press. It must instruct our people in the doctrines, history and activities of their Church; it must console them in trouble and fortify them in danger; it must unite them to meet a common enemy; it must lead them safely past the pitfalls of destruction so prevalent today. It must strive to check the falling away of so many from the Faith, by instructing them better in their religion, and finally it must show forth the light of faith to those who are without the fold but who are sincerely seeking the truth. To know the mission of the Catholic Press and to realize its necessity is not enough. We must work to build it up. There are many difficulties to be solved; many objections could be raised. But to one and all we would say: Behold the Catholic Press that we have. It is small; just a beginning. But it is well enough established to prove that a stronger and more influential press is possible. It remains for us to get behind it and boost, to get our people to support and most of all to read it. Let us take for our motto the one which the Catholic Press Association has adopted, set it up as our goal and never stop until it is reached. It is nothing less than this: "A Catholic Paper in every Catholic home."

C. RAYWOOD.





Down in Peru

CHARLES STEWART PARKMAN, the American consul at Lima, was enjoying, with native leisure, a six-inch roll of true Havana. Evidently he was awaiting someone. Business hours were long past and there was no other reason to be at the office. Years of service in the tropics had left him resembling more the natives of his consulate than the fellow Northerners who sought him out.

"Just beginning to worry about you old boy," he exclaimed as the object of his anticipations appeared in the open entrance. "I've been perspiring with suspense since I received your wire. The news from Quito—quick."

After a hasty handshake John Hunt instinctively glanced about the office, then settled into a wicker chair. Parkman, sensing his thought, reassured him.

"The place is as deserted as a cemetery. No one even in gunshot," and he winked at the protuberance of Hunt's pocket.

"Well," the secret service man commenced, "I'm mighty glad to be where I can speak good old United States, but the news I bring is anything but encouraging. Old 'ferret face' just gave me the slip on Paseo Alvarez."

"But what happened at Quito, and what brought you and Morelos down here," impatiently inquired the consul.

"To sum it up in a few words," replied Hunt, "either their shrewdness was too much for our ability or they got wind of our plans. I'd do justice to Washington by sending in my resignation tonight. Just think, after my stacking cards against those fellows for two months they outwitted me and dispersed like so much dust. I consoled myself by keeping an eye on Morelos. He led me down here and I followed him from the depot; had him well in sight until the end of the pavement on Paseo Alvarez; then the beastly taxi blew a tire. We limped along for a stretch but when added speed was called for we had to give up pursuit."

"Is Morelos wise to you," asked Parkman.

"Positively not. I sat only four chairs in back of him on the trip down from Quito and didn't observe a ruffle on his countenance even when I purposely passed him several times."

"Well," mused the consul, "that's still an advantage."

"And the only advantage," supplemented Hunt. "When I lost Morelos I lost my grip on the situation, but if Uncle Sam loses his grip on this pet railroad of his, it will not be my fault. I'll find Morelos if I must hire half the city to help me." The determination in Hunt's voice was well written on his face. The brown eyes glowed under his heavy lashes and a little flush was perceptible beneath the tan.

The discussion of these two men from the States in the plain little terra cotta building 8,000 miles from home would have held many a thrill for their countrymen. It teemed with the suggestions of plots and conspiracies against governments, that give color to much fiction. But here they existed, not as fiction but as fact. One would have understood that certain European capital was backing a move to subvert the Peruvian Government with the object of gaining control of almost a thousand miles of the most profitable venture of the age—the Inter-Continental Railroad from New York to Buenos Aires. Morelos and his insurgents were to overpower the present regime which favored the States and play the control of Peru's portion of the road into the hands of the envious conspirators. The move threatened the integrity upon which hinged the success of the railroad and Washington had despatched John Hunt to unearth the plot for the loyal Peruvians.

That the six-inch Havanas played an important part in the conversation was evidenced by the gatherings on the ash-tray. As Hunt discarded the last inch of his second one the consul offered a fresh supply. He raised his hand in refusal.

"This isn't fair, Parkman. At Quito I picked up a brand that I'm sure will vie with your 'foot rules.' I should have thought of them before this." As he spoke he reached for the satchel that had followed him about in his sorry experience.

"With gentlemanly respect I'll try them" smiled the consul, "but I'm inclined to be skeptical about—what—w-what's the matter!" He gazed dumbfoundedly at Hunt who with a blank expression had dropped the open satchel. His mouth was agape and his eyes a stony stare.

"That's—not—my—grip," he ejected.

The deuce!—how's that!" exclaimed the consul stiffening with surprise.

"Good Heavens what's this!" shouted Hunt as he observed the address on an upturned envelope. "Morelos!"—why man of mine—this is Morelos' grip!" The two men regarded each other with frank incredulity. But the satchel was still there with the tell-tale envelope. They glanced warily about the room as though some shadow held the reason for this transition. Then with tense nerves they examined its contents.

"Code—fine stuff!" sneered Hunt as he hurried through letters in cipher. "Let's hope he carries his code with him." Their nervous search revealed nothing in the form of a key.

"Parkman, I've a hunch that the key to this system is in this satchel," said Hunt musingly. With a pocketknife he gashed the lining again and again and was finally rewarded with a small card on which was the desired secret.

"Not such a bad idea," he remarked, "all he did was lift up this lining which you see is only fastened along the top, and then slip his hand through this slit to reach the card on the opposite side. But my dear consul—pinch me, bite me, hit me—do anything to assure me that this is no dream. How in the world did it happen. How did Morelos' satchel get into my hands—ridiculous—no it isn't." He dropped into a soliloquy. "It could—it was dark—it was so," he exclaimed striking the table.

"Out with it," panted the consul. Hunt taxed his friend's patience by enjoying a hearty laugh—he could afford one now.

"As I said before," he explained, "Morelos and I came down on the same car. When we pulled into Lima the porter, as usual, gathered the baggage and carried it to the platform. Just as I've mistaken Morelos' satchel for mine so he mistook mine for his at the depot. He was the first to leave the car and must have taken it from the porter without more than the little identification the poor lights afforded."

"Anything important in your satchel?" inquired the consul with anxiety.

"Nothing more than my make-up outfit, the cigars and toilet articles. He'll think he has some vaudeville actor's grip. But let us see what this precious card will tell us." Together they pored over the letters and documents which seemed to have been conjured up before them. The ash-tray piled higher and the sounds of passing traffic and merrymakers became fewer and fewer until finally the moaning of the sea breeze in the stately palm trees was the only sound that came through the open windows. And still they worked

with unabated vigor, deciphering and re-writing. In low tones they conversed on the information being unfolded.

"This letter from Prout explains why they changed their minds at Quito," said the secret service man passing a deciphered letter to the consul. "It proves that our presence and intentions leaked out in spite of my efforts. But now we'll take advantage in this leak in their schemes. Prout orders a meeting at the Iturbde on the 10th—that's tomorrow—rather today," he added as he observed the brightening dawn. "Those slippery barbarians have as much gall as shrewdness. The idea of their coming into the very heart of Peru to develop their nefarious plans. Perhaps they think that rash action will throw us off the scent. I'll admit," he added knowingly, "it would have, but for this rare piece of luck."

"Do you suppose Morelos will back down now that he has lost his satchel?" questioned the consul.

"I'm inclined to believe that he will feel protected against discovery, by both the code and the possibility of the satchel having fallen into unheeding hands. Unfortunately for him, the one chance in a thousand has happened and, believe me, we'll make the most of it. If those villians meet under the roof of the Hotel Iturbde they'll go out amid a bristle of bayonets."

Eight hours of the tenth day of January had passed before Hunt drove away from the little terra cotta building. The activity of the city was at its height despatching the business of the day before the merciless sun would be overhead. The night breeze had died down and the stagnant air had already an enervating influence. It was a ten-minute drive to the modest little Capitol of Peru, where certain uniformed officials, had assembled in response to the 'phone message which had radiated from the American consul's office. Their anxiety was augmented by a startling revelation accompanied by American-made strategy demanding subtle, rapid action. A pompous military officer was summoned and admitted into the conference. He was informed of plans which afforded opportunity to exercise his trade.

The hours of mid-day were passed by Hunt in what appeared to be a lolling about the Hotel Iturbde. While enjoying the luxurious relief of the fountain room, he busied his eyes with a careful study of details. Under the guise of a visitor he obtained admission into the less public compartments, preying upon the suave politeness of the guide for desired information. This exploration finished Hunt registered for a room, made several 'phone calls and then disappeared up the elevator.

At 8:30 that evening Morelos parked his car in the shadowy lines of vehicles in the rear of the Iturbide. He sounded two shrill notes from its horn. Almost immediately a figure emerged from the obscurity.

"Have not seen a suspicious move or person, senor," it said abruptly.

"Absolutely no uniforms?" queried Morelos.

"Only the gendarme on this beat and he acts quite usual."

"Watch closely and do not lose a second the moment you spy cause for alarm. There is need of great care."

The two men parted. Morelos stepped around the corner, gained a similar assurance from the accomplice on duty in and around the lobby. Then with an air of indifference the arch-plotter passed through the bantering idlers in the fountain room, down a winding corridor and stopped before a door over which was suspended a sign, "Exporters' League." He scribbled a word on a name card and knocked at the door presumptuously. The door yielded far enough to admit of passing the card. It seemed to satisfy the careful guard for the door swung back, revealing nothing more than the soft folds of concealing drapery. The guard mumbled a greeting or two as he relieved Morelos of his hat and cane.

"They are all here?" curtly asked Morelos.

"You are the last to arrive, senor," replied his man bowing.

The plotter parted the heavy drapery and—stopped. There was not a soul in the room.

"What's this!" he exclaimed as he turned toward the guard. Instantly he was paralyzed with mingled fear and astonishment.

"Move those hands a hair's breadth and this piece will sing out your death song." came a grim voice from behind the wicked little revolver. John Hunt advanced, with unwavering eyes, to the thunderstruck man, cautiously relieved him of the suspected weapon and handcuffed him.

"Your men are waiting for you in there, Morelos," and Hunt nodded toward the ante-room. "Join them—quick!" as the now sullen Brazilian hesitated. He followed him, turned the lock, pushed him through the narrow aperture and relocked the door. Consulting his watch he resumed his post at the entrance. Evidently he had been busy with a newly purchased make-up outfit. The light coat of tan had been deepened to a swarthy brown; a dainty moustache softened the firm lips and was in perfect harmony with the glossy black hair. Perhaps ten or fifteen silent minutes passed; silent except for the barely audible muttering from the ante-room.

"Open!—Quick!—'tis I—Camoens!" exclaimed an excited voice accompanied with a nervous knocking at the entrance. Hunt opened the door. "To cover!—To cover!" shouted the intruding newcomer. He stopped short when he found himself looking down the gleaming barrel of Hunt's vicious gun, and a minute later was sent to join his handcuffed friends.

There was a perceptible stir in the hotel. The sound of marching men became louder and louder till it ceased directly outside the "Exporters' League" assembly room. Hunt opened the door again, spoke a few words to the pompous officer in charge of two squads of short, dark, well armed soldiers, and then directed them to the ante-room. The rapidly gathering curious crowd fretted behind the rear guard that yielded only to two officials in company with Charles Parkman.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Parkman," and Hunt's pearly and regular teeth gleamed in the smile under the little moustache.

"I swear I wouldn't have known you without this introduction even though I expected to find you in some guise or other. But my dear Hunt, this is a wonderful display of ingenuity," marvelled the consul as a line of twelve or fifteen perspiring handcuffed men filed out of the makeshift prison. "How was it done? Who worked with you? Was there any trouble?"

Hunt raised his hand to stem the stream of questions.

"Let us be on our way, Parkman. A walk to your office will give to me much needed fresh air and to you a little comedy." The two men strolled through the gazing, chattering throng and sought out quiet by-ways.

"You remember my remarking this morning, my dear consul, that I feared old Morelos would exercise unusual care because of losing the satchel. That belief guided me in my plans throughout the day. It was confirmed this evening when I strolled around the hotel and observed two or three ostentatious loiterers. I readily inferred that they were there to report any suspicious actions or developments. We would then have had a repetition here, of what had occurred at Quito. Likewise, at first indication of approaching danger after the meeting would be in progress, these pickets would have rushed a warning. That would have afforded a fair chance for escape. So I instructed Murillo to come openly with a few picked men no earlier than nine. The rest you know."

"Well" impatiently remarked the consul, "what about getting those fellows in that room in such slick style?"

"Simple enough. It was easy for me to be the first member of

the Exporters' League to arrive. Five minutes after their guard stationed himself I had him under lock and key by virtue of the password Morelos so graciously favored me with. I used my make-up outfit to copy the essentials of his features and with the aid of those shadows managed to pass satisfactorily for that personage. Like all plotters, they came singly, thereby making the job much easier for me."

The next through train over the Inter-Continental Railroad carried registered documents which contained incriminating information that Washington recorded in its book of secrets.

R. J. KITSTEINER.



COLLEGE SPIRIT AND A GREATER ST. MARY'S

College spirit is essentially team work and consists of the whole-hearted union of the student-body with the faculty, to further the interests of the College at large. Last month's drive for the confessional fund was a magnificent demonstration of the splendid spirit that animates our College. In the past this loyalty of the students has manifested itself each year. With the aid of the alumni and of other generous friends, they have helped to make St. Mary's what it is today; an institution in the front ranks of the Catholic colleges of the country. The student-body is realizing more and more that the betterment of the college results in the furthering of their own best interests. As St. Mary's becomes a greater St. Mary's, they will be the first to draw the profit.

St. Mary's is about to enter the Conference. This is indeed an honor, because it is the only Catholic college in Ohio that will belong to it. Many other colleges are striving to enter it. Are we going to let her prove a failure? No. Let us get together and see what can be done.

The college is in urgent need of many things, among others, of a natatorium, a gymnasium, an auditorium, a science hall. If each

year the students do something toward the erection of one of these buildings their ultimate end will be a greater St. Mary's. Let nothing be too great. By means of small things, great things are achieved. This year it was confessionals for the chapel. Next year it will be the natatorium. Get ready now and start to boost it.

J. W. HOLTERS.

PANDORA'S BOX

Who has not heard a reference to Pandora and her treasure? Pandora was a very beautiful woman, blest with all gifts, as her name implies. Because Prometheus had stolen fire from heaven, Jupiter caused Vulcan to make her out of clay, in order to punish the human race. To further his plan of revenge, Jupiter gave Pandora a casket, hinting that it contained a treasure. Pandora yielded to her curious desire, and opened the box. Immediately there rushed out evil spirits who caused all the woes of the human race. Luckily one good spirit remained, and that one was Hope.

Jupiter was crafty in having Pandora made of clay. The lesson from the myth tells us that we all are subject to similar weakness. Pandora failed to realize that a misfortune was possible in case she looked into her treasure-box.

So it is with us in the sterner events of life. Perhaps too many of us fail to appreciate the matter for thought which is in so simple a story. Let us apply the lesson. God has richly endowed man with many desires. When these longings and ambitions are unchecked, the heart cannot enjoy true peace. The fact is, many an individual, even a nation, cannot gauge the effects of yielding to this craving or to that ambition.

Only a few months have past since a proof of this was impressed upon the world. The great war may be at an end, but not a few matters demand attention, ere we can claim peace is established. Here is not the place to determine which nation is most to be blamed for the war. If guilt attaches to any nation, it is because that nation entertained ideals and nurtured ambitions unfavorable to the world's safety. The apparently local commotion following the murder at Sarajevo in 1914 was little expected to eventualize in a four years' war. This single act of killing is comparable to Pandora's curiosity, because so many evils followed it.

In spite of the calamity of the world war, there is still a source of hope, just as in the myth. With the cessation of hostilities, we next expect peace to be firmly established. But what a task this is before the Conference of the Powers! No plan for peace will be suc-

cessful, if the condition of the most important problems is not improved. Alsace-Lorraine must no longer be on the brink of ruin, simply because this or that nation wants to overrule it for the time being. Neither should Ireland be abandoned when its case furnishes the Peace Conference with exactly the kind of work for which it has been convoked. The efforts of the delegates at Paris should be turned toward procuring for the world a peace as practicable as possible. Partiality, or race distinctions will spell failure for the Conference as well as for the League of Nations.

For the United States to claim recognition as one of the deciding elements in the war, is not pride, but justice. Likewise, since the Monroe Doctrine tells the world what we have long thought of the rights of neighboring nations, the delegates and the people of this great nation must look upon the claims of Alsace-Lorraine, Ireland, and Belgium as subject matter quite related to the same Monroe Doctrine. At least, this is the true spirit which should prompt our representatives in the Council. As a nation, the United States has an exceptionally high ideal of liberty. Our men did not need to be drafted; they knew it was sufficient that their help was wanted abroad. When all is said and done, our success on the field should be continued in the Peace Conference itself. The rights of the United States must be unmistakably set forth. No chance should remain for any nation to misunderstand either our whole-heartedness during the war's final year, or our deserts as one of the winning nations. More plainly still, it will be a lasting shame for us, if after defeating Germany's militarism, we should be duped by England's diplomacy. Now it is more than too late to submit passively to England's will. Else our two wars for independence would at this late date be quite purposeless. Today it is none the less a question of the liberty of the United States. Surely, we cannot afford to let this boon of freedom be hampered. It is not yet time for us to accept the misleading principle of Socialism: "What is yours is mine, and what is mine, is my own." Again, let our representatives at the Council keep in view our rights, and our ideals. Till all is clear, we should nourish our remaining hope that soon a righteous peace will be a reality.

ED. WARD.





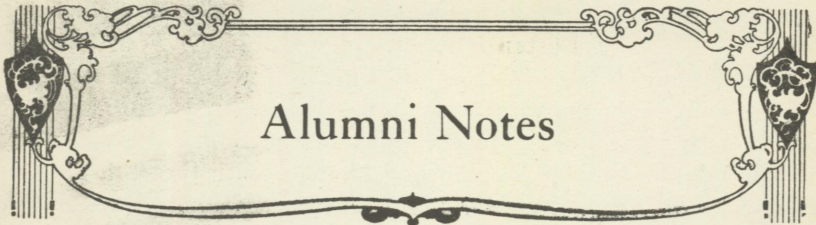
LINING UP FOR MOLASSES BREAD LUNCH

At the Homecoming, 12 years ago, the time-honored four o'clock Molasses Bread Lunch was a pleasant incident. As soon as our famous musician, Frank Long, '04, of Honolulu, sounded the bugle call, there was a grand rush by the Old Boys to the Park. You could see Bar Simon Moushouloff, '92, of Persia, Johnnie Culver, '97, of Cincinnati, Tom Coughlin, '93, of Cleveland, Johnnie Hickey, '78, of Hamilton, Art Zang, '92, of Columbus, Bill Irwin, a Dayton boy of the good old times of '52, Eddie Walter, '91, Eddie Dorgan, '76, and Pete Gloeckner, '77, of Columbus, Joe Janszen, '86, of Cincinnati, with Bill Rabe, '89, and his brother Ferd, '92, of Covington, Ky., bringing up the rear.

If a Homecoming materializes in 1919 and molasses bread lunch is put on the program, the goods will be there at 4:00 P. M. sharp.



BASKET BALL TEAM



Alumni Notes

The Five Hundred Mark Count the stars in the firmament if you can. Counting them in our Service Flag is becoming just as hard.

There are known to us at this date—March 30—exactly 507 of them. Recently discovered stars are Lester Caron, Frank Ertel, Sergt. Wm. H. Fogarty, Corpl. Victor R. Hamburger, Adolph Hezel, Arnold J. Holbrook, Robert C. Kimmel, Sergt. Chas. F. Manche, Lieut. Earl P. Miller, Ward Miller, Sergt. Wm. O. Schleinitz, Ralph J. Wollenhaupt, Edward Winterhalter, Frank Munger, Edward J. Regan, Corpl. Edw. Tuttle (killed in France), Ralph J. Wirshing, Robert E. Benvenuti, Regt. Sgt. Major Henry C. Plato, Peter Quigley, Arthur Brandewie. The rank of nine officers has also been recorded.

St. Mary's again appeals to each and every one of its Old Boys and friends for assistance in placing on its Roll of Honor the name of every patriotic son that has seen service in the army or the navy. It wants to keep on record the rank of every officer. Write today. Write again. Thanks for whatever you may be pleased to do. Address The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio.

The Last Flight It was the sad duty of a squadron commander in a little village of Germany, to send a cablegram announcing the death of Roy Sacksteder, '09, of Dayton. For some time after graduating from St. Mary, Roy was engaged as an architect in Dayton. When the call to arms resounded, he left for foreign service with the first aero squadron from Wilbur Wright Field. Just recently he was connected with the topographical service of the Third Army in Germany.

St. Mary extends its sympathy to his parents, of 723 S. Ludlow Street. It offered public prayers in the College Chapel for the repose of his soul, while some bugler in the twilight "over there" was sounding "taps."

**Croix de
Guerre**

That well known French cross is now being worn by Lester Howett, '14, of 2126 E. Fourth Street, Dayton, Ohio, our "Bun" of baseball, basketball and football fame. Going overseas with the Princeton Hospital Unit in May, 1917, he was always in the thick of the fight, worked at first with the famous Foreign Legion and later on with the 48th Division of the French Army. Verdun, Frankfort near Compiègne, St. Pol near Arras, Moneir near Montdidier, Moulin-sur-Tourant near Soissons, are but a few of the battlefields where he distinguished himself. He received his citation for heroic work during three days and nights last August at Longpont near Soissons.

At the present time he is with the Army of Occupation at the picturesque village of Nassau near Coblenz, after spending a seven-day leave at Nice, Monaco and Monte Carlo, in the South of France, one of the garden spots of the world. Keep up your patriotic record, Lester. Your Alma Mater is proud of you, as much as France is.

**Honorably
Discharged**

Corpl. Victor R. Hamburger, '15, then of 129 Anthony Street, Celina, Ohio, paid us a visit on March 23. He had enlisted on June 19 '16, in Co. G, 166 U. S. Infantry, A. E. F., saw service on the Mexican Border and was overseas for a year with the famous Rainbow Division and with it moved along the entire western front. After seven months in the hospital he came to tell us of his commendable record and that Lester Caron, '15, of Rushville, Ind., was wounded and in the hospital overseas at the same time as himself.

Thomas N. Sunshine, '16, him of the smile that wouldn't come off, met a host of S. M. men, among them Lawrence Warren, the Adelbergs, and Ed. Schnorr, in Louisville, while he was a Regimental Supply Sergeant at Camp Taylor. Since February he is again at his home, 1321 Lakeview Road, Cleveland, Ohio, whence he sends greetings to Father O'Reilly and Brothers Louis Vogt, Lawrence Drufner, and Wm. Haebe.

**Washington,
D. C.**

Edward J. Maloney, '14, of Dayton, has been honorably discharged from the Army. However, he is greatly interested in his work at Washington and has accepted an offer to work for Uncle Sam as a civilian, devoting

his spare time to the study of law. Edward has not forgotten Father O'Reilly, nor Brothers Adam Hofmann and Louis Reimbold, two old and loyal pillars of the College Faculty. He may be reached at 806 Twenty-first Street, N. W.

Athletes Last autumn Earl P. Miller, '15, left the Notre Dame football squad for the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Monroe, Va., where he received his commission as second lieutenant. After obtaining his honorable discharge he is now back amidst his books at the big Indiana school.

His brother, Ward, '14, our famous fullback and, later, member of the Notre Dame track team, enlisted in the Navy at Great Lakes. After spending some months in foreign service as a chief-mechanic's mate, he is now at Pelham Bay, N. Y., anxious to get back to the old home, 1015 W. High St., Lima, Ohio.

From Our Album The Alumni Editor is receiving interesting pictures of all corners of the Old World. It seems there is a wearer of the Red and Blue wherever you may go. These prints would certainly form an interesting collection.

Among them was a card sent by Sergt. R. E. "Dick" Pflaum, '14, of Dayton, from Co. C, Hdq. Bn., A. E. F., A. P. O. 706, Chaumont, France.

Wm. L. Seidensticker, '11, of Columbus, Ohio, now with Co. B, 332 Inf., A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 901, sent greetings from Treviso, Italy.

Another card came from Fred Sturm, '10, 26 Evac. Co., Ord. Dept., A. E. F., A. P. O. 741, at Mehun, near Bourges, France. His home address is 152 N. Ferguson Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. We hope to see him there soon.

Do you remember "Dooley"? Captain J. O. Donovan, our first instructor in military science, and erstwhile manager of Keith's, is now at Troyes, France, whence he sent greetings. He is at the Headquarters of the First Army.

Aviators In serving Uncle Sam St. Mary's boys have gained distinction not only on land and sea, but in the air as well. Let us mention a few boys well known in Dayton.

Cadet Justin F. Kramer, '13, was the very first Dayton boy to give his life while training for the Air Service. He first enlisted for the Officers' Training Camp and was sent south. Later he was transferred to the air service and was among the first Americans sent to the Royal Flying Corps Field at Deseranto, Canada. A crash in the air resulted in his death on September 13, 1918.

Lieut. Joseph B. Ferneding, '14, saw three months' service "over there" with the gunners of the 91st Aero Squadron, which was specially cited for bravery.

Bernard L. Whelan, '08, was one of the first students at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, having been in the flying game for the past four years. When the war clouds gathered, he offered his services to the government, and was engaged as civilian instructor, first at Wilbur Wright Field and later at Ellington Field, Olcott, Texas, one of the world's most advanced bombing schools. Bernard is again with the Dayton Wright Airplane Co.

Lieut. Thomas E. Bennett, '13, then from Korea in Asia, Cadet Andrew J. Kuntz, now attending, were also S. M. C. Boys up in the air. There are others.

**More Every
Day**

They are still coming, photos of our Service Stars. The Heroes' Gallery at S. M. C. is growing. Is your picture in it, Old Boy? If you wore a uniform, it ought to be. Send it today.

A fine likeness of Sergt. Francis N. Miltner, '07, is at hand, with pictures of Lieut. Arnold A. Schneider, '10, then of 1212 East St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., now No. 144—A. U. S. General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, N. Y., of Sergt. Joseph L. Chronerberry, '14, then of Piqua, now of Headquarters I Division, Adjutant's Office, A. E. F., Montabaur, Germany, and of Corpl. Victor R. Hamburger, '15, of Celina, Ohio. Thank you.

**Did You Know
That——?**

News came from Signal Mount, near Chattanooga, Tenn., that Frank J. Donovan, '09, is a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's army. He received his commission early last summer with Lieut. Jos. J. Mahoney, '10, also of Chattanooga.

Arnold J. Holbrock, '08, of Hamilton, Ohio, is with Co. L, 319 Infantry, 80th Division, A. E. F.

Sergt. Francis N. Miltner, '07, a Daytonian, (Serial No. 1 952 116) Co. D, Hdqrs. Bat. Central Recorder's Office, A. P. O. 902, A. E. F.,

France, has visited Tours, Bourges, St. Aignan, and of course, like all good doughboys, has been given a two weeks' vacation at Aix-les-Bains in the Alps.

Joseph A. Burgmeier, '07, then of 216 Park St., Dayton, Ohio, is still in France. Thomas A. Ryan, '12, of Richmond, Ind., enlisted at Chicago; and Edward Ruhl, '12, of Hamilton, Ohio, is also wearing khaki.

More Military Men Thanks to Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach, '12, then of Sidney, Ohio, now of St. Peter's Rectory, Chillicothe, Ohio, we have more definite news concerning several Old Boys. Capt. Matthias A. Wagner, '08, of Sidney, after leaving the Evacuation Hospital in France, landed at Ford Hospital, Detroit, Mich. Sergt. Alfred Wagner, '15, of Sidney, is in the Chemical Warfare Service, Saltville, Va., Sergt. Ralph A. Gerlach, '14, Father Gerlach's brother, is of the Adjutant's Detachment, Camp Sherman, near Chillicothe, Ohio. At the same Camp are Peter Quigley, '07, of Columbus, and Arthur Brandewie, '10, both of the Headquarters Company.

Henry C. Plato, '09, Ex-Regt. Sergt. Major, 327th F. A., saw Liverpool, Southampton, Le Havre, Bordeaux, and remembered The Exponent with a card from Souge. He, however, missed his college paper very much and hastened to mail his subscription as soon as he reached Amherst, Ohio (which is his way of spelling "Home, Sweet Home"), where you will find him again on Tenney Avenue, with the Plato Coal & Supply Company.

First Lieut. Leon J. Deger, our Dayton Alumnus of '10, was recently promoted to the captaincy in the 79th Division, Army of Occupation Reserves, France. He spent a week on furlough in the English capital and, after reading in his recent letters how close he got to several members of the royal family, we suggest that he write his memoirs next summer on the corner of Brown St. and Union Ave., title, "Hobnobbing with Royalty," by a St. Mary Dentist.

Yes, It's Over After you've glanced at all the military items that have preceded this, you may doubt if the war is over. Yes it is, even if we have not ceased writing about it. Here's the proof: The January Exponent stated that Frank Munger, '08, then of Dayton, later of the 325th Field Artillery, 84th Division, would represent S. M. C. at the Peace Conference. He got his appointment at Bordeaux, in France, but circumstances forced him to refuse it. He has been reinstated as assistant clerk of the Board of Montgomery County Commissioners.

P. S.—One thing Frank seems to have learned overseas is to take special interest in Auto Shows, a good place to rehearse his exploits and to receive greetings from old and new friends.

CHIPS

NORBERT P. MOTT, '23

That 1919 Our Old Boy T. Francis Hart, '02, recently proposed "one real meeting and glorious good time" to take place at St. Mary's in the near future. Not only did the Very Rev. President of the College consider the proposition favorably, but suggested that a short retreat be offered to our Old Boys on this occasion.

Tom considers the latter idea excellent, but thinks that the program of the retreat, as proposed, could be carried out fully only a year or two hence. Let's have this year, he says, just one day for a retreat and another for entertainment and athletics. That will be a starter and should give the Boys a taste for more.

What do other Old Boys think of the homecoming and of the retreat? Let them start something. If you want the homecoming, or the retreat, or both, say so. If you don't, say so, too. Be a live wire, moving, up and doing. Live in this world not only for yourself but for others as well. If you keep the ghost of failure always dancing before your eyes, you'll never see success.

"Sacerdos in Aeternum" Holy Angels Church, Dayton, was the scene of rejoicing on March 16, when Rev. Alphonse L. Schumacher, '13, offered up for the first time the august Sacrifice of the Altar. Among the Old Boys officers of the Mass were Rev. John Dillon, '12, Frank L. Smith, '14, Frank Thill, '14, Geo. F. Kuntz, '12, and Carl J. Ryan, '16. The historic "Cadets" of basketball fame, did honor to one of their champion players, by attending the big celebration.

On March 20 Father Schumacher celebrated Holy Mass in the College Chapel which was crowded with the students attending from the city of Dayton, bestowed upon all present his special priestly blessing and later was entertained by the Faculty.

The only schools the newly ordained priest ever frequented were those of the Brothers of Mary. He started in the parochial school of Emmanuel Church, Dayton, when only knee-high to his present self. He nurtured a vocation for higher things when he began serv-

ing daily the six o'clock Mass at the Notre Dame Convent, though he did not appear much larger than the Sisters' monumental missal and book stand which it took him some skillful juggling to balance and to transfer from one side of the altar to the other, a thing he did not always succeed in.

He matriculated at the College in 1906 and took his A. B. degree in 1913. Having completed his theological course at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, he was ordained a priest by Most Reverend Henry Moeller, D. D., at the Seminary Chapel on March 15.

Our Rev. Alumnus is a son of our Old Boy, Joseph Schumacher, who entered the College on September 1, 1869, and a brother to Charles P., '02, Francis X., '10, and Ambrose I., '16.

St. Mary's extends congratulations to its favored Alumnus and prays that the Recording Angel may write many a page of fruitful ministry to his credit.

"Alter Christus" St. Mary's rejoiced at the elevation of another of its Alumni to the Priesthood when Raymond J. O'Brien, '13, was ordained by Archbishop Moeller in the Seminary Chapel at Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati, on last March 15. The day after he celebrated his First Holy Mass in his home town, Urbana, where St. Mary's Congregation did him every honor it could bestow upon a favored child of the parish. Among the Old Boys who surrounded him at the altar were Rev. Martin M. Varley, '06, of Dayton, Wm. J. Killoran, '16, of Lima, and Francis T. Cully, '15, Francis X. Dugan, '15, J. Murray Powers, '14, of Urbana. The impressive sermon was delivered by Very Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, S. M., '05, President of the College.

Father O'Brien entered St. Mary's in 1906 and graduated from the College Department with the A. B. degree in 1913. After that he entered the diocesan seminary at Cincinnati, where he distinguished himself like so many other St. Mary's Boys by his piety, his application to study, and his devotion to duty. His Alma Mater begs God to bless his labors in the vast field of the Church and to grant him an abundant harvest of souls.

"Requiescat in Pace" It is with deep regret that we record the almost sudden death of Mrs. Anna M. Pater, the devoted wife of our Alumnus, Joseph J. Pater, '77, A. B. '08, and the loving mother of Carl, '02, and of Alphonse, '04, at the old homestead, 603 S. Fourth St., Hamilton, Ohio. May the examples of her beautiful life be an inspiration and a consolation for those she

left behind. St. Mary's extends its profound sympathy to its three Alumni and invites the Exponent readers to offer prayers for the repose of her soul.

"With This Ring" On March 3, George Hampel, '04, of 142 S. McDonough St., Dayton, Ohio, was married to Miss Mary N. Harkins, a nurse of St. Elizabeth Hospital at a Nuptial Mass. Rev. Henry Stich, '07, received their marriage vows in St. Elizabeth Chapel. Congratulations from your old school, George. May a long and happy life follow such a happy beginning.

Kay Ceelet Attorney Albert J. Dwyer, '89, who recently left Dayton for France as a Knight of Columbus secretary, during his short stay in England took in a boxing show at the National Sporting Club, the leading organization of its kind in the world. The bout was between Eddie Shevlin of the American Navy and Sergt. Johnny Basham, welter champion of England. Purse \$2,500; 15 rounds. We know the "Henglish" did not rob "im" of \$26 for a seat as they robbed some fans.

Kendallville This great Hoosier burg has had a number of representative students at St. Mary's from the time when John McKray, of "Refrigerator" fame, registered on February 16, 1876. Rex S. Emerick, '07, of Redmond & Emerick, the biggest law firm in that section of the country; also Lawrence Weber of last year's college graduates, now at Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati, are more recent products. This year, too, the burg is worthily represented in our College Department. Let us see some more Kendallville output. The samples were good.

McCall & Connors That's the name of the new law firm listed in the directory of the Dayton Savings & Trust Building.
—Walter L. Connors is a St. Mary's Alumnus, having graduated in '05. He spent the last eight years in Columbus, four of them as secretary to the warden at the Ohio Penitentiary, and later as special counsel in the attorney general's office during the tenures of both Timothy S. Hogan and Joseph H. McGhee. May Walter find as many clients as he found warm friends in both Columbus and Dayton and may he render the path of justice easy and pleasant for them to travel on.

Clerical

Rev. Walter L. Makley, '01, of St. Patrick's Church, Cumminsville, Ohio, has been promoted to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, Glynnwood, Auglaize County, Ohio. Address: St. Mary's, R. F. D. 1, Ohio.

Rev. Martin M. Varley, '06, of Sacred Heart Church, Dayton, Ohio, has been entrusted with the care of organizing a new parish at Winton Place, near Cincinnati.

Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien, '13, recently ordained, will replace Father Varley at Dayton.

Rev. Alphonse L. Schumacher, '13, also recently ordained, will devote several months to special studies before engaging in parochial work.

St. Mary's follows the doings of its Reverend Alumni with more than ordinary interest, congratulates them upon their appointments, and begs Him whose representatives they are, to bless them abundantly in their arduous labors.

"Some" B. Ch. E. Jos. B. Windbiel, '17, of 5429 N. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, after his recent "Experience" in Chattanooga, Tenn., took a short vacation at the old "Stern" corner, North Ave. and Larrabee St., in his home town, then put on his chemical overalls again and jumped into the harness at the Fansteel Products Company, North Chicago, Ill., doing control work in pyrophoric alloy, cerium alloys, rare earth metals, C. P. potash, potassium hydroxide, tungsten, molybdenum, beryllium, and checking the results of research experiments. The Alumni Editor happened to hear this tale of woe, as Joe was pouring it into the ears of his former chemistry professor, Brother Wohlleben, who told him he could ably do all that and much more, for that's why Joe had carried off his Chemical Engineering degree with flying colors. Our Chicago Alumnus is walking in the footsteps of our many successful graduates in the Engineering Department.

**Welcome
Visitors**

Among our many visitors, the Old Boys are always the most welcome. Let them hand in their card with O. B. added to the name and Brother Theodore Rush, everybody's friend, will give them the glad hand and the key of the old school. At any time on any day Alumni Hall is a cozy place to spend a pleasant hour and to satisfy an appetite whetted by the country air and the pleasant surroundings.

Lawrence V. Montanus, '17, of Sidney, Ohio, Lawrence Weber, '18, of Kendallville, Ind., J. Dean McFarland, '18, of Marion, Ohio,

William J. Killoran, '16, of Lima, Ohio, all four seminarians from Mt. St. Mary, Cincinnati, called on old chums and teachers on their way to or from their home on the occasion of a special vacation recently granted them.

Lieut. F. X. Schumacher, '10, of Dayton, came to announce the ordination of his brother to the Priesthood.

Herbert H. Engel, '10, of Dayton, came to order Holy Masses to be said for the repose of his soldier brother who had recently died in the service of his country.

Sergt. Wm. O. Schleinitz, '16, apprised the College of his honorable discharge from the Army to return to his Dayton home at 704 River Street.

First Class Sergt. Charles F. Manche, '14, of 21 N. Jersey St., Dayton, Ohio, now city representative for the Coffield Tire Protector Co.

Robert C. Kimmel, '14, of Dayton.

Ralph B. Busch, '14, of Cincinnati, called on his two brothers on his way home from Cornell University for a ten-day vacation.

Wm. H. Deddens, '18, of Cincinnati, came to greet Deddens Jr.

S. J. It will be pleasant news for Exponent readers to learn that another of our Alumni belongs to the ranks of one of the most remarkable religious Orders of the Catholic Church, the Society of Jesus. This issue of The Exponent will have to be mailed to John M. Jacoby, '08, S. J., formerly of Toledo, now of St. Stanislaus Seminary, the S. J. novitiate at Florissant, Mo.

Other S. M. C. Boys, now with the Jesuits are Henry J. Huwe, '04, S. J., then of Cincinnati, a member of the Missouri Province, but at present at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, Central America. Brother August Viot, '72, S. J., then of Dayton, also a member of the Missouri Province, present address: St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, Central America. Walter A. Roemer, '10, S. J., then of Celina, Ohio, now at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. Wm. F. Roemer, '10, S. J., a brother to Walter, then of Celina, Ohio, now at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo. Rev. Francis P. Kemper, '91, S. J., vice president of St. John's College, 807 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio. Rev. Aloysius C. Kemper, '00, S. J., of the Missouri Province; present address: St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, Central America. Rev. Joseph W. Kemper, '01, S. J., of the Missouri Province, now at Santa Cueva, Manresa, Spain, one of the most venerated spots on earth for the Society of Jesus, on ac-

count of its association with St. Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Order.

Fathers Francis, Aloysius, and Joseph Kemper are sons of Philip A. Kemper, a very remarkable man, who died in Dayton, in 1908.

The Society of Mary, to which St. Mary College belongs, has always had pleasant dealings with the Society of Jesus and has seen with much satisfaction a large number of its students all over the world enter the latter Society and has had its own members work side by side with the Jesuits, as in Cincinnati and Cleveland at the present time, and as in Lille, France, before a robber government placed its sacrilegious hands upon the property of both religious Orders.

Marquette Club

Recently this club of Dayton, one of the most exclusive in the state, enjoyed its twentieth annual banquet, every member being present. In reading the roster of names of these twenty-five well-known business and professional men, from the president, R. Emmet Murphy, and the toastmaster, Theo. H. Lienesch, down to R. P. Burkhardt, F. C. Clemens, R. V. Burkhardt, F. A. Hahne, Wm. M. Burkhardt, W. A. Keyes, W. J. Lukaswitz, H. G. Wagner, J. A. Wessalosky, and perhaps others, you would say they were all taken from the time-worn registers of St. Mary's Old Boys.

Hot Air vs. Cold Cash

What a surprise, a real shock, comes at times to St. Mary College, when mention is made of Old Boys who praise their Alma Mater sky high and yet cannot afford a solitary greenback or cartwheel for a subscription. Membership in The Exponent family costs only one dollar: just ten smokes, or four theatre tickets, or one short Sunday auto ride, or one-fifth of three hours with your girl. We were never at your club, otherwise, we could compare also with an evening spent there. Every loyal Old Boy reads his own Alumni Notes, not his chum's. Till next June first you may secure a 6-years' subscription for \$5.00. Address, The Exponent, Department L, Dayton, Ohio. Write today.

For Your Mail Some of the following addresses may be of great interest to you. Perhaps they'll remind you of an old faithful college chum, whom you have almost forgotten. Drop him a line today. Make him smile.

R. A. Sourd, '16. Fayetteville, Ohio.

F. B. Heitman, enrolled Oct. 9, 1853. Then of Cincinnati, now of Washington, D. C., 1758 You St.

J. J. Gramling, '96. Residence: 1629 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.
Office: Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Madison Ave. and 11th St.

Rudolph G. Schneble, '88, 1627 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Anthony Rasche, '68, of Rasche Bros. Mohawk Tannery, 4559
Williamson Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gerald W. E. Dunne, '16, Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati,
Ohio.

Elmer G. Bergk, '00, then of Dayton, Ohio, now with the Curtis
Lumber & Millwork Co., 1200 S. Second St., Clinton, Iowa.

Herbert J. H. Bahlmann, '14, 413 Lindsey, Newport, Ky.

Arcadius Maher, '07, then of Greenville, Ohio, now 331 N. 13th
St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Mark B. Forquer, '17, Jackson, New Lexington, Ohio.

Howard W. Germann, '98, architect. Office: Schwind Building,
Dayton, Ohio. Residence: 1060 Salem Avenue.

FOR A GREATER ST. MARY

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

"To the Rescue!" Synopsis of preceding Chapters: The heroine
(**Year's Best Seller**) of this fascinating story is Alma Mater. She can-
not enter the O. A. C. nor the N. W. A. C. S. S.
She needs assistance. A key must be found. Loyal Al. Umnus and
A. Kind Friend are the devoted heroes, who are trying to help her.
But more heroes must come to her rescue. You will be one if you
assist in supplying the key by sending a check to your Old School.

Or, again, St. Mary College desires to rank with the best rec-
ognized secular colleges and therefore seeks admission into the Ohio
Association of Colleges and into the Northwestern Association of
Colleges and Secondary Schools. In order to secure this signal ad-
vantage it must have at least 100 men in the Collegiate Department.
The five Catholic colleges of Ohio, in a recent meeting, gave it as
their opinion, that the only way this can be accomplished is by pro-
viding suitable distinct quarters for the collegians. St. Mary has
already done this for the 93 college men now attending. It needs,
however, attractive club-rooms, and wants you, Mr. Old Boy, to help
it in equipping them by sending your bit. It will feel most thankful
towards every cheerful giver, great or small. Every little bit helps.

CHAPTER III.

Stop — Look — Listen

Remember, Old Boys, that you are not the only ones who have been invited to come to the rescue of your Alma Mater. There are others. They are the friends of the Old School on the Hill. They are those who appreciate the great work your Alma Mater has done since 1850. They are those who consider higher Christian education one of our greatest needs. Let their noble example blaze the path for you. It's you, Old Boy, more than they, that should lead your old school to the go-over point. Do it today.

Chairs

From New York, the Mecca of millionaires, and of many kind hearts as well, came the cheery news that 50 substantial chairs for the College Club Rooms were at the call of the Very Rev. President. They are duplicates of those in the Zehler Library and cost \$5.00 apiece in ante bellum days. The letter containing the offer caused "some" stir at the old school. It did.

Osborn, Ohio

"I enclose my check for One Hundred Dollars," is the simple, yet eloquent burden of one letter. And the brother of this generous benefactor in a not less broad-minded spirit, "I am enclosing you my check for the sum of Twenty-five Dollars."

And these are kind hearts who owe nothing to our Alma Mater

**Benefactors in
the Cassock**

"Diocese of Cleveland, Office of the Vicar General," was the letterhead used by a friend who sent fifty dollars.

And another in an appreciative mood, "When I look back on the past twenty-eight years of my priestly labors here in our beloved city of Dayton, I must confess to the greatness of the religious and educational work which the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of your community have accomplished so quietly, yet so persistently "pro Deo et pro Patria." And he, too, sent fifty dollars.

Daytonians

One to whom several good causes owe deep gratitude, "I have had many calls on my purse during the past few months, but I feel an interest in St. Mary's, having known all the leaders down there from the days of dear old Brother Zehler. If it will serve to show that my heart is still with you and if you will accept it, I enclose my check for fifteen dollars."

A warm admirer of the educational work of St. Mary's, "Enclosed please find check to the amount of ten dollars.—Mrs. S. and myself consider it a privilege to help your noble cause."

And the above benefactors are not of our Faith.

"I wish I could make it \$25.00 instead of \$5.00, but on account of some unusual demands that are being made upon me at this time, I find it impossible to do so. However, I may be able to increase it some time later on."

The Last Lap The last lap of the race for a greater St. Mary's has begun. The finish is in view. Every Old Boy should feel it is his duty to join the kind friends of his Alma Mater in helping her to win the race. In his college days he has received a great deal from her for the little she has received from him. Here is an opportunity for him to redeem himself. The Exponent expects to be able to publish the complete list of benefactors in the near future.

Old Boy, is your name on that list?

If not, why not?

Can't you do it now?

THANKS.

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

On hand\$202.49

Recent Contributions

Theresa Esterl, \$2.00; Anna Mueller, \$1.00; Margaret Kohnen, \$1.00; Marianna Kathrein, \$1.00; Mary Rothengass, \$1.00; Elizabeth Vering, \$1.00; Angela Rieger, 25c; Ella Bott, \$1.00; Margaret Palmer, \$1.00; Lucy Johann, \$1.00; E. & C. Rehm, \$1.00; Louisa Vollman, 75c; Barbara Widua, \$1.00; Aloys. Walser, \$1.00; Paulina Duventester, \$1.00; Charity Sale at St. Mary College, Dayton, \$1.25..... 16 25

Grand Total, Fifth Scholarship, March 30, 1919\$218.74

We are also much pleased to record the annual scholarship offered by Notre Dame Academy, this city, every year since March, 1908, with exemplary regularity.

Notre Dame Scholarship for 1919 (to cover the yearly expenses for one student at the Apostolic School of Japan)\$60.00

Mass intentions, to be sent to Very Rev. Superior of the Apostolic School, are also very acceptable.

St. Mary College invites the kind Exponent readers to assist it in completing the Fifth Scholarship of \$1,200.00 and begs God to bless abundantly all benefactors. Address, The Exponent, Department C, Dayton, Ohio.

College Notes

Religious Activities

The organization of the officers' branch of the Holy Name Society, unavoidably postponed several times this year, took place on March 25th. The following men were elected officers: Joseph Holters, President; Walter Curtis, Vice President; Thomas Hook, Secretary, and Robert Payne, Treasurer. Rev. Tetzlaff told the officers that the idea of the Holy Name Society was not only to prevent cursing and swearing, but also obscene language. He exhorted them to bring this fact before the different branches at the next meeting.

The Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin are doing praiseworthy work at the College. There are ten branches, five for the boarders and five for the day students. The applications for membership are more numerous than in the previous years. A significant feature of the Sodalities is the importance placed on the frequent reception of the Sacraments.

ALFRED L. POLIQUIN, H. S., '19.

Daily Mass for Day Students

Owing to the inconveniences in the way of hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion on school days in the parish churches by the day students, the Holy Sacrifice, since the beginning of Lent, is celebrated daily in the College chapel for all the day students who wish to attend. The Mass begins at 7:30 o'clock and gives the boys a good opportunity for assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion frequently during the season of Lent. The number that have availed themselves of this opportunity has been gratifying, though rather small, forty or fifty a day, compared with the 350 day students attending school at the College. It is certain that the day scholars will attend in greater numbers in the future. The 7:30 o'clock Mass will be limited not only to the season of Lent, but will continue throughout the months that follow.

ALFRED L. POLIQUIN, H. S., '19.

The S. M. C. Engineering Society

The last monthly meeting of the Engineering Society was held Friday afternoon, March 7, 1919. Three very interesting and educational addresses were given by Messrs.

W. Curtis, Joseph Schaefer, and Elmer Hess.

Mr. Curtis spoke of the Gyroscope. He explained its principles, how it is influenced by the earth's rotation and by gravity. The features of the Gyroscopic Compass, the use of the Stabilizer, the part that the Stabilizer plays in modern ships, and its use in aeroplanes were discussed. Interesting views were shown to illustrate the various points touched upon.

Mr. Schaefer treated the Manufacture and Industrial uses of Oxygen and Hydrogen. He told of the prominence that these gases now hold in the industrial world and of the wide field for their use.

Mr. Hess spoke on a subject that is of great interest to Americans, namely, the Americanization of the Foreigner. He emphasized the strenuous efforts that manufacturers are now making in this regard.

M. CAHILL.

The S. M. C.

Literary Society

Reorganization of the St. Mary College Literary Society was effected at its first general meeting for 1919, which occurred March 18. The following were present and reg-

istered as members:

Messrs. H. Abel, W. Curtis, S. Emerick, McLeod Greathouse, A. Hemmert, R. Killoran, R. Kitsteiner, C. Mueller, and N. Wilkinson. At the next meeting, held March 28th, Messrs. E. Finan, V. Malloy and A. Stuhlmuehler were registered as new members. At these two meetings officers were elected and installed. The Constitutions and By-Laws were also discussed and adopted, and the duration of the meetings fixed.

The Reverend Moderator, outlined the purpose of the Society and the nature of the work it will take up including debates, literary declamations, and discussions of current topics. In general, the Society promises to be a valuable and interesting means of affording the students of the College Department an opportunity to cultivate higher literary tastes as well as proficiency in the use of English.

W. CURTIS.

Third High-C

Third High-C now boasts of a society with the object of encouraging public speaking and sociability.

George Donovan was elected president; Ernest C. Kirschten, secretary; Wm. Frischkorn, chairman ex officio; Ned Payne, and Francis Clifford have been chosen as members of the executive committee, representing respectively the First, Second and Third Divisions.

Under the guidance of the Reverend Moderator, Bro. Thomas Price, three successful debates have already been held. The subject of the first was: Resolved that there should be a League of Nations. Affirmative: Wm. Johnson and E. C. Kirschten; Negative: G. Donovan and H. Melia. The judges, J. Deddens, C. Scharf and J. Gotbrath, awarded the debate to the negative. Resolved that Grant was a better General than Lee, was the topic of a second debate. Affirmative: E. Heile and A. Flaherty. Negative: J. Deddens and J. Gotbrath. The judges, G. Donovan, W. Johnson and E. C. Kirschten, after a long consideration of the excellent arguments advanced, decided in favor of the affirmative. The matter under discussion in the third debate was, Resolved: That the Navy did more than the Army to win the Civil War. Affirmative: C. Scharf and L. Niesen; Negative: C. Sprunck and V. Young. The judges, J. Deddens, E. Heile and J. Gotbrath, decided that the better arguments were presented by the affirmative. The following short, but interesting lectures were also given: "Newspapers," E. C. Kirschten. "Versailles," Wm. Frischkorn. "The Roman Question," E. Busch. "Irish Home Rule," L. Collins. "Alsace and Lorraine," L. Strattner. "The League of Nations," H. Meredith.

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

A Social

March 17, 1919, was a big day on the social calendar of St. Mary because St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in a special manner. The First Division "set-up" was a great success, thanks to Bro. Tom and the arrangement committee. They are to be thanked for the appropriate decorations. After the grand overture, which was rendered in an excellent manner by our orchestra, old Irish clay-pipes and tobacco made their appearance. A game of progressive 500 was won by Joe Deddens. The billiard tournament was won by Mr. McFadden and McLaughlin, while the winners in the pool contest were Mr. E. Falkenbach and Mr. Hodgkin. Without a doubt the bowling contest between the Dutch and Irish was one of the evening's big features. Despite the fact, that every player stoutly asserted that he had never before bowled, some very good scores were made. The Dutch team, which won the contest after a bad start, consisted of Messrs. Rabe, Capt., Drury, Kirschten, Sack and Stemley. The Irish, who were defeated by a close margin, were Capt. Sullivan, Comer, Howlett, Lannigan and Healey. Dancing, songs, speeches, punch, and a delicious luncheon, helped to make the evening one to be remembered, as well as the pipes, flags, tally-cards, etc., which decorate the walls of many a room as souvenirs of March 17, 1919.

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

The Confessional Fund

In the first weeks of January, a plan for the erection of new confessionals in the College chapel had slowly formed itself in the mind of Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, the President of St. Mary College. The idea was suggested to him when he saw the desire of a number of the students to give presents as Christmas and New Year's gifts. Their desire could be realized in the most appropriate manner by giving their donation for new confessionals. Four were needed to replace the makeshifts in the sanctuary and sacristies. They were to be placed under the windows on either side of the chapel, protruding from the outside walls, thus leaving the side aisles unobstructed.

The cost of each was estimated to be between \$300 and \$350. The President had hopes that two would be given by loyal benefactors of the College, and the other two by the 600 members of the student-body, thus averaging \$1.00 a student. This was the President's plan, and accordingly he made the appeal to the students during the second week of January. After two months only \$100 was collected. But on March 8th the first serious effort was made. A ten-day campaign was launched under the guidance of three Faculty members, Bro. William Beck for the collegiate department, Bro. Michael Grandy for the High School and Business classes, and Bro. Valentine Baugh for the elementary students. It was the intention to reach the \$600 goal by March 19th, the President's name-day, and to give him the present as a surprise. Three members of each class were selected as officers to further the confessional fund campaign in their respective classes.

Needless to say, the campaign was a success. The class averages and the individual contributions are given in a separate article below. For the High School Department, Third-A and Third-B were the first to go over the top, by averaging \$1.00 per student. In the afternoon of March 18th a meeting of the entire student-body was held in the gymnasium. The \$600 were presented to Father Tetzlaff by Joseph Holters, the spokesman of the meeting. Father

Tetzlaff warmly thanked the students for the good will shown by them during the campaign. After giving them a free day for the 19th, he outlined a plan for the construction of an indoor swimming pool, the cost of which is to be defrayed by a similar campaign next year.

The work on the confessionals has been begun and they will be completed by the end of April.

ALFRED L. POLIQUIN, H. S., '20.

College Department	Subjoined is a detailed statement of the results of the Confessional Fund Drive:		
	Senior	\$22.50	188%
	C. Deckwitz, \$2.00; C. Demann, \$1.50; E. Hess, \$2.00; J. Holters, \$5.00; J. Kuhn, \$1.50; F. Martin, \$1.00; J. Moosbrugger, \$2.00; P. Ohmer, \$1.50; J. Schaefer, \$2.50; W. Schmidt, \$2.00; Wm. Sherry, \$1.50.		
	Junior	\$15.00	167%
	W. Boesch, \$1.50; M. Cahill, \$1.50; A. Crowley, \$1.00; E. Happensack, \$6.00; G. Hochwalt, \$1.50; C. Hochwalt, \$1.50; E. Kessler, \$1.50; W. Yackley, 50c.		
	Sophomore	\$6.00	35%
	W. Curtis, \$1.00; M. Heile, \$1.00; A. Kuntz, \$1.50; T. Lienesch, \$1.50; M. Thompson, \$1.00.		
	Freshman A	\$18.00	82%
	F. Elardo, \$1.00; H. Taas, \$1.00; R. Gerber, \$2.00; J. Griessmer, \$1.00; F. Hook, \$1.00; R. Hieber, \$1.00; E. Huesman, \$1.00; E. Kuntz, \$2.50; R. Muth, \$1.00; S. Maloney, \$1.00; R. Payne, \$1.00; E. Sander, \$1.00.		
	Freshman B	\$25.00	132%
	E. Dwyer, \$1.50; F. Ferrara, \$2.35; J. Finan, \$2.00; B. Fox, \$1.75; C. Hellebush, \$2.00; J. Hochwalt, \$2.00; F. Kernan, \$1.00; G. Kirby, \$1.00; H. Kramer, \$2.20; E. Kremer, \$2.00; R. Pauly, 50c; R. Serano, \$2.00; I. Stelzer, \$1.00; A. Stuhlmuehler, \$2.20; E. Wiederhold, \$1.50.		
	Pre-Medics and Arts	\$21.50	143%
	H. Boesch, \$1.50; R. Deger, \$2.00; E. Duffy, \$2.20; Mc. Greathouse, \$1.50; A. Hemmert, \$5.00; H. Kemper, \$1.50; R. Killoran, \$1.50; R. Kitsteiner, \$2.00; C. Mueller, \$1.30; W. Roehl, \$1.00; M. Wilkinson, \$2.00.		
High School Department	Fourth High	\$51.00	100%
	V. Agnew, \$1.00; M. Boylan, \$1.00; N. Bergman, \$1.00; H. Byrne, \$1.00; M. Cloran, \$1.00; R. Collins, \$1.00; P. Comer, \$1.00; A. Damm, \$1.00; R. Dorger, \$1.00; B. Drury, \$1.00; R. Drouillard, \$1.00; J. Ecans, \$1.00; E. Falkenbach, \$1.00; J. Falkenbach, \$1.00; F. Farley, \$1.00; F. Fillipowitz, \$1.00; J. Healy, \$1.00; R. Helmig, \$1.00; C. Hieber, \$1.00; H. Iske, \$1.00; F. Kronauge, \$1.00; E. Litkowski, \$1.00; G. Liszak, \$1.00; G. Mackmull, \$1.00; A. Malloy, \$1.00; C. Marshall, \$1.00; A. McCarthy, \$1.00; J. McCurran, \$1.00; E. McInerhney, \$1.00; A. Michniewicz, \$1.00; H. Miller, \$1.00; E. Moosbrugger, \$1.00; N. Mott, \$1.00; C. Murray, \$1.00; J. Nellis, \$1.00; O. Pecord, \$1.00; F. Pfarrer, \$1.00; A. Poliquin, \$1.00; A. Rabe, \$1.00; P. Radican, \$1.00; E. Schneider, \$1.00; H. Schroeder, \$1.00; C. Sherman, \$1.00; E. Sherman, \$1.00; E. Snyder, \$1.00; R. Teasdale, \$1.00; E. Taylor, \$1.00; J. Wagner, \$1.00; E. Winterhalter, \$1.00; W. Farren, \$1.00; A. Kauflin, \$1.00.		

Third High-A

\$31.28

111.7%

H. Beigel, \$1.00; F. Bickford, \$1.50; J. Burkhardt, \$1.00; J. Burns, \$1.02; W. Chapin, \$1.25; C. Derby, \$1.00; W. Fritz, \$1.00; J. Hartnett, \$1.50; N. Hils, \$3.00; F. Johnston, \$1.00; W. Kinzig, \$1.00; W. Kohl, \$1.50; W. Kramer, \$1.00; W. Lander, 75c; J. Maloney, \$1.50; E. Mayl, \$2.00; L. McFadden, \$1.00; J. Miles, \$1.00; J. Murphy, \$1.01; N. Pfeiffer, \$1.25; E. Richardson, 50c; F. Schopelrei, \$1.00; J. Schwind, \$1.00; C. Stonebarger, \$1.00; L. Tierney, \$1.00; L. Zengel, \$1.50; W. Hoffman, 50c.

Third High-B

\$32.65

102%

J. Agnew, \$1.00; N. Burgmeier, 50c; H. Demann, \$1.00; H. Dwyer, \$1.00; C. Focke, \$1.05; J. Gitzinger, \$1.07; A. Hodapp, \$1.05; J. Holtvoigt, \$1.00; N. Jacques, \$1.05; W. Janning, \$1.26; E. Koehnen, \$1.00; P. Kronauge, \$1.00; C. Lienesch, \$1.00; D. McCarthy, \$1.00; W. Pickett, \$1.05; N. Rechtenwald, \$1.00; E. Rohr, \$1.00; D. Ryan, \$1.00; A. Sacksteder, \$1.00; A. Saettel, \$1.05; B. Seidenstick, \$1.00; L. Sherer, \$1.00; A. Stelzer, \$1.05; R. Stengel, \$1.05; J. Supensky, \$1.00; E. Wiedner, \$1.00; N. Westbrook, \$1.00; L. Whelan, \$1.00; J. Wilson, \$1.05; A. Sack, \$1.32; F. Tsu, \$1.00; H. Bauer, 1.00.

Third High-C

\$32.35

87.8%

J. Ammersbach, 50c; E. Busch, \$5.00; L. Collins, \$1.00; F. Clifford, \$1.00; R. Coghlan, 50c; J. Deddens, \$1.00; J. Donahue, 50c; D. Donis, \$1.00; G. Donovan, \$1.50; E. Flowers, \$1.00; W. Frischkorn, 50c; R. Gingerich, \$1.00; C. Goulding, \$1.00; E. Heile, \$2.00; R. Howlett, 50c; F. Hughes, \$1.00; W. Johnson, \$1.00; H. Lanigan, \$1.00; H. Melia, 50c; L. Niesen, \$1.00; N. Payne, \$1.35; A. Preest, \$1.00; J. Quinlan, 50c; C. Sprunk, \$1.00; S. Stemmley, \$1.00; L. Strottner, \$1.00; P. Swint, \$1.00; E. Van Arnhem, 50c; V. Young, \$1.00; C. Scharf, \$1.00; E. Kehoe, 50c.

Second High-A

\$24.78

91.7%

J. Bach, \$1.01; L. Bradmiller, \$5.00; J. Brown, \$1.00; J. Coffield, \$1.00; W. Focke, \$1.01; F. Hagan, \$1.00; L. Hemberger, \$1.01; R. Hochwalt, 50c; V. Keuping, \$1.00; J. Koehler, \$2.00; E. Lamoureux, \$1.09; V. Lang, \$1.00; G. Pflaum, \$2.00; D. Reilly, \$1.11; R. Sparrow, \$1.07; A. Tischler, \$1.75; R. Walsh, \$1.11; R. Whalen, \$1.01; K. Woditsch, \$1.11.

Second High-B

\$28.21

\$104.5%

V. Bremer, \$1.00; J. Donnelly, \$5.00; H. Eikenbary, \$1.00; S. Heckman, 50c; L. Hodgkin, \$1.11; C. Kain, \$1.00; L. Kissling, \$2.35; H. Long, \$1.00; N. Lause, \$1.00; O. Marschall, \$1.00; J. McDonald, \$2.00; E. Meyer, 50c; W. Moore, \$1.00; E. Mueller, \$1.00; E. O'Connell, \$1.00; C. Petkewitz, \$1.00; B. Puthoff, \$1.00; J. Russell, 75c; L. Tague, \$1.00; A. Kruthaup, 1.00; J. Lamoureux, 50c; T. Rhoades, \$1.00; C. Laffer, 50c.

Second High-C

\$32.03

110%

R. Boggan, \$5.00; G. Corbett, 80c; C. Derry, \$1.04; A. Dirschel, \$1.13; A. Duemar, \$1.00; A. Freiburg, \$1.01; P. Grote, \$1.00; F. Gwinner, \$1.00; M. O'Donnell, 40c; W. Scales, \$1.10; R. Scheckelhoff, \$1.13; W. Staab, \$1.00; J. Sullivan, \$1.00; W. Sullivan, \$1.01; W. Sweeney, \$1.00; E. Telscher, \$2.53; W. Van Arnhem, \$1.00; J. Vogt, \$1.00; R. Wintermeyer, \$1.10; A. Zettler, \$1.00; R. Douthitt, 1.66; C. Minnock, \$1.03; L. Cochrane, \$1.00.

First High-A		\$34.11	\$103%
C. Allhoff, 75c; W. Brennan, 75c; T. Burkhardt, \$2.25; E. Carey, \$1.00; J. Cogan, 50c; E. Collett, 50c; C. Federer, \$1.00; E. Fitzgerald, \$1.10; G. Fleming, \$1.05; P. Heffern, \$1.60; R. Heffern, \$1.10; H. Heider, \$1.11; E. Hetzel, 50c; L. Holtman, \$1.10; C. Klass, \$1.15; G. Krug, \$1.10; E. Kyne, \$1.20; E. Lienesch, 1.10; B. Maley, \$1.00; R. Ostendorf, 75c; E. Reese, \$1.10; M. Reichard, \$1.20; D. Russell, 60c; D. Schell, \$1.01; J. Schneider, \$1.11; C. Stelzer, \$1.00; T. Tierney, \$1.00; R. Truxel, 75c; R. Wagner, \$2.13; R. Zettler, \$1.20; R. Weidner, 95c; L. Reising, 85c.			
First High-B		\$35.51	126.8%
L. Bennett, \$1.00; F. Borck, 50c; W. Brunzman, \$1.00; F. Cross, \$1.00; W. Crow, 50c; J. Dierkes, \$1.25; F. Doody, \$1.25; J. Doppes, \$1.01; R. Dye, \$1.00; C. Falkenbach, 50c; P. Gil, \$1.00; E. Gilligan, 50c; F. Hanlon, \$1.50; J. Hannegan, \$1.00; J. Hartley, 75c; H. Kleimeier, 50c; V. Koepnick, \$2.00; A. Kosater, \$2.00; R. Kuntz, \$2.00; H. McDonald, \$1.00; C. McGee, \$1.00; E. Mahoney, \$1.50; M. Murphy, \$1.50; A. Strosnider, \$1.00; E. Stubbers, \$2.25; W. Hooper, \$1.50; O. Wright, \$5.50.			
First High-C		\$36.50	103.1%
J. Bender, \$1.00; O. Burdick, \$1.00; P. Burns, \$1.00; G. Covert, 50c; H. Donnelly, \$1.00; L. Dorger, \$2.00; N. Gausepohl, 50c; E. Gerlaugh, \$5.00; A. Henry, 50c; R. LaVielle, \$1.00; L. Mahrt, \$4.00; J. Mangan, 50c; P. McBride, 50c; W. McDonough, 50c; A. Meyring, \$1.00; J. Murphy, 75c; R. Nartker, \$1.00; E. Patrick, \$1.00; A. Quinn, 75c; T. Regan, \$1.00; T. Ryan, 50c; T. Sage, 50c; V. Stachler, 50c; A. Tapke, \$5.00; E. Welsh, 50c; A. Wenzel, \$1.00; H. Weser, \$1.00.			
First High-D		\$33.12	103.5%
L. Eckman, 25c; A. Geis, 50c; T. Gilfoil, 10c; C. Himes, 75c; H. Hohm, 60c; J. Janning, \$1.00; W. Kissling, \$1.40; C. Kohl, 75c; A. Kunkel, 50c; J. Lair, 85c; G. Lowry, \$1.00; L. Lucas, 35c; T. Luthman, 50c; E. Minnerup, \$6.00; T. Moonert, \$1.15; C. Miller, 75c; E. O'Connor, 50c; J. O'Donnell, \$1.00; A. Parker, 40c; B. Post, 35c; O. Schaaf, 55c; W. Schantz, \$5.01; C. Schoff, 95c; R. Schroll, \$1.00; L. Silbereis, 75c; O. Spatz, \$3.00; G. Stine, \$1.01; J. Thobe, 50c; A. Witt, \$1.25.			
Business Department	First Business	\$13.10	66%
	C. Brown, \$1.00; M. Brunner, \$2.25; E. Calhoun, \$1.00; A. Damm, \$2.50; B. Ebelhardt, \$1.00; G. Hahn, \$1.00; W. McCarthy, 50c; J. McKee, 25c; R. Murphy, \$1.00; K. Pauzar, 50c; J. Trabbic, \$1.00; E. Roberts, 25c; T. Quigley, 50c; W. Comerford, 85c.		
Second Business		\$15.07	100.5%
C. Cavanaugh, \$1.00; D. Fritsch, \$1.00; J. Hammen, \$1.00; J. Kennedy, \$1.06; L. Poeppelmeier, \$1.25; Y. Reyna, \$1.00; H. Rost, \$1.50; D. Simon, \$1.00; P. Volino, \$1.00; H. Weiler, \$1.50; F. Robledo, \$1.30; L. Ascarraga, \$1.25; A. McLaughlin, \$1.21.			
Elementary Department	8th Grade	\$23.60	118%
	A. Sanchez, \$2.00; J. Steffen, \$2.00; R. Pease, \$1.00; W. Robbeloth, \$1.00; P. Kahn, \$1.00; H. Thomas, \$1.00; A. Moctezuma, 60c; F. Berner, 50c; C. Knierim, 50c; J. Hatcher, 50c; C. Graham,		

50c; W. Scott, 50c; C. Smedley, 50c; L. Stuhldreher, 50c. The following contributed less than 50c; R. Adelberg, J. Carlin, J. Grimes, P. Jackson, D. Linane, C. Miller, G. Needham, R. Oberlander, G. Volz, A. Davis.

7th Grade

\$31.00

148%

F. Busch, \$10.00; E. Dobos, \$2.00; R. Beck, \$1.00; L. Bentz, \$1.00; J. Kelly, \$1.00; W. Lukaswitz, \$1.00; H. Shepherd, \$1.00; C. Williams, \$1.00; W. Morarity, 70c; C. Corbett, 50c; E. Cullum, 50c. The following contributed less than 50c: B. Burkert, R. Haley, G. Haley, T. Happer, J. Keller, W. Larkin, J. McGarvey, G. Oakman, H. Osterfeld, A. Patko, C. Saettel, A. Stahl, L. Staley.

6th & 5th Grades

35.40

186%

F. Cannon, \$5.00; P. Musselman, \$5.00; A. Cobian, \$2.00; F. Cobian, \$2.00; C. Sanchez, \$2.00; A. Aman, \$2.00; W. Burger, \$3.00; F. Hollencamp, \$1.00; J. Williamson, \$1.00; J. Hammerle, 60c; W. Salwicz, 60c; R. Rock, 50c; W. Kehm, 50c; J. Kender, 50c; R. King, 50c. The following contributed less than 50c: V. Carlin, H. Crush, C. Gartland, A. Keller, J. McDermott, C. Megerle, P. O'Donnell, M. Roberts, O. Scarpelli, R. Thomas, E. White.

HIGHEST HONORS

College Department

Senior Electrical Engineering—Joseph Holters, 97; Elmer Hess, 96.

Senior Chemical Engineering—Paul Ohmer, 100; William Sherry, 100; Joseph Schaefer, 100.

Senior Mechanical Engineering—Waldemar Schmidt, 96; Jos Moosbrugger, 94.

Junior Electrical Engineering—Matthew Cahill, 97; Edw. Happensack, 96; Howard Hetzel, 95.

Junior Chemical Engineering—Carroll Hochwalt, 98; William Boesch, 86.

Sophomore Engineering—Walter Curtis, 96; Mark Thompson, 90; Andrew Kuntz, 89.

Pre-Medics—Harold Kemper, 90; Carl Mueller, 87; Walter Roehl, 87.

Freshman-A—Joseph Murphy, 95; Ramon Schmitter, 92.

Freshman-B—Edw. Finan, 96; Edw. Kremer, 93; Ralph Pauly, 93; Clemens Hellebusch, 93; Fred Ferrara, 93.

Arts & Letters—Herbert Abel, 98.

High School Department

Fourth High—Rudolph Drouillard, 96; Raymond Helmig, 96; Alfred Poliquin, 96, Alvin Rabe, 95; Edward Winterhalter, 95.

Third High-A—Joseph Schwind, 95; Wm. Kohl, 89; Walter Kinzig, 87.

Third High-B—Lewis Sherer, 94; Benjamin Seidenstick, 93; Norbert Westbrook, 93; Edwin Rohr, 92.

Third High-C—Geo. Donovan, 95; Cyril Scharf, 95; Leonard Niesen, 94; Jos. Deddens, 94.

Second High-A—Ernest Lamoureux, 96; Lionel Bradmiller, 95; Joseph Koehler, 94; Albert Tischer, 94.

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, 98; George Krug, 96; Harry Heider, 96;

Edward Lienesch, 94.

First High-B—Pedro Gil, 99; Vincent Koepnick, 99; James Hannegan, 96; Willard Brunzman, 94; Charch McGee, 94.

First High-C—Omer Burdick, 95; Henry Donnelly, 93; Louis Mahrt, 92; Philip McBride, 88.

First High-D—Chas. Himes, 93; John Dowd, 92; Chas. Kohl, 91; Andrew Kunkel, 91.

Business Department

Second Year—Ysidro Reyna, 92; Louis Azcarraga, 91.

First Year—George Hahn, 88; Louis Mason, 87.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—James Hatcher, 98; Arthur Kugelman, 96; James Carlin, 96; Fred Berner, 94; Paul Jackson, 94.

Seventh Grade—Howard Shepherd, 91; Cletus Corbett, 91; Joseph Keller, 90; Charles Williams, 90.

Sixth Grade—William Keller, 91; William Kehm, 90; Chas. Gartland, 87; Andrew Aman, 87; Francis Hollencamp, 85.

Fifth Grade—Howard Crush, 93; Ralph Hodgins, 87; Eugene White, 84.

Athletic Notes

VARSITY

With their basketball togs tucked away on the shelf, the defenders of the Red and Blue are being primed for their diamond and cinder track campaigns, both of which promise to be strenuous, but which, according to present indications, will bring further renown to S. M. C. and her athletes. The mild weather that has prevailed since early spring, brought the court pastime to a rather abrupt close, but it brought out the baseball and track men in large numbers and in ample time to limber up and straighten out the kinks in their muscles so as to be in the best condition for the opening frays. The prospects in both of these sports are bright as the coaches have a good supply of excellent material to select from. We are pulling strong for our men and are hoping for a banner year.

Baseball

The Varsity nine looms up strong this year with five letter men from last season back on the job. The same crack battery, with Hetzel in the box and Sacksteder receiving his slants, assures the Saints of some mighty sweet work in these departments. The two veteran guardians of the far corners, with Ohmer perched on the initial sack and Sherry holding down the hot corner, will steady the infield; while Summers, pastiming in the outer garden, will stabilize the fly-chasing department.

Besides these there is a lot of likely material for the other berths. Conway, Kramer and Emerick look good as hurlers, and Kuntz will undoubtedly

fortify the receiving end. It will be up to the coach to unearth and develop a capable pair to perform around the pivot sack, as Weber and Ronan who cavorted there last year, are missing from the Saint squad this season. Good men, too, will have to be selected to work with Summers in the gardens.

As for the attack of the Saints this season there need be no worry with Sherry, Sacksteder, Summers and some of the new men showing that they know how to give the horsehide a ride, and with Ohmer again wielding his ash in the cleanup position, the batting will be anything but weak.

The Coach

The Saints are fortunate in having signed up Harry Martin, former big leaguer and manager of the Ft. Wayne Central League club, to coach them on the diamond this season. In securing Martin, the Saints acquired a close baseball student, who ranked high both as a heady and a mechanical catcher in his playing days. He is well known to Dayton fans, having caught for the Vets back in 1910, when he was secured by the Dayton club from Columbus. At the end of that season he was sold to Pittsburg to do the backstopping for the Pirates. Later he caught for and managed the Ft. Wayne team of the Central League. He retired from the game several years ago and is now connected with the treasury department of the city. After office hours he comes out to handle the Saint team.

Coach Martin certainly has had the experience when it comes to the national pastime, and should be able to teach the squad some of the fine points of the game. The way he handles himself and the team in practice sessions shows that he has the goods.

Martin will also act as mentor for the High School team. By having the youngsters engage in practice games with the Varsity, he can keep his eye on members of both teams and incidentally develop some High School men into first-class material for next year's Varsity team.

The Schedule

At the present writing the Manager has the signed contracts for the following games, with Cincinnati U. and Kentucky U. coming in with late requests, which very probably will be met:

April 12	Earlhamat Dayton
April 26	Antiochat Dayton
May 3	Capital U.at Dayton
May 10	Miami U.at Dayton
May 17	Antiochat Yellow Springs
May 24	Capital U.at Columbus
May 31	Earlhamat Richmond

Track and Field

There is every indication that when the Saints enter the lists against the Earlham trackers here on May 10, they will hold their own in the cinder path and field sports, and give the Quakers a real run for the honors. Under the able tutoring of Coach Mettler the men are developing fast and promise to present a sturdy array when pitted against their old rivals from Richmond.

Curtis, Captain of the squad, is doing all in his power to work up the necessary pep in his men. He with Andy Sack will specialize in pole vaulting. In practice sessions Kramer is heaving the 12- and 16-lb. shots in nice

style; Malloy looks good with the discus; while Radigan and McFadden send the javelin soaring at a clip that is encouraging. On the paths, Boggan, star two-mile man of last year, and Donnelly will take care of the long distance runs; Maloney is doing the mile at fast time; while Teasdale, Swint and Falckenbach hop the hurdles in clever fashion. With these men forming the nucleus of his squad, and a large number of new men anxious to show their worth, Coach Mettler ought to come out with flying colors in the meets this year.

The only interscholastic meet arranged for at the present writing is the one here on May 10 with Earlham. As this squad nosed us out of the honors last season, our trackers will have sufficient incentive to put in their best efforts in training to come out on top.

Inter-Class Meets

According to present plans of the Athletic Association, there will be a field day at the College on May 31, featured by inter-class meets, in which all students of the Collegiate and High School departments will be eligible to participate. Class pennants and individual prizes will be awarded by the association, and all the events will be regulated so as to give all classes of contenders a fair winning chance.

Details concerning these inter-class events will be announced in the next issue of The Exponent. Meanwhile, all with any ability in these lines are urged to get out and develop, so as to make the entire program on that day something interesting and worth while. It is the intention of the Athletic Association in organizing these meets, to foster an interest in all track and field sports among the students of the College, so that they will later strengthen the Varsity teams in these sports, as they do in football, basket ball and baseball.

Let's Smash a Few

Here are the existing world records in some of the most important track and field events. See how near you can come to some of them, and how long it will take you to put a dent in one or the other.

100-yd. Dash.....	9 3-5 sec.	Running High Jump....	6 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
220-yd. Dash.....	21 1-5 sec.	Running Broad Jump....	24 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Run	47 sec.	Standing High Jump....	5 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Run	1 min. 52 1-5 sec.	Standing Broad Jump...	11 ft. 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
1 Mile Run	4 min. 12 3-5 sec.	Pole Vault	13 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
2 Mile Run	9 min. 17 4-5 sec.	Shot Put, 12-lb.....	57 ft. 3 in.
Hurdles, 60 yds. (high) ...	8 sec.	Shot Put, 16-lb.....	51 ft.
" 120 yds. (high) ...	14 3-5 sec.	Hammer, 12-lb.	213 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
" 80 yds. (low)	9 3-5 sec.	Hammer, 16-lb.	189 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
" 220 yds. (low)	23 3-5 sec.	Discus	145 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
		Javelin	190 ft. 6 in.

HIGH SCHOOL

The High School will open its first diamond campaign this season and will be represented by a team of the same classy calibre that played the court game last winter. There is no dearth of good material and the coach should find little difficulty in placing a winner on the field. Sack and Sourd seem to

be two capable boxmen, and Melia and McFadden are showing class behind the plate. The young Saints will be especially strong on the infield, with "Kuke" Comerford guarding the first sack, Malloy or Marco performing at the keystone, McKee, Mayl or Meredith holding down the warm corner, and Farley scooping them up at short. For the garden berths Donovan, Poepelmeier, Kronauge and Grote seem to be the most likely candidates.

At the present writing Manager Mott is not prepared to make definite announcement regarding his schedule, owing to the fact that he must arrange his dates in accordance with the Varsity bookings. There is every probability, however, that games will be played with Middletown, Tippecanoe City, Osborne, West Alexandria, Springfield, Urbana and Hamilton Highs, and with the Dayton K. of C. and the High School Alumni, the only thing yet to be arranged being the dates.

It will be the policy for the Highs to play here on Sundays when the Varsity has home games on Saturday, and to use Saturdays when the Collegians are on the road. The Highs, too, will go off on several little jaunts, besides ringing in now and then with a Thursday game. Between the Varsity and High games the fans hereabouts will have their full share of diamond spectacles this spring and early summer.

AMONG THE MINORS

With successful court seasons behind them, the minor aggregations at the College are all out for the diamond pastime and ready to uphold their reputations among the younger athletes of the city.

The records set by the youngsters in basket ball are more than creditable. The Sparks, besides winning the Municipal Student League Championship, for which they will have their name engraved on a silver loving cup to be kept at Bomberger Park until won permanently, annexed a string of 20 victories for the season and suffered a lone defeat, which they later avenged. The Juniors hung up a record of 8 wins and one defeat, playing several games with teams above their class. The Preps, with 13 wins and a single defeat; the Emeralds, a first high quintet, with 9 victories and 3 setbacks, and the Minims, with a string of 7 triumphs out of 9 starts, can all feel proud of their records.

The little fellows have all organized for baseball and the class they are displaying indicates that it will not take many seasons before a number of them will be ripe for the representative squads. To encourage them now means a continuance of classy High School and Varsity teams in the future. The fact that they have daily workouts and diamond combats of their own, and constant opportunity of seeing older heady and skillful athletes in action, assures their development into future stars.



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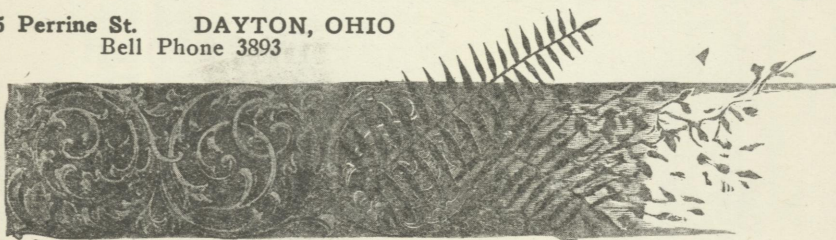
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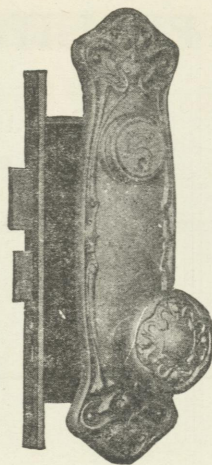
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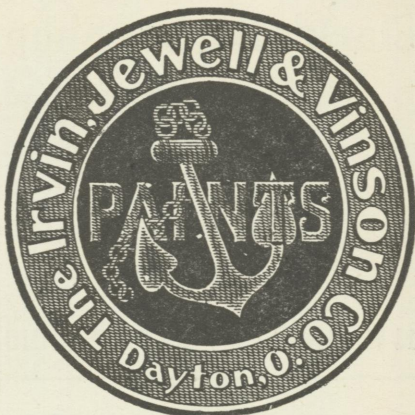
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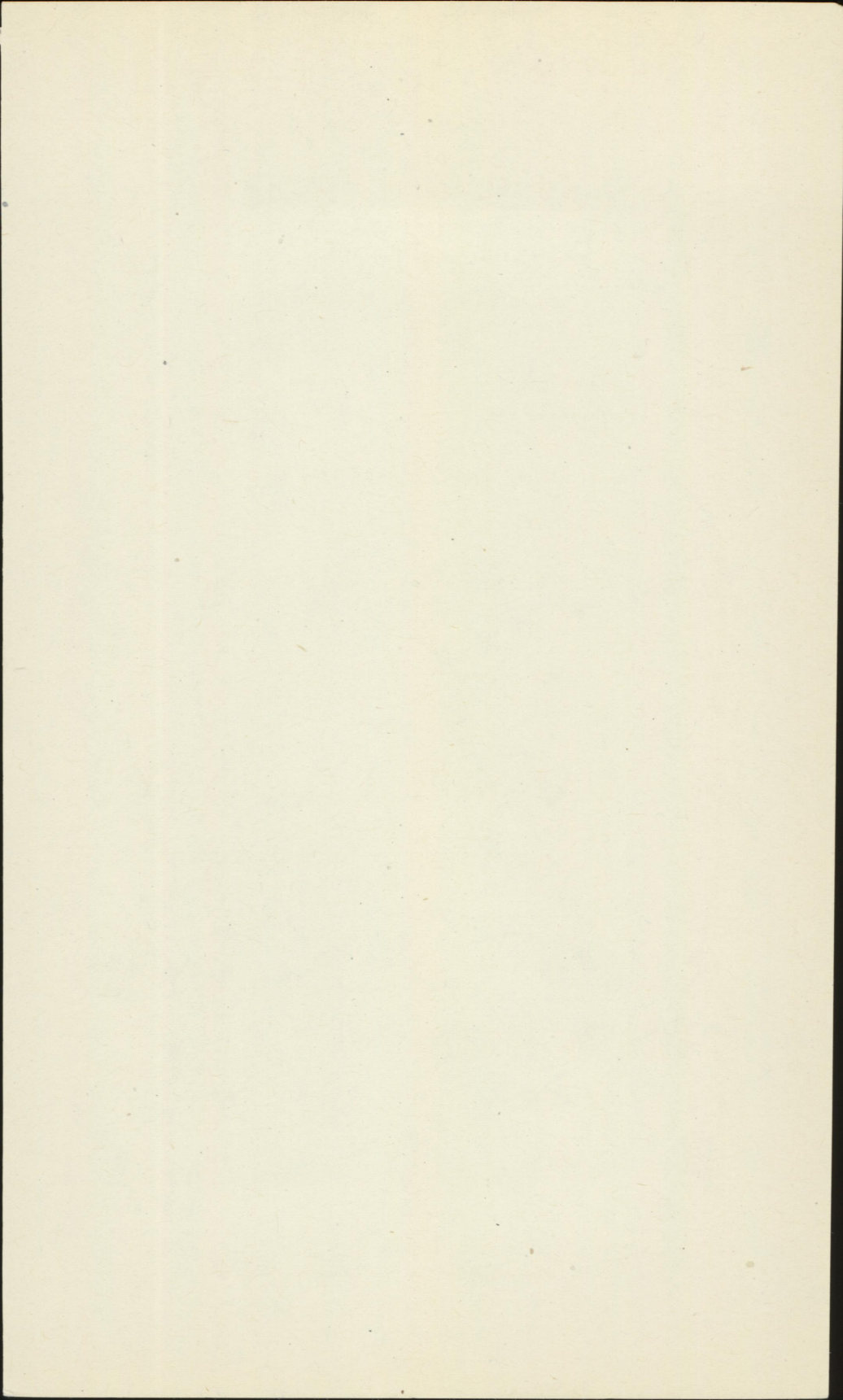
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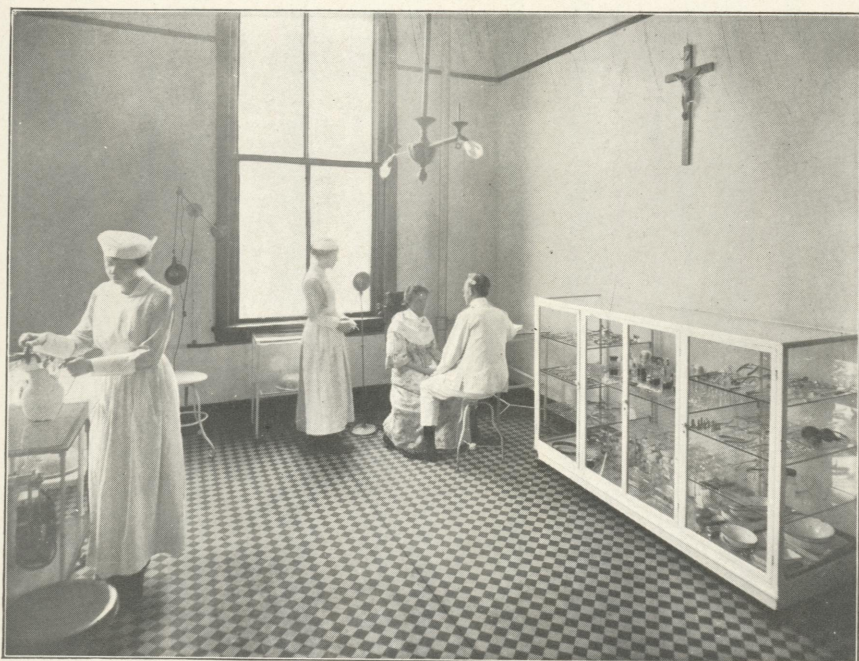


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