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# The Exponent

*Vol. XVII* *December, 1919* *No. 10*

St. Mary College Dayton, Ohio

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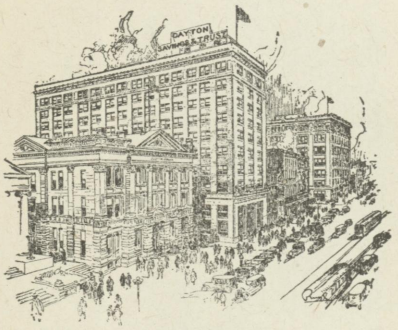

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# THE EXPONENT

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Hushed the midnight song,
Gone the rustic throng,
Hymning spirits vigil keep,
Mother croons her Babe to sleep.

—L. J.

The
# S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVII DECEMBER, 1919 No. 10

## The Hills of Judah

Thrice blessed, ye Hills of Judah!
Ye echoed first, the joyous burst
Of midnight choirs singing.
Ye rolled the sound the world around
That set the Yule-bells ringing.

Thrice blessed, ye Hills of Judah!
Your hidden cave, first welcome gave
To Him, the Lord of glory.
For one He yearned, when mocked and spurned
Upon His cross all gory.

Thrice blessed, ye Hills of Judah!
Oft weary night, on lonely height,
Him found with Heav'n communing.
On Tabor's crest, His feet light pressed,
Ere throne above resuming.

Thrice blessed, ye Hills of Judah!
He loved you well, though Moslem fell
Your sacred soil polluted.
The bondage o'er, Christ grant no more
Your Yule-bells shall be muted.

—Lewis Jonson.

# Christmas Candles

"HURRAH! Christmas Eve at last!"

Little Tom burst into the room, forgetful of his snow-laden feet, threw his arms around his mother and pressed his glowing face against hers.

"Hurrah! This is the night! Ain't it sis?" and he repeated his jubilant affection on Rosemary.

"Oh Tom! Your face is like ice!" she cried, shrinking from him.

"You'll have to get used to the cold if you're going with me tonight. It's just dandy outside; everything's in our favor. We'll have a glorious time, I'm sure. How's your voice, Rosemary?"

"That's a question for yourself, Tom," his mother interrupted. "I hope you didn't forget my warning."

"Oh no. Just ask Blinky or Jack. They sold their papers an hour before I did. People couldn't see nor hear me and I had to take the left-overs. My voice is just as fine as though I'd never yelled once in the streets. Let's sing, Rosemary, to prove it."

"Not now, Tom," said his mother. "Take your supper and then I'll rehearse your songs once more before you go out."

Tom's bubbling good spirits had made him forget his usual keen-edged appetite, but with Rosemary's urging he forced himself to finish the porridge.

"Maybe some of those nice people will fill our pockets with pretty Christmas cakes," said Tom in gleeful anticipation.

His consummate ardor was the outburst of what had been growing in him for two weeks. Somewhere in one of his papers he read of certain children up on the North Side that were preparing Christmas carols. He learned that they were to sing before the homes in whose windows a candle appeared, and that the waits would be favored with little purses or gifts. This read like a fairy tale. All in a moment his imagination pictured himself and Rosemary caroling before certain houses he knew, and then receiving gifts and money so that his pockets were weighted down as they had never been on the best "extra" days. Rosemary shared his enthusiasm and together they prevailed on their mother until she yielded. She taught them a few hymns and patiently rehearsed until they sang with real merit.

And now it was Christmas Eve. One more rehearsal and they were ready to go. "Don't worry about us mother. We'll bring back with us more than enough for a real Christmas," Tom said with a self-confident air.

His mother pretended to share his childish enthusiasm and with mixed sentiments of pride and reluctance advised the children, as all mothers do when their cherished ones set out on a new adventure; then she kissed them good-bye.

With bounding hearts Tom and Rosemary hurried away in search of the welcoming candles.

"Maybe there is one at Mrs. Hardee's, Tom. Let's go there."

"No there isn't sis. I can see from here. Let's try Mrs. Fanner's."

But they found none there. And so they passed over one block—two—three—a half dozen—and still no candles.

They had forgotten that in the big city there were both merry-makers and onlookers, and that they lived among the latter, among those whose first and last concern was mere existence. All their life in the shadow of poverty, Tom and Rosemary could not see beyond it.

"Let's try here," said Tom stopping before a house, chosen at random, to lend encouragement to his sinking heart. Their timorous voices rose in the silent street and seemed strangely out of place.

It was a meadowlark's song in a desert. A few belated passers-by looked at them curiously; a dog or two began to bark disapproval.

Someone opened the door, bade the dog to be quiet and said something about "cutting out the racket." The door's slam found a dreadful echo in the little minstrels' hearts. They fell from their little heaven. Tom tried to swallow the unsung word but a swelling was in his throat. His hands and feet felt cold, and the next puff of wind left him shivering. There was a muffled sniff at his side.

"Don't cry, sis." He tried to effect unconcern, but his voice trembled suspiciously. Her weeping discovered, Rosemary succumbed wholly to her grief.

"Let's go home, Tom," she said in broken tones.

"For this guy? Not me." Tom feigned haughtiness. "I'll bet he doesn't even know it's Christmas Eve." But the shock had left a grief whose depths bore no sounding.

Just at this time a luxuriant car was moving through the streets of the East Side. Here and there it stopped while a fur-hidden figure alighted, and, with arms filled with daintily wrapped parcels, entered some poverty-stricken home. There were joyful exclamations and children's gleeful shouts as big and little hands timidly, but eagerly, unwrapped the bundles. A medley of blessings were invoked on the

good lady as care-worn faces were transformed into mirrors of joy. Unknown to them, Lady Cecil came and went in quest of happiness. Her own sad face brightened more and more as she eagerly drank of the happiness to which she was accessory. Her heart grew lighter and lighter as she lifted up the hearts of many and a sweet peace drove out the sorrow that had obsessed her.

"Here," she called as the car chanced upon an humble little church through whose plain windows came glimmerings of Christmas candles.

The gift she carried this time was a growing gratitude that sought expression in prayer. The church was in total darkness except for the few candles burning before the little unadorned crib. Kneeling at the crib Lady Cecil offered the Christ Child her grateful prayer. The utter silence lent it a glowing devotion. "Sweet Jesus," she prayed, "Thou hast guided Thy despairing creature into channels of charity wherein her sorrow was made a hundred fold of joy. To Thee who art above all earthly things I hold my thankful heart as humble gift."

In its refreshment her soul arose and ascended the path of meditation—up—up to the very portals of another world where she heard voices flowing in song; ah, was that her own dear one singing praises to the Lord? Was that his little voice mingled with those angelic—

Someone touched her arm. With sighing breath she opened her eyes.

"Madame, the Reverend has asked for you. He would like to see you."

Lady Cecil did not answer. She looked about wonderingly, for the singing of her meditation still hung in the air. Her chauffeur saw the question in her eyes.

"Some children are singing in the street madam."

She listened again for a moment. The beautiful strains of "Holy Babe" seemed to her the sweetest she had ever heard.

"I would like to know those children. Have them wait for me."

After the last note of the hymn died away she added a prayer for her departed love.

The parish father was waiting for her in the vestibule. His curiosity concerning the distinguished visitor was productive of a munificence that left him staring after her. When finally she returned to her car the chauffeur said: "The children would not stay, madame, they seemed afraid. From what I gathered they are minstrels, brother and sister, and live in the 83rd block on First Street."

"Have you the name?"

"Howells, Madame, Tom and Rosemary Howells."

"Good. Drive over there."

---

As Tom and Rosemary neared home their hearts sank. Neither spoke their thoughts but tears welled up and were prone to fall. Their own disappointment was enough to crush them but it was aggravated by the thought of carrying the disappointment to mother.

"What a fool I was to make all those promises to mother," Tom thought. "Now I'll spoil her Christmas too. Unlucky me."

With these thoughts he stumbled along through the ruins of fallen castles, Rosemary at his side, unseeing, unthinking save of one thing—a child's grief. The distance that their ramblings had taken them was a welcome delay. But the longest delay has its end and so at last they came within sight of home.

"Look, Rosemary. There is an automobile in front of our house."

"Is it in front of our house, Tom? Seems as though it's next door."

"I'm sure it's our house."

Catching her by the hand he encouraged her to run the remaining distance. Tom was right. But what astounded them even more than the presence of an automobile was that it was the very same they had seen at the church.

With eager faces they crept into the yard trying to peer through the windows. But mother's plain curtains held the secret intact.

In the suspense their little hearts leaped tumultously. Such a beautiful car had never been seen on their street, much less before their own home. They listened for a few moments outside the door before taking the fatal step.

"There's someone there Rosemary. Do you hear them?"

She nodded assent. "Go on in," she whispered.

Unceremoniously they entered on Lady Cecil and their mother.

"Ah, here they are," said Mrs. Howells.

Tom heard her as though in a distance. He was standing just inside the door, speechless with awe. He had never seen such a beautiful lady—such a sweet kind face as that looking at him from amid the soft warmth of those beautiful black furs. The delicate sadness of her face broke into a smile that made him hold his breath. He tried to smile, then looked beseechingly at his mother.

"Come and meet Lady Cecil, children. She has been waiting for you."

"Waiting for us?" they exclaimed in unison.

"Why you little dears—you are almost frozen—I am so sorry that you did not wait for me." Lady Cecil was speaking; the melody

of her voice immediately warmed the children's hearts towards her.

Are you the lady—?"

"The very same. But you did right in not waiting," she hurriedly continued noticing the perturbed expression on their faces. "Mother just said that you were to be home early so you had good reason to hurry. I came here because I wanted to see the children who were singing so beautifully—

"Beautifully!" Tom exclaimed. "Was it—really?"

"It was perfectly dear."

"You are the only one who said that about it."

"The only one?" chorused Lady Cecil and his mother.

"Everybody else called it a racket," and Tom's face pouted preparatory to an outburst of tears. Encouraged to tell their story the children recalled the depressing events of the evening.

"But if you thought your singing was so poor why did you sing at the church," asked Mrs. Howells.

"We didn't think it was poor," responded Tom with distinctive stress on the "we." "So when we passed the church and saw the candles showing through the window we thought the good Lord was willing to have us sing for Him. He had a candle for us if no one else had and I am sure that He did like it."

"How do you know that?" Lady Cecil asked.

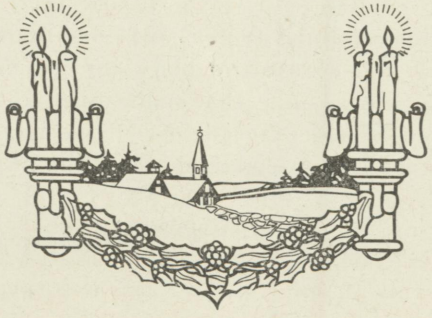
Tom looked at her, affectionate reverence in his innocent eyes.

"He sent you here to tell us."

"I like to think my dear children that He sent you to me—Why?—I shall tell you after Christmas. This is Christmas Eve and you deserve to know only happiness. At my home the Good Lord has more than just me for you." She took the lad close to her. "He wants mother and Rosemary to come, too. Are you willing? Won't you come to see what He has for you?"

Tom, far away in an ecstatic dream, nodded consent.

RAY J. KITSTEINER.



# On the Eve of the New Year

WHEN Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo had been won on the cricket field at Eton he was only citing one more proof of a rule of life that many of us learn years after it is too late. In plain words, he meant to say that the secret of the greatest success achieved by man does not lie in the strategy employed during the final moments of victory, but rather in the constant preparation that has been going on years before. On the other hand the causes of the majority of failures of this life can be traced directly back to the lack of adequate preparation, to the inability to see and to grasp an opportunity when it appears.

We envy the man above us, yet we dread the sacrifice he necessarily made to gain his position. To the young man of America today, there is probably nothing more inspiring than to read of the successes scored by any of our national heroes. And still there is nothing more lifeless and repulsive to the same young man than the long years of labor and study his heroes necessarily underwent. That is the cause of much of the present world discontent. We lack the willpower to endure the fight, yet we desire the fruits of victory: we have not the perseverance to test the strength and value of our own ideas.

The successful man is the man of self-reliance, who is not afraid to express his own opinions, and to stand by his own ideals. He does not ceaselessly ponder over the output of his fellow craftsmen, crying out against fate at his own ill luck, but he designs his own machine, tests it, improves it, places it on the market and mounts one round higher on the ladder of success.

As a general cannot overcome the resistance of the enemy with an untrained and undisciplined army, neither can we overcome great difficulties without years of training and discipline. The keynote of a thorough training, in the material as well as in the moral world, is the acceptance of the principle "A man reaps that which he sows." A refusal to accept this is a suicidal attempt to shift the burden of failure to the shoulders of another. On the other hand, the firm belief in this principle places success within the reach of every sincere and honest man. Opportunities are universal. As a rule we do not recognize them in their humble dress, and pass them by as the most com-

monplace things in our environment. As it is only the gentleman at heart who is courteous to the beggar, so it is often only the prepared man who recognizes an opportunity.

Once we recognize an opportunity it is only the opening of the road to success. By our own sheer power of endurance we must follow the road to the end. Edison finds certain great achievements possible through the use of electricity, and consequently hears various conclusions drawn as to the limit of this force. Does he accept these statements as final? Had he done so, then civilization would probably still be lacking the inventions that we owe to his pluck and perspicacity. After long years of study and research he found new methods of applying electricity; nor did he reach these results without labor and patience. Relying solely on his own judgment he was compelled to make large expenditures of money and time. Moreover he had to withstand the taunts of his fellow-workmen, who regarded him as a dreamer, deficient in practical sense and sound judgment. His nature prompted him more than once to give up, and to fall back into the well-worn paths of his predecessors. But his previous training encouraged him to rely on his own principles which he had adopted and mastered. With this determination he continued until he had made those notable additions to the realms of science which make for progress and human betterment.

Naturally some of our efforts will end in partial, perhaps total, failure; for it is human to err. But we learn more by our mistakes than by our successes and our minor failures are only stepping-stones by which we climb to the final triumph. If we are well prepared to reap the real fruits of our lesser errors, then we will never taste of final and inevitable failure.

Shall we live with the highest ideals and greatest achievements, or merely exist and content ourselves with the mediocrities of common-place life? It is within the reach of each and every one of us to decide for himself and that now, in the living present.

E. J. FINAN.

# Among the Cedars

THE day was cold and cheerless. Great banks and drifts of snow lay in fantastic shapes, chiseled by the sharp raw wind, that howled about the buildings. Came a knock at the door, soft yet quite audible above the rattling of the panes. Rap, rap, it went; then a pause. Again rap, rap, in its easy, deliberate way.

I called out, "Come in" and the door slowly opened. "Len is that you. Why, my dear boy, what ill wind drives you out on such a day as this?"

"Come over on business," said he, his teeth still chattering.

"Here warm yourself by the grate. That's it, take off your overcoat. Now,—what in the world induced you to come in such a time as this?"

He drew his chair closer to the fire and spread out his palms to catch every bit of its ruddy warmth. "Well, I'll tell you. But you must consent or—well anyway—." His manner interested me and I poked the coals to renewed energy.

"Remember the eccentric uncle I was telling you about in the Laboratory the other day? No; you don't remember? That's strange. Anyhow he has written me this letter. He wishes me to spend the holidays with him but—"

"It doesn't say anything about inviting an outsider, Len," I replied as I rapidly glanced over its contents.

"That's just it—I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" I said raising my voice. "Afraid?"

He nodded. "Don't laugh Jack, for you may share my feelings also," whereat I once more laughed aloud.

"You see his house is a bleak affair situated among giant, black cedars and firs. This mansion has an evil name. Now here is the point:—I'm going and you with me."

"Len, don't be absurd. I can't go with you."

"There you are. Afraid, already."

"Who's afraid?" I shot back, "you know what I think about ghosts, I'm hard, boy, hard as they make them."

"Good. That's the way to talk. Let me see. We shall leave Friday, that's the day before Christmas."

"See here, Len—"

"Going by way of Albany," he continued without heeding my remark. "Now listen, Jack, meet me at the station at ten. You don't want me to have a nice time without you, do you?" Thereupon he gathered up his great coat and headed for the door, when he turned. "Don't forget in case I don't see you before,—Friday, at ten." The door closed on him before I could find a reply.

The fact is that I did not see Len until about a half hour before train time. He seemed to have avoided me on purpose, shrewdly divining that a second meeting would net him a flat refusal. At the station, however, his effusive greeting and cordial grip bowled over my last feeble resistance and in anticipation of the holiday adventures we became "kids" once more.

"Ah, see, there is the place, Jack my boy," my traveling companion cried, "after six hours' ride we are here."—"Thank you, porter. Yes, two valises."

"Yes sah, Merry Christmas," replied the darkey as his palm closed over something that improved his faith in mankind.

The train rumbled on leaving us in a dreary waste of untrodden snow. A tortuous road marked by half obliterated hedges led to a dip in the hill, where among giant firs and lofty cedars rose the gray gables of the "Uncle's" habitat.

"Take your grip, Jack, we'll hike it."

I replied gloomily, "Just as you say, Len."

"Afraid so soon?" he taunted.

"Ha, ha," and I made the echoes ring. "Does a medical student ever fear?"

"Who knows," he mumbled with a shrug of his shoulders, as we floundered through the last drift, and finally gained the sheltering firs and cedars whose gnarled age-old limbs, transposed the shrill whistling winds into a mournful cadence.

"Gee the place looks dreary, eh Len?"

"A kind-a," he replied curtly. "Hope my uncle's at home. Ring the bell, Jack."

Len was about to ring again, when the door swung open and we were swept in by a cold blast.

"Sorry, Master Leonard, but your uncle is to town. This way young man." The latter was addressed to me with a quaint, curious look.

"Your uncle did not specify which rooms, but as the others are

being remodeled, take these. I hope you will like them. Supper will be served at six."

"Thank you, Jenson," replied Len as the butler left us to our rooms.

"There is your room, Jack. Let's stir the fire. These surroundings are uncongenial enough without light."

We adjourned to our respective rooms and I found mine a big apartment with walls of great panels of oak. And the bed—ah I felt its soft downy covers and decided life was worth living. Then the glorious blaze in the open hearth, and the great leather chair,—a most enchanting place for a Yuletide vigil, suggestive of simmering cider and sputtering apples. My musings were rudely interrupted by the cheery voice of Len at my elbow: "Come on Jack, let's explore this haunt of ghost and goblin."

The old mansion having rambled in the course of many years over quite an acreage, had many interesting nooks, reminiscent of the gallantries of other days. At the end of the upper hall was the portrait gallery, a collection of oils in massive frames. There was an uncanny air about the whole group, though there were several pictures of real merit.

"This is my great grandfather," said Len, pointing to a huge canvas, "and this, my poor aunt."

I heard steps coming in the direction of the gallery: curiosity prompted me to pull aside the hangings of the door.

"What do you want here," said the visitor, a man with a squeaky voice and a shriveled face.

"Why uncle, this is my friend Jack," put in Len. "He's not afraid of ghosts."

"Hello, Leonard, my nephew, how are you?"

Then, addressing me, while he extended his hand: "Young gentleman I ask your pardon. I have such a temper. I am sure you will forgive me, eh?"

I assured him that no offense was taken and we three went down to a solemn supper. After the meal we gathered about the big log fire on the hearth, and the butler set the wassail bowl within the reach of all. Whether it was the glow of the fire or the warmth in the cup, or both, even the shriveled host was eventually in a radiant mood. He beguiled the hours with interesting tales of his maternal ancestors, but despite my adroit quizzing always avoided the poor aunt.

"This has been a great Christmas Eve, boys. We have had a pleasant talk. Oh those presents? They are nothing Jack, merely a token of friendship." The hall clock struck the hour, nine—ten—eleven. "Eleven o'clock, I'll to bed," and withal he left. Shortly after we heard him ascend the stairs and give an order to Jenson; then a door slammed in the upper hall, and only the moaning of the firs and cedars broke the stillness.

"Let's turn in, Jack. I don't fancy staying in this room at eleven at night," and together we sought our rooms. Jenson met us at the head of the stairs and told Len his uncle desired to see him.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, Jack." I watched his shadow down the hall and then entered my sitting-room. The fire was burning bright. I moved the big soft leather chair toward it, drew off my boots and stretched out my tired length. Somehow the stories of mine host's ancestors began to mingle curiously in my brain, and overcome by the genial warmth, I nodded into dreamland.

I must have slept for some time for I awoke with a start, at a fancied noise. It is a queer sensation to awake in a strange room, with the embers casting grotesque shadows along the floor and wall. I rubbed my eyes. "Guess I'll go to bed. Len has probably been in, a long time."

I made a move to get up, when my eyes, as I half-turned about, were riveted to the slowly opening room-door. I heard the hinges softly grind and a figure in flowing white glided over the threshold. The face was partly veiled and hidden in a deep antique bonnet. Surprise more than fear held me spell-bound. Half-way across the room, the figure threw up its arms and uttered a long piercing wail. The window seemed to rise of itself when the shape reached the casement. It turned to face me, and the long drawn wail began again, before I broke from my stupor, and seizing a boot, hurled it straight and true. With a loud shriek, the form disappeared through the window.

My first impulse to follow the nocturnal visitor, was checked by a loud commotion in the hall outside, and the next moment the uncle with the trembling household at his heels came rushing in.

"What is it?" he gasped whilst the candle shook in his nervous hand.

"The woman," I kept repeating, and pointed to the open window.

"Did you see a woman—a woman," said the wrinkled little old man. "Out of the window—Hark the clock," and we all silently counted off the strokes.

"Midnight," somebody whispered.

"Thank heaven," breathed the old man, "it's over for tonight. Go to bed young man, and pleasant dreams," with which words they all scurried away.

"Not frightened, Jack, are you," Len put in for the first time.

"Hard as nails, Len, good night," and having closed the door and window I bade defiance to ghost and goblin.

It was high morning when I awoke, and a cheerful blaze on the hearth testified to the fact that others had been stirring before me. My trousers neatly folded lay on a chair within easy reach, and there too stood a solitary well-brushed boot. The midnight visit flashed vividly across my mind and curiosity as to the whereabouts of the missing boot prevailed upon me to make a hasty toilet.

As I hobbled towards the window my eye was attracted by a glittering object on the rug; I picked it up and smilingly mused: "I've seen that before."

"Merry Christmas," and a loud thumping at the door, caused me to slip the jewel into my pocket. Len and his uncle burst into the room, and we cordially clasped hands, while Len mischievously trod on my unprotected foot.

"Here's the stone that goes with your ring, Len, now I'll thank you for my other boot."

M. GULDEN MACKMULL.

# The Way of Honor

CROUCHING at the foot of abruptly ascending crags, with here and there a cottage half concealed by the wooded country, lay the little mountain village of Winterton, a lamb lost apparently to civilization's fold and huddled confidently under the wing of the stately Blue Ridge. All about it lay forests and slopes hushed by winter solitude, and the lone mountain trail to Haywood was bound up in the grip of the Snow King.

Upon the deep silence and solitude suddenly broke the clear chiming of a bell. And down the long narrow lane that served as thoroughfare in the little village came the townfolk flocking to morning service. It was Christmas morning and Father Kelton was awaiting his people at the church door to extend to them his Yule-tide greetings.

"Merry Christmas, my little Miss Fenton. How is my little Angel today?"

It was Father Kelton who spoke. The girl whom he addressed glanced up quickly.

"Quite well, thank you. And a Merry Christmas to you also."

Her dark eyes flashed as they gazed into his. The black locks framed a demure face, a face fresh and wholesome-looking with a perpetually pleasing smile. The little fur cap just covered the ears, while the long seal skin coat touched the dimpled chin.

At the sound of her voice a stranger standing within the door started visibly. His face blanched, his muscles grew rigid, he restrained himself with obvious effort. His clothes proved him to be a stranger to his present environment. His face was cleancut and manly, but furrowed by a care-worn and haunted expression.

"Thank you very much," replied Father Kelton. "I hardly knew my little Angel this Christmas morning. My! You are indeed becoming quite a little lady. And your complexion and features are evidently not suffering by the process either. You have no need of fine feathers to be a fine bird."

A rich flush suffused the young face.

"Father, you mustn't say such things. You'll have me conceited at sixteen if you keep on."

"You are sixteen, aren't you? I suppose you'll soon be a member of Winterton's "social set," such as it is, will you not?"

The man at the church door straightened imperceptibly. The vacant stare was broken for just an instant and then settled back again upon the haggard face.

"So she is sixteen," he muttered to himself.

"No Father," responded Angel, "at least not for the present. I have made up my mind to know first for a certainty what has become of father."

"But I understand that he was dead," said the Priest.

"Yes I know. We have not heard from him for five years. Mother told me when she died that he had gone to California as a gold speculator. He promised her he would be back soon and we would all be rich. He said we would all be happy and live in a big house in the city, and have an automobile. He wrote her regularly from Cardon Mining Camp. Then one letter spoke of a terrible epidemic in the West. And after that we never heard from him again. That was five years ago. Mother was certain he had been a victim to the epidemic but—"

"I understand," replied the priest sadly. "Well, he certainly is not living. You would have heard something from him. He wouldn't keep his wife and baby in suspense all these years if he could help it."

Another stoop was added to the shoulders of the man at the church door. His hands sunk a trifle deeper into his pockets.

"If he could help it—" he muttered.

"Still," continued the girl, "I have a feeling that he is not dead, that he will come back again to his little Angel. My heart is calling for him. I want to know if he is coming to me. If he is I will wait for him. I feel that he must be a good, grand daddy. I don't remember much of him but I know he was good. Wh-when he d-didn't come back mamma said that the people were talking about him. They spoke of him as a-a criminal. But my daddy couldn't do anything wrong. The world will always think a bad thought. I'd rather die than know that he was bad."

A shudder convulsed the frame of the man at the door. Then suddenly, regaining composure, he seemed to have made up his mind. He advanced toward the pair slowly.

"The man who was your father is dead," he muttered deliberately. "I saw him die."

"You can't mean it!" she cried in amazement, turning to him.

"Who are you? What can you know of him? I won't believe him dead. Oh Daddy! My poor daddy!"

The man waited for her sobbing to subside.

"I can't tell my name," he articulated thickly. "I promised Roger Fenton when he died to carry out his mission. I promised him to give to you his fortune, his every possession. Everything he did was done for Flo—I mean his wife, and for you his little Angel. On his deathbed, out in Southern California, he told me how to reach you, and what to give you."

Only broken-hearted sobs interrupted the silence that followed this speech. Father Kelton had walked away, leaving the two there alone.

"He told me to give you his watch," the man rambled on. "He said it was his dearest possession, given to him by his mother who told him to keep it until his death, or until he was unworthy of it. He gave me that and also his will, that you might have the benefit of all he possessed."

"Oh daddy!" she sobbed. "How good of him to be so good to me. But now he's dead. Oh!"

The man winced as if struck between the eyes. Each word the girl said seemed to make him cringe.

"Throughout his life," he continued, "your father was thinking of you, working for you, in order to give you a good home, a place in the world and all that you might desire. But, little girl, Carolina was where he should have stayed. Your father had too much confidence in the world."

"Oh, I-I-I hate m-money. It t-t-took my d-daddy away from me. I wouldn't want his money, if he could only come back to me again."

"I'm sorry, lass. But it's too late now. Yes it **was** money that robbed you of your father. But of his death, where it occurred and the manner thereof, he forbade me to relate."

"But my daddy was good, wasn't he? You knew him. There was such talk of his being a criminal. But I can't believe it. He was such a good man to work so hard and even to die for Mamma and me. I couldn't bear to think of him as being unjust."

"No my little lady, he always played a square game. He never dealt under the board. I knew him, yes, knew him well. Whenever he needed advice he would come to me and together we would talk of his little Angel back in Carolina. And then we would figure out what she and her mother would have us do. But on one occasion

the die was cast against him and that proved his undoing. He was a good man but an unfortunate one."

"Oh, how can I think you for letting me know of this! What a happy Christmas gift to know that daddy was good and died thinking of me. But what is your name? Couldn't I do something to reimburse you?"

"No, my little Angel. I promised not to reveal who I am. I was a dear friend of your father, and I promised him that one thing. I have only to give you the watch and deliver my pal's will to the lawyer in Haywood and my work will be done. Here is the watch. Now come, you've grieved enough on this festive day, so cheer up a little."

"But won't you tell me your name, please? You look so much like the picture of my daddy that I have in my room. Please, who are you?"

"No, I cannot. I'm only a rolling stone. I must be going on. I-I-I'm glad I h-had the chance of-er-seeing you again. Remember me only as a solitary moonbeam that crept unsummoned over your pillow and then out of love for you withdrew itself within its murky blanket. You can get the will at Pinkerton's in Haywood, day after tomorrow. I shall have to hurry along or my horse will freeze. This weather defies Pluto surely enough. Goodbye, my little Angel."

"Goodbye," came the sobbing answer.

That afternoon a panting horse drew up at the offices of Pinkerton & Grimes, Attorneys-at-Law. A man enveloped in a big fur coat dismounted. Attorney Pinkerton lived above the office and was brought to the door by continuous rapping. Taking out a paper which bore the official seal and signature of Roger Fenton the man handed it to Pinkerton.

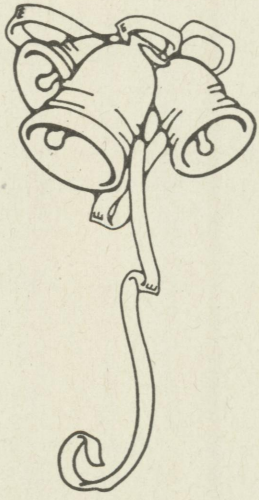
"The man whom you know as Roger Fenton is dead. His daughter will be here in the course of a day or so. By that time his funds will be placed in the First National Bank at Raleigh. See to it that the will is properly executed. Moreover, I shall brook no crooked dealings. Don't get incensed. I'm only warning you. There are too many develish lawyers nowadays who would sell their name, their souls, their all for a pittance. But you had best take care to have this business transaction done in the right manner. Goodbye."

Evening saw him speeding toward Washington.

"Yes, Roger Fenton is dead," he muttered to himself. "He was rich, affluent, the possessor of a good reputation but convicted by a crooked jury on a trumped-up charge. A false judge, a fabricated

accusation and a crooked jury turned him from a law-abiding citizen to a public menace. The law! What an empty phrase! Yes, Angel was right. Money WAS the cause of his downfall. It would pollute her name, Roger Fenton; it would stain that name, Angel, that you gave her. It would kill her to know that you had spent five years in the pen at San Diego. Yes, Roger. You chose the only way, the Way of Honor. Self-sacrifice has made you a man unknown to yourself. Your Christmas gift is your better self, your re-birth following your death within the walls of San Diego. You can live on, striving, attaining, succeeding; succeeding once again as you have done in the past. Her face, your own Angel's face, illumined with love and devotion shall spur you on. The Way of Honor is beset with difficulties, but it is the road of love, of devotion, of satisfaction that leads to true and perfect happiness."

D. HERBERT ABEL.



# Pros and Con

THE American nation at the present time confronts one of the most serious crises in its history. The industrial wage-earners upon whom it depends for the manning of its machinery of production are actively and profoundly discontented. They are making demands upon their employers for considerable increases of wages, for an eight-hour day or less, for improved working conditions, and for the recognition of their unions. It must be admitted that in many instances the demands of certain unions were very just and they were really entitled to have their demands granted; in such cases the public were in sympathy with them. But on the other hand, what is unprecedented in American labor controversies, is the impatient and insistent spirit in which they are presented and enforced; the host of prolonged and often unauthorized and frequently embittered strikes, which are resulting in the checking of production at a time when the welfare of the world sorely clamors for the maximum output. Small wonder that there is such wide-spread and growing interest manifested by the wage-earners in the various programs of radical reconstruction. For these reasons the aggressive unrest of labor has provoked an even more aggressive and irreconciliable attitude on the part of its opponents.

The employers and the opponents of organized labor look upon this restive situation of labor as a culpable and sinister rebellion, as an antisocial demonstration of power which the American nation must suppress at any cost, if it would safeguard its future prosperity. These men are cajoling themselves into thinking that all of these uprisings spring from unpatriotic motives, when the laboring men are at times misled by their leaders. It is to be hoped that they will reconsider their present attitude before irretrievable damage has been wrought. They claim to constitute the more select and educated element of the country, it must be their privilege in consequence, indeed it is their duty, to renew the American spirit during this critical period. Many of their present unsympathetic expressions, however, are not at all in harmony with its best spirit in the American tradition. Such attitudes will not in the long run contribute to the happiness of the people nor to the security of the social order.

There is one very important fundamental trait in the better American tradition that is apt to be ignored, a fact that threatens to shatter the moral integrity of our national life. It is the spirit of fair play and free discussion. The most active and responsible elements in our national life are violating this spirit of fair play, they are rendering free, patient and considerate discussions of public questions almost impossible. They are using unwisely the control possessed by the majority over the organized authority of the nation, for the purpose of subjugating a protesting minority; the continuance of this will eventually destroy the moral foundation of American democracy. They are violating the spirit of fair play because they are willfully pre-judging every particular controversy as well as the whole wave of labor discontent as a culpable explosion of class aggression. They are trying to prevent labor from enjoying its day in the court. They decline to discuss whether the demands of labor are justifiable or unjustifiable.

The result of many of these class differences manifests itself in the loss of the consumer's sympathy for both sides, and in the ample opportunities for acrimonious recrimination. Each individual applies his own made-up panacea, but very few are congruent. What the government and consumer need and want is production, and unless a speedy solution is found the future is pregnant with dire portents.

RAYMOND G. HIEBER.

# A Christmas Poem

WHEN Isabelle Hastings felt anything very deeply she wrote a poem, and sold it. Her verses appeared infrequently in the weekly Danver Review, and always attracted favorable comment. Often she was asked, "Why don't you devote all your energies to verse? Maintain the standard you have set and your success is assured; that would be much easier than teaching." To this question she always gave the same answer, "But I can't write that way except when I feel a thing intensely, and I don't do that very often."

At the beginning of the war, when the first company left Denver for Camp Sherman, Isabelle and her little sister Irene were among the sadly curious crowd that bade the boys goodbye. A few weeks later a poem, was published over her name in the weekly. It was a simple lament that she had none "near and dear" to offer to her country.

For days after, the village mail-carrier unburdened himself of a score and more of letters mostly from women who wished to thank Isabelle for putting into words the sentiments of their own hearts. One letter addressed in a bold masculine hand, was written on K.-C. stationery, Camp Sherman. It contained no fulsome praise of the poem, but simply stated that the writer had read it, and in plain honest language offered himself as the substitute for the "near and dear" one. "I feel that I never will return," he said, "and I am a firm believer in 'hunches.' I have no family connections. My name is honorable in all respects, and if you will take it madam, and will allow me to make over my insurance to you, I ask nothing in return, but that I be favored with a letter now and then and a cheery bit of verse. We start East next week." It was signed, Private Alfred Robinson.

The simple, straight-forward appeal went direct to Isabelle's heart, and she pondered long, how to word her refusal without wounding the young man's feelings. Then she wrote: "I cannot accept the name of a man who is a total stranger to me. Neither would I feel that I had any just claim to his insurance, if his 'hunch' should come true. However, if Mr. Robinson will consent, my younger sister and myself would consider it an honor and a pleasure to adopt him as our

special charge during the war. Should he obtain a furlough any time before his company entrains, we would be glad to have him come and see us." She signed the letter, Isabelle and Irene Hastings.

They impatiently awaited a reply. It was very brief: "I shall be in Danvers on Saturday afternoon, and when I succeed in locating you, will tell you how glad I am."

The ten-year-old Irene was delighted to know that they too had a soldier boy to call on them. All Saturday morning she was more of a hindrance, than a help to Isabelle in putting the finishing touches to their little home. After their frugal mid-day lunch, she sat by the window waiting for him.

"Here he comes," she suddenly shouted and ran for the door to meet him. Without the least misgiving she ushered the tall soldier into the sitting-room. Alfred Robinson was not handsome, Isabelle commented at the first glance: he was decidedly bashful but honesty and sincerity were printed large on that manly face. Somehow she did not feel as embarrassed, as she expected she would, and Irene's bubbling joy soon made them both feel like childhood friends. They lunched they listened to the phonograph, they talked about his past, but more about his future, and the husky Robinson displayed more than the average education. Meantime the big clock in the corner, mercilessly ticked out the hours of his leave. On the threshold he stooped and kissed Irene, then shaking hands with Isabelle, and looking deep into her eyes, said, "Rarely within the last three years have I had so pleasant an afternoon and should I manage to jolly the captain for another pass—I'll come again. May I?"

"Of course you will," answered Irene. They both stood behind the curtain until he turned the corner.

"Gee! I wish he could stay and be my big brother," cried the little girl. "He's so kind and full of fun. But won't the other girls at school be green-eyed when I tell them about our soldier-boy?" Irene's father had died when she was too young to remember him, and her mother had not long survived him. Isabelle had bravely shouldered the responsibility of the little girl's up-bringing, and with the salary she earned as teacher, by rigid economy she had made ends meet heretofore. The increasing cost of everything, however, was beginning to fill her heart with dire forebodings.

Three days later she received another letter from the Camp, it was signed Corporal Robinson. "I have made over my life insurance to you and Irene. Furthermore, as I personally spend very little, you will receive a monthly allotment out of my pay. You will certainly not object to this arrangement, for remember that I have adopted you

both, as much as you have adopted me, at least for the duration of the war. Just send me a little cheery letter now and then; I'd hate to see the postman pass me by when he makes all the other boys happy. Probably I will come again, to say goodbye."

Her first impulse urged Isabelle positively to decline the Corporal's proposal. Had she any right to take this big-hearted man's money? No, not for herself, but surely for Irene, she compromised within herself. The next afternoon she hung a service flag with a single star in the window.

Saturday found both of the girls expecting to see the new Corporal, but the hours wore away and Irene went sobbing to bed.

A much-belated postal heavily censored reached them after two weeks: "We're off. Goodbye and God bless you. I'll be waiting for your first letter."

Then followed the anxious time that no one has forgotten. For a space, letters came regularly; then the weeks grew into months, and no word came from their adopted soldier. Yet Irene would give her big sister no rest from Sunday to Saturday till the regular weekly letter was ready for the mail box on the corner.

In the seventh month of his departure came a letter from a hospital in the southern part of France. "I am getting along well. How's this for a left-hand scrawl. Hadn't it been for your letters I would never have pulled through. Will probably return soon." Irene wept openly: Isabelle in secret. In the meantime the regular interchange of letters was established and the Christmas season drew on apace.

The holly-dressed show-windows with their array of toys captivated the heart of Irene, and the coming of Santa Claus was curiously interwoven in her mind with the return of her soldier-brother. Isabelle too was praying, not for Santa Claus but for Alfred. It was not until then that she owned, even to herself, how dear to her the now unfortunate adopted soldier had grown to be.

Christmas Eve was ushered in with a brilliantly lighted tree and the toys that Santa had brought. "If only our soldier boy were here," rose to the lips of Irene, and echoed in the heart of Isabelle.

The door bell rang. The little girl rushed down the hall to answer the summons. Isabelle sat waiting and hoping.

"Merry Christmas, little sister," boomed a big manly voice, lost the next instant in a loud resounding smack of lips. The next instant he stood on the threshold.

Her eyes filled with tears, her voice too choked to answer his cheery greeting, Isabelle rose to receive him. The bundles that he bore rolled on the table, and somehow his arm crept around her. See-

ing her hand on his empty sleeve, he said, "You see, only part of my 'hunch' was true, dear. Are you glad that the greater part of myself escaped to come back to my adopted family? Irene is, she told me so."

Patting the useless sleeve affectionately Isabelle slowly replied. "Somehow I can't tell you, Alfred, how I feel. I'll write a poem this Christmas Eve,—and none but you shall read it."

ADES CHOLLEY.

# Christmas Shopping

AFTER Pat had gone to work and Jimmy had been bundled off to school, Mrs. Flannigan of No. 32 "Avon" Apartments proceeded to the living-room table, lifted up the cover and slowly withdrew a bill from its hiding place. She began idly fingering it, while a battle between pride and better judgment raged within her. Mr. Pat Flannigan had invited the rest of his mighty clan to dine with the family on Christmas, and in an outburst of generosity had very liberally supplied Mrs. Flannigan with a twenty-dollar bill to purchase the indispensable turkey with the "trimmings."

But then Jimmy simply had to have a new overcoat. She had delicately mentioned this fact to her husband that morning, but the Mister preferred to appear very dense when such matters were approached.

With a twenty-dollar bill now at her disposal, however, she was tempted to purchase a coat in order that Jimmy might appear as well dressed as Michael O'Harrigan who lived in thirty-two just across the hall. Moreover, she had had a very pretty little coat bearing the price mark of $20.00, laid aside at the "Wear-ever," upon the purchase of which she must make a decision today. Her pride proceeded with the greatest gusto to demand the purchase of the coat, while her better judgment emphatically harked back to the Mister, the turkey and the "trimmings." The more she deliberated, the more perplexed she became.

Her final decision was again delayed by the summons of a caller at the door. Quickly depositing the bill in its former hiding place,

she hurriedly opened the door, only to be confronted with the excited Mrs. O'Harrigan from across the hall.

"Oh Mrs. Flannigan," gasped that agitated worthy, "I have some news, simply wonderful news."

"News?" inquired Mrs. Flannigan rather listlessly, for she was really not in the proper spirit to imbibe news this morning.

"You are acquainted with the lady in No. 43, living in the apartment just above you, aren't you?"

"Let me see—Duberstein isn't it?" yet without manifesting much interest.

"Yes that's the name," nodding her head vigorously. "Well, she won three turkeys at the 'Matinee Raffle' yesterday.

"Three turkeys?" gasped Mrs. F., in amazement.

"Yes, three very large ones, and they only cost her seventy-five cents at that."

A wave of recklessness immediately swept over Mrs. Flannigan. She had never before entered into the stir and hubbub of the gaming world, but here was an opportunity which was surely sent by the gods. If she could win a turkey in this manner her problem was solved. It would be an easy matter once she had a turkey to obtain the "trimmings" at the grocer's on a charge account.

Already her maternal eyes pictured Jimmy in that pepper and salt overcoat, and her truly feminine instinct was thoroughly roused over the prospect of getting something for nothing.

Through the childish prattle of Mrs. Duberstein's only daughter, Susanna, who had been down the evening before to play with her darling little Michael, had Mrs. O'Harrigan learned, with not unwilling ears, of the triumphant return home of the party upstairs with the three turkeys. And of course Mrs. O'H. duly proceeded to enlighten and instruct Mrs. F. about the whys—and wherefores of the turkey raffle, without any special regard for veracity.

"Three turkeys!—How perfectly wonderful," exclaimed Mrs. Flannigan. "I wonder what our luck would be, should we try."

"Oh, Mrs. F., will you really go?" said Mrs. O'H., her face beaming with delight. "I am so happy, for you know I was rather timid about going there alone."

It was not quite two o'clock when the two prospective gamesters entered, "The Ladies' Matinee," a locale which had been so adroitly camouflaged that none but the most observant would have recognized it as having formerly been under the regime of John Barleycorn. Women of every description, stature and nationality, were eagerly watching the dial on the wheel, making its rapid swirls. The

heart of Mrs. F. began beating like a giant trip-hammer. Money had now lost its intrinsic value and it was simply a medium through which she could win a turkey.

"Here you are," she cried, frantically waving a one-dollar bill at the paddle vender, Mrs. O.'H. purchasing one at the same time. Then came that terrible suspense, while they waited for the dial to stop, and the winner to be proclaimed. Hand in hand the two newly initiated gamblers, breathlessly awaited the final moment. Mrs. F. held No. 46 while No. 23 was in the hands of Mrs. O'H.

They had watched the revolutions of the dial with such intensity that the numbers on the wheel were no longer distinct to their eyes, and in consequence they were unable to read the figure to which the dial pointed. While they were still gazing in blind fascination, the cry "Twenty-three—twenty-three, who holds the lucky number?" went forth. No response forthcoming, again the call resounded through the room.

Suddenly Mrs. O'H. as if coming from a trance, in frenzy shrieked, "I have it, I have it,—here you are—twenty-three,"—and behold a monstrous turkey gobbler was thrust into the arms of the well-nigh delirious Mrs. O'H.

Repeatedly the paddle-vender wended his way among the motley gamesters: Mrs. F. was more than ever determined that she likewise should be a winner of a turkey, regardless of costs; still the goddess of fortune proved fickle.

"Let me have No. 13," she cried, giving the man a twenty-five cent piece.

"Fifty cents this trip, madam," said he, upon which Mrs. F. quickly produced the other quarter.

"All sold," came the cry from the vender and the dial once more started on its round. With ceaseless vigilance her eyes followed the dial, becoming more and more engrossed as speed diminished. The dial barely seemed to move; it had stopped at eleven—no, it was still moving,—and before the caller had time to proclaim the winner, Mrs. F. screamed forth "The turkey's mine."

She rushed to the distribution counter to receive her turkey and behold the turkey was a little pig.

"Here, madam, here's Cicero, the finest porker for his size on the market, and the rope is thrown in the bargain."

Oh horrors, what was she to do? How could she ever get the beast home? Cicero, indeed! The neighborly Mrs. O'H. had fled in utter dismay.

"Why must all these complications be brought to bear on me?" wailed poor Mrs. F. when she discovered that she had been deserted, while Cicero, placidly licked the hand of his newly acquired mistress. Eventually, however, she stood in the street with Cicero tugging at the rope to get to the gutter.

But the world again brightened, for down the street a taxi came a-rolling. Hailing it, she inquired "Across the River?"

"Yes with humans, but I'm not cartin' pigs around," ejaculated the driver, upon which he quickly moved on leaving the disconsolate Mrs. F. with Cicero at the curb.

Hailing a second taxi she promised the colored driver ten dollars if he would take both herself and the pig to the "Avon" Apartments.

"Well, madam, if you be willin' to sit with that there anumul—I ain't got no objections,—if you come across with a ten-spot." Mrs. F. was willing to do anything to be freed from this humiliating position, so in she climbed, but Cicero was not inclined to follow. With many a push, a shove, and a tug on the part of Mrs. F. the driver and an accommodating newsboy, he was at last securely landed in the cab; and then homeward bound were they.

The ride seemed interminable to the nervous Mrs. F., but the car finally pulled up in front of the Avon. With the greatest celerity she jumped to the pavement dragging Cicero with her; then handed the last ten of that sacred twenty to the driver. Poor Cicero had by this time become thoroughly accustomed to the "dog's life," and was now soberly trotting at the heels of his mistress, who was hurriedly heading for the door to the freight elevator.

"Oh, how lovely," she exclaimed under her breath, "for once I am in luck; no one using the elevator."

And Cicero was rapidly shot to the third floor, ushered into the Flannigan apartment through the living-room, into the dining-room, and out into the kitchen, where he was securely tied to one of the legs of the sink.

Mrs. F. was now thoroughly exhausted, almost too tired to consider what explanations she would make to her husband. One thing had impressed itself very deeply upon the mind of Mrs. F.; she was minus the $20 bill, with neither the turkey nor Jimmy's overcoat to show for it.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, throwing herself on the davenport, "what a troublesome life this is." Soon she was dozing.

The door-bell rang. Three burly policemen together with a civilian stood on the threshold.

"Mrs. Flannigan?" inquired the latter. Mrs. F. nodded her head, too bewildered to speak.

"We understand that you were the winner of a Duroc hog this afternoon. Am I correct?"

"A what?—Oh—yes, a hog—yes, yes,—but you're not going to arrest me?" pleaded the distracted woman.

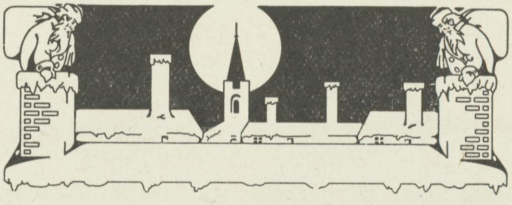
"Not at all," explained he, "we came merely to inform you that this hog is one of a great number that were stolen, and yours is the only one which we have been able to trace. We are willing to purchase the hog at $50, in order that we can use him as evidence in prosecuting the thieves."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I could never take fifty dollars, it cost me only about twenty."

"Don't let that worry you; our price is fifty," said he, as he handed her five brand new bills, instructing the officers to take Cicero down to the street landing. He left her dazed, but only for a moment.

"Oh joy," she cried, "now for some real Christmas shopping!"

CARL E. MUELLER.



# His First Patient

"FIRE up, Jerry, pile in all she'll take," the engineer shouted above the din in the cabin, whilst he stood rigid as a statue, with hand on throttle, and eye unswervingly to the front. And Jerry piled in the coal like a good fellow. The intermittent snowfall had made a difficult track, but the train crew held to its slogan: "The Limited,—never wrecked,—never late." And the powerful engine thundered along through the foothills of the Catskill range.

In the first of the long line of Pullmans, an interesting group had gathered around Bob Lowry, joshing him about his new career. Bob was a full-fledged M. D., if you please, now on his return to New York, having creditably completed post-graduate work in Chicago. Why shouldn't his kind gray eyes be filled with joyous light, since home, a fond mother, and Christmas were all awaiting him.

"Young man," the genial-faced banker opposite, who happened to be an old friend of Bob's father, was saying, "you made a mistake. There are too many of you young saw-bones running loose in the city; you should have been a banker or a broker like your father. Of course it was very considerate of that uncle of yours to quit the stage of life, leaving you a serviceable club to keep the wolf from the door, for, otherwise, I fear, that beast's footprints would be the only ones beating a path to your office."

"May be true, Jim Parker, but you just watch me. The day I crossed the twenty-one yard line in the game of life I decided to consider my uncle's bequest as a loan to be used until I get my first patient, and then I must begin to refund the money in order to keep the nest-egg intact. So the sooner I get to be self-supporting, the smaller the debt I will owe."

"Your first patient," guffawed Jim, "why I'll wager a ten-spot you won't have any in half that number of months."

"Done," cried Bob. "By Jingo, I am just aching to get that bill —I wonder whether we are still running on time," as he caught sight of the porter making his round.

"Ho there, porter," called Jim, "this young bone-setter wants to get on the job tonight in New York. Will we get there on time?"

"We're goin' good now, suh, de Limited am nebber late." Hardly said, when the train drew up with a terrific jolt. Bob caught in

the act of rising, was catapulted into the wide expanse of Jim's capacious vest. A momentary silence reigned throughout the car, followed at once by a volley of questions from all sides, whilst a hysterical woman shrieked and several children began to cry.

"We's all safe heah," shouted the darkey. "I'll go see what de matter am."

There were few hardy enough to follow him and brave the intense cold outside, and these were hurriedly summoned back by the shrill signal "All aboard." They brought back with them every possible and impossible explanation for the stop, but, as there appeared to be no danger lurking anywhere, the incident was soon forgotten.

The porter nonchallantly reappeared after some minutes, casually approached Bob and said, "Suh, I understand you to be a—a—" "Sawbones," interjected Jim. "Would you mind," continued the darkey, "goin' to de baggage-cah; dey picked up a little boy befoah,—he 'pears to be all in."

Snatching up his hat, Bob darted forward. The porter's words had drawn together an expectant group. A short time before, he explained to them, whilst a freight train was taking on water at the tank, the brakeman was walking the length of the train and noticed that the door of one of the cars laden with bags was partly open. Suspecting the presence of hoboes, he cautiously climbed in and discovered a little ragged urchin bleeding from a cut in the head, unconscious and half frozen. The humane freight-crow had given the lad first aid and left him in the care of the lookout at the tank with orders to rush him to the city, on the next train, since no medical aid was near at hand. Thus it happened that the Limited was delayed five minutes.

The story made the round of the car, and all eyes anxiously followed Bob, when he returned picking his way carefully down the swaying aisle.

"My first patient," he said to Jim with a half-suppressed grin, as he deposited the blanketed form on his seat. "Porter get that upper berth ready."

To Jim's queries Bob could give no further information than what the porter has supplied. "The boy's badly frozen, probably half starved, and faint from loss of blood. But he's a sturdy lad, and he'll pull through all right.—now then hand over that ten, I'll cover it with another; I want the lad to know, when he comes to, that it's Christmas tomorrow."

The nearest neighbor passed all the details over to the next one, and the news rippled up and down the coach, causing all but a few

to feel in their pockets for any loose change. A good-hearted mamma was quick to sense the situation and started off her ten-year-old hopeful to pass the cap, having first lined it with a greenback.

When the young collector with the words, "For your first patient's merry Christmas," emptied the contents into Bob's cupped hands, the latter rose blushing and smiling, and bowed to the passengers; "Ladies and Gentlemen, I promise you that my first patient will have such a Christmas as he probably never had before. We'll have him sitting up tomorrow."

The travelers conscious of having done a good deed, settled down again to the usual methods of beguiling the time in a Pullman; and the spirit of Christmas hovered over them all.

"Now that you got him," said Jim, as the young doctor sat down, "what are you going to do with him?"

"Take him with me, to be sure," as though that were the next most natural thing in the world to do. "Mother still misses little Dick, though he's with the angels nearly three years. When this chap's well again, he's going to be my office boy," with a sly wink at Jim, "and help me keep the wolf from the door."

"Count on me, Bob, and should the wolf eat you up, have enough sense to send the boy over to me."

Meantime in the engine-cabin with his hairy hand upon the throttle, and his eye focused upon the rails ahead, the engineer shouted to the fireman. "All made up, Jerry. The Limited is never late—I wonder what's become of that kid."

"The conductor, at the last stop," yelled Jerry in return, as he straightened up, "told me that a young doctor back in the fourth car was mothering him."

When the train began to roll through the outskirts of the great city, the usual donning of coats and bonnets began, and the porter's heart was gladdened. As the passengers filed out, many a one stole a glance at the now peacefully sleeping lad in the upper berth, whilst several shook hands with Bob and wished him the best of luck.

"Jim, you get the finest taxi at the curb for me, while I get the patient ready.—We mean to travel in state."

With the assistance of the porter, the boy was warmly bundled in a blanket. For an instant his eyes opened, but the big manly face of Bob looked so good to him, that he smiled and straightway slept again.

"Now, porter, don't forget my bags," said Bob, as he swung the burden into his powerful arms. "Let's go."——

"Here you are," yelled Jim, as he saw them approach. It took but a moment and the land was snugly propped in the roomy rear seat.

"Now, porter, have a good time tomorrow, 'the first patient,' comes only once in a life-time," said Bob; and the darkey's eyes glistened as he felt the crisp bill in his hand.

"Yes suh, I almost wish I was dat lucky chap," and with a grin, he left.

"Say, Jim, you sad old bachelor, you come up to our house tonight, and we'll show you a new outlook on life."

"I'll be glad to come. So long.

Through the speaking-tube, Bob instructed the chauffeur that he wanted to see that gentleman's finest brand of careful driving. A half hour's ride, an the car closed in on the curb. A few more words of explanation and Bob leaped out.

Before he could push the bell button, his frail little mother stood in the open door, and their mutual greetings were smothered in a fond embrace.

"Wait a moment, mother," as she strove to draw him into the hall. "I've got to get a present that I left in the taxi. You go in awhile."

The taxi-driver having received a generous fare, lent a willing hand.

"Now don't be frightened mother," Bob softly said, as he gently unfolded the blanket and revealed the wan face and bandaged head. "All he needs is food and rest."

Mrs. Lowry neatly tucked away the lad in little Dick's bed,—poor little Dick who was dead these three years. In the meantime Bob related all that had happened. Then reaching into his pocket he withdrew a roll of bills: "This is what the passengers contributed to make his Christmas happy—And, by the way, mother, jolly old Jim Parker is coming up tonight,—met him on the train.—Now I'm going to motor to town and get something for the kid. I mean to play at Santa tonight."

Before leaving, he mixed a cordial and prescribed a nourishing broth to be administered frequently, for the boy slumbered only in snatches. "Don't leave him talk, Mother, we'll get his story tonight."

As they both bent over the bed, the boy's eyes opened wide: "Gee whiz, lady,"he said, "am I dead—and is dis heaven." Then with the light of recognition as he looked at Bob: "Kin I have som'pen' to eat."

"You're looking great, old pal," cried Bob in delight at his patient's fast recovery. "You'll get all you want, but we got to go slow. Now you eat and sleep, and sleep and eat until Santa comes tonight. Just ring this bell, when you want anything. But don't do any talking." With many a whispered instruction, Bob left the room, the boy dozed off again, and Mrs. Lowry, ever alert for the least sound, busied herself with the supper.

After supper, mother and son set about the plans they had concocted during the meal. Propped up with all the pillows in the house, little Dick, as they spoke of him among themselves, sat before the big blazing hearth, bright-eyed and happy, whilst Mrs. Lowry flitted in and out of the room. Upstairs Bob was mysteriously occupied in his room, when the door-bell summoned him.

"Merry Christmas," bellowed a big bass voice as the hall-door swung wide.

"What do you mean by masquerading like that, Jim. Nothing doing, you are our guest tonight."

"Hold on, young man, get out of those trappings:—You're the doctor, I'm the Santa." Then followed a friendly wrangle and scuffle.

Mrs. Lowry attracted by the noise, whispered to little Dick, as she turned his chair toward the door: "I believe Santa has come." Closing the door carefully,—what was her astonishment to see two big burly belligerent Santas. Her merry eyes and winning smile disarmed them both.

"Well, since only one can play at this game, you got to wait till I get my junk down from above," said Bob, disgustedly. To which Jim readily agreed, though he had a huge bag already.

Little Dick sat speechless for joy when the portly Saint, tinkling a bell and blowing a horn, stood in the door-way, finding some difficulty to get through with all his freight. Prodded on by many a vicious jab in the back from Bob's capable thumb, Santa finally managed to negotiate the door. Depositing his burden on the table close at hand, he chuckled all over as only a Santa can, and then said to the eager lad in as amiable a voice as he could summon: "What's your name, little man."

"They call me, Bub," said a clear boyish treble.

"And where do you live," pursued Santa, as he began sorting the packages, peering at the labels over his big horn-rimmed glasses.

"I used to sell papers in Troy," replied the boy now quite at ease. Bob furtively began to write the information on the cards.

"Ah yes, here's something for Mother,—and here's something for Bob, and here,—what's this—'For little Bub from Troy,' and here's

another, and another—," and the packages and toys began to pile up around the chair like a snowdrift, till the lad shouted for glee. Mother and Bob and even Jim, were not forgotten.

"Now who and where is this Jim Parker," said Santa, looking into the farthest corner as though he expected to find him there.

"He'll be here later, Santa," replied Bob, without winking an eye.

"Well, I guess I'll take these along again, if Jim can't be on time."

"Leave dem here, please Santa," cried little Bub, "I'll give dem to him. Won't he feel bad if he gets left."

"All right, Bub, what you say, goes. Now I've got to hurry as there are many other little fellows waiting for me. God bless you all. Be a good boy, Bub.—Let me see, I've left something in the front room," and he opened the door revealing the brilliant tree to which Mrs. Lowry was putting the finishing touches.

Whilst Bub gazed spellbound, Santa vanished.

The merry group about the tree was joined a few moments later by the innocent-looking Jim.

"Merry Christmas," shouted Bob,—"you just missed our Santa, Jim."

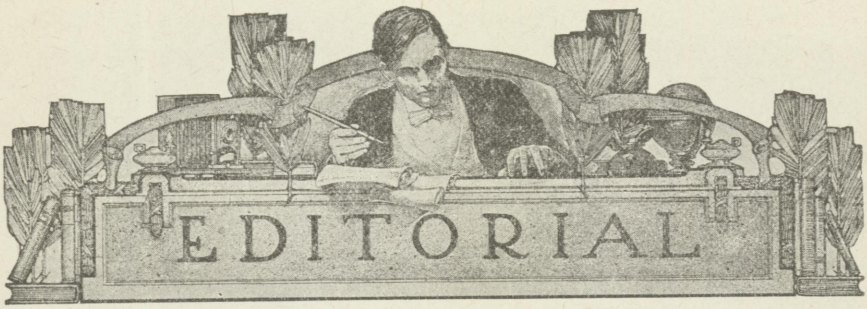
"I met him on the way, he said a little boy at Lowry's had my presents."

"Here dey are," shouted Bub, as his bulging eyes took in the full size of Jim. "Gee, I thought yuh wuz a kid, and I wanted yuh to be as lucky as me."

"Now, Bub," put in Bob, "how's it come Santa found you in New York if you live in Troy."

"Yuh see," said the lad, as he cleared his throat for a long story. "I wuz a newsy in Troy, and I read in de paper dat Santa wuz going to give presents away to de children in the streets ob New York. So yuh see, I jest didn't have no home only a piany box in de alley, and it wuz awful cold in de box. I never had no muther er futher, I guess, anyhow I don't remember. So I sez to myeslf, I guess it's me for de big City, maybe I'll be lucky and meet up wid Santa. I buys some lunch wid my last coppers, and beats it for de railroad-yard. I finds a car half loaded with rag-bags and slips in and hides myself. Den later on two bums crawled in, and wanted my lunch. One of dem guys hits me and I strikes the wall and den—de lights went out. Dat's all I guess—except that I met up wid Santa."

WILLIAM MANCHESTER.

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**Greetings**

Father Time once again rings out the Christmas chimes and sends broadcast over the world the Christ Child's message, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The air is redolent with the spirit of Christmas cheer; the ivy, the holly, and the mistletoe inform us that the Yule-tide is at hand. And once again we find that everyone is the bearer of peaceful tidings and friendly greetings.

The editor, in the name of the Staff and the Faculty of the College, extends to all their friends, to the patrons of St. Mary and of the Exponent, to the students and their parents, and to all of the Alumni, a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. May the Christ Child shower upon you His choicest blessings and may the Christmas spirit ever abide with you.

W. J. B.

**Christmas Spirit**

This is indeed the season of the year when we loudly proclaim that "it is more blessed to give than it is to receive." But if we practice this ideal just for one day and one night out of three hundred and sixty-five days, how utterly void of the true Christ-like spirit, is this one-day departure from the mercenary life of selfishness. If, however, each and every day of the current year we endeavor to make life's burdn just a little lighter for our fellowmen, seek to smile rather than fret when things

do not happen just to our liking, then as never before will it be true what the midnight messenger of God proclaimed centuries ago o'er the lowly manger at Bethlehem: "Peace on earth, unto men of good will."

C. E.M.

**Christmas Giving**

Generosity calls for a good deal of common sense. The holly in the shop-windows is invariably the signal for broadcast and often indiscriminate buying and giving. There is always the same round of relatives to be attended to. Everyone in the family and in the circle of friends must receive a remembrance of the day. But when we attempt to give and donate we very often defeat our own purpose, for we turn it into a fad. It's the style; everybody gives Christmas presents, and everybody expects some in return. This sort of generosity is a shallow something, unworthy of the name.

True generosity is not a give-and-take affair; it is the privilege, the "luxury of doing good." If all men understood the true meaning of the word and if all men observed the obligations which a truly generous spirit would impose, the earth would indeed be made a near-heaven. Today, in war's aftermath, children are starving, old men and women are dying from neglect, countless people are tossed about, unsheltered in the wintry gales. Here is an opportunity for dispensing "the milk of human kindness." For generosity is not a matter of give and take, it is the "luxury of doing good."

D. H. A.

**The Dayton Daily News Scholarship**

It was with a sense of grateful appreciation that both Faculty and Student-body received notice of the scholarship to be given the most deserving High School graduate of the present year by the Dayton Daily News. With such a prize in view the two class rooms of Chaminade Hall ought to be the scenes of keen competition. There is much need of encouragement towards honest and persevering effort in these days when everyone is strongly tempted to follow the standards of "Get-away-with-it-ism."

But besides the encouragement afforded, such a scholarship as this, does away with the evil of too much specializing and its consequent narrowing effect upon a student's mental development. Its requirements force the candidate to give his attention to all branches of study to the much abused classics as well as to the more fascinating sciences. He will learn to appreciate what he formerly thought to be as dry and arid as Araby's sands.

Rise again, in splendor bright,
    Star that blazed the Magi's way.
Rise again, with wondrous might
Pierce the foulness of our night,
    Christ-ward call the stray.

—L. J.

On bended knee, the mystic three
From Ethiop, Ind and Araby,
Their gifts unfold, incense and gold
And myrrh; the swaddling-clothes for them infold
The man, the king, the God.

—L. J.

A timely realization of the importance of a liberal education would have prevented many a man from falling into the dullness of life's numerous ruts.

W. S. V. C.

**Keeping Fit** When the draft law was enacted a couple of years ago, it brought up for physical examination about five million of America's youth. As the results of these examinations were made known, the country stood appalled. It seemed impossible that less than one per cent of the American young men should be called physically perfect, while the rest suffered from one ailment or another. It is indeed a terrible thing to realize that there is so much physical imperfection in the country, but what makes the fact deplorable, in truth a national crime, is that most of the young men suffered from defects for which they themselves were responsible. Improper food, clothing, bearing, and living conditions are the causes, and these are all directly traceable to personal carelessness.

It is said that a nation's strength lies in its youth, but if a nation's youth be mostly degenerates, then we cannot predict a bright future for that country. Yet the outlook is much better than might at first glance be inferred. To illustrate this, let us take the case of our own college. In former years it was customary to give every class a half hour of physical drill every week. This drill was looked upon by the students as a thing to avoid, and every calisthenics period found several boys who had "strained their ankles."

But with the present year came an innovation in the form of a real, active military organization, the R. O. T. C. The time allotted is three hours a week; the time to be spent out of doors, generally with a twelve-pound rifle on the shoulder. The "strained ankle" has been permanently relegated to the shelf. It takes something more serious than such a complaint to excuse one from drill. Those who are naturally active do not mind the drill, and those who shirk physical activity are saved from themselves.

Two years of such drill ought to counterbalance to a large extent the indiscretion so common to this age, and should send St. Mary's students into the battle of life with adequate physical equipment to struggle against the odds. The idea is not to produce a battalion of physical giants, but rather to train one to a point where the sight of a five-pound weight does not induce palpitation of the heart. This training will have gone far toward achieving its purpose if it succeeds in instilling the conviction that the "nether limbs" were not added to the rest of our anatomy for the sole purpose of being adorned with salt and pepper trousers.

J. C. M.

**The Engineering Dept. Will Be Grateful**

Within the last few months the Exponent printed several acknowledgments for gifts made to the College Engineering Department. Among others, The Davis Sewing Machine Co., The M. J. Gibbons Supply House, and The Joseph Schaefer Cigar Co., all of Dayton, were donors. These gifts were made out of the war equipment which was dismantled during the re-organization period following the armistice. Although originally worth hundreds and even thousands of dollars, this machinery could be held at no greater than its weight value, once the demand for its product ceased. When these companies offered it to St. Mary College, it was promptly accepted, and now, as means and as aid in training engineers of tomorrow, this machinery holds a value even greater than its first cost.

This is worth public attention. In the industrial world there are now heaps of discarded machinery. Manufacturers are relegating war equipment to the scrap pile, which, if directed to educational institutions, would enjoy its original value and in many cases surpass it. As is the case with all unendowed colleges, the equipping of the Engineering Department at St. Mary is an expensive and a slow process. Every piece of machinery means a big outlay of money and taxes the college funds. What a happy event it is then to receive a device that is practically worthless to the giver, but to the professor is invaluable for demonstration purposes.

The promise of twice the number of students next year in the Engineering Department emphasizes the need for equipment. Twice the amount of equipment is financially out of the question in the short time remaining until then, but with a few more concerns directing their disused machinery to the College, the problem would be solved.

Will the reader aid in promoting this idea by carrying it to those who are in position to act with this information?

R. J. K.

**We Know It All**

These days certainly are queer. The world and everybody in it just seems to be turned topsy-turvy, and doing things just absolutely wrong. Everybody's mistaken; folks of today are simply ignorant, except ourselves of course, and we,—we just know absolutely everything. Why we're such brilliant young men that we cannot understand the reason why we are not the ones issuing the orders around here. We just simply know it all—absolutely all. If we were the men in authority the educational machinery of this institution would operate on an altogether

different basis. Of course this is our own personal version, sure it cannot be a faulty viewpoint. With our vast knowledge and modern ideas how can it be incorrect? You know, we're just naturally gifted, that's all.

But, lo and behold! Here we are taking advice and even an occasional command from men whose intelligence is greatly inferior to our superabundance of knowledge. They have spent years in study, they have mastered the known arts and sciences, they have practically devoted their lives to the guidance and welfare of young men. From their vast experience they counsel us; but we just cannot see it that way. You know, "we know it all." The only trouble about this matter is, we seem to be the only ones aware of this important fact.

Frequently, it is our sad lot to hear of even parents refusing to obey their children. Think of it, a father becomes so ungovernable as to refuse obedience to his child. He actually revolts because his child wants to be reasonable with him. Professors and other superiors have followed in the path of this general uprising and are now even refusing to accept all the good advice and counsel we feel certain we could so readily give to them. In the industrial world even the "boss" becomes unmanageable at times. He refuses to acknowledge the superiority of his employee. He will not permit us sufficiently to instill in him our modern ideas concerning the management of his business. He thinks he knows more than we do. But he doesn't, does he? How can he, for do we not claim to know it all? The only trouble about this matter is, we're the only ones on God's earth who believe or ever will believe in the truth of our egotistic dreams.

A. J. S.

**Exchanges** We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Abbey Student, The Academia, The Alvernia, The Argus, The Boston College Stylus, Cardinal and White, The Creighton Chronicle, The Collegian. The Duquesne Monthly, DePaul Minerval, Defiance Collegian, Esto Vir, The Gonzaga, The Georgetonian, The Laurel, The Loyola Prep, The Morning Star, The Niagara Index, The Patrician, Rose Technic, St. John's University Record, St. Vincent College Journal, St. Mary's Messenger, The Viatorian, The Weslyan Transcript, The Wittenberg Torch, The Young Eagle.

# Alumni Notes

Joseph G. Deddens Edward G. Heile

**John Quinlisk, '17** John was out at the College the past month and called for his old friend and former teacher, Bro. William J. Haebe, S. M. A graduate of the Business Department of '17, John is making good with the Miami Conservancy Co., of Dayton, in the capacity of bookkeeper and paymaster.

**Miles Hogan, '14** Owensboro, Ky., has been represented at St. Mary's for a number of years and we are always glad to give a cordial handshake to any of the Owensboro Alumni. Miles Hogan was in town recently and naturally he called at Alma Mater. He brought us the news that his brother Percy, '17, is with the American legation at Copenhagen. Miles was on his way to Detroit where he will act as salesman for the United Tire Company.

**Leslie Porter, '18** Leslie was due for a visit again and we are pleased to say he did not disappoint us. He passed through Dayton on a flying trip to New York where he expects to put through a business deal for the Western Electric of Chicago. Leslie enjoyed meeting his many friends amongst the students and Faculty and was much interested in the improvements of the Chemical Lab.

**George O'Donnell, '10** From Cleveland came George O'Donnell to see the old school and his former teacher, Bro. George Schneider, S. M. George is working with his father in the Fall Tire Co., of Akron. His younger brother "Marty" is presently attending S. M. C.

**George Botschen, '16** Whilst in Chicago a few weeks ago to attend an executive meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, Father Tetzlaff met George Botschen. George is very much interested in all the doings at Alma Mater and intends giving us a call in the near future, to see for himself the im-

provements made at S. M. C. since '16. He is working with his father in the furniture business.

**John H. Roemer, '61** Recently we met one of the oldest of the Old Boys in the person of Mr. John H. Roemer, of Dayton. Mr. Roemer spoke interestingly of St. Mary's in the ante bellum days and of his old teacher Bro. Stinzi. He still takes an active interest in St. Mary's and watches with keen interest the advances Alma Mater is continually making. He is the father of Clarence H. Roemer, '01, who is holding a very responsible position in the Chemical Laboratory of the N. C. R.

**Charles Whalen, '07** Our worthy president of the Alumni Association journeys out to the College every Tuesday afternoon to lecture the freshmen on the subject of law. Charlie is one of the most promising young attorneys of the Gem City.

**Henry Heitemeyer, '74** This Old Boy of the early seventies gave us a call recently and asked for his old friend, Bro. Edward Gorman, who taught at the College when our alumnus was a student at St. Mary's. Mr. Reitemeyer is on his way to San Antonio, Texas, where he will meet his former teacher, Bro. Gabriel Bertram, located at St. Louis College. Mr. Reitemeyer has been a life long resident of Muenster, Ohio.

**Judge Virgil J. Terrell, '00** From a lengthy article in one of Cleveland's leading papers, we gather this story of Judge Terrell's public career:

Half of the time since he was admitted to the bar in 1903, the Judge has held public office. He was a city magistrate four years and served six years in the General Assembly, two terms in the House and one in the Senate. A year ago he was elected to the common pleas bench for a short term of three months to fill a vacancy. At the expiration of his term, Governor Cox appointed him a judge on the municipal court bench. In the few months he has been on the bench, Judge Terrell has not rendered a decision from which an appeal has been made to a reviewing court. He thinks a judge gets a better idea of all the facts in a case by "sitting in" with the attorneys and witnesses. When court adjourns he goes home and sits in judgment over the disputes arising among the six youthful Terrells and rights the wrongs of their contention.

**Charles A. Wagner, '09** Whilst visiting the schools taught by the Brothers of Mary in San Francisco, Father O'Reilly met Charles A. Wagner, '09. Charlie has been in the Southwest and West since he left College and is now connected with Gunn, Carle & Co., an iron and steel construction company at San Francisco. He expects to return to visit the East next summer and to renew acquaintances with his former professors at the College. His address is 1428 Golden Gate Avenue.

**Otto Behrer, '17** "Ott" seems to have plenty of work in the Queen City, where he holds the responsible position of city chemist. He writes us that things are rushing down there and he has to step some to keep up with the parade. We don't doubt "Ott," but that soon you will be leading the parade.

**Lawrence W. Strattner, '15** From Piedmont, West Virginia, comes a letter from Lawrence W. Strattner, which informs us that he is in charge of the chemical laboratory of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. Larry expressed wishes for the success of the Engineering Society and School. He includes best wishes from Mrs. Strattner and Larry Junior.

**William A. Keyes, '95** The people of Dayton are justly proud of the New Victory Theater erected during the past year on the site of the old Victoria Theater. From the articles in the Dayton papers we learn that the erection of this new piece of art is the work of our alumnus William A. Keyes. Bill has been with the Schwind Realty Co. for the past seventen years.

**Carl Brunner, '17** Carl dropped in on Thanksgiving to surprise his two brothers, Max and Herman, both students at the College. Carl is making good with the American Bridge Co. of Pittsburgh.

**Wedding Bells** Carl J. Sherer was married on November 5 to Miss Frances Marie Byrne at the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, East Orange, New Jersey. He and his young bride are now on their honeymoon which will include Palm Beach. Havana and New Orleans. After the honeymoon the young couple will be at home in Oakwood, Dayton, Ohio. Carl is secretary and treasurer of the Dayton Wright Airplane Company and the Dayton Metal Products.

Recently whilst on their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Mark B. Forquer called at the College to visit Mark's former teachers and friends. Mark is a graduate of the Business Department of '17. The nuptial ceremony took place at Holy Trinity Church, Somerset, Ohio, on Tuesday, November 11. The bride was formerly Miss Melda Sterner, of Somerset. The Newlyweds will make their future home at New Lexington, Ohio, where Mark is in the employ of the Ohio Fuel Supply Company.

Among the number of our young benedicts we are pleased to introduce Maurice P. Boylan, H. S., '19. The girl of his choice was Miss Gertrude Champney, and the nuptial ceremony took place at St. Agnes Church, Elyria Ohio. Maurice is working with the Longwear Rubber Co. of Elyria.

**The Ralko Co.** Dayton, the "City of a Thousand Factories," is also the home of the Ralko Products Co., manufacturers and distributors of the latest fire fighting device. The invention of this new apparatus is the work of Dr. Ulrich J. Rappel, S. M., dean of the Electrical Engineering School, and the president of the company is M. G. Kopf, formerly professor of machine design at S. M. C. Paul Kette, '04, and John L. Weigand, '13, are holding responsible positions in the new firm, whilst Paul Stanton, '18, Eulogius Lause, '18, and Ralph Bush, '17, are on the list of salesmen.

**Herbert J. Haile, '15** We regret that in the last issue of the Exponent we omitted to chronicle the visit of Herbert Haile of Chattanooga, Tenn. Herb dropped in on us unexpectedly, and was delighted to see his former professors at S. M. C. and also his four student friends from his southern home. He is working for the W. C. Teas Electric Co. of Chattanooga.

**Visitors** Concerning our distinguished visitor from Japan the following is from the Dayton Journal of Tuesday, November 18:

Brother August Walter, S. M., of the Morning Star School, Tokyo, Japan, visited at St. Mary College during the week. He left Dayton for San Francisco and his boat sails for Japan December 16. Brother Walter has been visiting the various establishments of the Society of Mary in the States since his arrival from Japan last June.

Twenty-three years ago Brother Walter was sent by his superiors to the missions in Japan and during that long time he has been employed as professor at St. Joseph's College, Yokohama, the Bright Star School, Osaka, and the Morning Star School. These three colleges are conducted by the

Society of Mary. Besides his professorship at the Morning Star School he has been English teacher at the government Military School for the past eighteen years. A number of princes as well as the present Crown Prince have been his scholars at this "West Point" of Japan. Brother Walter holds the social rank of colonel at the Military School and he was twice decorated by the Japanese government. The first decoration is a war medal for services rendered during the Russo-Japanese war and the second is a recognition of his work as professor at the Military School.

Brother Walter was born in Indiana and entered the Society of Mary in 1877. Two of his brothers are members of the Society of Mary; Rev. Nicholas Walter, S. M., of the Bright Star School, Osaka, Japan, and Brother Joseph Walter, S. M., of the West Philadelphia Catholic High School, Philadelphia. Brother Joseph Walter was a member of the Faculty of St. Mary College for ten years.

Brother Walter expects this to be his farewell visit to his native land.

Rev. Martin Varley, '06, called at the College a few days ago, whilst on a visit to the city. Father Varley has been commissioned by the Most Rev. Archbishop to start the new St. Bernard Parish, at Winton Place, near Cincinnati. The Exponent wishes our loyal alumnus Godspeed in his new field of labor.

From Wilmington, Ohio, came Rev. Charles A. Ertel, '05, just a few days before Thanksgiving, to meet again all his friends at Alma Mater.

**H. S., '19**

Charlie Murray writes us from Detroit where he is reporting for the Detroit News. He wishes to be remembered to his former teachers and to his friends of the H. S. class of '19 that have returned to school.

J. Alfred Malloy is cashier for the Toledo branch of Swift & Co.

Joseph Murphy, '19, called at the College recently and deposited his dollar with the Subscription Editor of the Exponent, before returning to Detroit, where he has a job in the Chemical Department of the U. S. Tire Co.

With Joe was Emmet Kernan, '16, likewise bound for Detroit. Kernan is salesman for a big clothing firm in this metropolis of the Wolverine State.

Jimmy McCurran, '19, came over from Xenia, whilst on his Thanksgiving vacation, to give us an account of the fine showing he is making at Ohio State as an architectural engineering student.

**Mechanical Engineers, '19**

Waldemar Schmidt is employed at the N. C. R. in the position of Power and Maintenance Engineer.

Clemens Deman is with the Recording and Computing Co. of Dayton. He is connected with the Tool Design Department.

Joseph J. Kuhn is in the employ of the Ohmer Fare Register Co.

Joseph Moosbrugger is carrying high honors at Boston Tech., where he is taking a post-graduate course in Mechanical Engineering.

Russell Garrison, '18, is the general manager of his father's factory, the Garrison Machine Works. "Russ" is the first graduate of the Mechanical Engineering School and takes a great interest in the doings of S. M. C.

**Joseph A. Leonard, '16** Whilst sending us his renewal for the Exponent Joe enclosed a check for a mass to be read in the College chapel, December 2, for the repose of the soul of his former prefect, Bro. Emil Zadow, S. M. Joe informs us that he is still manufacturing cigars, and up to date the H. C. L. did not affect his business. Orders are numerous and large, and keep him on the job. Lima must be quite a smokers' town, Joe.

**J. Dean McFarland, '18** Dean writes his friend "Red" Malloy that his trip across lasted sixteen days. He stopped at Pompeii before reaching the Eternal City. He is well pleased with his new surroundings and the American College. Dean, send us a "write-up" about Rome for the Alumni Notes of the Exponent.

**Leo Dolan, '18** Leo is making good not only in the dissecting laboratories of the St. Louis University Medical School but he is also proving himself a real gridiron star on the Varsity eleven. Leo, your work on the S. M. C. campus was the beginning of your present success.

**William Sherry, '19** Bill has gone to Akron where he has landed a fine job in the Chemical Lab of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. Good luck to you, Bill. We'll miss you every time the Varsity quintet turns out this season.

The following is a list of the Alumni that have renewed their subscription to the Exponent up to November 25:

H. Keagler, J. Lancaster, F. Thill, E. Caluwaert, J. Kennedy, C. H. Roemer, C. Stuber, A. Genard, L. Gergenrether, C. Eberly, Rev. Leo M. Schmitt, Rev. Charles Ertel, C. Ryan, H. Ackerman, H. Cappel, George Leugers, Jr., George Leugers, Sr., Bro. Adolph Eiben, S. M., T. Hart, J. Trunk, L. Sullivan, Bro. Andrew Schratz, K. Schilder, C. Whalen, A. Schoen, G. Kuntz, R. Sherry, E. Dorgan, C. Freeman, H. Burch, J. Burch, F. Heitman, M. Gibbons, Rev. Francis A.

Biendl, M. Sherry, Albert Krusling, Rev. F. H. Angel, Rev. F. X. Weinig, W. Westendorf, A. Davis, Jr., H. Busch, J. Gramling, Bro. Aloys Huether, S. M., J. M. Jacoby, S. J., A. Rasche, E. Schoen, W. Sherry, O. Moosbrugger, J. Evans, Bro. Francis Saxer, S. M., D. Margolis, Bro. John Kautz, S. M., J. Ryan, E. McBride, C. Schmitt, Fred Martin, J. A. Malloy, W. Seidenstick, W. Sitterle, E. J. Raney, Rev. Theodore Stuber, H. Haile, M. Blumenthal, Mark Forquer, F. J. Christ, J. C. Christ, J. J. Minke, R. Sourd, Bro. Joseph Finke, S. M., H and L. Bohnert, Dr. F. Gaynor, Rev. W. A. Roddy, C. Hagan, Rev. John C. Angel, E. Sweetman, F. Hartwich, U. Weckesser, W. Rabe, Rev. Robert Mayl, S. M., Rev. Martin Varley, F. Von Beseler, Rev. J. M. Ryan, J. Leonard, C. Wagner, Bro. Matthias Kraus, S. M., E. Schnor, Rev. George J. Gordon, E. Kuntz, C. Ferneding, H. Finke, G. Dunne, Bro. Joseph Schutz, S. M., Bro. George Ebert, S. M., J. Maher, J. Murphy.

Among former faculty members on the list for renewals are the following: Bro. Henry Strickroth, Rev. W. C. Tredtin, Bro. George L. Ley, Bro. Francis Mayer, Rev. James P. Canning, Bro. Henry Merzhauser, Bro. Edward Knust.

The Subscription Manager of the Exponent is carrying on a big campaign to get the largest number ever, on the subscribers' list for the college magazine. The above list shows that he has made a good haul, but this is only the beginning. The ideal would be to have every Old Boy on that list. We want you to help us. Inquire amongst your Alumni friends if they get the Exponent. If they don't, why don't they? Secure for us a subscription and send it on as a Christmas gift. Let's hear from you.

**Acknowledgment**

Mr. Otto P. Behrer, '17, is a practical believer in early Christmas shopping. This Old Boy blew in the other day and deposited the full set of nine volumes of Allen's Commercial Organic Analysis with the Department of Chemistry as his contribution to the Department Library. This classic sells at $6 per volume: apply your multiplication table. Ott is one of the younger school of Old Boys who, as a class are taking a real live interest in their Alma Mater. We thank Ott for the gift as well as for the inspiration he is to others. We likewise wish him continued success in his position of Municipal Chemist of Cincinnati.

In connection with Ott's visit we ought to mention that our old friend and alumnus, Eulogius Lause, acted as Ott's porter. Ott waylaid Eulogius and promptly pressed him into service. You see this is Ott's way of educating his old pal in the doctrine of helping

the old school. We must say that Eulogius was very good-natured about his conscription although he thought his arm was about off after "toting" those nine volumes up from Brown Street.

The Mechanical Engineering Dept. of St. Mary College gratefully acknowledges the receipt of two Cataract lathes and two Henry & Wright drill presses from the Davis Sewing Machine Co.

The M. J. Gibbons Supply Co. remembered us also with a Rider Hot Air Engine.

The Joseph Schaefer Cigar Co. donated an 8 H. P. Gas Engine to the Laboratory.

To one and all of our generous benefactors we express our sincerest thanks.

**Obituaries** On October 27, death removed from our midst one of the members of the St. Mary Alumni in the person of Mr. Joseph A. Keyes of Dayton, Ohio. Death was caused by a complication of diseases resulting from a former attack of appendicitis. The deceased attended St. Mary College from '90 to '95. After graduation he was connected with the Dayton Plating and Manufacturing Co. and eleven years ago he became president and treasurer of this firm. Besides being very active in all K. C. work Mr. Keyes was a prominent member of the Rotary Club.

Funeral services were held Thursday, October 30, at Corpus Christi Church, and interment was in Calvary cemetery. Mr. Keyes is survived by his wife and nine children. Joseph A. Jr., is presently attending St. Mary College. The Exponent in the name of the Faculty and student-body extends to the bereaved family its sincerest sympathy.

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Walter Heck, who attended St. Mary College from '05 to '07, died at his home in Dayton, December 2, after an illness of three days. Death was the result of blood poisoning. The deceased had seen active service for several months during the late war. Our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

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Another alumnus of the College to answer the final call of the Master was Clarence Hosenfeld, who died very suddenly December 2, at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was a student at St. Mary's from '02 to '04.

We recommend our departed Alumni to the prayers of our readers.

The Exponent wishes to express the sympathy of the Faculty and students of the College to Arthur and Philip Gottron of Freemont, Ohio, graduates of the Commercial Class of '18, in their sad bereavement, the death of their mother. Kind reader, may she have a share in your prayers.

# College Notes

## HIGHEST AWARDS

### Collegiate Department

Senior Chemical—Wilbur Yackley, 96; Carroll Hochwalt, 93.
Senior Electrical—Howard Hetzel, 90; Matthew Cahill, 88.
Junior Chemical—Henry Stang, 89; Robert O'Hearn, 88.
Junior Electrical—Walter Curtis, 95; Andrew Kuntz, 91.
Sophomore Engineers—Edward Finan, 97; Ralph Pauly, 96; Joseph Murphy, 94; Rene Cros, 94.
Sophomore Premedics—Harold Kemper, 87; Richard Deger, 81.
Sophomore Arts—Herbert Abel, 97; Raymond Kitsteiner, 97.
Freshman Engineers-A—Elmer Steger, 96; Alvin Rabe, 96; Clarence Paulus, 91; Walter Krantz, 91.
Freshman Engineers-B—John Schomaker, 92; Alfred Poliquin, 91; Linus Hosfeld, 90.
Freshman Arts—Gulden Mackmull, 93; William Slagle, 90.
Freshman Premedics—Robert Von Koenel, 92; Anthony McCarthy, 91, Anthony Michniewicz, 91.

### High School Department

Fourth High-A—Daniel McCarthy, 95; Lewis Sherer, 95; Jos. Schwind, 95; Wm. Fritz, 94.
Fourth High-B—George Donovan, 97; Cyril Scharf, 96; Ben Seidenstick, 96.
Third High-A—Albert Freiberg, 97; Robert Wintermeyer, 96; Raymond Scheckelhoff, 95; Walter Staab, 95.
Third High-B—Ernest Lamoureux, 95; Joseph Koehler, 95; Lionel Bradmiller, 93; Victor Keuping, 93.
Third High-C—Carl Ramus, 95; Vernard Bremer, 93; Casimir Petkewicz, 90; John Russell, 90.
Second High-A—Vincent Koepnick, 97; Fred Meade, 97; Harry Heider, 95; Maurice Aufderheide, 95.
Second High-B—Edwin Van Leunen, 97; Charles Himes, 96; Willard Brunsman, 95.
Second High-C—Martin Murphy, 97; James Hannegan, 97; Edward Keefe, 97; Omer Burdick, 97.
First High-A—Herman Brunner, 98; Joseph Unger, 97; Wm. Carey, 95; Harry Breen, 95.
First High—John Price, 98; Robert Renner, 95; Charles Peterman, 94.

First High-C—Robert Brown, 98; Herman Reboulet, 98; Herman Hale, 98; Jerome Gibson, 97.
First High-D—Harold Kappeler, 97; Robt. Minnerup, 97; Robt. Wirsching, 97.
First High-E—Louis Schulze, 97; Ralph Sherer, 96.

**Business Department**

Second Business—Louis Mason, 92; Max Brunner, 89; Arthur Damm, 89.
First Business—Evaristo Freiria, 92; J. A. Sanchez, 92; Alex Millmon, 90; Noriega Genaro, 90.

**Elementary Department**

Eighth Grade—Joseph Keller, 91; Cletus Corbett, 89; Andrew Patko, 88.
Seventh Grade—Wm. Kehm, 94; Lawrence Gough, 93; Wm. A. Keller, 92; Fr. Cunningham, 92.
Sixth Grade—Paul Purpus, 95; Wm. Patterson, 93; Robert Dinkel, 93; James Cunningham, 92.
Fifth Grade—August Senf, 92; Thomas Berry, 89; Dickson, Burrows, 89; Paul Schmackers, 85.

**Sodality News** During the past month there has been great activity in reorganizing various branches of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception among the students.

**St. Gregory Branch** After the interruption caused by the S. A. T. C. at the College, prospective ecclesiastical students have again been organized into a special branch. At present there are fifteen students enrolled. Under the experienced direction of Rev. Aloysius Schratz, S. M., they are determined to maintain and strengthen in themselves their lofty ideals and prepare themselves remotely for their holy calling. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: Anthony Hemmert, President; George Donovan, Treasurer; Paul O'Brien, Secretary.

**Collegiate Dept.** Both the resident and non-resident students of this department have held enthusiastic meetings respectively. The resident students with Bro. William Beck, S. M., as Moderator, have elected the following officers: Vincent Malloy, President; Joseph Holscher, Secretary; Anthony Hemmert, Lector.

The non-resident students with Brother Adam Hoffman, S. M., as Moderator, held elections with the following results: Aloys D. Crowley, President; Francis Elardo, Vice-President; Thomas Hook, Secretary; Wilbur Yackley, Lector.

**First Division** At a meeting of reorganization the elections resulted as follows: Cyril Scharf, President; William Frischkorn, Treasurer; Otto Marshall, Secretary. The Moderator is Rev. George Renneker, S. M. At a meeting of November 17, the officers were installed. In their addresses they spoke of the spirit of fraternity, apostolate and devotion to Mary that should animate every sodalist. Ernest Kirschten gave some helpful suggestions as to how to make the meetings interesting and profitable. The thirty-five members willingly subscribed to the conditions of excellent conduct and application, exemplary piety, generous co-operation, and enrollment in the Eucharistic, Mission or Catholic Literature Section required for membership. On November 21, Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, the

Branch had a Mass celebrated at which all the members received Holy Communion.

**Second Division** Judging from the enthusiasm shown at the first meetings, the Second Division promises to have one of the most active sodalities in the College. The officers elected are the following: Charles Falkenbach, President; Arthur May, Vice-President; Joseph Higgins, Secretary; Aubrey Strosnider, Librarian; Assistant Secretaries: Eucharistic Section, Edward Keefe; Catholic Literature, James Grimes; Mission, George Needham. The Moderator is Rev. Francis May, S. M.

**Third Division** Considering the ardor shown at the first meeting and the generosity with which the members pledged themselves to fulfill the exacting conditions for membership laid down by the Moderator, Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, S. M., this branch promises to rival the others for its spirit of solid piety, good example and devoted apostolate. The officers are: Willard Brunsman, President; Herman Brunner, Vice-President; Robert Oberlander, Secretary.

**First High-A and B** The day-students of these classes under the guidance of Bro. Adolph Kalt, S. M., have established a Sodality Branch recently. The officers are: Joseph Unger, President; Louis Chaney, Vice-President; Howard Meyer, Secretary. Almost every parish of the city has its representatives among the members. The latter promise to live up to the high ideals of true sodalists and to do their best to spread the leaven of their piety and good example among their companions in class and in their parishes.

**Second High B** The day-students of Second High B enthusiastically endorsed the plan of establishing a Sodality Branch in their room. For that purpose a meeting was called the last Monday in October, and officers elected. The results of the election were as follows: Richard Bettinger, President; Chas. Himes, Secretary; Arthur Meyring, Recorder. In its second meeting the Moderator, Bro. Joseph Trunk, S. M., explained in general the meaning and organization of the Sodality and its division into four sections: The Eucharistic, the Literature, the Mission and the Pastors' Aid Section. Nor has the Sodality been slow in pursuing the activities of these various sections. Although existing but three weeks the sections report excellent work being done in the field of Catholic endeavor.

**Relief Work** The previous number of the Exponent contained an account of the royal reception given by the city of Dayton to His Eminence Desiré Cardinal Mercier, and of his brief but memorable visit to the College. On this occasion the College gave a substantial proof of its esteem and sympathy by presenting a purse of $300 to his Eminence in behalf of his war-stricken diocese.

The students contributed as follows:

College Department, $36.10; First Division, $45,75; Second Division, $38.05; Third Division, $14.15; Fourth Division, $11.90; the Day-Students of the High School, Business and Elementary Department gave $109.32.

Since then pathetic appeals for assistance have come from the Brothers of Mary in Austria and their suffering pupils. The Austrian Province of the Society of Mary comprises eleven houses with about three hundred students,

orphans and homeless boys. Bro. Emil Vogel, who is at the head of the house at Vienna, wrote in part, as follows to Bro. Michael Schleich, the American Representative to the General Administration of the Society in Belgium: "We have hardly any food. We can obtain no rice; meat costs from $3 to $4 a pound. We can procure very little lard and flour, no coffee, no cocoa, no dry vegetables. We receive no more coal supplies, and wood costs fifteen cents a pound. We face a hard winter. Please tell our American Brothers to come to our rescue by sending provisions, clothes and funds." In answer to this appeal the students have determined to contribute generously to the relief campaign that is being conducted in the schools and colleges of the Society in America. Details concerning the contributions will be given in the next issue of the Exponent. In reward for the spirit of generosity manifested by the students the President granted Friday after Thanksgiving a free day.

**The Minstrel** On the nights of January 11 and 13, S. M. C. will present its College Men in a grand minstrel performance at the College auditorium. Alumni and friends of S. M. C. do not let the opportunity pass. Come out to the Old School on the hill and witness a performance that bids fair to rival the most noted attraction of the season. A grand old laughing feast, that's what it will be, and you cannot afford to miss it. Despite all your cares at the family hearth, get a seat in the ancient auditorium and let our End Men iron out the wrinkles on your furrowed brow.

Yes, folks, it's going to be a real Minstrel, with an old plantation setting, jokes and gags a plenty, a fine double quartet, sentimental songs and ballads, choruses, etc. And then after you've laughed for an hour and a half, you rest ten minutes and the second part of the Minstrel will start you off on another hour's laugh. How can you miss it? You won't miss it then? We know you won't.

**Dayton News Scholarship** We quote the following from the Daily News of November 10, relative to the News scholarship:

"Applause greeted the announcement that The News will give to the boy establishing the best record in the high school this year, a scholarship at college, that will include all expenses for the first year and tuition and fees thereafter.

"Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, president of the college, introducing J. P. Glass, editorial director of The News, who explained the scholarship, told the students assembled that while St. Mary's had made an honorable record in the field of education covering a period of many years The News was the first institution of its kind to recognize the fact in a formal way. He bespoke his appreciation of the scholarship plan, an appreciation that was loudly seconded by the applause of the student body.

"Explaining the scholarship, the representative of The News declared that it was the newspaper's hope that it would be able to assist some deserving youth. It was pointed out that the award was being made in a way that would encourage self-effort, since, from the fact that all expenses will not be paid for the entire four years in college, the winner would have to bestir himself to get the benefit of it. This feature, the students were told, established the scholarship not as a charity affair, but as a legitimately earned reward for diligent effort.

"The award will be made to the student who establishes excellence in study along with a record for good conduct, initiative and industry."

The Editor also announced the plan of the News to give three scholarships at the Dayton Museum of Art to art students who qualify in exhibition. The

speaker explained that the cultivation of art, literature and the classics is as important as the scientific education that now attracts many. Father Tetzlaff warmly seconded the idea and told how at present in the Catholic Educational Association the question of organizing a section for the promotion of the study of the classics is receiving earnest attention.

**R. O. T. C. Review** On Thursday morning, November 13, an inspection of the R. O. T. C. unit of St. Mary College was held. Lieutenant Colonel Gillis of Columbus, was the reviewing officer. Colonel Gillis is assistant district inspector of Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia. The cadets and Major Hill were complimented on the soldierly bearing of the unit and the amount of work accomplished since the beginning of school. Colonel Gillis said that the local unit is far in advance of the units of most of the other colleges in this section. He also remarked that the War Department is anxious to make military science and tactics a part of the curriculum of all colleges.

JOSEPH SCHWIND.

**The Welsh Glee Quartette** A program of rare excellence, made so by the talented rendition of varied popular and classical songs, proved interesting to the audience that heard the Welsh Quartette on November 25. The costumed songs of the London costermonger, delivered with that force of entertainment so characteristic of all Welshmen drew forth much applause. Among the other popular songs of the quartette were "Ask Papa," and "Father's New Limousine," both delivered with genuine Welsh humor. Features of the classical portion of the program were "The Bells of Shandon," "The Old Bass Viol," and "Excelsior." The entire program was rollicking and snappy, yet classical. The Welsh Glee Quartette deserve real credit for their triumph. Each member of the quartette besides being a soloist is also a first-class comedian.

DANIEL McCARTHY.

**The Five First Highs** In Dayton, Better English Week was kept in the early part of November. At that time the Five First Highs decided to secure select books for collateral reading. The plan is to get ten classics which each student is to read within the year. A sufficient number of copies have been ordered to supply half the class with copies of one classic and the other half with another. After two weeks the books are to be exchanged. Each student will thus be given an occasion to read books worth while; books that cannot fail to fire the imagination; books that will leave a wholesome impression. The enthusiasm with which the boys worked argues well that effective results may be looked for. Congratulations for the good work done by these boys is in order now. We feel by the end of the year, all concerned will deserve to be honestly complimented for the quality of their reading matter.

**Engineering Notes** At a meeting called November 22, Mr. Mark Thompson deliverd a talk on "Flotation." Mr. Thompson's subject was well chosen, as flotation methods are fast superseding the old gravity methods. Flotation and its use in reclaiming ore were touched upon by the speaker. Mr. Thompson made use of pictures thrown on the screen to illustrate the fine points of his technical paper.

**VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM**

First Row—Ferrera, Schmitter, Falkenbach, Malloy (Capt.), Matusoff, Billet, Kehoe.
Second Row—Hochwalt, Knechtges, Hetzel, Holscher, Griesmer, Miller, Hannigan, Walsh, Summers, Zimmerman (Coach).

**THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM**

Top Row—P. Grote, A. Hodapp, W. Hoffman, A. Quinn, V. Maloney, C. Scharf, E. Mayl, J. Supenski, H. Meredith, B. Puig, E. Kirschten (Mgr.). Lower Row—J. Hartnett, L. McFadden, P. Swint, A. Sacksteder (Capt.), G. Donovan, D. Reilly, J. Miles.

**THE JUNIORS**

Top Row—W. Scales (Coach), E. French, M. Rader, G. Geis, E. Mahoney, C. Meyers, W. Comerford (Coach). Middle Row—W. Kohle, A. Strosnider, J. Schulte, N. Konen, C. Falkenbach, H. Ims. Lower Row—G. Covert, W. Staab, J. Amersbach (Coach), O. Austen, N. Hellman, E. Welsh (Capt.).

Mr. Wilbur Yackley delivered an impromptu talk on the relation of the Employer to Employee in Modern Industry. He touched upon several phases of the subject giving each its proper emphasis. Several remarks made by him were the result of his experiences whilst at the N. C. R.

The Society hopes in the near future to have some prominent members in the engineering profession to deliver lectures to its members.

E. H. KESSLER.

**With the Juniors** On Thursday afternoon, November the 20th, the Second Division paid a visit to McCook Field. On arriving there they were courteously greeted by the authorities and given two experienced aviators as guides. The different types and makes of aeroplanes were shown, while real landings and flights were made from time to time. The center of attraction, however, was a large Martin Bomber and a captured German Fokker. The boys also witnessed the testing of a newly designed parachute. They then were shown the "test-block," where the engines are tested every seventy-five hours and new replacements made if necessary. The assembly buildings being closed the Juniors contented themselves with visiting the other repair shops and hangars.

After an afternoon fraught with the greatest interest the boys left for the College. On leaving the prefect, Bro. Frederick Paff, S. M., was highly complimented by the guide upon the excellent behavior of the division. The aviator remarked, "We seldom have older men here who ask such intelligent questions concerning the planes and motors."

NORBERT HELLMAN.

**A Visit to the Dayton News** Upon the invitation of Mr. Kavanaugh the Third Division were taken on an inspection tour through the News building. The lads now feel that they could publish a newspaper. Special interest was taken in the cartooning and lithographing departments. Paper aeroplanes were given the visitors as souvenirs. The Prefect, Brother Thomas J. Guehl, S. M., and the boys wish to thank Mr. Kavanaugh and the News authorities for the instruction and entertainment given them by their visit.

**Trip to Mt. St. John** On Thursday, November 6, the Fourth Division topped its footpower by a walk to Mt. St. John, the Normal School of The Brothers of Mary. Ten o'clock saw the little fellows file out of the College grounds with the most cheerful of dispositions. Weather conditions were ideal. The Mount was reached at noon and after resting for almost an hour, dinner was served in the student's dining hall. Following upon this, every nook and corner of the large building was given the close "look over." Next in the tour of inspection came the barn where the milking was just going on; the well-filled hay loft particularly, was a heaven of delight for the lively youngsters. Thereupon the Division took to the woods, the lads scurrying in all directions in quest of nuts. In this they were quite successful. The romp continued for an hour after which all were ready for "that hot dog lunch" which was to be their main support on the homeward tramp.

The Prefect and the entire Division wish hereby to express their appreciation for the kind welcome given them by the Rev. Lawrence Yeske, Superior of the Normal School and to Brother Joseph Stamler, S. M., of the faculty, who piloted the visitors to all the places of interest.

# Athletic Notes

Walter S. V. Curtis Ernest C. Kirschten

**College Athletic Association** At a general meeting of the Athletic Association on October 29, a number of important topics were considered. Schemes for the sale of tickets and the advertising of the games were discussed at length.

An eventful feature in the history of the Association was the succession of Bro. Lawrence Boll to Bro. Thomas Seebald as Moderator. Bro. Seebald has been connected with the Association for several years, and the members hereby express their grateful appreciation for his earnest work.

**Varsity Football** Although the Varsity had the odds against them this year in the shape of wet weather and unavoidable cancellations still it made an excellent showing in the games played. Some first-class football was offered to friends and rooters of S. M. C. when the team met the Alumni and Wilmington College on the home campus. Throughout the season the team showed an excellent spirit; willingness to cooperate with Coach Zimmerman's able work being at all times manifested. Finally it must be stated that with such metal behind the team old S. M. C. will always be on top no matter what the odds may be.

**St. Mary—18**
**Wilmington—7** Uncorking some sensational forward passes that were good for long gains and playing a strong defensive game, the St. Mary Varsity eleven won the decision over Wilmington College in the annual tilt between the two schools on the local gridiron November 8. The final score was 18 to 7.

Early in the first period Kehoe, Saint fullback, fumbled the ball and McKay grabbed up the oval and raced 70 yards for a touchdown, giving the visitors the edge. From that time on Wilmington did not have another chance to score until late in the final quarter, when a series of passes carried the ball down the field only to have the final whistle blow before they could cross the goal line.

The visitors presented a heavy line, but they could not stop the rushes of the Saint backfield men, Falkenbach, Kehoe, Matusoff and Summers hitting the line for substantial gains time and again.

The forward passing of the Saints was really the feature of the struggle. On many occasions Summers hurled the ball 20 or 30 yards into the waiting arms of one of his teammates. The line held remarkably well on these pass plays, giving "Rookie" plenty of time to locate his man before letting fly with the pigskin. Two of the local touchdowns came as the result of passes across the line, one to Falkenbach in the first quarter and the other to Schmitter in the final period.

| St. Mary 18 | Pos. | Wilmington 7 |
|---|---|---|
| Schmitter | L. E. | Carrol |
| Hochwalt | L. T. | R. Peele |
| Holscher | L. G. | C. Peele |
| Hetzel | C. | Johnson |
| Grismer | R. G. | Ellis |
| Malloy (C) | R. T. | Hadley |
| Knechtges | R. E. | Sliker |
| Matusoff | Q. B. | Farquhar |
| Falkenback | L. H. | Fisher |
| Summers | R. H. | McKay |
| Kehoe | F. B. | Cartwright |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| St. Mary | 6 | 0 | 6 | 6—18 |
| Wilmington | 7 | 0 | 0 | 0— 7 |

Touchdowns—St. Mary: Falkenbach, Summers, Schmitter; Wilmington: McKay. Goal from touchdown—McKay. Referee—Mahrt. Umpire—Clarke. Head linesman—Sherry. Time of periods—15 minutes each.

**St. Mary—0**
**Wilmington—14**

Lacking the necessary punch to carry the ball across the goal line after they had worked it well into the enemy territory, St. Mary Colege lost a well played game to Wilmington by a score of 14 to 0.

The Wilmington team out to avenge the 18 to 7 defeat which St. Mary handed them the preceding Saturday in Dayton, played a much better brand of football than that which they exhibited in the Gem City. Their line charged better and gave the Saint line no end of trouble, while the men in the backfield put up some nifty interference for the men carrying the ball.

Neither side scored in the opening period, most of the play being in the Wilmington territory. Early in the second quarter, Wilmington punted to Summers on the Saints' 30-yard line. Holscher then punted, but the ball went out of bounds on the midfield line. Wilmington failed to gain and punted to the ten-yard line. Summers punted to his own 35-yard line. On the first play Wilmington lost five yards for offside play. McKay then broke through for 15 yards and repeated for 10, placing the ball on the Saints' 15-yard line. Faquhar went around end for ten. Three line bucks took the ball to the one-yard line, where Fisher went through tackle for the first touchdown. McKay kicked goal.

In the fourth period Wilmington intercepted a pass on the Saints' 40-yard line. Two line plays and a couple of penalties inflicted on the Saints put the ball on the 15-yard line, from where Faquhar tossed the oval over the line into the arms of Carrol. McKay kicked goal,making the count 14 to 0.

| Wilmington 14 | Pos. | S. Mary 0 |
|---|---|---|
| Benedict | L. E. | Schmitter |
| R. Peele | L. T. | Hochwalt |
| Martindale | L. G. | Holscher |
| Johnson | C. | Hetzel |
| Sliker | R. G. | Griemer |
| Hadley | R. T. | Molloy (C) |
| Carrol | R. E. | Knechtges |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Faquhar | Q. B. | Matusoff |
| Fisher | L. H. | Summers |
| McKay | R. H. | Billet |
| Cartwright (C) | F. B. | Falkenback |

Score by periods:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wilmington | 0 | 7 | 0 | 7—14 |
| St. Mary | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0— 0 |

Scoring for Wilmington: Touchdowns—Fisher, Carrol. Goals from touchdowns—McKay 2.

Substitutions for Wilmington—C. Peele for Hadley.
Substitutions for St. Mary—Miller for Holscher.
Referee—Oren. Umpire—Boring. Head linesman—Fleet.
Time for periods—15 minutes.

**Basketball Prospects** With the football season brought to an abrupt close enthusiasts will now center their attention on the basketball court. Here at St. Mary's the pill tossing spirit is already awakening considerable interest. Undoubtedly this interest will be fanned red hot when Coach Solimano gets his men lined up. "Solly" as we all know, has the goods when it comes to basketball. The Varsity indeed is lucky in securing Dayton's best court performer, and with him in charge great results are expected.

Although we can boast of but two of last year's veterans, "Rookie" Summers and "Bob" O'Hearn, men like Matusoff, Manchester and Farley,—whose ability and agility on the court have been manifested elsewhere,—will not be found idle when the season opens. "Red" Molloy is likewise showing fine form when it comes to the guarding end of the game, while Hochwalt's experience with the team two years ago is showing itself in a tell-tale manner at practice tryouts. Finally with men like Griesmer, Kessler, Kuntz, Kehoe, Kuhn and Miller to pick from, Coach "Solly" is confident of turning out a fast and winning team.

## HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

St. Mary High wound up a most successful football season at Fremont, on Turkey Day. The wearers of the red and blue won four games and lost two, while two were cancelled. Every game was marked by stellar playing, and the Saints fought to the finish. The line held like a stone wall, and the backfield, in spite of the wet fields on which it played, showed real speed. Solly's charges have written a big red-letter page into the history of S. M. C. athletics and have well-earned the High School "S" by scoring 115 points to their opponents' 28. Franklin and Miamisburg games were cancelled because of rain.

**Wilmington—0 St. Mary—25** Relying on straight football, the Saints easily triumphed over their opponents, registering a touchdown in each period. The first score was rung up by Supenski when he fell on a blocked punt, behind Wilmington's line. In the next quarter "Skin" Meredith carried the ball across, Scharf scored in the third, and "Gene" Mayl intercepted a pass and crossed the line in the final period. Sacksteder was the bright light of the game.

**Greenville—0**
**St. Mary—40**

Breaking away for numerous long dashes the Saints won their third victory on the road by a 40 to 0 score. Sacksteder ran 58 yards for a touchdown, Swint streaked over eight white lines at one time and over three at another, while Mayl intercepted a pass and ran twenty-five yards. Scharf and Puig also carried the pigskin across the line, and Mayl and Miles booted two goals each.

**Richmond—13**
**St. Mary—37**

In a game played at the Reid Field, of Earlham College, St. Mary High found another victim in Richmond. Although caught napping at the start of the contest, by Emslie, Richmond's tri-state sprinter, who registered two touchdowns, the Saints soon found their stride, and used end runs to get the bacon. Swint, as usual, skirted the "Hoosier" end on a ninety-yard run for a touchdown, Sacksteder got away for a fifty-yard sprint, while Meredith and Scharf also scored. Swint and Sacksteder registered two touchdowns each. Emslie was the star of the game.

**Fremont—7**
**St. Mary—0**

Playing the season's best game, the Saints dropped the Turkey Day game to Fremont, the Champions of Northern Ohio. Outweighed twenty pounds to the man the Saints twice carried the ball within scoring distance only to be stopped by the timer's whistle. Fremont scored in the first period on an end run from a pass formation. The wearers of the red and blue fought desperately to the very last minute but could not overcome this lead. Mayl sparkled at the receiving end of a dozen passes. In spite of the muddy and treacherous field the backs circled the up-staters' ends, and the line held firm. Sacksteder and Miles, for St. Mary, and Smith played stellar football, while Swint and Hoffman also put up a plucky battle against their home-town team. Referee Neal said that no game on the Ohio State Field, not even the Illinois-Buckeye clash, was better or cleaner than the St. Mary-Fremont fray.

Referee: Neal, Ohio State. Umpire: Love, Kenyon. The St. Mary team wishes to heartily thank its Fremont friends for their hospitality, and assures them that 1919's Thanksgiving Day will not be forgotten.

## H. S. BASKETBALL

Coach Solimano sounded the call for High School pill-tossers some time ago, and a classy crowd turned out to try for the team. Sacksteder, Mayl, Supenski, Swint and Boggan, are last year's men who are again on the court; while Scharf, Scales, Johnson, Riley and a number of others seem to be promising newcomers. There is a big schedule ahead of the St. Mary High basketball team. The first game is booked for December 5th, against Yellow Springs at Dayton, and will be a part of the big opening of the season, taking place on that night.

## DIVISION ATHLETICS

**Rangaboos**

This classy little independent team made a fine showing this season. With a line-up, containing a sprinkling of stars, they took the measure of the Dayton Blues 13-0. Scharf, playing halfback, scored twice against the heavy team. In a well-played game, at Highland Park, Freiberg and Scharf's touchdowns beat the Americans 13 to 6. This game was marked by the stellar work of the Rangaboos, who intercepted

their opponents aerial attack and stopped their famous cross-buck play. In the season's hardest game the Saint Independents triumphed over the classy Moraine High team by a 6 to 3 score. A forward pass, with Scales on the receiving end, won the game, in which Scharf sparkled and Freiberg broke his collar bone.

**Juniors** The Junior Division, this season, can boast of a football team which proved to be equal to, if not better, than teams turned out in previous years. To note the scores of the first two games it would seem that the team was lacking grit. These scores, however, were due to the weight of the opposing elevens. In both games the Juniors were outweighed from twenty to thirty pounds a man. However, when meeting the fast Oswego team, which claims the championship of Dayton in the 120-pound class, the Juniors did not fail to show the pluck and grit in them. The line plunges were worked to perfection and these with the aid of a few clever passes were responsible for twenty-six points while the Juniors' goal was never so much as in danger of being crossed.

WALTER STAAB.

**Preps** Prospects looked rather gloomy, when the Preps got away to a late start this season. However, coached by "Pete" Boggan and Miller the Preps soon showed form and came out of the season with colors flying. Five victories, two ties and one defeat is a record any team can be proud of. In consideration of the achievements of their hard-working squad, the coaches awarded monograms to the following: Hooper (Capt.), Butler, Williams, Bach, Yurick, Mercurio, McBride, Henne, Knechtges, Saunders, and Scott.

WILLARD BRUNSMAN.

**Minims** The soccer league in the Fourth Division was one grand success. Keen interest was shown throughout and the games well played. Captain Wessel launched his Yanks to victory with four wins and three defeats.

## WITH THE DAY-STUDENTS

**Sparks** The Sparks will again be seen on the court this season with perhaps one of the best teams in their history. Followers of the Sparks note with pleasure the return of all the regulars to the line-up. With these men back the Sparks present a formidable court aggregation, that will contend not only the 130-pound championship of the city, but also that of the Students' League at Bomberger Park.

The Sparks lineup as follows: Brown (Capt.), center; Whalen and Gwinner, forwards; Bach and Hemberger, guards.

**Celts** The St. Mary Celts, formerly known as the Emeralds, will represent Second High in basketball circles this season. Although very light the team promises well, as it combines brilliant passwork with accurate shooting. With such stars as Capt. "Lou" Mahrt, Koepnick, Sherman, Federer and Janning in the lineup, the Celts are out for the 120-pound championship of the city, and that of the Intermediate League at Bomberger.

# Yule-Tide Yarns

What the Boys want for Christmas:

Happensack. A rest from managerial worries.
Heile. Another week-end at Fort Thomas.
Stang. A tonic to straighten out the kinks in his hair.
Kessler. Rice powder, to soften his natural pink blush.
Crowley. A pair of boxing gloves.
Summers. A little more fog.
Hochwalt. Another trip to Georgetown.
Halpin. A candy kiss.
Poliquin. A set of blocks.
Pauly. A bottle of "Mystic Oil of Joy."
Kramer. A man's size razor.
Killoran. A watch that runs fast.
Kitsteiner. President Wilson's job.
Abel. A chat with Bill Shakespeare.
The Seniors. Plenty of chewin'.
Mueller. A silencer.
"Judge." A new Latin pony.
Yackley. A chance to show his hunting trophies.
Ferrara. Some TNT to use in the chemical lab.
Griesmer. A new College Physics text-book.
Everybody. A champion basketball team.

The Exponent is a great investment
The school gets all the fame,
The press gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

## O MEMORY

Backward, turn backward, O Mem'ry in your flight,
Make me a soldier again just for tonight.
Let me quivver and shake as I knock on Schwab's door
And ask for a pass to go home as of yore.
Let me quiver and shake as I knock on Schwab's door
Brought to the table, by the K. P's with care
But I pary you, dear memory, your watch do keep,
That when you leap forward, I again with you leap.

—C. E. M.

---

"What a wonderful stream is the river Time," but say, somebody must be damming that stream at 6:15 a. m. (rising), otherwise some of our college elders would get to the chapel on time.

---

You don't like singing, poetry, music? Well, then go to the undertaker and have him take your measure.

## A PSALM OF LATIN

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Latin's but an empty dream;
For the one is lost that slumbers
And words are not what they seem.

Latin's real! Latin's earnest!
But the grave is e'er its goal.
"Dust thou art to dust returnest,"
Ever voices Latin's scroll.

Not advancement and not knowledge
Is its destined end and way
For each Latin course at college
Finds us dummer than today.

Verbs are long and rules are fleeting;
And our hearts not half so brave
Will like trombones still be beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the Grammar's field of battle
Struggling to regain a life,
We're still like dumb driven cattle
Ever dying in the strife.

Trust no future howe'er pleasant
Let Latin authors stay with the dead.
Act—act in the failing present
Quite submerged by texts misread.

Lives of students all remind us
We ne'er can live the life sublime,
If in going we leave behind us
Latin on our sands of time.

Latin that perhaps another
Sailing o'er the college main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing shall despair again.

Let us not be up and doing
We can only come in late,
'Cause we know that by pursuing
Latin, we shall sign our fate.

—D. H. A.

Judging from the monogram on the College car, "S. M. C." we believe that the authorities wish to impress upon the minds of the public that they have Some Motor Car.

Professor (remonstrating): My dear man, if you really have to yawn, put your hand over your mouth.
Griesmer: Suppose my hand won't cover it?
Professor: Then use both.

Professor to McInerhney: Mac stop shaking your head, you'll spill some of it.

Professor: Scandalous! Your work is never well done.
Kemper: Then it must be very rare.

If geometry were candy
And algebra were cake,
And our heads were then our stomachs
Could we e'er have stomach-ache?

## BRICK-BATS AND BINGLES BY BATTERING BOB

You can't move a truck with a jerk, but you can with a steady pull. Why not get a steady pull? All good students enjoy it.

Analyze the kickers. Nine cases out of ten are afflicted with brain cell mortality.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
But with all our cares and troubles
How can we ever be on time.
—Ralph Killoran in "My Bed of Beds."

Wouldn't St. Mary's be a paradise if every student, would meet every professor and if every professor would meet every student, each with a gracious smile for the other, and a genuine "How-do-you-do?" Let's try it.

The End of a Perfect Day—
Sunday at 11:30 P. M.
With all the doors locked.

There's a dear old spot in Ohio, where the great Miami flows,
It's the home of Kessler, Cahill, it's a "gem" as the saying goes.
It's the home of the Moormans and Murphys and others of renown,
But my how the place has grown, since Donisi came to town.

Little lad of the Fourth Division: I can't see anything good about this place.
Prefect: Well, what makes you so fat?

From a little town in Ohio, Akron is it? Yes,
His first initial an L, his last one is an S.
He's a wonderful chap, he loves a good joke
His sole aim in life is to hook a good smoke.

---

Have you ever stopped to consider what a wonderful trait of character the man or boy possesses who is unselfish. Let it be your New Year's resolution: "I shall be unselfish." Think of the other fellow, help him, pat him on the back, spread the sunshine of human sympathy. You'll be happier and more contented with your present conditions.

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Ready for the press: Finan's latest publication, "Why we had to feed France," after observing Frenchie devour three hot dog sandwiches and a huge piece of pie.

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Don't be constantly dinning in our ears, what they do in other places. Do your bit, toward making St. Mary's The place or "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" and take the next one leaving town.

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## TRIBUTE TO MY VERY BEST

I love thee little coffin nail,
For thou dost satisfy
Tho' all the M. D's at thee rail
I'll laud thee to the sky.

Of course I'm just a silly chap
From perfection far
A man I'll be some day like Hap.
Then I'll smoke a real cigar.

---

Make this Christmas the happiest one of your life. Two bits or a half will do it. Bring happiness to the fireside of some poor little waif, by buying him a little bag of candy or some other thing that will make him feel that the Christ-child came upon earth for him too.

---

## MY MOTHER TONGUE

"You said an earful," how explicit,
"Bet you two bucks" you miss it,
"How you get that way?" isn't that cute,
"Go on you're a nut, I'll give you a boot."

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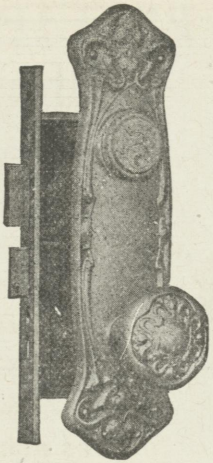

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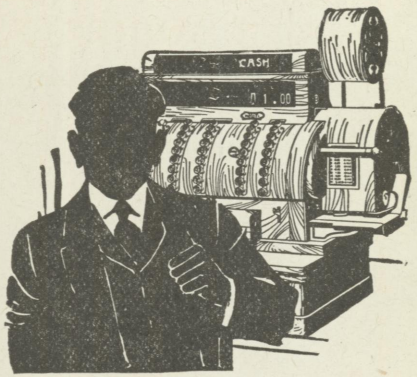
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

114 and 116 E. Fourth Street

# A National is a force for good




It stops temptation.
It stops waste.
It stops mistakes.

It protects merchants.
It protects clerks.
It protects customers.

It saves time.
It saves money.
It saves labor.

**A modern National is a business necessity**

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio
Offices in all the principal cities of the world

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## The Westerfield Pharmacal Company

**CHEMICALS**
**AND**
**CHEMICAL APPARATUS**

25 EAST SECOND STREET

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## A. C. Giambrone

WHOLESALE
FRUITS

Bell Phone East 2472

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

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Bell 2632 Home 11573

## C. C. Young's

**Cleaning—Pressing**
**Repairing**

ED. MERKLE, Mgr. 1217 S. Brown St.

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## South End Haberdasher

E. J. STOECKLEIN

High Class Line of
GENTS
FURNISHINGS

1078 S. Brown St. DAYTON, OHIO

*Tell the "Man" you saw his ad. in The Exponent*

# *Watch Your Dollars*

Fidelity Medical Building
Main Street at Fifth

Watch them grow on a Savings Account here at

5%

Compounded Semi-Annually

## Fidelity Building Association

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**The Reynolds & Reynolds Co.**

Manufacturers

**TABLETS, COMPOSITION AND STENOGRAPHERS' NOTE BOOKS**

PADS and SCHOOL PAPERS OF ALL KINDS

DAYTON, OHIO

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**The John A. Murphy Co.**

**COAL**

**ASHLAND SOLVAY COKE**

The fuel without a fault

Main Office, 227 S. Wilkinson St.

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WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER TO ANY PART OF CITY FREE OF CHARGE

Home Phone 4439 Bell Phone Main 8562

## SACHS SHOE HOSPITAL

H. S. SACHS, Proprietor

**For Quality Shoe Repairing at NO HIGHER PRICES**

PROMPT SERVICE OUR SPECIALTY

109 South Jefferson Street Dayton, Ohio

*This Magazine is Our Product*

## The J. C. Ely Printing Co.

205-207-209 SOUTH JEFFERSON STREET

## The ROEHLL Grocery and Provision Co.

**14 Home Stores in Dayton**

Bell 1661 Home 3661

## DANNER & O'LEARY

**PLUMBING and HEATING ENGINEERS**

15 W. First Street DAYTON, OHIO

## South End Pharmacy

**DRUGS**

CIGARS—SODAS

FILMS

CORNER BROWN AND WOODLAND AVE.

*Compliments of a Friend*

*Tell the "Man" you saw his ad. in The Exponent*

Make it an Electrical Christmas

VISIT MY DISPLAY ROOMS

**A. M. J. Gibbons Electric Shop**

No. 4 ARCADE DAYTON, OHIO

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The Dayton Blue Print & Supply Co.

**DRAWING MATERIALS**

*Supplies for* Architects, Artists, Engineers, Surveyors

Tee Squares, Angles, Protractors, Scales, Slide Rules
Waterproof Inks, Drawing Instruments

BELL MAIN 358, 357

36 S. Jefferson Street DAYTON, OHIO

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PATERSON SIX

THE CAR FOR COMFORT AND ECONOMY

F. J. Miller & Son

Main 8558 1513 S. Brown

# TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR
# NURSES

## ST. ELIZABETH HOSPITAL
DAYTON, OHIO

*Conducted by the*

SISTERS OF THE POOR OF ST. FRANCIS

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## A Merry Christmas

With the Season's hopes and cheer is brought to the hearts of the sick and ailing by the kindly ministrations of the Nurse properly and efficiently schooled in her beautiful calling. In fact, this joy of the Christmas Season is something which the Nurse is presenting to the patient all the year round. Is it any wonder that the world acclaims this profession for its high ideals and sacrifice?

Cut out and mail the following coupon:

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES,
St. Elizabeth Hospital,
Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me a copy of your Illustrated Bulletin of Information referring to the Training School for Nurses.

Name.....

Address.....

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To the Students of Saint Mary's College—

Accept our thanks and appreciation for your generous patronage for "19"

Wishing you the compliments of the season

We are yours

The Metropolitan Co.

J. H. Margolis, Pres.

Quality Corner Ludlow at Fourth.

Ohio's Greatest Clothiers.