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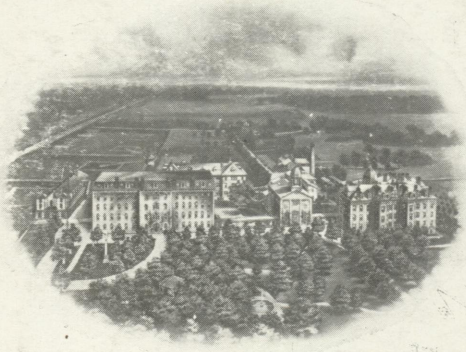
THE EXPONENT

Vol. XVIII JANUARY 20, 1920 No. 1



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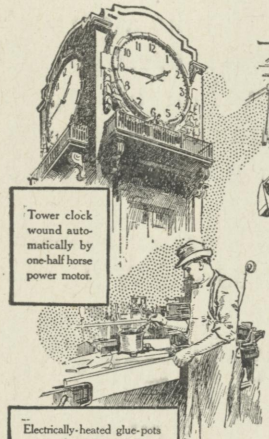
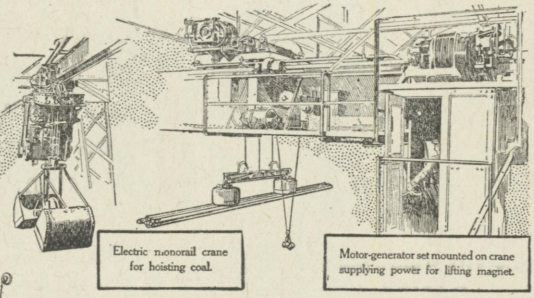


Tower clock wound automatically by one-half horse power motor.



Electric monorail crane for hoisting coal.

Motor-generator set mounted on crane supplying power for lifting magnet.

Electrically-heated glue-pots are used in pattern shops and elsewhere.

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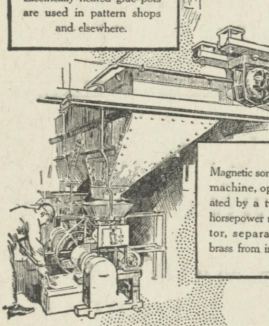

Magnetic sorting machine, operated by a two-horsepower motor, separates brass from iron.

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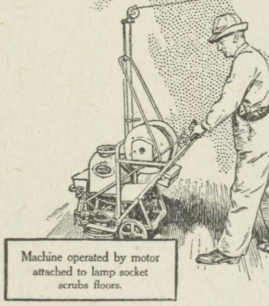
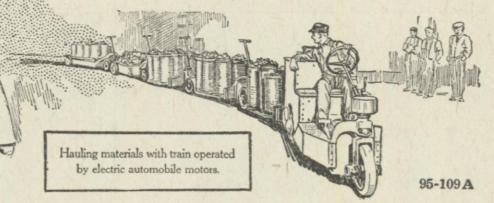


Machine operated by motor attached to lamp socket scrubs floors.



Hauling materials with train operated by electric automobile motors.

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THE EXPONENT

Published Monthly in the interests of the Students of St. Mary's College

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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Subscriptions.....One Dollar, Yearly in Advance
Single Copies.....Ten Cents
Address all communications to
THE EXPONENT, ST. MARY COLLEGE, DAYTON, O.

REST IN EGYPT

The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVIII JANUARY, 1920 No. 1

To the New Year

Oh fair and spotless child, new from the womb of Time,
Note well thy hapless kin, who steals to dark confine,
While bells thine advent chime.
Look down this crimson trail, by which thy foot is stained,
And see the racked frame, whence all this deluge rained;
These gaping wounds, of hateful strife the bloody charts,
Speak evil of the days he spent within our marts.
We welcomed him with lofty hope and joyful tears,—
Assuager of the grief, that weighed our yester years,—
But lo! What wreck appears.
Tis thy hap now with gladsome eye or frowning mien,
To tread the path, that countless kith of thine have seen.
Of yon departing kind, a burden have we borne
Of woe, that made our very summer days to mourn.
Pray walk the tender way of peace and charity:
Call to the frantic crowds that crave a shelt'ring lee,
And bid them follow thee.

—R. J. Kitsteiner.

A Test of Character

IT takes a real man to stand adversity; it takes a better one to endure prosperity—which is but modern parlance for Bacon's happy thought: "Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

The industrial shores of today are strewn with the wrecks of individuals, who found navigating in calm waters more perilous than sailing in stormy seas; men and women who kept their bearings safely as long as they were buffeted by the normal adverse conditions to which they had grown accustomed, but who, when suddenly relieved of this pressure, headed straight for the rocks and were lost. Some who gave their employers honest, intelligent service when wages were at pre-war level have lost their balance and sense of perspective under the stress of post-war high wage-scales. As long as they worked for two, four or five dollars a day, they gave adequate return for the contents of their pay-envelopes, but at eight to ten dollars, too often they grow careless at their work, think nothing of frequent absences, and their air of indifference breeds discontent and inefficiency among their shop associates.

Salaried men, who gave their employers the best they had in the way of service in the old days of relatively low remuneration, have, in many instances, been infected by the same germ of discontent, under the stimulus of higher salaries. These are the same persons, who in the days not yet beyond the memory of men, would work one and two hours overtime without first haggling about the extra pay, but who, now, are last if not late in coming, and are sure to stop at the first stroke of the clock at quitting time. They have lost their former pride of work, their former steadiness, their former right point of view.

Prosperity has turned their heads. As a consequence, habits of thrift have gone by the board and extravagance runs riot. Wall Street rocks with speculation. Millions are poured out by the get-rich-quick brethren, millions, which in other days would have found their way into sane and legitimate investment. Men who suddenly find themselves possessors of vast and unexpected resources, whether the money belongs to them or not, are presently too often carried

away by visions of wealth and of "easy street." Fortunes are made and lost over-night, and it is to be feared, that when the stabilizing reaction comes, as it inevitably will and must, in the form of financial depression, there will result a more striking disparity in the distribution of wealth than ever before.

Prosperity is a dangerous affliction for a weak man. It appeals to all his foolish impulses. It strikes at the weakest spot in his defensive armor. It breeds envy and destroys habits of economy. Instead of satisfying his natural and legitimate craving for improving his condition, it merely unleashes the host of his inordinate desires and urges them on to such a startling pace, that income soon finds itself hopelessly distanced in the race. High wages, high salaries, and high returns on invested securities are blessings for those who remain masters of the situation; they are useless, if not utterly demoralizing, to those who let themselves be mastered by them.

Never was there greater and more urgent need in our own country than now for individuals to cling tightly to whatever habits of thrift they are fortunate to have acquired in previous years. There is plenty of money and, on the average, it is better distributed than ever before. A wise economy would suggest the present time to be the most opportune moment to prepare for the lean years to come. But luxury's siren voice allures the great unthinking majority, until the rude awakening comes. Luxury and want are apparently two widely divergent points, but extravagance literally devours the distance intervening. For extravagance is not only waste, but it does the further positive damage of disintegrating the moral character of those who are guilty of it. Moreover, it reacts like an enervating drug upon the whole social system of the nation. Easy come, easy go, would be a bad national motto, unless the country were bent on moral and political suicide.

WALTER J. KRANTZ.

Who Are Anarchists?

ANARCHISM, as a philosophy, is the opposite of Socialism. The aim of the Socialists is to center all power in the government and to make the Great State, as they call the prospective socialist arrangement, the controlling factor in nearly every activity of human life. Anarchism thinks that the State already has too much power, and that nearly all the troubles of mankind originate from that fact. Socialism believes in centralization of power more and more, in behalf of the people. Anarchism believes in decentralization for the same reason.

Believers in the theories of anarchism are of two distinct schools, the one believing in the gradual penetration of their doctrines and the other believing that force is necessary. There is great antagonism between the two schools of thought, but both admit that if their philosophy should prevail it would wipe out the weaker mental, moral and physical specimens of the race. This is not a very cheerful outlook for any of us that are privately forced to admit, just to ourselves, that we are not as strong either mentally, morally or physically, as we would wish to be.

We do not know to which of these schools of thought Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman belong. We only know that these two are largely in the public eye at present as they have just been released from prison and are known as anarchist leaders. Berkman is described correctly as "a studious, earnest, widely read man of very pleasant, quiet manner." He designates himself as "an idealist whose views and ideals conflict with those of capital." When asked in court if he was an anarchist he refused to answer further than to say, "The hearing is an invasion of my conscience and my thoughts, not an inquiry into my actions."

In the Homestead steel strike twenty-eight years ago, when he was but a lad, Berkman shot and injured H. C. Frick, and for that crime spent fourteen years in a Pennsylvania prison. His sentence of two years at Atlanta Penitentiary, just completed, was for violation of the sedition act. Miss Goldman was arrested and sentenced at the same time as Berkman and has just been released from the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City.

Both Mr. Berkman and Miss Goldman have issued statements of conditions in their places of confinement that call for investigation and action. Officers who disobey the state or federal rules in their management of prisons are anarchists themselves, are they not? The meaning of the word "Anarchy" is "without rule" and rules are even more necessary for the rulers than for the ruled. If a ruler does not abide by the rules expressly prepared to limit his own power, how can he, with a good conscience, require of others that they keep the rules he is supposed to enforce?

And then comes up the question of Bolshevism. Is that Anarchism? The general idea in the public mind seems to be that it amounts to the same thing, and there has been a vast amount of literature circulated to encourage that idea. But we have an interesting proof that the two are quite different, and that not only in Russia, where the anarchists are recognized as entirely separate and distinct from the Bolshevists (Socialists). We had the illustration in this country, at a lecture room of the Rand School, where there was a lecture on the meaning of the term "soviet." The hour devoted to the lecture on this topic was passed, and the room was occupied by a committee giving careful attention to the housing problem, when it was burst open by a gang that threw them into the street, along with their furniture, and made a complete wreck of the room. The men who broke up this orderly meeting of thinking men and women were anarchists, were they not? If not, what were they? At any rate they were not friendly to the soviet (Bolshevist) idea and made the attack for that reason.

And what about those riots in Omaha? There a mob of five thousand people partially wrecked the county court house with bombs in order to wreak their vengeance on the negro whom they finally succeeded in lynching. All law and order were blown to the winds, and the mayor who attempted to stem the tide was strung up and barely escaped with his life. Is it not a good time to do a little heart-searching on these questions?

On August 9th, Representative Blanton, Democrat, of Texas, introduced in Congress a joint resolution "declaring that a state of anarchy exists in the United States, authorizing the President to free interstate mails and traffic from further unlawful interference, and to adequately protect citizens in their property rights." Here Representative Blanton is apparently accusing one or more departments of the government itself of not living up to the rules which have been prepared by Congress to limit its powers. His position is that the men who have violated these rules are anarchists. Is that true?

At Portland, Oregon, on September 15th, President Wilson expressed a conviction that unless the League of Nations becomes a reality now, existing governments will be overthrown and their form changed. On the same day Senator Overman of North Carolina in the United States Senate used almost the same language, saying, "Until this is done there can be no peace, but unrest, revolution, starvation and anarchy will stalk up and down the world, bringing in its wake destruction of nations, social disorder, wretchedness and finally the extermination of races." Curiously enough only one day previous Arthur Henderson, British labor leader said in the International Socialist conference in Switzerland, that before winter sets in there will be a terrible "spasm of rage and despair among the peoples of Europe during which the final remains of civilization may be totally annihilated." Two days later he said in England, "The present world unrest means that the older order of things is in its death throes."

Two weeks later the Governor of New York summoned the people "to a continual exercise of pure patriotism and love for country and its institutions, to the end that our free institutions and the example of our citizens may offset and check the manifest spirit of unrest and lawlessness," and on October 3rd the president of the Union of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers told the Senate investigating committee that in the refusal of Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, to arbitrate the steel strike, Gary "is sowing the seeds of anarchy."

Now who are the greater anarchists, those idealists like Berkman or Miss Goldman who believe in certain theories which they wish to see established, or those prison officials who disregard the laws made to control them, or those roughnecks who wrecked the socialists' lecture room where the housing problem was being studied, or the mob in Omaha that wrecked the court house and attempted to hang the mayor, or the department heads alleged to be unlawfully interfering with the proper use of the mails, or the enraged and despairing peoples spoken of by the President and by Senator Overman and Mr. Henderson, or ex-judge Gary of the steel trust? It seems clear that the title of anarchists is one that is freely handled by those who do not give the subject very much thought.

That the world is filled with great disorder and violence at present can not be questioned by any intelligent person who reads the news of the day. The causes of this reach back to the Great War. During the days of the war, and before those days, the people who should have been taught to love their neighbors as themselves were taught a lot of other things that are now finding their natural ex-

pression. It is an unhealthy and ungodly sentiment that can be stirred to great enthusiasm and activity only by opportunities to help participate in some form of violence, and cannot be equally enthused by opportunities to help bless the lowly in some quiet unobtrusive way.

RICHARD J. DEGER.

A Winter Night

The sun grew wan, the wind rose high;
Portentous clouds did hide the sky.
The snowflakes fell throughout the night;
And robed the sleeping town in white.

All through the night the storm did blow;
The thresholds blocked with driven snow;
And all the road with billows heaped.
At morn 'mong firs the snowbirds peeped.

A wondrous hood, each cabin's pride,
Tucked in at eaves, the cold defied.
Upon the windows nature's hand
Had sketched the scenes of fairyland.

A. C. Cholley.

When Homer Nods

"WELL, Bob, it's way past ten; I guess I better beat it home. I've got a long, long trail ahead of me, befor I reach the land of my dreams."

"What's your hurry, Jack?...Besides it's still raining mighty hard outside. Why not bunk with me tonight?"

"Nothing doing; how would I ever manage to get to the office on time tomorrow morning?"

"Well, old scout, you know best...Sorry to see you out in the rain...Here take this umbrella with you...Now get home safe."

"Good night, Bob."

Jack Daley and Bob Ward were pals of long standing, having but six months previously completed their college course at St. Mary's.

With lengthy strides, Jack made for the nearest corner, intending to hail car or taxi, whichever hove first into sight. It was a miserable night in which to navigate, and he was growing rather impatient at the delay, when suddenly he was startled by a wild shriek. The next moment a frightened young lady clung panting to his arm.

"Oh, Mister," she gasped, "protect me,...two terrible-looking men have been following me."

Her wholesome up-turned face made her words ring doubly true. All the chivalry of Jack's nature was stirred to its depths. As he glanced down the street, he saw two men scarcely a hundred feet away, in the act of vaulting the bordering hedge.

"Don't fear young lady," he bravely said, "the bums have turned tail...Now which way were you headed?"

"I live out past Hundred and Forty-second Street."

"That's not so very far out of my way," replied Jack, after a moment's reflection. "I'll see you safely home."

"You are very kind indeed, sir, and I greatly appreciate your company."

Once on the car, she informed her valiant champion that her aged father was sick and she had been to the city to get a prescription filled. After this informal introduction, a friendly tete-a-tete ensued, which Jack found quite delightful.

"Hundred and Forty-second," shouted the conductor, and the pair alighted. Upon glancing over his shoulder Jack was quite sur-

prised to notice that two men seemed to be shadowing them. He hadn't noticed them on the car, but there they were. It struck him as being rather odd.

The rain once more began to fall in torrents; large pools of water collected on the sidewalks.

"We've but a short distance still to go," the young lady said, as the houses began to thin out along their path. The city in fact was far behind them. At frequent intervals Jack looked behind him, only to find that the two men were still dogging his footsteps. Finally his fair companion indicated a dark, narrow lane of trees, down which they accordingly proceeded with greater haste. Five or six minutes of floundering brought them up suddenly before an old dilapidated mansion.

"Won't you come in and warm yourself," the girl inquired. "I am sure my father will be glad to meet you and thank you for escorting me home."

Jack thought it wise to accept the invitation, particularly as it presented the best manner of evading his pursuers, whom he had no desire to meet in the dark.

"I'll be glad to get out of the rain for a space," he replied.

The opened door revealed to him, before the brightly blazing fireplace, an old man with long, unkempt, gray hair. He was poorly but quaintly dressed, unlike anybody Jack had ever seen before. At their entry, he lifted his eyes from the huge tome he had evidently been reading, and bent a keen, searching glance, not unmixed with a certain satisfaction, upon the young man. Jack shuddered for an instant; there was something wild, unearthly about those eyes.

"Father," said the girl, "this is Mister Jack Daley, who kindly escorted me home." And she related the manner of their acquaintance.

"Sit close to the fire, young friend, and dry your garments," said the father as he pointed to a large but rickety chair. In the conversation that ensued, Jack had occasion to note the diversity and the accuracy of the old man's knowledge, especially in medical matters. But those eyes had a baleful gleam in them, not unlike those of a maniac. After a half hour, Jack thought it time to betake himself homeward.

"There can be no question of you leaving us tonight, young man. Apart from the weather there is the matter of transportation to be considered, and you are too remote from the usual route of taxis to rely on such a conveyance to reach your quarters. Better stay with

us." Then turning to the girl, "Daughter prepare the third room upstairs."

After some hesitation, Jack half-reluctantly consented to stay. But when the girl left the room, a sense of oppression began to weigh upon him, and his surroundings seemed to assume an air of weirdness that he found hard to explain. For the first time he observed that the walls were hung with sombre draperies, and the idea grew upon him that here was a most appropriate setting for a midnight tragedy. He tried hard to reassure himself, by ascribing all these impressions to his over-wrought imagination. In any case he was no coward and for the sake of the adventure he determined to see the thing through.

The way to his room was shown him by the old man. Every creak of the stairs, ever flicker of the candle that the host carried, sent a chill through the young man's frame.

His room proved to be a fairly large one. The furniture was scanty, old-fashioned and worn. One corner was occupied by a bed,—a huge four-poster, hung with black curtains. Along two of the walls ran large black wooden cases.

"Good night," said the old man, with something akin to a leer, "I hope you sleep well." And he left the room.

"Thank you, I think I will," replied Jack as firmly as he could, though a series of cold spasms rippled up and down his spine.

Left to himself, he tried to forget his vague fears by going straight to bed.

"There's no cause for alarm as yet," he muttered to himself, as he walked to the door to lock it. He found no key in the lock.

"You're a fool to let your fancy run away with you like this," he soliloquized. "Better turn in at once, you'll have to be stirring with the milkman in the morning."

Do what he would, however, no sleep would come to him. Rather grouchily he lit the candle, and cast about for something to help pass the time.

"I wonder what's in those wooden cases." He opened one. To his surprise he found a large number of the finest surgical instruments. He opened another case. It revealed a row of jars, hermetically sealed, containing rather peculiar-looking objects. Jack held one up to the light for closer inspection.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "what's this? A human hand!" Horrified beyond measure, he almost dropped the jar. A cold perspiration burst forth on his brow, and his knees threatened to give way beneath him. Staggering from his horrible discovery, he wildly ex-

amined the room in detail. What was that dark object under the bed? Though shaking in every limb, a fearful fascination drew him on to investigate: and then he well-nigh collapsed. It was a mutilated corpse.

The truth of the situation began to dawn upon him. Everything had been prearranged. He had been lured to the house of a maniac. The old man, no doubt, was a surgeon, broken down in health of mind and body, who was probably continuing his research work on some great surgical problem. And he,—Jack, was to be the next victim on the altar of science.

Jack was no coward, but, just at this stage of his earthly sojourn, he had no desire of furthering the sane or insane progress of surgery. His wits began to work rapidly. Not a whit too soon. Somebody was cautiously moving about downstairs.

He rushed to the window; the window was barred. In this dreadful extremity, a novel plan entered his mind. Extinguishing the candle, he hastily dragged the corpse from its place of concealment, and placed it comfortably in bed. Then he ran to the door; he could hear footsteps approaching. Through a crack in the door he saw the head of the old man emerging above the hallway. In the latter's right hand glittered a long, narrow knife; behind him followed the girl bearing a candle. The door slowly and silently opened.

The rain in the meantime had begun again to beat wildly against the panes. The storm-wind whistled and moaned in the trees. The heavens seemed to be rent by the terrible thunder, whilst great flashes of lightning brilliantly lit up the room.

The old man moved stealthily toward the bed; a dazzling flash discovered the glittering knife raised aloft. The girl covered her eyes. Down came the knife with a sickening thud; then followed a fearful burst of thunder that rocked the house to its foundations.

To spring from behind the door, and bolt out of the room, was but a moment's work for Jack.

"Safe at last!" he almost cried aloud. He ran to the stairs; and suddenly, as the lightning lit up the scene, every nerve in his body quivered. At the foot of the stairs were the two men that had been trailing him earlier in the night. One clutched in his hand an evil-looking dirk, the other shouldered a ponderous club.

Jack quickly resolved upon his next move. He had been a famous football player in his day at college. He decided to fight his way through the two men. With a mighty yell he leaped at them from the top of the stairs. His flying tackle sent the ruffians sprawling, and he held them both with a strangle hold.

Then everything turned black. "Where am I?" shouted Jack, as he found himself choking the two bed posts.

"Well, well," murmured the gentle editor, as he laid the weary blue-pencil aside, "the man who can murder the king's English so heartlessly, deserves all the murderous dreams that come to him." With which annotation he inadvertently sent the copy to the printer and a new name broke into print.

JOSEPH G. WAGNER.

To My Friend

They asked me why, my precious friend,
So much of me I give to thee,
The best of all, I send.

Mere mortal words can ill proclaim
The promptings of my soul;
A gift of God I thee acclaim,
My better self to toll.

Thou wast the dawn bird of my night,
And day for me began;
Thou art the shrine whereat I sight
The fullness of a man.

In thee I see unchanging brow,
Unblemished heart, from world apart:
Are not these cause enow?

—R. J. Kitsteiner.

Fatigue in Industry

PERHAPS no subject so intimately connected with industry has received so little attention in this and other manufacturing countries as the subject of industrial fatigue. It would well repay the deepest study for it is closely connected with the production capacity of the nation. We do not intend to consider the medical side of this question. The economic interest of it is obvious and this is what chiefly concerns us. The value of any results that might be arrived at as a consequence of careful tests would be very high not only for the student, but also for the managers of large concerns who are daily called upon to deal with questions of labor management.

It is only in recent years that any consideration of this form of fatigue was made. It was probably first noticed in Great Britain. In the early days of the great war British munition makers adopted what appeared to be the appropriate method of "speeding up production," viz., the prolongation of hours of labor. Not only was the daily schedule lengthened but Sunday and holiday work was also frequently resorted to. Results did not fulfill expectations. The fact became strikingly evident that there is a limit to the daily capacity of the human machine. This became known as "Industrial Fatigue."

The British people profited by their experience, and fatigue in industry became a topic for study and further investigation. The United States soon became aware of the fact and a committee was formed, the executive secretary of which is Dr. Frederic S. Lee, of Columbia University. Dr. Lee writes of the activities and discoveries of the committee in "Public Health Reports":

"From the standpoint of industrial physiology the industrial worker is looked upon as bringing to the general physical equipment of the factory his own bodily machine, the most intricate of all the machines used in the plant. This machine must be understood, it must be constantly watched, it must be used intelligently, and it must not be abused. Like other industrial machines it can be worked at different speeds, but unlike other industrial machines it cannot be worked for an indefinite period, because it is subject to the limitation of fatigue.

"Fatigue delays work, diminishes output, spoils goods, causes accidents and sickness, keeps workers at home, and in all these ways is an obstacle to efficiency. How fatigue can be kept down to the lowest reasonable limit, how the working power of the individual can be maintained from day to day and from week to week and be made to yield a maximum output without detriment to itself and others—in other words how the human machine can be used so as to obtain from it the most profit—constitutes one of the great industrial problems of the day."

This committee made an intensive study of the output of individual workers and drew up a number of curves corresponding to the daily output observed under different conditions and with different hours of labor. In most cases it was found that there is a gradual rise through the first hour or two and then a fall gradually increasing throughout the remainder of the working period. After the luncheon hour the general form of the curve is repeated with but slight changes in detail. The greater height just after, as compared with the height just before the luncheon hour represents the restorative effect of food and rest; and the lower point of the curve at the end of the second, when compared with that at the end of the first period, signifies the cumulative fatigue of the day.

It has been found that as a general rule longer hours do not mean necessarily a greater output. A man can of course accomplish more in two hours than in one hour, but it was found that he generally could not accomplish more in fifteen hours than in twelve, or more in twelve hours than in ten. For this reason many industries and trades have instituted an eight-hour day, while almost everywhere there has been a reduction of the number of hours of work per day and a weekly half-holiday granted.

Numbers speak louder than words, so we have selected among other statistical evidence these two instances: "With a group of eighty to one hundred women turning aluminum fuse bodies the reduction of the weekly hours of actual work from 66.2 to 45.6, a saving of more than twenty hours, increased the gross production by 9 per cent."

"When the actual weekly working hours of fifty-six men engaged in the very heavy labor of sizing fuse bodies was reduced from 58.2 to 51.2, a saving of more than seven hours, the gross output was increased 21 per cent."

When we consider the enormous loss due to the breakage of tools and materials and to the spoiling of goods, and the large number of accidents caused by industrial fatigue we must realize that the mere

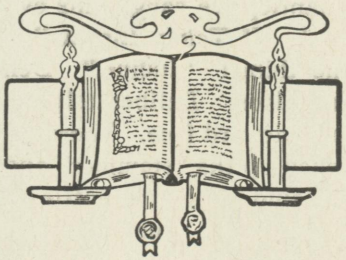
reduction of the daily hours of labor will not suffice. Likewise we must not forget the effect of the great speed at which modern machinery is operated today and the monotony necessarily incurred by the use of this machinery. To remedy these effects there must be a complete recasting of the hours of work; or the introduction of some enlivening factor or of some method of stimulating interest.

The best results in this matter, however, can be secured by the use of intelligent management. As an example of this we might cite the following:

"At a large munitions factory men engaged in the heavy work of molding are required by the management to rest fifteen minutes in every hour of work. The manager was satisfied that this was an arrangement good for the men and for the output. But the men objected to this long spell of rest in each hour because the work was piece-work, and they thought that the production would be lessened by it. The manager accordingly found it necessary to set a foreman to watch and to make the hourly rest compulsory. When this was done the output per hour was found to have actually increased."

Despite the work that has been done and the progress that has been made on these lines in the past, the whole problem of industrial fatigue is still shrouded in obscurity, but we are sure that continued investigations carried out under actual working conditions will completely vindicate, from this unexpected quarter, Divine Wisdom engraven on the tablets of stone: "Six days shall you do work: in the seventh day is the sabbath, the rest holy to the Lord."

WM. J. BOESCH.



Does She?

YOU couldn't tell Tony Creighton anything about women. He knew! He had, at some frivolous pre-historic age of his existence, formulated a wonderfully exalted and ethereal philosophy of women. Woman's pedestal, at that time, excelled the Woolworth Building in height. But that was years ago, years when Tony's eighteen summers spelt idealism. Woman had been his one sublunary deity, he had adored her, **then.** But no more. They were all fickle, cruelly fickle, these women. And Tony flattered himself, moreover, that he had qualified as a championship goat. He had called up "the one and only" that afternoon. Sarah, the little negress, had answered:

"No sah! Miss Vera ain't at home. She's done gone out with another man. Anything you-all want me to tell her?"

That settled Tony. He kicked himself with unwonted vehemence. Now, a broken heart at eighteen is quite a transitory something, easily mended, often improved. But at thirty, when a man feels like getting a real nice girl and settling down to a life in a cozy little cottage with the aforesaid nice girl, to have "your little tootsie" break off your engagement is "an outrage." So Tony reflected bitterly. His disheveled hair stood on end. His hands nervously clasped and unclasped; his cheeks looked hollow and wan. His little world, all his castles in Spain came crashing down about him like a toy-house before a Kansas cyclone. Yes! There was only one way out of it all! He would commit suicide! That was the only way to forget all this buffoonery, this bosh about love and marital happiness.

A bottle on the mantlepiece caught his eye.

"Iodine! Poison! ! If Taken Internally."

That was just the thing! **"Iodine."** Deliberately he took the bottle from its resting-place. Deliberately he regarded it, a faint frown flitting across his haggard face. There was a glass on the table. Slowly he crossed, picked up the "stemmer" and poured out the quarter of an ounce of the liquid left in the bottle. Tony was wholly prepared to leave this dross behind. Inevitably the glass approached his lips and—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling—"

"That infernal telephone bell!" Well, thought Tony, it might be just as well to listen to the last word which the world wished to say to him.

"Hello! Yes, this is Washburn 5260. Yes, my phone's all right. What? You're just testing the line? Shut up! I'm going to commit suicide! Goodbye!"

After several muttered exclamations at the ignorance of telephone operators, the glass was raised again to inviting lips. But again it seemed that the Fates gave Tony a new lease of life. The doorbell rang. Tony's spirits effervesced like bubbles in a glass of Mumm's Extra Dry! "Maybe it was Vera coming to beg pardon for her outrageous conduct." He'd answer the door himself.. He hastily brushed his hair and nervously arranged his neat bow-tie. Glass in hand, he proceeded to the outer portal. But upon opening the door it was not Vera, but a pickle-visaged individual with a sombre looking valise who greeted him—

"My dear man, have you ever been brought to the cognizance of the wonderful effects of Doctor Sidebone's newest poison antidote which—"

The glass fell from Tony's hand in the rage which mastered him and the iodine trickled slowly along the porch.

"You scoundrel! Get out of here! I'm sick of living and now I'm going to commit suicide by drinking iodine. Yet you would sell me a poison antidote to—"

"In that event you are just the man I want to see. Allow me a few mom—"

"Get out, I say," and the door was slammed in the agent's face with a resounding crash.

"Dash it!" soliloquized Tony. "What on earth will I do now. I haven't a beastly thing with which—"

Suddenly he espied his old shotgun standing in the corner. Rushing over he eagerly grasped it. Yes, there was one bullet in it. Aiming it at his head, he pulled the trigger. The one bullet, the only one he had, would certainly kill him. There was a loud report but— only a scorching of the skin. Tony pinched himself. And then he remembered: That bullet was only a blank cartridge to scare whatever burglars he might have. With a groan he flung the gun down in despair.

"The only bullet! Rats! Why in thunderation can't I kill myself if I want to?"

He floundered into the bathroom where the first thing his eyes encountered was a razor. "Just the thing," thought Tony. In less than no time, with the razor poised in mid-air he was again ready to do violence to himself when he felt a sharp clawing on his trouser leg.

"Meow! Meow!"

A howl of rage escaped Tony, and the razor changed its course to be hurled at innocent-looking Tabitha who had pounced upon the window-sill. The razor flew out of the window, lodging in a back-yard elm. Hastening to the casement, Tony saw the death-dealing instrument sunk in the bark thirty feet above the ground. Now Tony had never heard of Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest," so he gazed in dismay at the inaccessible razor.

His disappointed eyes, roving anxiously about, suddenly caught sight of the river flowing below.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered.

Jumping out upon the fire escape he hastened down to the street and across to the Park View bridge. As he dashed madly along the structure he noticed another man mounting the railing. He called to the latter. They were both bent upon the same purpose. Slowly divesting themselves of hats, coats and vests they stood upon the bridge. The flower boxes were a mass of blooms for the occasion.

"Well, goodbye, pal," said Tony cheerfully. "When you go over the top think of me because I'll soon be with you."

"Goodbye, my friend," muttered the other man and hastily jumped from the bridge.

In another instant men were rushing up and poor Tony had no time to leap over the parapet. To go over the top was out of the question, so he accomplished a masterful retreat, considering the crowd that had assembled.

"Well," muttered Tony to himself, when he had finally managed to escape to a friendly ash-can behind Gloom Brother's undertaking establishment. "Well, what's the use? A man can't commit suicide nowadays anywhere. I'll bet the other fellow tried it a dozen times before he succeeded and then he was almost caught in the act. Pshaw! What's the use? I'll live for a while yet, anyway."

It was five o'clock that same evening. Tony crept out of his hiding place behind the old ash-can. "Extra! Extra!" What was that?

"Extra! Extra! Five O'clock Final! Get your latest Times!"

Almost mechanically he bought a paper. And there upon the opening page was a large article:

ONE SUGAR CONSUMER LESS!

In bold type was depicted the finding of coats and hats belonging to Wadsley Crabapple and Tony Creighton, who had both attempted to end their saddened existence by jumping over the railing of the Park View bridge. Crabapple had been seen vaulting the railing and immediate efforts to save him were successful. Creighton,

it was rumored, had preceded Crabapple in his plunge and, it was reported, the strong current soon carried his body away so that it was not recovered. Some said that an accomplice had fled upon the approach of the authorities and the police were even now searching for him to ascertain the cause of the tragedy.

Tony shuddered to read it all. So this was what it came to! Here he was, legally **dead**, he, who had tried to kill himself four, or was it five times, and had failed! Oh! The world was a beastly place, to say the least! Somehow or other, he managed to return to his home without being taken in as "the accomplice whom the police were even now searching for."

Tony spent a week of anonymity in the land of the dead. He never went out. He had all his meals brought to him by a trusty servant. He lived **dead**. But at times even the legally dead yield to an impulse to disport themselves. Accordingly, unable to masticate Pluto's mush and milk any longer, Tony finally made up his mind to do a little turn around the block.

As he went out of the house the newspaper boy cried:

"**Extra! Extra!** Great Fortune Changes Hands!"

Tony bought a paper, the first he had bought since he had read the grewsome tidings of his untimely taking-off. Unceremoniously he jammed "The World" into his pocket, not caring to read the news, but it made him feel that something of the world was about him. At the corner of Merton and Madison Avenues, a young lady ran into him nearly knocking him into the arms of the bus-starter.

"Oh, Tony! I thought you were dead. Is it really you?"

That long-forgotten sound of Vera's voice awoke him as from a dream.

"No! It's my ghost! I'm dead. Didn't you read about it in the papers?"

He gazed up at her. Tony believed her to be twenty-five and she was thirty-five. The contour of her face and certain signs in neck and chin told with precision and emphasis the truth, that twenty creams, rouges, powders and astringents energetically strove to deny.

"I didn't believe it for a minute, dear," she continued. "Oh, Tony, I've been looking for you everywhere. Come here into my new car where we can talk. That's a good boy. Now what have you been doing?"

"I committed suicide because you ran off with some other loafer."

"Oh, I am so sorry dear that you felt that way. You must have been saved to me by some miracle. How did you escape? But, you

were just jealous, dearie. He's just a good friend of the family. You mustn't be that way. Oh, Tony, I'll promise never to go out with anyone else again if you'll only take me back. Please, Tony, I-I want to come back, Tony, my—"

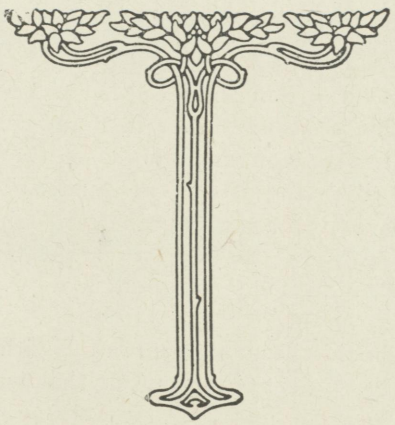
"Surely, my poor little girl, to think that I so misjudged you. I always knew Vera, that you—"

After two hours spent in giving Tony a re-birth, he returned to his lodgings in the best of spirits.

With a French briar, "Tux," and the paper he had bought before meeting Vera, he sat down before the old grate. Slowly he read the feature item about the transference of Jonathan Beancorn's million dollar estate. Jonathan was a half-step-uncle of his. Tony had always prided himself on his genealogical tree, even if he was not an English Lord.

"Gee!" he reflected. "She loves me! She wants me back, me alone. Does she? And me a penniless loafer. She doesn't care for anything else, my money, or my social position, but only me. Does she? I'm surely lucky, if she does. And I'm awfully glad she feels that way about it, otherwise—she might be disappointed when she finds out that it was not I, but a cousin of the same name, who inherited that fortune."

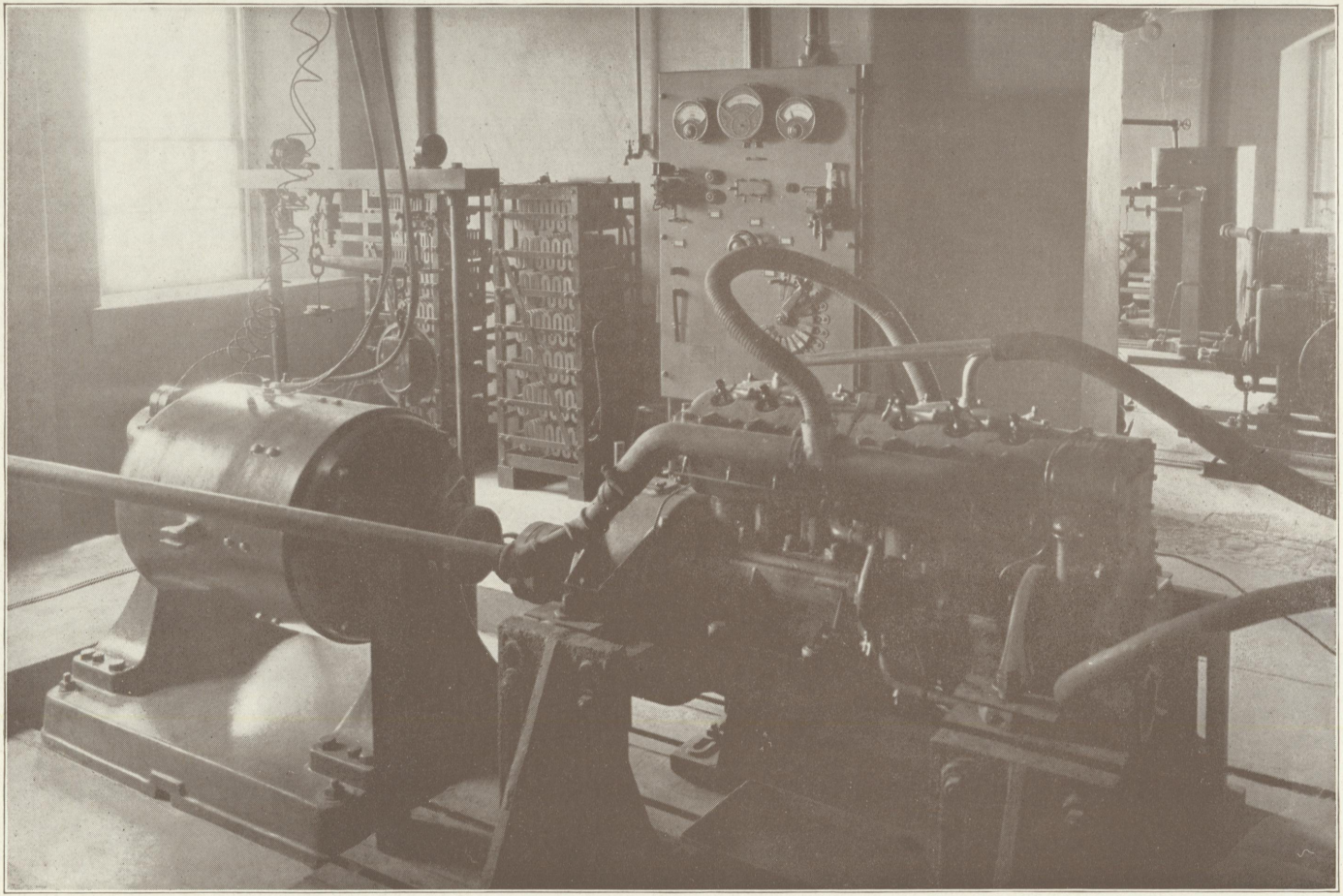
D. HERBERT ABEL.



1. Direct Current Testing Laboratory

2. Alternating Current Testing Laboratory.

3. Three Phase Primary Panel With Transformer and Switchboard giving 2,200 Volts, Three Phase or Single Phase and 440, 220, or 110 Volts Three Phase or Single Phase.



Electro-Dynamometer (Mechanical Engineering Dept.)

A Provocation

IN treating the gigantic disturbance we are experiencing in present-day labor troubles, it is better to handle a particular phase or tendency than to commit oneself to one side or the other, and proceed to build up a defense of statements, which in themselves lack statistical or historical sanction. In a world that still holds some wisdom, it is pedagogic to say, "Labor is right," or, "Capital is right," the while looking askance at the evils of one's own side. Each has its arguments, pro and con; however, the side that harbors the loudest crying evil is first deserving of negative measures.

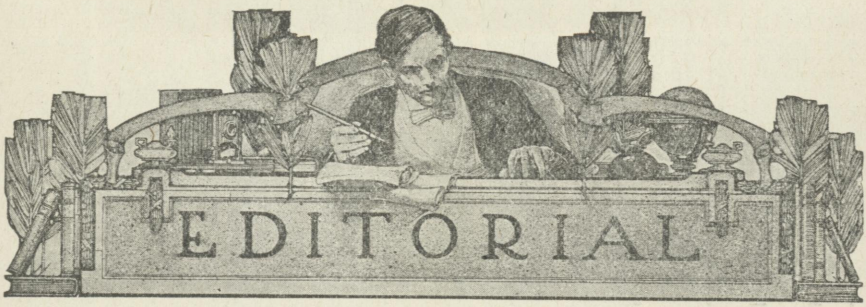
No lengthy argument is necessary to substantiate the statement that, in consequence of labor-union activities, we are being sorely tried by exasperating evils—evils that descended on the nation with the malignity of a plague, arousing apprehension in every individual. Again, no piercing eye was necessary to recognize in these evils the prime motives of those men who called strikes against industries of national importance. Simulating a strike against their employers, these men sat back, not to attend the plea of the captains of the industry, but to await the compelling moment of the nation's privation. They were besieging their own countrymen, banking on the pressure of bare existence to coerce the granting of their demands. Such a policy is self-condemnatory—doubly so when there was no privation on their side to instigate it. We can only see in it a monstrous selfishness; a selfishness that grew from the seditious seeds sowed by "red" forces, which union papers "lament" as existing in their circles; a selfishness that stood at odds with the government and made it an issue whether this is to be a government by the people or by labor unions. We accept this as the apex of the power of Unionism.

The people have voiced their sentiments, and there is no quibbling as to their decision. But popular sentiment is an effervescent something that soon loses force unless materialized into more tangible form. Before the bitter sting of experience is assuaged by time, measures ought to be taken to restrict the enormous power of labor unions. All excesses provoke a balancing effect, and their excess has provoked restraint. The government owes this to the nation which is being throttled by internal strife and its consequences.

The argument alleged, that without the extreme measures just criticized, the cause would not be recognized, can not stand as an argument until there is justification of the cause. Present day lofty aspirations are no "cause." A man must earn the privilege of riding in an automobile, or of owning a home, or a piano, or of sending his boy to college. He will never gain it by employing the boomerang method of reduced production and exorbitant pay.

This is no condemnation of Unionism. It is a condemnation of their excesses. Unions are primarily a good thing, and are consistent with the atmosphere of a democracy, but when they sacrifice the interests of the country at large to contemptible self-aggrandizement, then the limit of toleration is passed. The excesses just perpetrated glaringly displayed the utter inability of unions to exercise the justice we call consideration, and the resulting sentiment is to rest the welfare of the working class with the probity of the government and not with the imprudence of union agitators.

R. J. KITSTEINER.



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The January Exams

That time which every student looks forward to, from the instant he picks up the first book in September until he lays it aside for the Christmas holidays; that time which remains uppermost in his mind during the holidays and oh, how it looms up before him when he returns to his work after that period of joy and happiness; those few momentous days which we have been awaiting so impatiently—perhaps—have arrived at last—the January Exams.

No matter how difficult it may be, there is one thing about this examination—it makes its appearance at a time of the year when it is not hard to prepare for it. The bleak, cold winter days make it a pleasure to repair to a warm, cosy room and absorb the necessary amount of science, classics, or religion.

Outside it is cold and forbidding and there is no chirping of birds nor the fresh smell of flowers and other growing things, not even the call of the great outdoors to cause your mind to wander or stray from the work before you. This very thought should be a strong inducement to you to follow out your "preparedness" program to the smallest detail, and when the time arrives, to "go over the top" with flying colors.

You will all agree with me that this is really the most important of the two bi-yearly "nerve-rackers" and it is but right and proper to

treat it as such. At the time of the June Examination, it is warm and almost impossible to think of studying. You cannot remain in the cramped confines of the study-hall or of your room and you must get out into the air and enjoy the beauties of nature. So why not take advantage of weather which, while not suited to fleeting pleasure is ideal for the purpose outlined and make this examination a decided success—a stepping stone to your life-work?

W. J. B.

A One-Eyed Observation Protestantism, so long regarding the Catholic Church as a slow-moving traditional body seems of late years to have radically changed its opinion. Such is the keynote of a lengthy article in the "Congregationalist": Protestants "should keep their eyes open to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church intends to move forward more strongly than ever before,—they should be more alert to keep pace." The writer calls attention to the advantage that accrued to the Catholic Church here through the visits of the royal Belgian family and of Cardinal Mercier: furthermore he observes that not least noticeable is the "forward movement of the Knights of Columbus" and the "numerous conclaves" held at Washington, which city he sees fit to call a "stronghold of Catholicism."

The article while on the whole not outspokenly hostile, hides nevertheless an undercurrent of resentful bigotry. This undercurrent comes to the surface for an instant in the following: "But in so far as certain objectionable features in the historic policy of the Catholic Church influences its leaders today, or are finding expression in ways inimical to freedom, tolerance, and genuine brotherhood, we believe that such attitudes and endeavors should be discovered, exposed and resisted."

Unless this is an equivocal jab at the Church's attitude toward Socialism and Bolshevism, it is absolutely without meaning. The so-called "Catholic Forward Movement" is Catholicism asserting itself against rabid social demoralizers, against the threatening stampeders of "freedom, tolerance and genuine brotherhood." Protestantism, no doubt, feels a similar duty, but finds itself lacking, however, in the essential unity that makes for strength. It cannot present an undivided front to the forces now threatening the stability of our social order. On the other hand if it cannot keep pace with "the only Church that knows its own mind," it can gain nothing by turning, in an envious mood, against its powerful ally and attempting to handi-

cap her with untenable contradictory accusations. The most bitter opponent of those "inimical to freedom, tolerance and genuine brotherhood," is the Catholic Church.

R. J. K.

The Do-It-Later Club Have you ever, or are you now, paying in your dues to the Do-It-Later Club? Have you ever met, or are you, a Mr. Put-It-Off-Skie? This latter appellation is affectionately bestowed upon the recruiting officer of the army of failures. An inactive, indolent, put-it-off- man dozes, drowses, snoozes his chances of success away. A man of this class is a half brother to the Big clock called Ben. Only for inventive genius, only for men like the parent of Big Ben he would be sleeping until noon.

Preach, live and act Preparedness. When the clouds of examinations loom up on the horizon and shut out the sunlight, just remember that in God's own way the sun is sure to shine somewhere. An examination is at best a faulty test of a student's true worth. The "plugger" may come out on top, but what of that? What is quickly learned is quickly forgotten. It is the hours of honest effort that are going to count later on. "Ut feceris ita metes." Preach, live and act preparedness. Let every day be an honest effort, a worthy preparation, both for examinations and for after life. Don't put it off. Every day lost will be a faded and worthless one. Every tomorrow will be a tattered yesterday if you fail to do the work that day. Resign from The Do-It-Later Club at once and get initiated in The Go-To-It Society.

D. H. A.

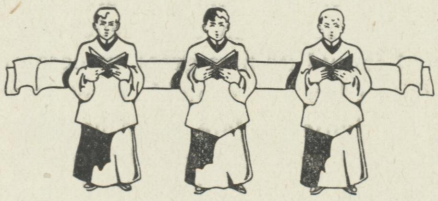
The Glee Club The initial appearance of the Glee Club in the minstrel show this month is an event that deserves more than passing notice. The entertainment surpassed the most ardent expectations, and scored an unprecedented triumph. 'Twere much to be regretted should its first great success of the year be also the last. A good Glee Club is a valuable asset to any College. Unfortunately, student activities of late years have too frequently been limited to the domain of athletics, greatly to the detriment of the broader, more humanizing elements that stand for culture. The Glee Club, we hope, is here to stay.

We will all readily admit that a well-modulated voice of considerable compass is one of the most enviable accomplishments of a young man. How often have you yourself been compelled to play the silent

auditor, when your active participation in the pastimes of a social evening would have meant so much to you in the eyes of others? Yet all the while, when an opportunity is offered to develop this talent of ours, we violently protest that we cannot sing at all, and even modestly refuse to permit a vocal instructor to pass an unbiased judgment upon the possibilities of our voice. There is at times an opinion current in student circles that singing is a rather emasculated art, unworthy of the rugged champion on court and campus. This is one of the most distorted attitudes that a person can assume.

We have often been counseled not to judge a man by first impressions, yet the fact remains that we do, often because we have not the time to cultivate a longer and better acquaintance. By first impressions we might aptly summarize the ensemble of a man's personality that falls primarily within the province of the senses. It is by this ensemble that we either approve or condemn a man, and right or wrong this first verdict often energetically persists. A well-groomed exterior joined to faultless manners have too often been checkmated by a harsh discordant voice. Singing practice is one of the best correctives for personal vocal faults; its results constitute an unfailing source of pleasure to others. We are glad that the College can boast again of a Glee Club and we hope that it has come to stay.

A. S.



Alumni Notes

Joseph G. Deddens Edward G. Heile

Carl J. Saurbier, '11 Our alumnus from Rochester, C. J. Saurbier, is still connected with the Eastman Kodak Company. In his recent newsy letter he tells us that each number of the Exponent is better than the previous one. Thanks, Carl. He extends to the faculty and students his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Same to you, Carl, and let us hear from you again.

C. Columbus Adams, '08 A letter received from C. Columbus Adams brought the news that he is no longer connected with the city office. He has opened his own office at 224 Morton Avenue, Dayton, and is doing surveying and general engineering work. We would like to receive many more letters of this kind, since they contain both news, and something more substantial, a subscription to the Exponent.

William J. Carlton, '16 Bill wrote us from his home, Seville, Ohio, and renewed his subscription to the Exponent. At present he is assisting his father in the management of their big Lone Island Farm. He is very interested in his work and promised to send us some snaps of "life on the farm." Thanks, Bill, we will be glad to hear from you again.

Joseph Weser, '13 Joe is proving to be a big success in the auto business and you will find him on the job at St. Clair Street, here in the Gem City. Recently he donated a motor to the engineering laboratories and he wants to be the one to keep the S. M. C. touring car in tip-top condition. His brother Ed, '15, is in business with Joe and he is another live wire.

Aloys A. Voelker, '06 Aloys visited the Exponent sanctum whilst in Dayton recently for the funeral of his brother, Bro. John Voelker, and recalled the old times of '06 when he was a member of the Exponent staff. Aloys is the big man

in the drafting department of one of the large construction companies of Pittsburg. He is at home at 130 Dunlap Avenue, N. S., with his wife and three small children.

Thomas N. Sunshine, '16 St. Mary's star cornetist of former days writes us from 1321 Lakeview Rd., Cleveland, that he always enjoys reading the Exponent. We quote further from Tom's letter: "I would like to see the former students of St. Mary's who live in Cleveland more active in the interests of the College. If an organization of the Cleveland Alumni could be formed I assure you more good could be done than at the present time." Good for you, Tom. We need more loyal Alumni of your kind.

Thomas G. Kelly, '08 Tom writes us under date of December 12: "I am at present engaged in the oil business here in Sapulpa, Oklahoma. I am married and have a Thomas Kelly, Jr. that might some day take my place at S. M. C." Here is the latest about your friends William McDonald, '09, and Matthias Wagner, '08. Bill is the general manager of the Burke Motor Car Co. of Springfield, Ohio, and he is at home at 612 Madison Avenue. Matthias Wagner is doing very successful work in the medical profession in Lima.

William N. Nushawg, '16 In the Christmas number of the N. C. R. News we notice an article entitled "The Value of Home Study" written by William Nushawg. Bill is working in the Engineering Drafting Department of the Cash Register Company.

Victor J. Kuntz, '08 The following facts are gathered from a letter of Victor Kuntz to the Exponent Staff: Since he was honorably discharged from the army last February where he held the title of sergeant-major he has located in the Gem City and started his own business, the Hilton Grocery and Meat Market. He was married last May to Miss Blanche Steigerwall of Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio. Congratulations and all success to you, Vic.

Ralph Wirshing, '17 Ralph is working at the Dayton Research Laboratories but he always finds time to come out to S. M. C. and write up the varsity basketball games for the Dayton Journal.

Frank J. Becker, '91 From Bro. Lewis Bornhorn, S. M., principal of the Catholic High School of Hamilton, Ohio, we were pleased to learn that our alumnus of the early nineties is the vice-president of the Beckett Paper Co. of Hamilton. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic High School. Mr. Becker resides at 320 N. Third Street.

Francis J. Ligday, '16 Frank is attending Duquesne University, Pittsburg, and from an article "Did the War Teach Us Thrift," signed Francis J. Ligday, '20, we infer that our alumnus must be an active member of the Monthly's editorial staff. Let's hear more of you, Frank.

John Trunk, '13 The following encouraging words about the Exponent come all the way from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "It is really surprising how much news can be gathered for a college magazine. Between the alumni notes, athletic notes and other things not the least of which are the splendid articles and clever short stories, you have quite a creditable paper and one with a good advertising revenue it seems." Thank you, John, and all success to you.

Paul Ohmer, '18 Paul has a fine position in the Chemical Lab of Procter & Gamble Soap Co. at Ivorydale near Cincinnati.

Christmas Visitors Quite a number of the younger set of the Alumni called at the College during the holidays. Here are some of the names: Joe Schaefer from Boston Tech, Eddie Kuntz from Yale, Norman Hochwalt and Clifford Weis from Ohio State Medical School, Bill Sherry from Akron, Carl Ryan and Robert Sherry from the Seminary at Cincinnati and John Crowley from Newark, N. J. John just finished equipping the new Chemical Lab of the Patton Paint Co. of Newark, but he will not be able to enjoy the fruits of his work as he expects to be promoted to the position of assistant manager of the firm.

George Bryan, '17, from Cleveland called at the College before Christmas and was much pleased to see the new club rooms for the College division.

The Cadets The former St. Mary Cadets are once more in the field under their old title and they expect to show the people of Dayton some real style of basketball. Their line-up includes these stars of the court: Al Mahrt, Norb and Hugh Sacksteder, "Babe" Zimmerman, Harry Solimano and Bill Varley. Al Gessler is again their manager. Father Alphonse Schumacher, the star center of the old team before he entered the seminary, shows his great interest in his old pals by coming out to the College to watch the boys practice. Father Schumacher has organized a team among the young men of Emmanuel parish and they expect to have a stiff schedule.

Here and There We gather the following items from the subscription renewals:

Walter L. Connors, '05, of the law firm of McCall & Connor, is located in the Dayton Savings and Trust Bldg.

Ralsin T. Morin, '14, of Temperance, Mich., tells us that his brother Roscoe, '09, was released from service the past July.

William R. Reith, '13, is pursuing his ecclesiastical studies at St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa.

John F. A. Meyer, '08, of 529 Dandrige St., Cincinnati, wants to be remembered to his former prefect, Brother Thomas Seebald, and he expects to pay us a visit in the spring.

Robert S. Hayes, '03, is with the Industrial Commission of Ohio at Columbus.

Louis E. Moosbrugger, '00, renewed his subscription to the Exponent and sent us one also for his sister, Sister Clare Agnes of Notre Dame Convent, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

W. Howard Keyes, '15, is connected with the Division of Legal Aid of the Department of Public Welfare of Dayton.

C. Foster Hahne, '15, is with the Dayton Tool Company, located in the new Dickey Building.

Hawaiian Wedding The announcement has reached us from the far away paradise of the Pacific, that Miss Anne Rose Lauloho Lindsey became the bride of our erstwhile champion athlete, Henry Lai Hipp, on December 20, 1919. The wedding was followed by a Reception and Laian and a big dance. Congratulations, Henry. We are sorry we can't give our readers more news about you. Let's hear from you.

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

Wm. Durkin, Bro. Jos. Lattner, S. M., John Mueller, Bro. Wm. Dapper, S. M., W. H. Keyes, R. A. May, Bro. Albert Kaiser, S. M., Bro. Edw. Lynch, S. M., Bro. Wm. Waldeck, S. M., Louis Moosbrugger, C. J. Saurbier, Carl J. Hahn, David A. Kersting, C. Foster Hahne, Walter Connors, Victor Kuntz, Robert Hayes, Jos. Pater, Louis Leyes, Rev. John L. Kelley, W. J. Carlton, Louis E. Favret, Edgar W. Smith, Carl Mettler, Herman Trunk, Rev. Thomas J. Cobey, Columbus Adams, John F. Meyer, Waldemar Schmitt, Wm. A. Reith, Ralson Morin, Jos. Kernan, John Burgmeier, Geo. A. Muth, Thomas G. Kelley, M. J. Daeges, Rev. Michael P. Louen, John Breen, Leo P. Dolan, V. R. Donaghy, Otto Behrer, Henry Hollencamp, Edwin Bradmiller, William Kuntz, Thos. N. Sunshine, Bro. Lewis Bornhorn, S. M., Edmund Zettler, Jos. J. Schaefer.

Acknowledgment The department of Mechanical Engineering takes great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a $1500 check for a Sprague Electro-Dynamometer. The donor is one of the oldest of the S. M. C. alumni, Mr. Will I. Ohmer, president of the Recording and Computing Machines Co., of Dayton. Many thanks, kind friend, from Alma Mater. A cut of the new machine may be seen in this issue of the Exponent.

Joseph J. Kuhn of the class of '19 of the Mechanical Engineering Department, is the first of his class to remember this department with a substantial check as an appropriate Christmas gift. Thank you, Joe.

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR DECEMBER

Collegiate Department

Senior Chemical Engineering—Wilbur Yackley, 95; Carroll Hochwalt, 93.
Senior Electrical—Matthew Cahill, 89; Howard Hetzel, 88.
Junior Chemical—Mark Thompson, 92; Henry Stang, 91; Robert O'Hearn, 91.
Junior Electrical—Walter Curtis, 97; Andrew Kuntz, 95.
Sophomore Engineers—Edward Finan, 97; Jos. Murphy, 97; Ralph Pauly, 97; Rene Cros, 96.
Sophomore Premedics—Harold Kemper, 89; Walter Roehl, 81.
Sophomore Arts—Herb. Abel, 97; Ray Kitsteiner, 97; Carl Mueller, 91; Anth. Hemmert, 91.
Freshman Engineers-A—Alvin Rabe, 95; Elmer Steger, 94; Clarence Paulus, 91; Edward Winterhalter, 91.
Freshman Engineers-B—John Schomaker, 92; Quenton Guenther, 89; John Healy, 89.
Freshman Arts—Robert Von Koenel, 91; Paul O'Brien, 90.
Freshman Premedics—

High School Department

Fourth High-A—Lewis Sherer, 96; Walter Kinzig, 95; Jos. Maloney, 95; Jos. Schwind, 95.
Fourth High-B—George Donovan, 95; Cyril Scharf, 95; Ben Seidenstick, 95; Sylvester Stemley, 94.
Third High-A—Raymond Scheckelhoff, 97; Robert Wintermeyer, 96; Norbert Hellmann, 94; Albert Dirscherl, 93.
Third High-B—Jos. Koehler, 95; Ernest Lamoureux, 94; Lionel Bradmiller, 92.
Third High-C—Carl Ramus, 95; Vernard Bremer, 94; John Russell, 93; Sylvester Heckman, 90.
Second High-A—Vincent Koepnick, 98; Fred Meade, 97; Harry Heider, 96; Charch McGee, 95.
Second High-B—Edw. Van Leunen, 97; Charles Himes, 96; Willard Brunsman, 94.
Second High-C—Geo. Geis, 96; Edward Keefe, 95; Martin Murphy, 95; Chas. Falkenbach, 93; Omer Burdick, 93.
First High-A—Herman Brunner, 97; Jos. Unger, 96; Harry Breen, 95; William Carey, 92.
First High-B—John Price, 97; Robert Renner, 95; Myron Fultz, 93.
First High-C—Jerome Gibson, 99; Harold Thomas, 99; Robert Adelberg, 98.
First High-D—Robert Minerup, 98; John Waluizsis, 97; Lawrence Staub, 96; Robert Wirsching, 96.
First High-E—Louis Schulze, 97; Robert Wihler, 96.

Business Department

Second Business—Louis Mason, 89; A. Damm, 85; Max Brunner, 85.
First Business—Alex Millmon, 93; James O'Meara, 93; J. A. Sanchez, 92; Noriega Genaro, 92; Evaristo Freiria, 91.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Jos. Keller, 93; Cletus Corbett, 92; Lawr. Bentz, 91; Robert Beck, 88.
Seventh Grade—Clifford Magle, 92; Howard Crush, 91; William Keller, 90; Chas. Gartland, 90; William Kehm, 90.
Sixth Grade—Robert Dinkel, 94; Paul Purpus, 93; Chas. Megerle, 92; Robert Van Leunen, 92.
Fifth Grade—August Senf, 93; Dickson Burrows, 92; Thomas Berry, 91; L. Wirth, 89.

Reception of Sodalists

On Thursday, December 4, eighty students were received as members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Rev. Martin Molloy of Loveland, Ohio, presided at the ceremony assisted by Rev. Francis May and Rev. George Renneker. The President, Father Tetzlaff, was master of ceremonies and Mr. Vincent Molloy was the presiding prefect. The chapel was filled with assisting sodalists.

After Holy Mass, at which all received Holy Communion, Father Molloy gave a very timely and instructive talk on vocation. He presented the Immaculate Patroness of the sodality as a model of obedience to the Divine Will, and urged all to imitate and confide in her. It was impressive and edifying to hear these eighty boys and young men through their presiding prefect beg to be enrolled in Mary's militia. Their request was granted. Then followed their pledge of fidelity to the rules of the sodality and their generous consecration to Mary Immaculate. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony.

The Lilioukalani Hawaiian Quartette

The Hawaiians in their fourth successive appearance at St. Mary College, entertained as usual a capacity audience on December 16. It seems that these entertainers have found an undying place in the hearts of the patrons of the Lyceum Course. They are always greeted here with enthusiasm and approval.

Their program consisted of various popular songs and Hawaiian selections sung with guitar and ukelele accompaniment. The guitar solos of "Joan of Arc," "My Rosary," and "Beautiful Ohio," the guitar duet of "Till We Meet Again," and the pathetic song of farewell, composed by the Queen of Hawaii were genuinely artistic.

DANIEL McCARTHY.

Christmas Celebrations

Friday, December 19, was fixed for the Going-Home Day. In anticipation of the Christmas joys at home, the various divisions held festivities in the evening the day before. All the club rooms were tastily decorated, and the Christmas spirit with its good cheer and fellowship prevailed.

With the Juniors On Monday evening, December 15, the Juniors had their Christmas Social. With plenty of jazz music speeches and an abundance of good eats, the evening passed very pleasantly. On this occasion the newly designed and classy monograms were awarded to the following members of the 1919 champion football team: M. Rader, C. Meyers, A. Strosnider, J. Schulte, N. Konen, C. Falkenbach, G. Covert, W. Staab, O. Austin, N. Hellman, and E. Welsh.

With three cheers for the team, Santa Claus and everybody, the celebration came to a close; the boys retiring and dreaming of "Home Sweet Home," which they were to see again in a few short days.

N. HELLMAN.

Third Division In this division an interesting program of bowling, pool, billiards, checkers and chess was carried out, after which refreshments were served. The members of the various committees are to be congratulated. Everyone was put into a happy Christmas spirit and will remember the evening as one of real enjoyment.

With the Minims The Minims were agreeably surprised to find out that Santa had not forgotten them on his trip from the land of ice and snow. In the midst of their feastings they were startled by Santa and Ruprecht as the latter burst in upon them. Now began the rollicking time of the afternoon fraught with laughter and merriment. After spending a very enjoyable afternoon the Minims brought the "bust up party" to a fitting close by singing an adaptation of the famous "Hail, hail.". That of the Minims was: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here, soon we wont' be here."

Engineering Notes December 17, 1919, the members of the Engineering Society of St. Mary College heard an interesting lecture on the subject of "Paints" by a chemical technologist, Mr. Fasig of Lowe Brothers, Dayton, Ohio. The information imparted was of a practical nature. Having once been a tutor himself he knew how to hold the attention of the audience. He drew copiously from his experience in the paint and varnish business during many years. The data which he brought forth served to exemplify his theoretical remarks concerning pigments and varnishes. And to make more lasting still certain points of his lecture, a series of slides were projected on the screen by the assistant of his own laboratory. Through the columns of the Exponent we publicly acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Fasig for the courtesy shown us.

EMIL KESSLER.

Music Notes The S. M. C. Band gave its first concert at the opening of the basketball season. The following program was well rendered and appreciated by the large crowd of rooters: March "Welcome" Bennett; March "Endeavor" Huff; Song "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," Kenbrovin; March "Aerial Corps" Nicholson; Chorus "Hail, Hail" Bellstedt; Waltz "Daisies Won't Tell" Owen; March "Show Boy" Huff.

At the "Movies" the student orchestra is entertaining the boys with popular music and jazz noise. The boys are preparing a nice program for the Minstrel Show and the College Orchestra is studying some good classic and standard music for the lecture courses and other events.

Holidays at College

St. Mary's counts among its students some that come from distant States, Mexico, Porto Rico, and even far-off France, China and Japan. These spent agreeable Christmas holidays at College. Solemn Midnight Mass with Te Deum and Christmas carols began the festivities. A genuine Christmas atmosphere was created in the refectories and club rooms by festoonings of holly, cedar and gay streamers. The cook helped along Christmas cheer by savory dishes. The evenings passed rapidly and happily at the movies.

On December 30 the spacious biological lecture-room was teeming with young life and gayety. A large group of orphans were entertained with musical selections and interesting movies. After two hours of laughter and fun they were treated to ice cream, cake and fruit. The entertaining and refreshment committees under the able direction of Brother Joseph Wiesmann, realized the truth of the saying that it is more blessed to give than to take when they took leave of these happy youngsters. The beaming faces of the latter were proof of the pleasant memories they were taking with them of their Christmas at St. Mary's.

Austrian Relief Fund

The relief campaign conducted recently at the College for the welfare of the Austrian Province of the Society of Mary has succeeded beyond the most optimistic expectations. The contributions of the students, their parents and friends of the College have amounted to $1,500.00. Upon an appeal made by the Rev. President to the War Chest Fund of Dayton this organization sent a check for $1,000.00. This gives a total of $2,500.00. This sum will certainly help to alleviate the wretched conditions of the stricken houses of the Society of Mary in Austria. The President and faculty of the College in their own name and in that of the Brothers and pupils of the Austrian Province hereby thank all for their generous contributions. The Divine Master who promises an eternal reward for the cup of water given to the least of His brethren in His name, will certainly not let this example of Christian charity go unrewarded.

The Exponent has been requested to publish the following list of contributors to the Austrian Fund:

AUSTRIAN RELIEF FUND

(To be completed in the next issue)

Senior Engineers—Wm. Boesch, $1.00; Oloys Crowley, $1.00; Edward Happensack, $5.00; Howard Hetzel, $1.00; Carroll Hochwalt, $1.00; George Hochwalt, $1.00; Emil Kessler, $1.00; Wilbur Yackley, $1.00. Anonymous, $1.00; Anonymous, 25c.

Junior Enginers—Adrain Buerger, 50c; Walter Curtis, $1.00; John Halpin, $1.00; Edward Horan, $1.00; Adrian Kuhn, 50c; Andrew Kuntz, $1.00; Theodore Lienesch, 50c; Robert O'Hearn, $1.50; Henry Stang, $5.00; James Summers, 25c; Mark Thompson, $1.00; Alph. Weckesser, $1.00.

Sophomore Engineers—Fr. Elardo, 50c; Henry Faas, $1.00; F. Ferrara, $2.00; Edward Finan, $1.00; Roman Gerber, $5.00; C. Geppert, $2.00; John Griesemer, $1.00; C. Hellebush, $1.00; R. Hieber, $3.00; J. Hochwalt, 50c;

Thomas Hook, $1.00; George Kirby, $1.00; Harold Kramer, $1.00; Edward Kremer, $1.00; Stephen Maloney, $1.00; Joseph Murphy, $20.00; Ralph Pauly, $5.00; Robert Payne, $1.00; Ramon Schmitter, $1.25; Robert Stewart, 50c; Adolph Stuhlmueller, $1.00; Clarence Teders, 50c; Robert Wooster, $1.00.

Sophomore Arts—Anthony Hemmert, $2.00; Carl Mueller, $1.00; Martin Wilkinson, $1.00; Raymond Kitsteiner, $1.00.

Sophomore Premedics—Richard Deger, $2.00; Edward Duffy, $2.00; Lyman Kauffman, $2.00; Harold Kemper, $1.00; Vincent Molloy, $1.00; Walter Roehl, $1.00.

Freshman Arts—John Favret, $1.00; Myles Knechtges, $1.00; Robert Von Kaenel, $1.00; William Slagle, $1.00; Paul O'Brien, $3.00.

Freshman Premedics—Thomas Dietz, $7.50; Ralph Killoran, 50c; Paul Kolbe, 50c; Ignacio Llano, $1.00; Edward McInerhney, $1.00; Matthew Mackmull, 50c; Wm. Manchester, 50c; Harold Murphy, $1.00; Oliver Pecord, $1.00; Anonymous, $2.50.

Freshman Engineering-A—Ohmer Billet, $1.00; Victor Bucher, $1.00; Ades Cholley, $1.00; Alfred Damm, $5.00; Jos. Falkenbach, $2.00; Walter Farren, $1.50; Howard Fogarty, $1.00; Herbert Hannegan, $1.00; Raymond Helmig, $1.00; Thomas Kehoe, $1.00; Walter Krantz, $1.00; Ferd. Miller, $1.00; Richard Muth, 25c; Clarence Paulus, $1.00; Alvin Rabe, $1.00; Philip Rudd, $1.00; Ed. R. Schneider, 50c; Elmer Steger, $1.00; Joseph Wagner, $10.00; Edward Winterhalter, $1.00.

Freshman Engineering-B—Vincent Agnew, $1.00; Eugene Falkenbach, $5.00; Quinton Guenther, $22.00; George Kramer, $5.00; Frank Kronauge, $1.00; Fred Pfarrer, $1.00; Alfred Polliquin, $3.00; John Schomaker, $1.00; Carl Theuring, $1.00.

High School Department

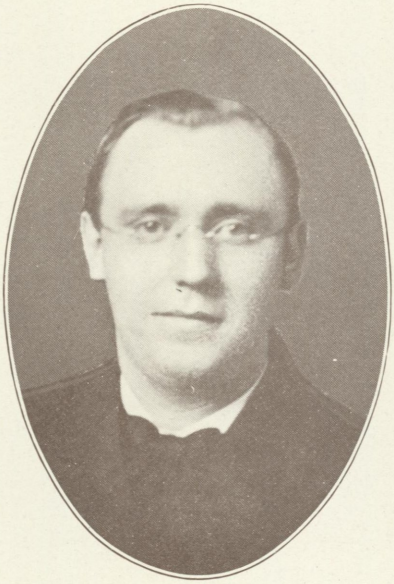
Fourth High-A—James Burkhardt, $1.00; Clarence Derby, $1.00; William Fiel, $1.00; John Gitzinger, $1.00; James Hartnett, $1.00; Albert Hodapp, $1.00; John Holtvoigt, $1.00; Norman Jacques, $1.00; Farrell Johnston, $1.00; Walter Kinzig, $1.00; Wm. Kohl, $1.00; Carl Lienesch, $1.00; Joseph Maloney, $1.00; Eugene Mayl, $6.00; Daniel McCarthy, $1.00; John Miles, $1.00; Norbert Pfeiffer, $1.00; Edward Richardson, $1.00; Alvin Sacksteder, $1.00; Alvin Saettel, $1.00; Louis Sherer, $1.00; Joseph Schwind, $1.00; Ivo Stelzer, $1.00; John Supensky, $1.00; Louis Weidner, $1.00; Edward Koehnen, $1.00; Harold Deman, $1.00.

Fourth High-B—William Janning, 25c; Ben Seidenstick, 25c; Norbert Westbrock, 25c.

Third High-C—Vernard Bremer, $1.00; Herbert Eikenbary, $1.00; Fred Gwinner, 50c; Sylvester Heckman, $1.00; Lawrence Kissling, $2.00; Joseph Lamoureux, 50c; Nicholas Lause, $1.00; Emmet McIntosh, $1.00; Ernest Mueller, $1.00; Edw. O'Connell, $1.00; Casimir Petkewicz, $1.02; John Russell, $1.27; Herbert Wagner, $1.03; Charles Wolf, $1.00; John Zimmer, $1.00; Extra, 98c.

Third High-B—Joseph Amann, $1.00; Joseph Bach, $1.00; R. Blackburn, $1.00; Lionel Bradmiller, $1.00; John Brown, $1.00; Leo Canny, $1.00; John Davis, $1.00; Russell Fiel, $1.00; Wm. Focke, $1.00; Frank Hagan, $1.00; Leo Hemberger, $1.00; Richard Hochwalt, $1.00; Victor Keuping, $1.00; Joseph

In Your Charity
Pray for the Repose of the Soul of



Brother John Voelker, S. M.

who died December 20,, 1919, at Dayton, Ohio
after an exemplary life as a religious
in the Society of Mary

R. I. P.

The grim Reaper has claimed another member of the faculty of St. Mary College, in the person of Bro. John Voelker, S. M., who died at St. Elizabeth Hospital, December 20, 1919, from a complication of intestinal troubles. A very critical operation was performed Saturday morning, December 20, and the patient's vitality was too low to offset the severe shock of the operation.

Bro. John Voelker was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania thirty-five years ago and he received his early education from the Brothers of Mary at St. Mary School, Pittsburg. He entered the Society of Mary in 1899 and after the completion of his studies at the Normal School of the Society of Mary, he taught in Baltimore, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and at Holy Rosary School and Holy Trinity School, Dayton. During the past six years Bro. Voelker has been a member of the faculty of St. Mary College, and during the three years prior to his death he held the responsible position of secretary to the President of the College. In this capacity Bro. Voelker gained the esteem and affection of the entire faculty and student body by his untiring devotion to his work and his ever cheerful disposition.

The deceased is survived by his father, two brothers Aloys and Edward, and a sister Mrs. Anna Stich, all of Pittsburg. We wish to extend our sincerest sympathy to the father and brothers and sister, and we recommend the soul of the departed Brother to the prayers of the readers of the Exponent.

R. I. P.

Koehler, $1.25; Vincent Lang, $1.00; George Pflaum, $3.00; Richard Sparrow, $1.00; Albert Tischer, $1.00; V. Weckesser, $1.00; R. Whalen, $1.00.

Second High-A—Charles Allhoff, $1.05; Joseph Bender, $1.10; Carl Buerk, $1.10; Thomas Burkhardt, $1.10; Edw. Carey, $1.15; John Donahue, $1.00; Fr. Doody, $1.05; Chas. Dumford, $1.50; Chas. Federer, $1.00; Gagle Fleming, $1.10; Edw. Fitzgerald, $1.10; Edw. Gerlaugh, $1.00; Harry Heider, $1.05; L. Holtmann, $1.05; V. Koepnick, $1.00; Richard Kuntz, $11.00; Geo. Krug, $1.10; Edw. Kyne, 1.25; Edw. Lienesch, $1.10; Louis Mahrt, $1.00; Charch McGee, $1.10; Raymond Nartker, $1.05; Edw. O'Connor, $1.10; Emmet Reese, $1.00; Maurice Reichard, $1.25; D. G. Reilly, $1,35; Lester Reising, $1.10; John Schneider, $1.10; Wilfred Sherman, $1.15; Cyril Stelzer, $1.00; Thomas Tierney, $1.00; Robert Truxel, $1.00; Roland, Wagner, $1.25; Ralph Weidner, 50c; Henry Weser. $1.00; Robert Zeitler, $1.00; Extra, $1.25.

Second High-B—Richard Bettinger, $1.50; Alfred Deger, $1.00; John Dowd, $1.25; Thomas Gilfoil, 50c; Charles Himes, $1.75; Herman Hohm, 75c; Joseph Janning, 50c; William Kissling, $2.00; Chas. Kohl, $1.00; Albin Kosater, 50c; Joseph Lair, $2.25; Robert LaVielle, $2.00; Theodore Luthman, 50c; Jas. Mangin, $1.00; Arthur Meyring, 75c; Edward Minnerup, $1.00; Telford Moonert, $1.00; Charles Mueller, 75c; Oscar Schaaf, 50c; William Schantz, $2.70; Charles Schoff, $1.00; Raymond Schroll, $5.00; Louis Silbereis, 50c; Alfred Wenzel, 50c; Andrew Witt, 50c.

First High-A—Wm. Bickford, 50c; Carroll Bishop, 50c; Raymond Bucher, $1.00; Wm. Carey, $1.00; Louis Chaney, $1.00; Richard Clemens, $1.00; James Duffy, 35c; Francis Eggers, $5.00; Herbert Gloor, $1.00; Robert Huesman, 75c; Reginald Kurfiss, 35c; Frank Luken, 50c; Howard Meyer, 50c; Alfred Pfeiffer, $1.00; Harry Reboulet, 50c; Clement Smedley, 50c; John Tierney, 50c; Joseph Unger, $1.00.

First High-B—Fred Berner, $1.00; Clarence Brun, $1.50; Richard Buzzard, 50c; Eugene Chapin, 50c; Edwin Doerfler, 50c; James Fultz, 75c; Joseph Goetz, 50c; Wm. Himes, 25c; W. Hopfengardner, 50c; Norman Kelly, $1.00; James Kirk, $1.00; Louis Makley, 50c; Lester Miller, $1.00; Chas. Peterman, 25c; Robert Renner, $1.00; John Retter, 50c; Fred Rost, $1.00; Joseph Steffen, $1.00; Louis Stuhldreher, $1.00.

First High-C—Robert Adelberg, $1.25; Averton Demann, $1.00; Robert Dove, $1.00; Robert Doyle, $1.00; Bernard Foley, $1.00; Jerome Gibson, $1.00; John Gorman, $1.00; Herman Hale, $2.00; Thomas Kirk, $1.00; Raymond Leyes, $1.00; Clarence Maley, $1.00; Paul Melke, $1.50; Herman Reboulet, $1.00; Harold Thomas, $1.00; Bernard Westendorf, $2.00; John Wilson, 50c.

First High-D—Elmer Blank, $1.00; Chas. Brookey, $1.00; Chester Graham, $1.00; H. Kappeler, $1.00; Alvin Kling, $1.00; John Koors, $1.00; Raymond Michel, $1.00; Cyril Miller, $1.00; Robert Minnerup, $1.00; Anthony Reiter, $1.00; Joseph Scott, 50c; Lawrence Staub, $1.00; Herman Wartinger, $2.00; John Waliuszis, $1.00; Henry Wolf, $1.00; Robert Wirsching, $1.00.

First High-E—Irwin Besch, 25c; Victor Comer, 50c; Harry Deters, $1.00; Adolph Geiger, $1.25; Jerry Goetz, $1.00; Urban Herbert, 25c; Joseph Kuntz, 50c; Louis McAnespie, $1.00; L. Mahlmeister, $1.75; Roscoe Mitman, $1.00; Albert Osterday, $1.00; Daniel Poliquin, $2.50; Louis Schulze, $4.00; Ralph Sherer, 25c; Ambrose Smith, 25c; Earl Spriggs, $1.50; John Zimmerman, $1.00.

First Business Class—Vincent Brunner, $1.00; John Cogan, $1.00; Carl Focke, $1.00; Norwood Gross, $1.00; Henry Kleimeier, $3.00; Bernard Maley, $1.10; N. McGreevey, $1.00; Wilbur Orth, $1.00; Raymond Ostendorf, $1.00; Francis O'Meara, $1.00; James O'Meara, $1.00; John Piatt, $1.00; Thomas Sage, $1.00; Lawrence Schlipf, $1.00; Raymond Sweetman, $1.00; Joseph Thobe, $1.00.

Second Business Class—Charles Brown, 50c; Daniel Fritch, 50c; Robert Lesher, $1.00; Lewis Mason, $1.00; William McCarthy, $2.00.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Lawrence Bentz, $1.00; Walter Feldman, $1.00; Robert Giesler, 25c; Geo. Haley, $1.00; Robert Hazlett, 25c; Raymond Herbert, $5.00; Joseph W. Keller, $1.00; Joseph Kelly, $1.00; Steve Kender, $2.00; Ohmer Kraft, 50c; Peter Krusoczky, $1.00; William Larkin, $1.11; Chas. LeJeune, 75c; Andrew Patko, $1.00; Joseph Richardson, $1.00; Clayton Saettel, $1.00.

Seventh Grade—Andrew Aman, $5.00; Robert Bowman, $1.00; Frank Brechak, $1.00; Howard Crush, 75c; William Kahm, $1.00; Wm. Keller, $1.00; John Kender, $1.50; John Kroger, $1.00; John Magly, 50c; Paul Musselman, $2.00; Joseph Williamson, $1.00; Maurice McDermott, 25c; Lyndon Hoffman, 50c.

Sixth Grade—Richard Jordan, 25c; Ralph King, 5c; Joseph Markle, 56c; Wm. Patterson, 70c; Marvin Piehler, 50c; Wm. Popp, 50c; Paul Purpus, $1.50; Orlando Scarpelli, $1.00.

Fifth Grade—August Senf, 25c; Benno Ruge, 25c; Leon Wirth, 25c.

Friends and Benefactors—Oscar M. Back, $5.00; Edwin G. Gerdes, $5.00; Bro. Paul Fernandez, $2.00; Mrs. Reynolds, $5.00; Otto Behrer, $5.00; Ben Ziehler, $25.00; Mrs. P. J. Agnew, $4.00; Mrs. Peter Kuntz, $25.00; Mrs. A. Boehmer, $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. James R. Hill, $5.00; Mrs. Von Mach, $10.00; Peter M Foley, $2.00; A Benefactor, $100.00; A Friend, $50.00; Mrs. Mary Ruf, $5.00; Father Stein, $5.00.

First Division Students—Alfredo Aponte, $1.00; Louis Baur, $2.00; Max Brunner, 50c; Eugene Busch, $25.50; Everett Calhoun, $1.00; Wm. Clendenin, 50c; Francis Clifford, 50c; Leo Collins, $1.00; Wm. Crow, 50c; Arthur Damm, $5.00; Joseph Deddens, $10.00; George Donovan, 50c; Dominic Donisi, $1.00; J. T. Donnelly, $1.00; John Donohue, 25c; Leonard Dorger, $1.00; Arnold Duemer, $5.00; Ben Ebelhardt, $5.00; Edmund Flowers, 75c; Paul Fox, $10.00; Louis Freeman, $1.00; Wm. Frischkorn, $1.00; Wm. Fritz, $1.00; Nicholas Gausephol, $2.00; Roy Gingerich, $1.00; Carl Goulding, 25c; George Hahn, $1.00; Edward Heile, $1.00; Norbert Hils, $1.00; Walter Hoffman, 50c; Frank Hughes, $1.00; Carl Hutte, $1.00; Justin Ireton, $1.00; Wm. Johnston, $1.00; Ernest Kirschten, $1.00; August Kruthaupt, $1.00; Herbert Lanigan, $1.00; Vincent Maloney, $10.00; Otto Marshall, $1.00; Leroy McFadden, $1.00; Hubert Meredith, $1.00; Myron Miller, $1.00; Ray Murphy, $1.00; Leonard Niesen, $10.75; Frank Nock, $1.00; Newell O'Brien, $1.00; Martin O'Donnell, $1.00; Francis O'Grady, 50c; Edward Payne, 75c; Wm. Pickett, $1.00; Baldo Puig, 25c; Louis Puig, 75c; Arthur Quinn, $6.00; John Quinlan, $1.00; James Rabbitt, $1.00; LeRoy Romes, $2.00; Andrew Sack, $15.00; Cyril Scharf, 50c; Ferd. Schoppelrei, 75c; Robert Seward, 50c; Caroll Sprunck, $1.00; Sylvester Stemley, $1.00; Leonard Strottner, 50c; Wm. Sweeney, $1.00; Paul Swint, $1.00; Lawrence Tague, $1.00; Francis Tsu, $1.00; John Uphan, $1.00; Edward Van Arnhem, $2.00; Wilbur Van Arnhem, $2.00; Joseph Vogt, $3.00;

Robert Wintermeyer, $1.00; Varley Young, $1.00; Anonymous, 50c; John P. Sullivan, $5.00.

Second Division Students—George Aldrich, $1.00; Fern Alvarez, $1.00; Ohlen Austin, $1.00; Edward Bell, $1.00; John Boyle, $35.00; Omer Burdick, 50c; Robert Chester, $5.25; Gerald Corbett, 50c; George Covert, 50c; Wm. Day, $1.00; John Deibel, $1.00; Albert Dirscherl, $1.25; Ralph Dooley, 50c; Joseph Doppes, $3.60; Roland Douthitt, $26.00; Roy Dye, $5.00; Carlos Espinosa, $1.00; Charles Falkenbach, $3.50; Paul Fay, $11.00; Edw. Frederick, 50c; Chas. French, $1.00; George Geis, $1.00; James Grimes, $1.00; James Hannegan, 75c; Norbert Hellmann, $1.00; Joseph Higgins, $1.00; Clarence Hughes, $5.00; Lancaster Jones, $3.00; Harold Ims, $5.00; Vance Joseph, $1.00; Edward Keefe, $1.00; Oscar Kessler, $1.00; Douglas Knoedler, $6.00; William Kohle, $5.00; Nicholas Konen, $1.75; Alphonse Krieger, $1.00; John Kolodziejczak, 50c; Robert Lancaster, 50c; John Lovett, $1.00; Edward Mahoney, $10.15; James Mangan, $4.00; Arthur May, $2.00; Hugh McDonald, $1.00; Paul McGovern, $1.00; Charles Meyers, $5.00; Alex Millman, $5.00; Martin Murphy, $26.00; George Needham, $1.00; Edward Nolan, $1.00; Frank O'Dwyer, $2.00; Edward Patrick, $1.00; Horace Peek, $1.00; Elmer Platten, $1.00; Morton Rader, $1.00; Carl Ramus, $1.00; Andrew Sanchez, $5.00; Ramon Santaella, $1.00; Elmer Schambach, $1.00; Raymond Scheckelhoff, $1.00; J. Schulte, $1.00; Leslie Signom, $5.00; Walter Staab, $1.00; Ambrose Stenson, $1.00; James Stokes, 50c; Aubrey Strosnider, 50c; Edward Stubbers, $12.00; Charles Sullivan, $1.00; William Sullivan, $1.00; James Tomas, 75c; Alvin Tapke, $1.00; Edmund Telscher, $11.00; Edward Van Leunen, $1.00; Edward Welsh, 50c; R. Eichenlaub, $1.00.

Third Division Students—Joseph Back, $5.00; Lawrence Bennett, $2.00; Harry Breen, $3.00; Herman Brunner, $5.50; Thomas Brunsman, 50c; Willard Brunsman, $1.00; Joseph Caffrey, $1.00; James Carlin, 55c; Fernando Cobian, $1.00; Antonio Cobian, $1.00; James Coleman, $7.00; Francis Comer, $3.00; Francis Crow, 50c; Raymond Dietz, $1.00; Chas. Donovan, $1.00; Daniel Duerr, 35c; Austin Falk, $5.00; Orville Fetter, $2.00; Evaristo Freiria, $1.00; Milton Frick, $2.50; Robert Frick, $2.50; George Graue, $1.75; Fred Grogan, $1.00; Willard Green, $2.00; Rodgers Haley, $1.00; Wm. Kavanaugh, $1.00; Paul Kessler, $1.00; Clement Knechtges, 50c; Raymond Maag, $2.00; Philip McBride, $2.00; Ted McCarthy, $1.00; Robert McLean, $1.00; Ralph Melampy, 50c; Vincent Mercurio, $1.75; Florian Miller, $10.00; John Morris, 75c; Joseph Murphy, $20.00; Genaro Noriega, $1.00; Robert Oberlander, 50c; Frank Owens, $1.50; B. Parera, $1.00; Eugene Pealer, $1.00; Theodore Platis, $1.00; Jack Poland, $5.00; John Price, 25c; J. Rosenberger, 50c; Martin Roth, $1.50; Thomas Ryan, $6.00; Arthur Saunders, $1.00; Chas. Schmidt, $2.00; Walter Schmidt, 50c; Edwin Schroer, $13.00; Wm. Scott, $5.00; N. Stechschulte, $6.50; Leo Van Lahr, $5.00; Paul Veerkamp, $2.00; Fred Virtue, $2.00; Lloyd Webber, $6.00; Harold Westropp, $3.00; Robert Wihler, $1.00; Chas. Williams, $2.50; Stephen Yurick, $1.50; Charles Melampy, 30c.

Fourth Division Students—Harold Antony, $11.00; John Beck, $1.00; Robert Beck, $1.50; Thomas Brass, $1.00; Frank Busch, $20.00; Daniel Cannon, $5.00; John Cannon, $5.00; Vincent Carlin, $1.00; Edward Cleary, $3.00; Maurice Costello, $1.50; Thomas Coughlin, $10.00; F. Cunningham, $1.00; J. Cunningham, 95c; Robert Dinkel, 75c; Henry Feichtmeier, 25c; Edward Ferry, $1.00; Manuel Freiria, $1.00; Charles Gartland, $10.00; Edward Gibbons, 63; Bert Gottbrath, $3.00; L. Gough, $2.00; Richard Gough, $2.00; Thomas Happer,

50c; Daniel Krieger, $1.00; James LaDeau, $1.00; Theo. Leasure, 25c; Wm. Lukaswitz, $1.00; Harry McDevitt, $5.00; Daniel Maloney, $7.00; Charles Megerle, $25.00; Edw. Oakman, 75c; George Oakman, 75c; John Owens, $4.50; N. Palmisano, 50c; Thomas Sander, $1.00; Walter Salwicz, $5.00; Paul Schmachers, 50c; Frank Schroer, $11.00; Francis Shea, $2.50; Howard Shepherd, 50c; Franklin Smith, $1.00; Lewis Staley, $1.00; Joseph Timothy, $1.00; Richard Thomas, $1.15; J. Van Leunen, $1.00; Theron Weaver, 50c; Stephen Wolf, $5.00.

S. M. C. Literary Society Notes The opportunities made possible by the College Literary Society were strikingly illustrated in the past few meetings. The program afforded afternoons of both amusement and instruction.

Two very interesting character sketches of Richard the Third and Queen Margaret were given by prominent members of the circle, Mr. Duffy and Mr. Roehll. This was followed by a very dramatic interpretation of the Burial Scene of Henry the Sixth and the Wooing of Lady Anne. The interpretation of Queen Anne by Mr. Kitsteiner and of Richard by Mr. Abel, afforded both a splendid occasion to display their well-known dramatic ability.

The second meeting's program comprised an essay read by Mr. Kemper upon the existing dramatic conditions at the time of Shakespeare; in his interesting paper he made special reference to the period in which the play was written. Mr. Killoran chose as his topic "The Social Problem of Today"; he cleverly analyzed the present-day social evils and sought for their possible remedies.

The interpretation of the Dream and Murder of Clarence followed these two readings. The Dream of Clarence was most creditably rendered by Mr. McCarthy, while Mr. Mueller took up the character of Clarence in the Murder scene. The part of first and second murderer was played by Mr. McInerhney and Mr. Pecord, respectively.

Much enthusiasm is being manifested in the preparation of future meetings, which we trust will equal if not excel both in dramatic ability and wholesome amusement.

CARL E. MUELLER.

The Minstrel As we go to press the minstrel is claiming the attention of the whole student body. This was the first performance of its kind at S. M. C. for a number of years, and all that witnessed the first entertainment are united in proclaiming it the great feature of the year. S. M. C's college men deserve great praise for the fine work they are doing under the efficient leadership of the Moderator of the Glee Club, Bro. Lawrence Boll, S. M. In our next issue we will give a complete account of the minstrel.

The R. O. T. C. The following extract is from a report of Col. James F. McKinley, District Inspector of the R. O. T. C., to the Adjutant General of the army.

"The infantry unit at St. Mary College is organized into one battalion of three companies. The unit is fully equipped except for some minor equipment all of which has been ordered shipped.

"Major James R. Hill, professor of Military Science and Tactics is taking a keen interest in his work, is obtaining good results and is adapted to R. O. T. C. work.

"The morale of the unit is good and the students are taking a keen interest in their work. The instruction given and the methods employed in giving it are entirely satisfactory. The Theoretical instruction given was very good. All lectures are followed by a quizz, students are given an opportunity to have a good knowledge of drill and demonstrated their ability to impart their knowledge.

"The co-operation between the military and academic departments is entirely satisfactory.

"It is the opinion of this office that the War Department is justified in continuing the maintenance of the infantry unit at this institution."

Up to date the members of the unit have completed the subject of guard duty as outlined in the manual. At the present time preliminary practice for rifle drill is engaging the interest of the lads. Towards the end of the month Major Hill expects to have the gallery practice with the twenty-two calibre rifle in full swing. The ammunition has been shipped. With the advent of the balmy spring days the most interesting part of the curriculum, outdoor rifle practice, will give the boys the greatest thrill of their lives.

Athletic Notes

Walter S. V. Curtis Ernest C. Kirschten

College Athletic Association

Having opened the season with two victories, S. M. C's court performers are now working hard to follow up the rest of the schedule in the same style. Everybody is of the opinion that this year's team is out on business and has the metal necessary to keep S. M. C's victory-scoring machine going.

The schedule we're up against reads as follows:

Jan.	16—Capital U.	At Columbus
Jan.	23—Otterbein U.	At S. M. C.
Jan.	29—St. Johns U.	At Toledo
Jan.	30—Detroit U.	At Detroit
Feb.	6—Capital U.	At S. M. C.
Feb.	13—St. John's U.	At S. M. C.
Feb.	20—Ohio Northern U.	At S. M. C.
Feb.	27—K. of C.	At S. M. C.
Mar.	5—S. M. Cadets	At S. M. C.
Mar.	12—Alumni	At S. M. C.

St. Mary—47
Cedarville—11

The St. Mary basket tossers inaugurated their season last night and annexed a victory at the expense of Cedarville College. It was rather easy sailing for the locals from the very start and they rolled up a total of 47 points while holding their opponents to 11.

Both teams had some trouble getting started in the scoring line and showed lack of practice, but once the Saints got their counting machine in operation they had little trouble in drawing away from the visitors.

It was several minutes before either side scored and then Creswell dropped one in from the free line and Wright followed shortly with a field goal giving Cedarville a lead of three points. Matusoff made the first points for the Saints with a pretty ringer and Heile put his team in the lead when he hooked one while standing beneath the basket.

From this time on the locals were always out in front and were leading by a count of 23 to 5 when the first half ended. In the second half O'Hearn replaced Farley at forward and immediately began to make life miserable for the opposing guards. The little Irishman rang up seven baskets while he was in the game, most of them from a difficult angle. The Saints added 24 points during this period, bringing their total up to 47, while Cedarville ran their count up to 11.

The pass work of the Saints was not up to the usual high standard, but this was due to lack of practice and with a few more workouts under the watchful eye of Coach Solimano should develop into a formidable team.

In Matusoff and O'Hearn they have a pair of forwards that show unerring accuracy in basket shooting and displayed quite a bit of skill in their floor work. At center Heile showed up well, the elongated jumper being especially good on short shots under the basket. Manchester at guard played a fine game and was largely responsible for breaking up much of the opposition pass work. "Rookie" Summers played his usual high class guarding game and was in the thick of the fracas at all times.

St. Mary (47)	Position	Cedarville (11)
Matusoff	L. F.	Horney
Farley	R. F.	Collins
Heile	C.	Creswell
Summers	L. G.	Thorn
Manchester	R. G.	Wright

Substitutions for St. Mary—O'Hearn for Farley, Kehoe for Manchester, Hochwalt for Summers, Summers for Heile.

Substitutions for Cedarville—Foster for Thorn, Bradfut for Wright.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals: O'Hearn 7, Matusoff 6, Heile 4; Farley 2, Manchester 2, Summers 2. Foul goals: Farley 1 out of 3.

Scoring for Cedarville—Field goals: Wright, Creswell, Collins, Horney. Foul goals: Creswell, 3 out of 7.

Referee—Fleet.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

St. Mary—21
Defiance— 5

With their scoring machine a little out of gear the St. Mary team was pushed to the limit last night in order to hang up a 21 to 5 victory over Defiance College. A great spurt in the final minutes of play when they rung up six baskets in quick succession enabled them to draw away from the visiting collegians and win out by a fair margin.

It was a fast and furious game sparkling with passwork that was of the snappy variety and some sensational shots at the basket that kept the spectators on edge throughout the fray.

The big feature of the evening's play was the guarding of Summers and Manchester for the Saints. These two boys were in the thick of the fight all the time and the open shots that the visitors got were few and far between, and they counted but one field goal during the game. The defensive work of these two was the best seen on the college court in many moons.

Defiance drew first blood when Rector dropped one in from the foul line. Heile put the locals in the lead with a field goal soon after and they maintained this lead throughout the game. Neither side could do much counting in the opening period and the half ended with the Saints on the long end of a 7 to 2 score.

Matusoff was the leading scorer with three field goals and two foul throws to his credit, while Farley gathered in two from the field. Schutt at center scored the only field goal counted by the visitors, while Rector dropped in three from the foul line.

The passwork of the Saints showed a great improvement over that displayed in their game with Cedarville last week, but their basket shooting dropped off to a great extent, and had it not been for the great guard work of Summers and Manchester the score would have been much closer.

St. Mary (21)	Position	Defiance (5)
Farley	L. F.	May
Matusoff	R. F.	Rector
Heile	C.	Schutt
Summers	L. G.	Haskins
Manchester	R. G.	Rice

Substitutions—For St. Mary: O'Hearn for Farley, Farley for Heile.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals, Matusoff 3, Farley 2, Heile, Summers, O'Hearn Manchester. Foul goals: Matusoff 2 out of 4, Farley none out of 3.

Scoring for Defiance—Field goals: Schutt. Foal goals: Rector 3 out of 7.

Referee—Fleet.

Time of halves—20 minutes each.

High School Athletics On their return from Fremont, where the Saint Highs wound up a successful football season, they at once took up the pill-tossing sport. Coach Solimano has placed a practically veteran quintet on the floor, as Farley was the only man of last year's team lost by graduation. A wealth of good new material also turned out, so that St. Mary High School has a championship "5" with Mayl and Scharf jumping center; Scales, Boggan, Amersbach and Reilly roaming about the floor as forwards, while Sacksteder, Supenski and Johnson hold down the guard positions. The team is coming along in fine style, and the general all-around play is more than could be expected this early in the season. The result of the first three games seems to indicate that the wearers of the red and blue will have little trouble in romping through Manager Dedden's after-Xmas schedule.

Yel. Springs— 8
St. Mary High—28 The Saints got away to a good start, when they copped the opener from Yellow Springs, to the tune of 28-8. "Solly" started the game with some new men in the line-up but gave all a chance before the final whistle blew. The passwork and basket tossing was not of the highest class, but the two teams put up a good scrap. The Saints rang up fourteen points in each period, Boggan being the star performer.

Hamilton High—7
St. Mary High—42 Hamilton was expected to surprise the Saints; they did. But it was not the kind of a surprise that was expected. The red and blue had little trouble of romping away from the Butler County Catholics, and emerging from the fray on the long end of

a 42-7 score. "Solly" sent the whole second team to the court in the second half. The playing of the High School men showed a big improvement since the opening contest. "Billy" Scales played a stellar game caging the pill five times.

St. Mary High—37
Antioch Acad.—14

Completely outclassing their opponents, the St. Mary High School basket tossers had little trouble annexing their third victory of the season at the expense of Antioch Academy. When the final whistle sounded the Saints had a total of 37 points, while the boys from Yellow Springs had but 14 to show for their evening's work.

In spite of the fact that the locals were not hitting the net with their accustomed regularity, many of their shots going wide, they did not find it difficult to retain a safe lead at all times over the visitors.

The Antioch quintet did not show anything either in the line of passwork or basket shooting their main idea being to get rid of the ball as soon as possible, and where they threw it being of little consequence. Their attempts to break up the Saint passwork were weak and the red and blue warriors worked the ball down the floor at will.

The guarding of the locals was high class, the Yellow Springs gang failing to collect a single field goal in the first half. In the second period "Solly" ran in some second-string men and the visitors succeeded in gathering in four field goals.

Boggan was chief scorer of the evening with eight field goals to his credit, while Amersbach collected four. Sacksteder at guard played a great game, his floor work being especially good. Hughes scored the most points for the visitors, with two field goals and one foul as his contribution.

DIVISION ATHLETICS

Juniors

With several Prep regulars of last year in their line-up the Juniors present a rather clever combination of pill-tossers. Though lacking team work the Juniors are being whipped into top-notch condition under the able coaching of "Bill" Scales. However, the Juniors got away to a rather bad start when they lost to the Oswego Five in a rather loosely played game by the score of 8-5. The line-up is: Helman and Telscher, forwards; Burdick, center; Welsh and Staab, guards.

ROBERT CHESTER.

Preps

Coached by "Pete" Boggan, the star forward of the High School team, the Preps are out for another string of victories on the basketball court. Though rather inexperienced as yet with their basket shooting off color, the Preps annexed two victories so far over the Saxons 20-12, and the Ampicos 18-8. The Preps take the court as follows: Bach and Freiria, forwards; Hene, center; Williams and Mercurio, guards.

WILLARD BRUNSMAN.

Minims The Minims will be well represented on the court this season with such stars as Feichtemeier and Ferry at forward, Cleary at center and Lukaswitz and Antony at guard. Up to date the Minims have registered two victories and one tie. Minims 18, Trinity Meteors 13; Minims 38, Triangle Juniors 3; Minims 4, Third Division Reserves 4.

CLETUS CORBETT.

WITH THE DAY-STUDENTS

Sparks The St. Mary Sparks inaugurated their third season of organized basketball with a win over the crack Barney Clippers by the overwhelming score of 40-12. In their second encounter of the season the khaki and red took on the fast Trinity Oriole "Five" and handed them a 22-12 jolt. Playing the same stellar brand of ball but with their scoring machine rather off color, the Sparks went down to defeat before the speedy Barney Meteors and emerged from the tussle at the wee end of a 20-12 score.

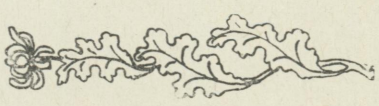
The Sparks are showing up well and with Gwinner, Capt. Bach and McIntosh, at forward, Brown and Hagan at center, and Whalen, Hemberger and Weckesser at guard, will do full justice to the stiff schedule being arranged by Manager Eickenberry.

JOHN BROWN.

Celts The St. Mary Celts got off to a good start when they defeated the speedy Rubicon Jr. quintet in a hotly contested game on St. Mary court. Since then the wearers of the green and white trounced the Saxons by the score of 36-8. The game was fast and snappy throughout though the Celts failed to hit their stride till the second half. From that time things livened and the Saxons were lost in a maze of passwork. Sherman, the star forward of the green and white, was the shining light of the game, registering 18 points of his team's 36.

The Celts annexed their third victory when they took the measure of the Ampicos by the score of 28-4 in a snappy preliminary to the Saint High-Hamilton fray. The team lines up as follows: Regulars: Koepnick, l. f.; Sherman, r. f.; Janning, c.; L. Mahrt (capt.), r. g.; Federer, l. g. Subs: O'Connor, l. f.; Kohl, r. f.; Gilfoil, c.; Schneider, r. g.; Fitzgerald, l. g.

CHARLES HIMES.



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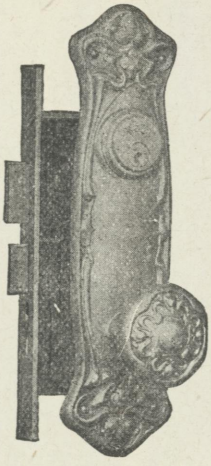

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