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THE EXPONENT

Vol. XVIII FEBRUARY 20, 1920 No. 2

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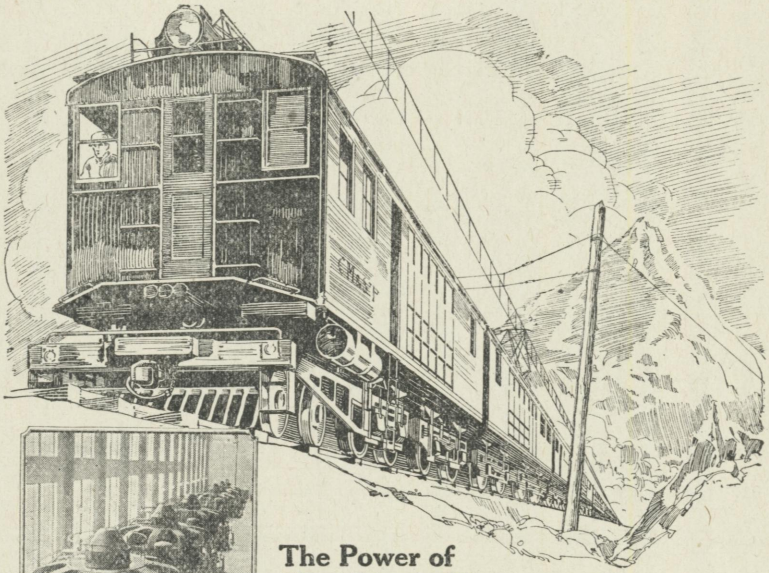

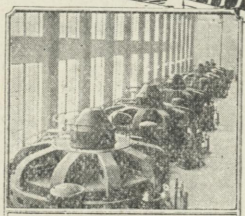

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THE EXPONENT, ST. MARY COLLEGE, DAYTON, O.

"IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS"

The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVIII FEBRUARY, 1920 No. 1

The Chapel

Thine outward presence charmeth not the eye,
No massive pile thou art to reach the sky,
Nor hast thou lines of grace that men admire,
No figured stone or heaven-piercing spire.

But if thou lack of ornament outside,
Within a wondrous spirit doth abide,
For high above the altar, calm, serene,
Enthroned is Mary, Virgin-Mother, Queen.

Somehow you feel she's smiling from her throne,
On humble men whose life she calls her own;
The years of prayer to her have been so sweet,
They form a mass of roses at her feet.

I love to steal within when none are near,
When silence, so profound, rings in my ear.
Then from my soul escapes all thought of fear,
For well I know that she awaits me here.

—Paul F. O'Brien.

Lincoln as a Poet

SOME years ago a little Italian bootblack was shown a bust of Lincoln. When asked if he knew whom it represented, the lad unhesitatingly replied: "Longfellow." This is an humble verification of the long disputed truth that Lincoln was a poet. Here it was given to the world, undisguised by rhetorical flourishes, and unadulterated by biased opinion.

He was not a poet such that we would rank with our great national bards, nor are his poems plentiful, but the few outflowings of his poetical mind prove undeniably that he was indeed a "priest of nature." Had the hand of destiny not taken Lincoln from his homely cabin and natural haunts, had he been granted the opportunity of a liberal education, had he answered his call to the classics and the beautiful, his fame as a poet would be as secure as is his fame as a statesman.

It is not common knowledge that Lincoln entertained poetical aspirations, and uneducated as he was, his brilliant mind flashed gems of thought that would bring praise to the highest genius. Oft times in later years when his heart was crushed and bleeding, he would wander in reverie back to his boyhood, and the memories of childhood scenes, of great forests, of rolling plain and prairie, of home and loved ones awakened in him the highest emotions. When he was no longer able to restrain these pent-up feelings and emotions, there would burst from his lips poetic utterances that drew tears from those around him. In the following lines we hear his soul speaking in a deep, sad tone that abounds in beauty and simplicity:

"O Memory! thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise."

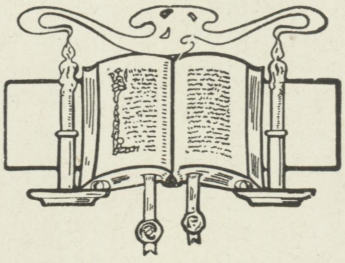
There is in the face of Lincoln a something indefinable, yet that something is every bit suggestive of the poetic. In those rough-hewn but sad features there is a story that tells of days of conflict, of suffering and agony; they are features that abound in tenderness and sympathy. Only the heart of a poet could feel and bleed for humanity as did Lincoln's.

What a contrast there is between Lincoln and many of the kings that have interspaced time. They, proud and haughty, unbending and unrelenting in their will, cruel, tyrannical and awful in their sham justice, claiming the right of the Divine to rule and direct the destinies of people. And Lincoln! When we think of the grand deeds performed by him; of the benign justice of his rule; of the great love for his people that he evidenced all through his life, of the supreme sacrifice that awoke from slumber the soul of a nation, words fail to express what is in our hearts and unhesitatingly we claim with the poet that, he was one of the greatest of God's creatures.

"As God's elect he calmly rose to awful power;
Restored his mighty land to smiling peace;
Then, with the martyr's blood of his own life,
Baptized the millions of the free."

Lincoln did not contribute to the literature of the world any great poetical works, yet there is contained in all his prose writings a poetic quality that lifts them far above the ordinary. The style abounds in beauty and expression so sweet and supreme that it excels any yet found in Greek literature. In a word, Lincoln possessed what Aristotle called "Poetic Justice." We have but to examine any of his works, especially his Gettysburg address, to understand what is meant by poetic justice. While prosaic in form, the presentation has embodied in it poetic thoughts that rank with those of a genius. Rhetorical qualities may be somewhat lacking, but the grandeur of expression, the truth, the beauty and the sublimity of the thoughts are a priceless heritage to humanity.

R. J. KILLORAN.



The Magic of a Melody

MRS. CHADWICK kept a boarding house on the East Side. Quite a respectable place it was, too, and far famed throughout that section for the quantity and the quality of its meals. At this time of the evening the big frame house was quiet; but not deserted, O no! A bright light beamed in the first floor front. Were we to peep into the rear room we should see the whole establishment at its exercise—it was supper-time.

A clatter of dishes and chatter of tongues filled the long, low-ceilinged room; and there, at the head of her board sat Mrs. Chadwick, dispensing the savory dishes and beaming at the "gusto" with which their contents vanished. When all had been served and just before the second call for rations sounded, she remarked:

"Mr. Morey,—Mr. Morey! The postman left a letter for you this afternoon. Get it for him, Bridget; it's on the sideboard."

"A letter for me, Mrs. Chadwick? Thank you, Bridget—a letter for me?" more softly, "the stamp—Smithville. Good Lord have they found where I am hiding?"

"I hope it's not bad news, Clifford," ventured Mrs. Chadwick, noticing the pallor that spread over the tanned cheeks of the young man.

"No, no indeed," and he forced a nervous laugh as he opened it and hesitatingly drew forth the letter. One glance at the signature, and he said, half to himself:

"I mustn't read it here." "Excuse me, Mrs. Chadwick—I—er"—and he left the table.

The latter nodded without concealing her surprise.

"He is such a strange boy," she explained to the stout gentleman at her elbow. "Since he came three months ago, on the very day that queer suicide happened somewhere out West, narry a letter did the lad receive. And he gets so dreadfully nervous when the postman comes. Do you know, Mr. Borger, the other day when the letters came he ran to Bridget. When she told him he had no mail he muttered 'Thank God,' and actually smiled. 'Evidently, the first letter must not have agreed with his meal.'"

"Yeah," drawled the portly one, between spoonfuls of peas.

Morey went into the brightly illuminated parlor and seeking a chair in a far corner, began to read the letter.

"How did they come to know it. When I left my coat and cap on the railing of the bridge—with that note—,I was certain that they would think me dead—,and better so. 'They have forgiven you,' writes Mary, "but have I forgiven them? What does she say here?—'though all the village believed it, Clifford, I knew it could not be.' Mary my dear old pal, if I'd only known—If I'd only known." He buried his head in his hands and his thin frame shook,—shook with sobs.

A soft melody filled the room. Its rhythm floated over, even to Clifford, crushed by his thoughts. Slowly he straightened. It was the piano on the other side of the room, and the music so enchanting, so—

"Give us a lively tune, Miss Smith," broke in Borger, "Clifford needs some pep."

He went over to the dejected youth and placed his hands on the latter's shoulders.

"What's up, kiddo?"

Morey did not hazard a reply; he merely shook his head.

A lively piece indeed did Miss Smith "put on."

"Say, can't the kid rag, though," commented the blonde lady to Mrs. Chadwick.

Poor Clifford. This outburst of "jazz" racket made him rock as in pain, and finally, his feelings burst out:

"Stop, Miss Smith. Stop!" and the last chord remained unfinished, while the pianist (?) swung around on the stool with every evidence of displeasure.

"Play that first piece once more, Miss Smith, please."

"But Borger said you—"

"I don't—the first piece, it is so beautiful—no,—yes, that's the one."

Clifford leaned back in his chair and his dreamy eyes seemed to see a picture of the melody.

"Where have I heard that?" he whispered, "Where? I know—yes, Mary played that before I committed—" His hands were twitching as though they yearned to reproduce that music. "Mary taught me that piece" and then aloud, "Let me try, will you, Miss Smith?"

"Do you play, Clifford?"

"Let him try," said the baldheaded bookkeeper aloud, and then to himself: "He can't do any worse."

How strange the keyboard felt to Morey's touch, and his fingers moved like plaster casts. What a difference three months had caused.

"I can't—it's gone," sighed Clifford in despair, as he vainly strove to coax the melody.

"Come Clifford, try again," encouraged Mrs. Chadwick.

With a supreme effort he set his unruly fingers to seek the keys and gradually the melody began to sing above the sympathetic bass. It melted away the dingy walls of the parlor and carried Morey back, —back to somewhere in Smithville. And a voice floated over to Clifford in his exquisite vision.

"How I miss you pal of mine." "Each night I pray—"

Morey rose suddenly; the vision had sped: he was in the parlor again of the Eastside boarding house.

"Fine," applauded the audience "encore."

"No—no," the young man cried. "Im going,—I'm going now."

"Going?" exclaimed the excited boarders. "Going crazy," said Borger.

But Morey neithed saw nor heard. As he sped into the darkness his heart kept repeating:

"I'm coming, Mary—I'm coming."

M. GULDEN MACKMULL.

A False God

SEATED aloft on his iniquitous throne and smiling winningly amidst the deceiving jewels of unrighteousness, rules the god of many men. He but casts a taunting glance of derision and thousands adore. He but jeeringly smiles and half the world prostrates itself at his feet. In his right hand he holds a sceptre, whose magic touch, conjures false fame to his numerous worshipers. In his left he grips the sword of destruction whose cruel blade smites not only his courageous opponents, but often deals out ruin to his most fervent worshipers. His jeweled crown which flashes only in the sunshine of prosperity, and never in the hazy mist of adcersity portrays his dissimulating nature? Frail man seldom can resist the subtle designer, and captivated, he renders homage to this idol—to this false god,—**human respect.**

The youth emerges gayly from the blissful haven of childhood and casts himself upon the dancing water of a strange sea. All is singular, fascinating, enticing, and joyously he departs for an eventful voyage to strange lands. New faces greet him, new bonds of friendship are established and something new develops within him; he becomes infatuated with a new desire, a desire to grow in the favor of his comrades. What normal youth is there who is not filled with such a desire? We all long to claim some laudable qualities, and the sincere esteem of our comrades honestly acquired is a priceless treasure. The younger set calls this esteem "popularity,"—a perfectly legitimate possession,—but its acquisition should not be gained at the sacrifice of guiding principles.

Alas, how often we permit them to be diverted into perverse channels. Unconscious of the evil, we allow ourselves to be misled. We fear to act contrary to the ideals of certain associates; we tremble at the very thought of denouncing the sinful action of a fellow-being; our convictions may be sound and without flaw yet we fear to follow their course. We cannot risk the loss of this alluring circle of associates; we quaver at their verdict on a just and perfectly good action and thus we bow our head submissively at the shrine of this idol—the false god of human respect.

As youth grows steadily into manhood this trait displays itself more and more. In the political world we find many such idol wor-

shipers. Many, perhaps, have sacrificed a religious belief to the acquisition of a coveted political position. Their every action is governed by the whims of a fickle populace; their principles are as pliable as wax.

Would that more of our political leaders, adhered to the golden rule of the Union's preserver: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives me to see the right, I shall strive to finish the work we are in, and bind up the nation's wounds." How often was not Lincoln bitterly assailed, misunderstood, scorned and scoffed at by an angry faction. They ridiculed his cherished ideals; the very peers of his cabinet attempted to overrule or to crush his deeply rooted principles. The bitter censure of a disapproving nation was hurled at his actions, yet, always unwavering, he placed aside all fear of public opinion. To Lincoln, men were not rich or poor, popular or unpopular, but **right** or **wrong.** He felt that he was right, and being vested with the power to act, he followed the promptings of his firm convictions. He did not seek self-glorification; he did not yearn for the flattery of a favored public; he prayed only for the help of the Almighty to guide his footsteps aright. And what was the fruit? Lincoln, the man who never once bent his knee at the shrine of public opinion has been immortalized as the preserver of the Union—the savior of our country.

With the nation struggling against anarchism and unrighteousness we yearn for such a guiding mind as Lincoln's to direct us now. Today one adores because a world adores, one denounces because his fellow-men denounce, he strikes because it is the by-word of the day —he knows little, and even cares less about the moral integrity of his acts. Is the soul of true manliness decaying? Is the spirit of the "railsplitter" dead? Adhering unswervingly to one's purpose amid the clamor of the masses, against the advice of erstwhile flatterers, against the attacks of malicious opponents, this is the supreme show of character, of courage and of greatness. This it is that moulds us into a greater, a more God-like nation. This it is that brings that false idol of public opinion crashing down from its pedestal of corrupted ideals and rings out the birth of a nobler, stronger, and a more courageous people.

A. J. STUHLMUELLER.

In the Potter's Field

"DOCTOR MAY! Doctor May! another emergency!" The prim little nurse of the emergency ward was calling to the young doctor in charge. The orderlies were bringing in the case. "Big John" the ambulance driver remarked: "Too much dope, I guess."

The case was a critical one and after first aid was given the doctor assigned the patient to a ward, saying:

"I think he will be our guest for a few days."

As this little episode was being enacted in the emergency ward, another was taking place in the surgery of the hospital. There, all was bustle and hurry. Operations were over for the morning and the cleaning up was in progress. Overseeing it was Dr. Harvey E. Graves, the young hero surgeon. As master of the "Reed Process" he was the envy of his contemporaries.

"That last operation was a splendid success, old chap," remarked a fellow surgeon who had stepped up to report. "The 'Reed Process' won out again."

"Yes," replied Graves, "it was the 'Reed Process.' I am surely sorry that poor Reed himself isn't here to share in its success. You see, he and I were pals over in Vienna where he discovered his process. Now, all that Vienna holds of him is a bronze slab recounting his loss in the Titanic disaster."

He stopped to read a report that had just been handed him and then excusing himself, hurried to the emergency ward. There, he held a consultation over the patient next to our friend on whom "Big John" had passed his version. The consultation had to do with the "Reed Process" and as it progressed our friend nearby seemed more and more drawn into close attention. As Dr. Graves turned to go, he was arrested by these words:

"Sir, just a moment please. May I speak to you?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor affably.

"Doctor, do you recognize me?" Our friend turned his pain-racked face to Graves.

The doctor picked up the chart at the foot of the bed and read thereon: "H. F. Harrison, narcosis." Graves looked at him but showed no signs of recognition.

"Doctor, I am—Reed."

"What? You,—Reed! Why Reed was drowned on the Titanic."

"Yes," replied the patient, "such is the current opinion, but try to imagine me without this beard."

Graves studied the pale face before him for a few moments, then said slowly:

"There is a resemblance, but—how can you be Reed?"

"Let me tell you a little story, Graves. You remember that after I graduated from medical college, I married a good little woman. Well, we settled in a country town not far from here. Life was uphill at first as I hadn't won for myself, as yet, much of a reputation. But the road was smoothed by encouragement and help from my wife. After our baby was born, my wife was afflicted with throat trouble. For seven years it grew worse and worse and,—and finally she died. That almost killed me, but somehow I kept my head up. Then, one day, I noticed my boy was developing the same trouble. The fear that I would also loose him haunted me day and night till finally I resolved to go to Europe and specialize in tracheotomy. That was how I happened to meet you at Vienna. How I discovered what is known as the "Reed Process" is well known to you. The extraordinary success that followed caused me to be in demand all over Europe. My fortunes were in the ascendant. Day and night I worked till at last came the reaction. Upon the advice of my friends, I went to Cuba for a much-needed rest.

"One evening, as I was strolling along the beach, a message came from the hotel advising that I was wanted on the telephone. The call was from one of the Havana hospitals, and they inquired as to whether I would be willing to employ the "Reed Process" on a very critical case in their hands. I agreed, and hurried over. When I reached the hospital another message was awaiting me from my hotel saying that a cablegram had just been received from New York stating that my boy was in a very critical condition. What was I to do? In two hours, a boat was leaving for New York, and, if I operated on the case before me I was sure to miss it. I felt it my duty both to go and to stay. The outcome was that I yielded to the plea of those around me and performed the operation, sailing for New York two days later. There I found my dear Bobbie in the throes of the disease that killed his mother. I ordered him to be prepared for an operation, and, acting contrary to the advice of my friends I resolved to perform the operation myself. Feeling that I was unequal to the situation I took a little stimulant. It must have affected me, for my work was not up to standard. All that night I stayed with him, and toward morning he opened his big blue eyes and tried

to speak. Leaning closer to him I heard him whisper: "Good-bye daddy, I'm going to mother."—He died.

"The though that I had killed him haunted me; I lost confidence and interest in my work. I strayed back to Europe and becoming restless there, decided to return to America. My reservations had been made for passage on the Titanic, but at the last moment I changed my mind. Hence, I am still alive though recorded as one of the victims of that unfortunate ship. A year later I came over here and found that my fortune had been divided and my name erased from society. Somehow I managed to live, but my plight became worse with each succeeding day. The climax of it all is that I am here on my deathbed, unknown, without fame,—in fact, a derelict."

The broken-hearted man extended his hand to Graves, and with a piteous expression in his sunken eyes added these words:

"Graves, old pal, leave the boys think I died on the Titanic, and my death here will remain unknown forever. The city will bury me. And, Graves, when you think of Reed think of the Reed you knew, not of the Reed you found."

Two hours later he died. They buried him next day in the potter's field. His grave was marked with a little wooden cross bearing the inscription: "H. F. Harrison."

WALTER H. ROEHLL

Wage Rates Should Be Sustained

THE general level of wages attained during the war should not be lowered. We admit that in a few industries which were directly connected with the carrying on of war, wages have reached a plane where they cannot continue for that class of work, however, the number of workers in this situation is an extremely small proportion of the entire wage-earning population. Moreover, the overwhelming majority should not be compelled or suffered to undergo any reduction in their wages for two additional reasons: first, because the average rate of pay has not increased faster than the cost of living; second, because the majority of the wage-earners of the United States, both men and women, were not receiving living wages when prices began to rise in 1915. Even if prices should fall to the level of 1915—something that cannot be hoped for within five years,—the average present rates of wages would not exceed the equivalent of a decent livelihood in the case of the majority. The exceptions to the contrary are practically confined to a few skilled workers.

Even if the great majority of workers were now receiving more than mere living wages, that would not be reason to lower the wage scale. For after all, a living wage is not the full measure of justice; it is only the minimum of justice. In our country, as rich as it is there are very few cases that can be upheld as proofs that the worker is getting more than this ethical minimum. We should not accept this as the normal share of the laboring population because our industrial resources and efficiency are sufficient to provide more than a mere living wage. We should not acquiesce to the establishment of a basis that denies them a small measure of the comforts of life. To do so would be questionable morality, and an unsound economic policy. The large demand for goods, created and maintained by high wages and its resulting purchasing power for the masses, is the surest guarantee of a continuous and general operation of prosperity for labor and capital alike. On grounds both of justice and sound economics, we should give our hearty support to all legitimate efforts made by labor to resist general wage reductions.

GEORGE KIRBY.

Should Motions Picture be Abolished?

WITH the majority of our people, both young and old, going to the "movies" every week and oftener, we wonder whether this great source of entertainment is really a good or an evil. Do its good points outweigh its bad ones? Would the country be healthier, both morally and financially, if motion pictures had not been introduced? Would we, as a nation, profit by completely abolishing them as some of our modern "reformers" have urged?

Many of us do not realize what a powerful agent for good or evil the motion picture really is. It is the fifth leading industry in the United States in terms of capital invested and amount of business done each year, and yet, it is only in its infancy being one of our newest enterprises. It is bound to grow fast due to its great popularity and from indications, soon may have as great an influence with the masses as have the newspapers at the present time.

In the many photoplays that are produced every year we have all types ranging from the decent, uplifting and truly educational ones down to the degrading and immoral ones which show the hand of the devil. Thousands of films that are exceedingly valuable as educational mediums are produced each year and they deservedly receive wide circulation. Others are dangerous and insidious and tend to destroy our American ideals, as is the case with the well-known "sex hygiene" productions.

There are many people who, sensing an evil in the "movies," advise their complete abolition. Although it is admitted that there would be much evil averted in the event of such a step, yet unquestionably there would be much more harm done. The people of this age demand amusement and their demand is amply satisfied by the "movies," as is proved by the daily attendance of over a million. Now if this amusement were abolished, would that not encourage the development of a more harmful diversion? Hence it must be conceded that correct "movies" are entitled to a good-sized niche in the varied structure of modern life.

Aside from the purely entertaining value of the motion picture, it is also a universal education since there is hardly any branch of

knowledge that cannot, at least in some phase or other, be attractively presented on the screen. By means of it, ideas that are very difficult to grasp from a text are made simple enough for a child's mind to understand.

Its powers of instruction and attraction are emphasized by the fact that many Protestant ministers are using motion pictures as a prominent part of their services and as a direct result the congregations are much larger and are more easily held than before. Although Catholics have no need of motion pictures to attract them to church, they find them invaluable as a teaching medium. Practically all of the large schools, many of the parishes, clubs, and lodges use them.

The "reformers" referred to above inform us that criminality among children is on the increase since the advent of movies. But the concurrence of these phenomena does not prove that one is a function of the other and should be discontinued to remedy the other. Preventative action when necessary must come from the parents. Children should not be permitted to frequent the average "movie," for what is harmless and even wholesome to the seasoned mind of the adult may be and often is harmful to that of a child. The parents should realize that it is their bounden duty to inquire into the nature of a picture before permitting their children to see it.

What about the "degenerate" films? Just as we cannot condemn a nation because a few of its individuals are bent for destruction, neither can we condemn the motion pictures because a few of them are ill-bent morally. The effective way of remedying this evil has been demonstrated in many localities. Proper censorship! The "movie" is a great moral influence in the country, and the country, if it is to be a healthy one, must safeguard its morals. Therefore it has a right to put a national censorship on the "movies." What would be the result? The dangerous productions would be suppressed. Producers would soon cease to promote this type and immoral pictures, protected with their "freedom of art" plea, would vanish.

E. J. FINAN.

Jay's Way to Success

MOST stories begin by introducing in the first chapter, the hero, the heroine, and that indispensable figure to complete the triangle,—the villain. Most stories end in the final triumph of the hero over the villain, the acquiescent nod of the charming heroine's head to the hero's plea "Will you be mine?"; then follows the very necessary information concerning a long, lingering, deliriously exhilarating kiss, and of course the understanding, that they lived long and happily together for ever and for aye. The writer of these lines, being a rather unimaginative individual, and at the same time, too modest to run in competition with Hans Christian Anderson is not going to attempt a love story, nor does he intend to attempt a—well judge for yourself.

In spite of a drizzling rain, and a general atmospheric condition calculated to rob a cherub of his good-humored smile, J. Fuchay sat before his desk and smiled, and grinned and smiled again. J. Fuchay was only twenty-six: he was in extraordinarily good health, despite the fact that he owed every one of his fellow practitioners a farthing or two,—mostly two. J. Fuchay was an M. D., a genuinely documented M. D., but he was "broke," very much "broke," indeed. Jay, as he was called, had sauntered forth from medical school, all be-ribboned and be-medaled only eighteen months before. He had served his interneship in a local hospital and finally settled down to conquer or rather cure the world. And why had he made a dismal failure of it up to the present? What was the difficulty? Well, that's just what made Jay laugh when we were introduced to him. He knows what the answer is; he knows where the difficulty lies, and he has a plan in view to get that frivolous damsel "success" by the hair of the head, and hold her forever and ever, amen.

Jay jumped up like a rubber ball after hitting a hard pavement, grabbed his hat and coat and went running down the office steps, down the street and around the corner,—and where did he run to? Well, gentle reader, if you can run fast enough, we'll follow him.

The Bayard-Willip-Knite Corporation was the automobile company in Communityville hardest to do business with, and Jay was doing business with them, or rather, he was seeking further indebtedness. On entering the sales room of the Bayard Company, Jay was met by a very smooth and suave salesman.

"Good day," said the salesman blandly. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Sure," answered Jay, "everything. Fix up an audience for me with his most exalted majesty, your sales manager."

The smooth, suave one caught his breath, then hurried away to do the will of Jay. In a moment he returned and beckoned our adventurer to step into the sales manager's reception room.

"Good morning, Mr—er—er—"

"Dr. Fuchay," supplied Jay.

"Oh yes, oh yes, doctor," continued the portly sales manager, "ah-er-have a chair. What can I do for you—ah—doctor?"

Instead of relating the conversation that followed, let it suffice to say, that Jay drove out of the Bayard Company's show room, with a brand new "Nilly Knite," and please remember all this in spite of being not only broke but insolvent in the superlative degree.

So the plot thickens. After a couple of hours in his office Jay grabbed his bag and hurried to his newly acquired machine. As he came rushing out of the office building, Bert Fremaine, an old friend of his took him by the arm.

"Come on, Jay," the tempter said, "let's have a wee one."

Jay disengaged his arm and hurried on.

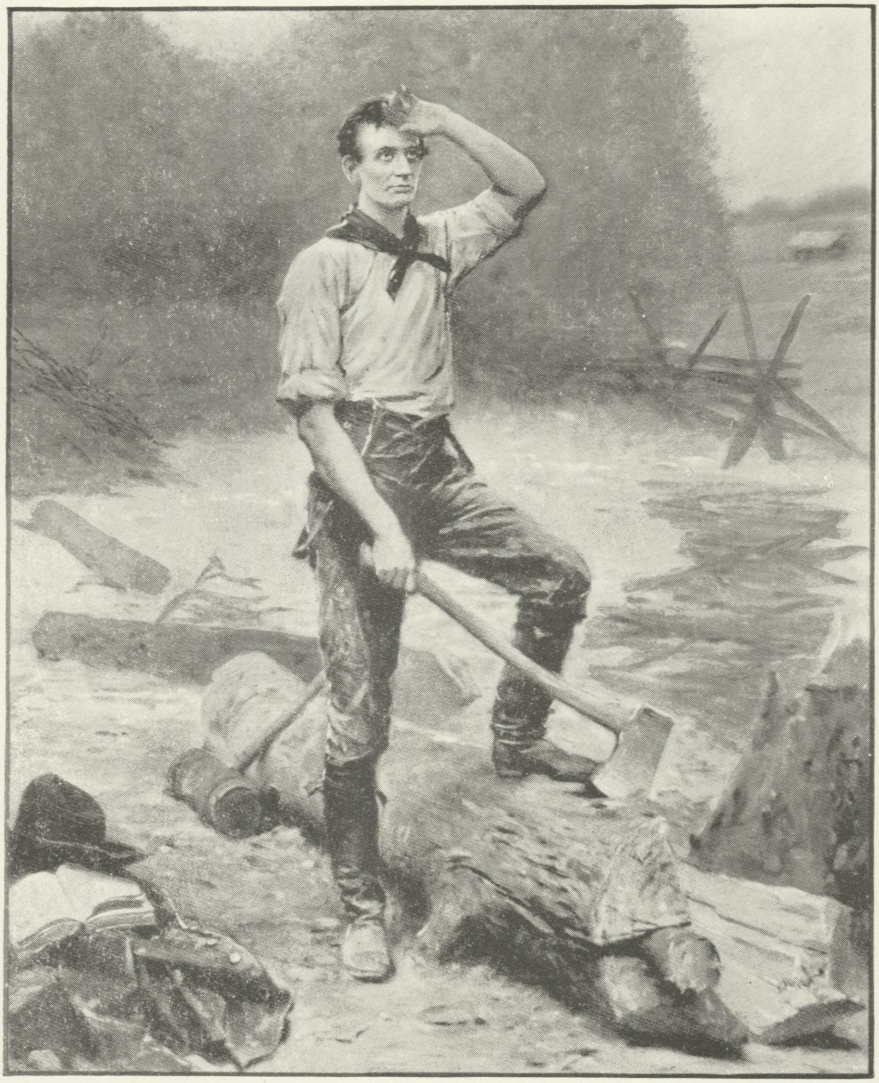
"Nix," he called back, "Got a serious case, Bert. So long."

All that day Jay had hurried cases, but the next morning he got a real case, and this is where Jay's success began.

Now reader, for the writer's sake, and impelled by your own curiosity, please grow three years older and come with me to Dr. J. Fuchay's office. The room is much larger, and is amply provided with the usual supply of antique and well-thumbed popular magazines. The doctor himself is sitting at his desk, and across from him is the young Doctor Record; they are talking. Sh,—the writer is no eavesdropper, but he and you must listen to Dr. Fuchay.

"Now boy, buy yourself a machine on time, make a lot of fake calls, keep up your morale, have more nerve than sense, be pleasant, smile when you want to fight, but fight when it's necessary. And Al, although you're a wise head, when you need a little advice or even a little financial aid come around to me, and I'll try to help you all I can. Remember my boy, you must have lots of nerve, a clean conscience and some brains and you will find success. Good-bye."

OLIVER PECORD.



"THE RAIL-SPLITTER"

VIEWS IN THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

The Rise of the Laborer

IN view of the dawning opportunities for wage-workers to take another step toward securing their full manhood rights, it is interesting to review the gradual rise of the working man from the time he was a mere chattel slave of his employer, down to the present day, when he has gained at least a measure of freedom and recognized independence. His progress has ben slow and painful, with many disheartening relapses, but he has progressed, and that fact promises that his progress can not be more than temporarily checked in the future.

The history of industry as an evolutionary movement began in England about six centuries ago with the abolition of serfdom or industrial slavery. Previous to that time, under the feudal system and other relics of medievalism the laborers were regarded as a part of the ground on which they lived, and were conveyed with it when the land passed to a new owner; they were chattels which were bought and sold along with the buildings and tools. The employers were the land owners.

Even after the break-up of the villenage system the actual condition of the laborers was scarcely improved, as under Henry III the holders of the land comprised employers and magistrates. Under the laws of Elizabeth wages were for a long period fixed by the magistrates, that is, the employer determined the wage and could enforce his will by law. Men who refused to work at the rate fixed by their employer were subject to severe punishment, including imprisonment, physical mutilation, or, in extreme cases, even death.

Going back a little before the abolition of villeinage (under which system the laborer "rendered service" and received his pay "in kind and keep" instead of money), we note the great plague of 1348. This date marks a distinct point in regard to the industrial condition of workers in England. The plague reaped a terrible harvest of human lives and sections of the country were almost depopulated. The result was such a decrease in the number of laborers that a sharp rise in wages followed, carpenters, stone masons and agricultural workers being able to secure increase of 50 per cent. But Henry DeB. Gib-

bons, in his "Industrial History of England" tells us how this condition was received and dealt with by the wage-payers and the government. He says:

"It seems the upper classes and the capitalists of that day very strongly objected to paying high wages, as they naturally do. The king himself felt very deeply upon the point. Without waiting for parliament to meet, Edward III issued a proclamation ordering no man should either demand or pay the higher rates of wages, but should abide by the old rate. Notwithstanding the royal prohibition, however, wages continued to rise, and the workers for the first time awoke to a sense of their power and worth. Then stirred in them the consciousness of the real dignity of labor and its indispensable importance. This new sense of independence worked like a ferment in the minds and hearts of the heretofore hopeless masses; but it was many years before it crystalized into action."

In 1383, thirty-five years after the great plague, occurred the famous Nat Tyler rebellion, or the peasant's revolt. The laborers marched upon London as a threatening horde. Richard II, frightened by the demonstration, gave the insurgents his pledge that they should be freed from serfdom. Relying on the royal promise, the mob dispersed. The king broke his promise, but the revolt of the peasants was really the beginning of the end of the existing labor-slavery system in England. A few years later, Gibbons tells us, "food was cheap and abundant and wages were amply sufficient." The years following the downfall of villeinage were the golden age of the English laborer. Skilled laborers earned three shillings a week, "which," says Gibbons, "would certainly be worth more than 30 shillings a week at present" (1890). Therefore, the economic and industrial status of the English workingman was considerably better in the year 1400 than nearly five hundred years later in 1890, for in 1890 the average wage in England was but 24 shillings per week.

For about a century and a half following 1400, prosperity was progressive and continuous. Then, during the reign of Henry VIII began a steady decline in the condition of the working people which lasted for nearly two centuries. In 1564 the wages of laborers had decreased in purchasing power until they were no longer sufficient to buy the necessaries of life, and pauperism made its appearance in England. To care for this condition, the government adopted the policy embodied in what are known as the poor laws, and this policy was continued until near the middle of the 19th century. These laws levied a tax for the relief of paupers. While they were repealed in 1812, the principle of taxing the public to care for the wage delin-

quencies of employers was continued until more than 20 years later. Naturally, the effect of such laws was to push wages far below the living level, the employer knowing that if his employes could not eke out a living on the wages he paid them the deficit would be passed on to the general public by taxation.

As stated above, during the reign of Elizabeth, near the middle of the 15th century, were enacted the laws allowing the magistrates to establish rates of wages. Prof. Thorold Rogers shows that when this system of wage-fixing became operative it required more than 40 weeks for a laborer to earn the same provision for maintenance which he could earn by 15 weeks' labor in 1495.

During the period from 1750 until the time of the Napoleonic wars, occurred the great transition in industry from the home workshop to the factory system of production. The condition of the working people showed some improvement during this period—the first advance since the nearly 200 years of oppression which began under Henry VIII. However, the industrial revolutions and the hardships of war together brought conditions of terrible suffering to both skilled and unskilled laborers. The artisan was forced to abandon his home workshop where his skill as a workman was his chief asset, and to seek employment in the factory, where his artisanship was almost worthless. The skilled workmen who were driven to the factories to find work found themselves competing for jobs not only with each other but with the trade workers whose personal skill had been nullified by the factory method. Yet while the workers suffered degradation beyond description, the employers were enormously enriched and the capital wealth of England was increased tenfold. It was a period of extortion and conscienceless avarice unparalleled up to that time.

When we consider the pitiable condition of the worker that accompanied the replacement of his traditional trade methods by the factory and its machinery, it is not difficult to understand his prejudice and long fight against machinery. It had deprived him of his trade and practically placed him at the mercy of employers who were without mercy.

At the close of the 18th century, just previous to the succession of the factory system, there occurred a wage struggle in Glasgow cotton industry which led to far-reaching consequences. In this controversy the wage rate was finally fixed by the magistrates, but their finding was rejected by the employers. Forty thousand hand weavers then went out on strike and a state of industrial war ensued. The strike leaders were arrested and imprisoned, notwithstanding that it was the employers who had refused to obey the law, and the strike

was eventually suppressed. Since 1720, there had been statutes forbidding workingmen to combine for the purpose of raising wages. Now the parliament passed the acts of 1799 and 1800, which prohibited unions of laboring men for any purpose whatever.

For nearly a hundred years in England and for almost as long in America, therefore, the never-ending struggle of the workers to improve their conditions and finally to achieve their rightful place as men among men, has been carried on through trade unions.

It is not strange, in view of the history above outlined, that to many it appears as only a "class struggle." After 600 years of cruel oppression under employer-made laws, it is not strange that working people are skeptical of the motives behind even the most sincerely intended welfare schemes of some modern employers. For centuries driven to maximum production for minimum wages in order that a few men might amass wasteful millions of money, it is not strange that they are suspicious of every argument intended to show that only by the increased production of useful commodities can the real wealth of both themselves and employers be augmented.

Having gained all that they now enjoy of the industrial rights and privileges of men through their trade unions, union men cannot understand why the progressive spirit of trade unionism should be regarded by any intelligent employer as inconsistent with the true welfare of both. In fact it is not. Its principles are in accord with the best ideals of thoughtful men among both employers and employes. Those employers today, rapidly increasing in number, who are awake to the future and are experimenting in their factories with various forms of shop representation, etc., which look toward democratization in industry, have usually found the men responsive despite the past history of industrial relations. But there is no reason why the introduction of the principles of democracy in the management of industry should exclude the trade union. The trade union, indeed, offers the ready-made machinery for co-operative production that is superior to any new and untried organization evolved from the theories of efficiency experts. Primarily formed to promote the interests of laborers as against the tyranny of their employers, its principles are broadly sound and therefore easily adaptable to the promotion of mutual interests of both. When industry ceases to be divided against itself, then all its factories will prosper and the whole world will gain in the increased production resulting from real efficiency.

WILBUR YACKLEY.

Danny and the Country Go Dry

"O DANNY!"

Danny paused half way down the steps.

"Yes?"

"And ye'd better be gittin' in by eleven or 'tis the doors I'll lock on ye."

"Ye will eh?" returned Danny half in anger, half in fun. "'Tis rough talk you do be given' me in your dotage. I'll be home when I feel like it."

But even as Danny turned into the stret for his evening stroll to Clancy's on the corner, he knew he would be home before eleven and a slight bitterness stole into his thoughts in consequence. 'Twas old he must be getting that a few months could so tame and domesticate his wild and carefree ways, that his own wife might threaten him. A year before Maggie would never have dreamed of such words; for it was Friday night; pay day in the factory, and a year ago Danny would have been likely to come home the next morning, very early, very unsteady, very unhappy and very willing to wage wordy war with Maggie, who in her anger usually swiped him with a broom or cracked him with the poker. On one occasion in retaliation he had done violence upon her in the shape of a black eye, whereupon Maggie set up such commotion that the neighbors called the police, and Danny was hauled to the station house on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. But Maggie, her anger all gone with the coming of the morn, pleaded so earnestly and tearfully in his behalf before the court, that he was released.

"And why do you defend him so earnestly my good woman when he has abused you so badly?", the judge had asked.

"Oh sure, your Honor," she said smiling through her tears, "'tis for his good-for-nothing ways I do love him best."

But tonight Danny would be home long before midnight, there would be no fuss and he would get no liquor, for the town had gone really dry this time. True it had been dry before but to the initiated like Danny there were ways and means. Now, however, whiskey was fifteen to twenty dollars a quart, and was of such constituents 'twas both a brave and a rich man who would imbibe it. So here he

was walking the streets with money in his pocket, more in the bank, and narry a drink in sight. True one of the neighbors had a "still" and had invited him several times to participate, but Danny refused.

"None of that iodine for me. If it's not good liquor it's none at all," he confided to his friend Clancy, once the proprietor of a thriving thirst-quenching establishment, now the disgusted purveyor of pie and coffee. "I've drunk me share of bad booze, but none of that. There be two murders and a suicide in every quart of it."

"Yes," says Clancy, "and take it from me on the side, don't drink any of these phizzes and bizzes I have for sale. They'll pizon the stomach of a man who's used to good liquor."

"These be sad days," philosophized Danny. "'Twas once the good dacent saloon-keepers were the leaders of society and a jug of whiskey a medical necessity. Now ye be arrested for vagrancy and the doctors say: 'Drink plenty of water and carbolic acid, but alcohol is to be used for external application only.' If I had a pint right now I'd drink it and rub meself with the bottle."

"Well," says Clancy, "such is life in the cities."

So they talked until after ten o'clock. On the pay days of times gone by, the place would just be beginning to liven up at this hour, but now it was deserted. The old customers were all at the "movies" or at home, and Danny was forced to wend his sober and disgusted way homeward.

"And wouldn't I give me right eye for a quart of 'Old Crow,'" he soliloquized, as he threw his hat on the table and dropped into a chair to remove his brogues.

The next morning in the kitchen, while Danny devoured his potatoes, and bacon and coffee, Maggie sat opposite him, poring over the morning paper, and keeping up a running fire of comment on the news as she read it. There was Tim Sullivan's daughter who had run off to Covington to marry that scalawag A. P. A. who drove the grocery wagon, and in the obituary notices was Mrs. Lavin's name. "May her soul rest in peace," she added plaintively. They must not forget to go to the wake Sunday night. There was an oil cloth bargain at the Home Store. "Just the thing for the table," she suggested. And the Knights of Columbus were giving a ball—full dress—before Lent. "What airs they do be givin' themselves." Then her particular attention was arrested by a small ad which ran:

"Auction Sale of Unclaimed Freight at D. T. & I. Freight House, Saturday at 3:00 p. m."

"Oh, Danny," she said, "you sure must take me to the auction sale. There'll be some fine bargains on sale. Sure last year Mrs.

Smith bought a fine hard coal range for ten dollars, and Mary Durgin a grand twenty-four dollar floor lamp, which is the pride of her house, for two dollars and fifty cents."

"Heaven deliver me from you and your grand bargains," muttered Danny, as he gulped down a cup of coffee. "Sure I barked me shins for the hundredth time last night on that grand cader chest ye bought so cheap. 'Tis the likes of your fine bargains keeps me out of the Holy Name Society."

"Yes but there'll be a big time there," retorted Maggie, "and we don't have to buy anything. Besides you will have to take me through market anyway, so ye might as well come along."

The rub of misfortune, disappointment, and an unquenched thirst was beginning to dull the keen edge of Danny's resistance to Maggie's importunities. Though he protested against such nonsense as bargain sales, he was forced, by lack of sufficient contrary reasons, to give tacit consent.

On Saturday, after he had finished his half day's work he stopped for his weekly shave, then he went three blocks out of his way to buy a steak at Fink's, thereby avoiding that butcher who "reads the Menace." A two-weeks' supply of "Five Brothers Tobacco" completed his shopping list, and he started home. Maggie soon had the steak on the fire and with unusual haste set up the dinner. With that over, he tucked the market basket under his arm and reluctantly trudged to the freight house with Maggie. There, a marvelous conglomeration of anything and everything was being auctioned off for what it would bring. Radiators, plumbers' supplies, books, electric motors, wheels, shafts, furniture, and one complete soda fountain were sold in rapid fire order. But it was the boxes of various sizes and shapes which aroused the curiosity of Maggie and the crowd. They were offered for sale as boxes of mystery, and it was left to the imagination and innate desire of the audience to get something for nothing, to bid up the prices. Danny was listless and lacked enthusiasm, but Maggie was all interest, so under her persistent urging he entered the bidding on a rather long and narrow box which in Maggie's imagination contained anything from gold watches to stolen treasure. He had it knocked down to him at the low price of three dollars and seventy-five cents. Danny procured a hammer, tore open the end and pulled out from the interior enough black bordered obituary envelopes to supply every mourning family in the State of Ohio.

But Maggie's thirst for a bargain was not to be satiated by a bit of ill luck. The boxes were soon sold, and then the auctioneer turned to other things. Maggie's interest was aroused anew over a barrel

of vinegar about to go on the stand.

"Sure," said Danny, "your sour enough without havin' all that vinegar around you."

"Oh get along with you," she retorted, "you have no eye for business at all. 'Twill be just the thing for me pickles next fall. Last fall I had such a time getting it, and what a consolation 'twill be to have a barrel full in the cellar, where I can run down and get what I need. Besides look at how cheap 'twill be."

"Get along with you and your old vinegar," said Danny, "ye can get all the vinegar you need at Tim Sullivan's. There be enough in that barrel to drown ten regiments of Englishmen."

"Yes and ye've got enough envelopes in your prize package to bury them with honors afterwards," retorted Maggie.

"Well it's none of my money you'll be spendin' on your foolishness," was Danny's ultimatum.

"Ye can kape your old money. I'll use the seven dollars you gave me last night."

She was not to be dissuaded and put in the bids herself. As no one present had much use for such a quantity of vinegar, the bidding was rather spiritless, but even then someone unexpectedly put in a bid of seven dollars. Maggie, however, had crossed the Rubicon. Her heart was on that vinegar, so the barrel was called off to her at seven dollars and fifty cents. The defeated Danny was forced to reach in his pocket for the extra money.

"Now I'll go through market meself," she said triumphantly, "while you get Mike Day's dray and mind ye don't trust that nager driver of his till me elegant barrel is safe in the cillar." And she did not leave till she saw the negro drive off, the barrel aboard, and the discomfited Danny on guard atop.

For full a month that vinegar reposed peacefully in the dim warm light of Danny's little basement, till one eve he came home from his toil with a bad cold and on his face plainly the marks of fatigue.

" 'Tis a cruel world," he said, as he sat down to enjoy a pipe full before supper, "that a poor working man can't have him a little toddy to drive the chill from his disease-racked body. I fear me lungs are petrified."

"Oh well," said Maggie sympathetically, "I'll have a fine supper for you and a cup of good, strong tea will help you. You know 'twas many a scanty meal we had in the 'good old days' you talk about. Sure me heart was near broke with your tantrums. Now we have plenty of money and more where we can get it. Besides,," she said changing her tone, "Mrs. Smith has given me a splendid recipe for

that cold. She says it cured her husband when he was most ready to die. And 'tis the vinegar that's coming in handy right now, for the recipe does say 'one half pint of vinegar.' So get ye your tools and open up the vinegar barrel."

"May the divil take your strong tea and your vinegar," replied Danny, "if I had me a quart of liquor I'd cure the cold or 'tis little I'd be worrying about a cold."

But a cold is a cold, so down into the cellar he went, procured a spigot, a brace and bit, and a hatchet and proceeded to tap the barrel. It was a very common looking barrel with stout oak ends, and heavy steel hoops binding them strongly together. It had come into the freight house with the single word 'Vinegar' on the top and addressed to a Joe Cyankon. No such name appeared in the city directory, and after the usual efforts to locate the owner it had been set aside as unclaimed

Danny set the barrel on blocks, jammed the spigot into the hole he had drilled and then putting the jug close against the mouth turned the faucet. The vinegar ran slowly at first but finally began to gurgle merrily into the jug. It was then that Danny's trained nostrils detected a blissful aroma, an aroma which brought back to him tender memories, and awakened in him longings which he had long since learned to repress. Quickly turning off the faucet he held the vinegar to his lips. He swallowed, and his eyes near burst from their sockets; the veins on his forehead stood out, and he was overwhelmed with such a feeling of joy as he had seldom experienced in a long and varied career. Again the jug went to his lips, and again children sang and danced with laughter, nightingales burst into song, bells tingled and great chords of music reverberated within him.

But adversity had tempered the violence of Danny's impulsiveness. There crept into his consciousness a sense of caution and of craftiness which made him set the jug on the floor, while he stood off to review and ponder over the entire situation. After a moment or two he upturned the barrel, removed the spigot and quickly jammed a wad of paper into its inlet. Then he re-inserted the spigot and let the barrel down again. He turned the faucet, but not a drop issued forth. With the carefully rinsed jug he proceeded upstairs.

"Maggy there be somethin' wrong with the spigot. I got narry a drop after all me trouble."

"You scalaway, I don't believe you. Ye never tried to get any," and grabbing the jug from his hand she hurried down to the cellar and turned the handle of the spigot,—but nothing came.

"Well," she said after she had returned, "you run down to the grocery and get you a gallon while I set the table for supper."

At supper Danny drank with alacrity both the strong tea and the terrible concoction she prepared for him, and she was both gratified and delighted at the visible effects it produced. Danny no longer complained. He forgot the existence of a cold. Into his eyes there came the brightness of childhood. The world was fair and Maggie shook with laughter as he narrated the many funny happenings of the day at the shop. 'Tis true that a trace of suspicion did flash upon her, but it was gone in an instant, for her simple soul was not gifted to delve into depths of the subtlety and deceit of the masculine sex. She was happy to take things as they were and returned banter for banter and wit for wit. Altogether, she spent the most enjoyable and sociable evening in years.

For indeed Danny was happy; happy as he had not been for a long, long time. And the more he thought upon the cause of his happiness the more did sweet, perfect bliss settle upon him. His blood tingled in his veins, and his mind took on wings. That such luck should befall him, who had always had such bad luck, was hard for him to realize.

Throughout the night he rolled and tossed on his bed and in his dreams that barrel of vinegar was personified. It walked with him on the streets, talked to him at his work, and sat with him at the table. Toward morning, he and Clancy and the barrel were dancing a "ring around the rosy," with Maggie in the middle, the spigot in her mouth, from which poured forth huge quantities of strong tea and cough syrup.

On the morrow, his first thought was to rush into the cellar to make sure his treasure was still extant, and then to break the news to Maggie, but here again prudence checked him. His new-born craftiness told him she would never be able to keep the great secret intact, and there was no saying what course she would take if she should discover the real contents, for Maggie never tired of expressing her appreciation of the law that kept her husband sober and at home, the pantry full of good things and prosperity shining upon them. So after a hurried breakfast he joyfully ran down the steps to catch his car. The cold was gone, the skies were blue, and the world a wonderful place in which to live. Maggy watched him as he nimbly scrambled aboard the car, and turned to wave her a final farewell.

"Men be queersome creatures," she murmured, as she took the coffee pot off the stove.

Twelve hours later Danny stepped joyously across the porch of his home. He had had a whispered conversation with Clancy, during which Clancy's eyes shone fire and his face suffused with smiles, for he was given an invitation to inspect the barrel.

Danny greeted Maggie with a smile and a squeeze, but she returned only in part this burst of feeling, for life had dragged with her during the day and dull care sat weighty upon her. But the jubilancy and buoyancy of Danny revived her spirits and she hurried away cheerfully to get the supper.

"Danny dear," she said as she set the food on the table, "little you know how sorry me soul has been tried this day. 'Tis your own joyous presence that soothes me suffering spirit. You know me fine, splendid keg of vinegar you were so good as to tap for me. Whatever got into my head I don't know but I thought I'd try me hand at fixing it meself. I give the handle of the spigot a bit of a touch with the hatchet, the whole thing fell out, and there was me vinegar running all over the floor. I tried me best to stop the hole with a rag, but narry a bit would it stay in, so there I had to stand in me weakness, with me hands folded and tears in me eyes while all the vinegar for pickles and cough syrup ran down to the sewer. O 'twas a sad, sad sight. And as heaven protects us, Danny! As true as I stand before you that vinegar did smell like whiskey!"

But Danny had long since collapsed into unconsciousness.

PAUL F. O'BRIEN.

The R.O.T.C. at St. Mary College

THE mission of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at St. Mary College is to qualify the college graduate for a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps and to enable him, when called into active service, to efficiently perform the practical duties of caring for, training, instructing, commanding and leading in combat a unit suited to his rank. It is a development of the Act of Congress of June 3, 1916, wherein the President is authorized to establish and maintain in civil educational institutions a Reserve Officers' Training Corps which shall have for its primary object the employment of systematic and standard methods of instruction to prepare the college man to perform intelligently the duties of a commissioned officer in the military forces of the United States.

The qualifications required of an individual who desires to become an officer are, physical fitness, discipline, aggressive spirit, ability to handle a rifle, and a comprehensive knowledge of minor tactics. The subjects necessary to attain the last qualification, are, a knowledge of topography, field engineering, map reading, marching, making and breaking camp, camp sanitation, etc.

The prescribed course of military training at St. Mary College consists of four years' instruction; the first two years being the senior basic course of three hours each week, and the last two years the senior advanced course of five hours per week. In addition to this each student is required to attend one summer camp during the last two years of the course as a pre-requisite for appointment as a Reserve Officer.

The summer course usually consists of six weeks of practical Infantry training. Students in attendance receive mileage at the rate of 3½ cents per mile from their homes to the camp and return and during the period in camp, board at Government expense. Those who attend camps are required to comply at all times with all orders or instructions issued by proper authority, and to pursue eearnestly and actively the course of instruction prescribed.

It may be interesting to know that each student receives yearly, clothing valued at $41.83 consisting of uniform, hat, shoes, leggins, shirts, etc. Additional summer clothing is provided for those attending summer camps, at a cost of $14.67. The total money value of clothing for the four years is approximately $181.99. Each man at-

tending the last two years or the senior advanced course receives commutation of subsistence for 590 days at 40c per day of a total of $236.00. He also receives the privilege of special technical training in various fields without tuition charges.

Apart from the financial recompense the R. O. T. C. student will secure from this plan discipline, which is of great value in any life work; training and methods for securing well-organized group action; assurance of service as an officer in a period of emergency; physical training that will make him fit to pursue his civil career as well as to perform his military duties; special training of a technical character of value in his civil career; training which develops leadership, self-reliance, confidence, courtesy, initiative and a keen sense of duty.

Capt. James R. Hill, Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Sergt. Frederick C. Miller and Sergt. George B. Kolk, all of the regular army, have been detailed by the War Department to carry on the work at St. Mary. Major Hill organized the unit in May, 1919, and since then much progress has been made. 230 students are enrolled and pursue actively the subjects as scheduled. Owing to much inclement weather during the winter months it is often necessary to hold the instruction indoors but the facilities for this are ample at the college. With the coming of Spring the cadets will engage in target practice as soon as adequate ranges have been prepared. Needless to say this is the most attractive phase of all military training. The American youth loves to shoot, indeed it is almost an inherited trait for in the past year, in the rifle competitions held in Europe, the American teams, competing against the entire world, won over 75 per cent of the prizes.

The R. O. T. C. at St. Mary is now fully equipped with uniforms, rifles, pistols, belts and bayonets. All equipment necessary on the march and to make camp is in the storeroom, such as haversacks, pack-carriers, mess equipment, shelter tents, etc. The unit is provided with intrenching tools, bolos and the usual engineer equipment used in infantry companies of the line. The S. M. C. campus and the adjoining terrain provide excellent drill grounds and the corps has the full approval and co-operation of the faculty. In view of the above it is believed that splendid results will be obtained during the balance of the academic year. Inspections of the R. O. T. C. are made from time to time by officers designated by the War Department and so far the result has been very satisfactory to all concerned.

The students who attended last year's summer camp have been selected as the cadet officers and non-commissioned officers and with their greater experience prove a valuable assistance in the training of the corps. As soon as the weather permits it is contemplated to

have numerous parades, ceremonies and reviews and competitions between the different companies. At the closing of the school year a field meet will be held.

RAYMOND G. HIEBER.

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Making the Man

Our youth indicates the direction of our future life. The principles of life which we receive at this period of our formation, when our minds are most pliable, are those which usually will abide with the future man or woman. Our youth is the time when we decide in favor of our course in life, in our youth we choose our masters, in our youth we erect our pedestals, in our youth we find the crossroads, the road to right and the road to wrong. Our youth points out the road of Duty, the primrose path of Pleasure, the golden road of Opportunity. Which shall it be?

This month of February inaugurates the season of Lent. Why must the Catholic young man, the collegeman, seek all kinds of excuses for exemption from this salutary season? Why does the average Catholic young man regard it as a bore, something to be gotten over with as soon as possible and as quickly forgotten, good enough perhaps for monks and old men but too old-fashioned in this modern age, when the attractions of dance-hall and theatre allure and enthrall the hearts of youth?

Our youth points out to us the stern road of Duty, our adherence to the right and our compulsion to live according to the established mandates of Nature and of our Creator. And youth points out again to us the golden road of Opportunity,—Lent,—strewn with thorns perhaps, but nevertheless a true gauge of a man's character and a wonderful moulder of that of the youth. As an ancient writer once expressed it: "He who would reach the goal of his desire in a race, has undergone in his boyhood many sufferings and hardships, and has abstained from the primrose path of Pleasure." So must it be with us. Lent with its toils, its hardships, its petty deprivations and sacrifices must be undergone to turn the youth from the potter's wheel a finished product, a man with moral character and moral stamina, and not a weakling cast about by each and every gust of pleasure and adverse wind. Life is at best a contest, a race, with that man a success, who most surmounts the troubles and the hardships of life.

D. H. A.

Our Examination Notes Each one of us has experienced that feeling of disappointment or conscientious satisfaction produced by the results of our examinations. Undoubtedly some of us still recall them with just pride, while others, perhaps, have given them so little heed as to allow them to drift far from them and to be lost in the past.

No matter what these feelings were, however, they have borne us one of these three messages: maximum effort, medium effort, minimum effort. In our inner selves we now know our positions on that steep and rugged path to success, and incidently know what we are truly worth.

But besides ourselves there are others who see these results, these notes, and who will pass judgment upon them. Placed in different positions as they are, they do not judge them as we ourselves do. In fact, the world's judgments, whenever they concern human beings and motives, are necessarily imperfect. The justly deserving do not get the right proportion of recognition, and would have rough paths to travel if dependent upon such judgments. But in those to whom this recognition is due, the inner voice of conscience and of duty well done bids them rejoice for their work has been pleasing in the eyes of the Omniscient, and they are filled with contentment from which springs true happiness.

In so far as they thus enable others to form opinions of our doings in the classrooms, our notes are of importance. However, individual merit is not based entirely on results; sincere effort and good

will are the foundation stones of success. To us these notes mean far more than to anyone else. We should seriously ponder over them, seek to ferret out the causes of our failures and earnestly take to heart whatever lessons they may bring to us. Having done this we should then set the highest possible standard for ourselves and manfully start out for our goal.

Although for some of us the task may seem impossible, yet we would do well to remember that superhuman efforts are not expected, much less required, of us. A little effort, if only exercised intermittently, will gradually increase to a more constant application and finally develop into a steadiness that will bring forth surprising results. Then can we justly expect to experience, in larger measure, that inner, soul-satisfying peace and contentment that constitutes true happiness; that peace and contentment promised by the Master to those who manfully do their duty.

W. S. V. C.

Don't Do It! Are you one of those spineless creatures who spend their evenings in having a good time, and then rush off to school next morning, grab George's task book and blindly copy his work? Our quarrel is not with the first part,—dance all you like; but should you fall under the indictment of the latter part, then we would say a few words to you.

A boy attends school for one of two reasons, either because he is sent, and thus is helped to kill the hours between sunrise and sunset, or else he goes in order to learn and improve. Of the first category we need say but little. When grown up they become largely the "raison d'etre" of a penal system. The latter class eventually develop into men.

A written assignment or in plain language, a task, is a logical application of the principle that we learn to do by doing. If we never do, it follows that we can never learn to do. Hence, if we are at school to learn, it is essential that we should do the tasks assigned. Unfortunately, however, no one can readily master every subject. Thus almost everybody finds at least one branch of study with which he has some trouble. If the obstacle seems to become insuperable, if he is unable to meet the requirements of his professor, he is quite likely to call in the assistance of George's task book,—right there, however, he does himself an irreparable injury. If we learn to do by doing, then we also learn to depend on others when we copy blindly the work of another. If he is thoroughly in earnest and sincere in his ambitions in life, the erstwhile copyist must at this point recall that

THE END MEN—Front Row—OLIVER PECORD, ANTHONY McCARTHY, THEODORE LIENISCH
Back Row—ALBERT WALSH, VINCENT MOLLOY, JOHN GRIESEMER

THE S. M. C. GLEE CLUB

he will not have George at his elbow in after life every time he strikes a difficulty. If he were to depend on another to do his work, then the boss would soon arrange that the other fellow draw his pay-check.

On the whole, then, it would seem to be the safer way to learn to stand on one's own feet. If you can present two problems solved by yourself, the recompense in the guise of experience is immeasurably greater than if you handed in ten worked by the other fellow; for, in the last analysis, it is experience that one gets paid for.

J. C. M.

The American Dye Situation For many months our legislators at Washington have been endeavoring to reach a definite legislative policy regarding a question that is pregnant with possibilities and upon which is probably hinged the successful development of a rapidly growing industry of ours. This industry, the American dye industry, became one of the nation's most progressive industries during the World War. But if nothing is done now to protect it from the threatened revival of the unfair German competition that existed before the outbreak of the war we are doubtful of its future.

A big stride toward the protection of the American dyestuff and related industries in this country was the formation of the Chemical Foundation. Inc. This corporation was organized to purchase and to take control of all the German chemical patents, trade-marks, etc., not hitherto disposed of. It is the policy of this corporation vigorously to prosecute any infringement by foreign countries, while any American manufacturer may use the patents after paying a small fee.

As early as June of last year, hearings were completed in Congress on the Longworth bill, a bill relating to the American dyestuff industry, and dye manufacturers and consumers were confident that the Ways and Means Committee would report a bill embodying both effective tariff rates and a five-year licensing system. But foreign importers and dealers got busy and so clouded the issue that it is still hanging fire.

The Longworth bill is now before the Senate Committee on Finance, an early report is expected, and doubtless the Senate will take action quickly. It has been a prolonged struggle, but out of it has come the strength of popular understanding and sympathetic support and this is the foundation of a permanent policy that will stand as adamant through the ravages of time.

It is entirely up to Congress now, for we are of the same opinion as a member of one of the American Commissions that went abroad, who said that "unless the spirit of independence is dead in the hearts of Americans, our people will never be satisfied until the American dye industry has been developed to a point where it can take care of every American need and stand as a bulwark of reserve for any future conflicts in which our nation may be compelled to engage."

W. J. B.

Our Contributors

While we are speaking editorially of the near-relatives of the Exponent staff, let us not overlook those who sit down in some forsaken corner and scratch their heads long enough to get results—namely, the contributors. If we were to picture our three great supporters, the subscribers, the advertisers and the contributors in a triangle, the base would go to the contributors. Why? Because the advertisers are influenced by the number of subscribers, and the subscribers are acquired by what the magazine "says"; what the magazine "says" is what its contributors "say," hence it is plain that both advertisers and subscribers depend upon the base, the contributors, for a continuation of their relations. So as much as the editor fumes over the heaps of "dope" that daily hide his desk, he must admit in the last analysis that herein lies his first line of defense in the struggle for existence.

Practically all of the Exponent material, other than departmental news, comes from the college men. With better than a hundred men in the college division, life is no "drag" for the editor. Recalling the adage of variety and its effect on life he would readily call it "spicy." The contributors din his ears with obstreperous arguments and discussions of a social, political and religious nature, then guide him through the abstruse ways of science and finally ensnare him with the endearing bonds of a love story. But the fact is that he relishes these experiences and is always willing to be re-victimized.

The aim of the staff is to include every college man in the list of contributors; the getting there remains then wholly with the individual. It takes extra effort to develop an idea into printable material, but the names constantly being added to our list of contributors is proof that the number of College men whom these efforts intimidate is steadily decreasing.

R. J. K.

Some of Our Best Friends: The Advertisers Where would the Exponent, or in fact any other magazine of today be, if it were not for the advertising that our merchants do? Indeed it is the advertisements that make the editing and the publishing of any magazine at all possible. If it were not for the faithful and broad-minded merchants of today, the cost of production of a periodical of any kind would be so great as to necessitate the publisher charging exceedingly high rates per copy to the reading public in general.

Our advertisers have proven to be some of our most valuable and steadfast friends. They are really helping us very much to keep our magazine on a self-supporting basis; on the other hand the merchants cannot well afford to give everything in charity; it therefore is only meet and just that our readers, and the students of S. M. C. in particular should patronize the men and the concerns whose names appear in the list of our supporters. We can vouch for their integrity and guarantee you a square deal. As supporters of S. M. C., and loyal ones at that, every student and as far as possible every reader of the Exponent should make it a practice of purchasing at such places as patronize our advertising pages. These men deserve recognition and they must be given a fair deal if we wish to retain them as our loyal friends.

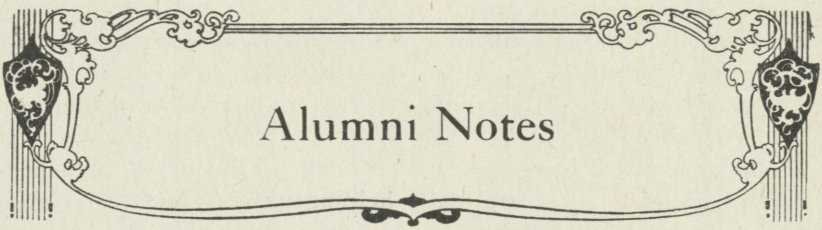
Now then, students, and you, gentle readers, let us all join hands with our friends, the advertisers, and unite all our strength and influence in one large mass of "good will" and see just what we can do towards making our Alma Mater a great St. Mary, and our advertisers more pleased with the financial results that come from using the Exponent as a means of catching and holding the eye of the public.

W. J. F.

Our Subscribers Of course we mean you students and loyal readers. Due to your continued monetary encouragement combined with that of the Advertisers, the Exponent is still pursuing the even tenor of its way. War, pestilence and famine have not been able to hinder its regular monthly appearance. Moreover, and this is even more remarkable, though all things have soared on the wings of high prices, your College magazine has attempted to soar on its intrinsic merits alone. But literary excellences will pay no bills, and as the Exponent is determined to abide by its established subscription, the business managers are kept on the rush trying to meet the deficit by an increase in the number of our advertisers and subscrib-

ers. Subscribers, and that brings us back to you again, loyal student and reader, you can help us to increase our circulation: will you? Get up everybody and shout: "Yea boh."

E. K. McI.



Alumni Notes

Joseph G. Deddens Edward G. Heile

From Toledo We quote the following from a letter to the subscription manager and signed B. H. Kranz, '13:

"It might interest you and some of the older Alumni that Leo, Karl, Gerald and myself are in business with our father in the Fire Insurance and Real Estate game. Albert is an attorney and is doing fine. All have spent three or four years each at St. Mary's and often talk over the good times we had with all our college pals. Leo has entered the matrimonial field and is getting along nicely, while the rest are still happy bachelors."

Thank you, Ben, and we hope to get more letters like yours. Besides the subscription check we are always very anxious to get the latest news about the Old Boys.

Earl A. Smith, '07 Here is the letter head of Earl Smith's letter renewing his subscription to the Exponent: Smith & Foster, Civil Engineers, 702 Commercial Bldg., Dayton, Ohio. He is at home at 17 Niagara Street. Thanks, Earl, for your prompt reply to our appeal.

William A. Brennan, '16 Bill says he is back on the old job with the Big Four R. R. freight office after a year with Uncle Sam's Marines, eight months of which were spent "over there." He resides at 1610 Huffman Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

The Sunny South George E. Rigney, Jr., '15, writes us from Greenville, Miss., where he is working for the J. T. Fargasson Company, wholesale grocers. Here is what George has to say:

"Imagine my surprise when I returned home after nineteen months of service in the army, to find on my dressing table at home,

fifteen copies of the Exponent. Now that was enough for a sore heart. That night I read several of them through, and it did me so much good."

George expresses his deep regret at the death of Bro. John Voelker who was a very dear friend of his. He also expresses his great pleasure in hearing that the old cadet bunch is again in the field. He is anxious to see Father Schumacher when he returns to Dayton. George, your friend "Diddle" Baker still lives in Dayton but he has not played with the cadets for several years.

Wm. Slick, '10 Bill dropped in on us rather unexpectedly last week. His bride of two months, formerly Miss Clare Sheahan, of Cleveland, was with him. They were married on Thanksgiving Day, and their residence is 644 East 107 Street, Cleveland. Bill was much pleased to meet his old friends among the faculty. He is in the auto business.

William Stoecklein, '00 We are indebted to Bro. Fred Paff, S. M., for this bit of information concerning William Stoecklein. The latter called at the college recently and the object of his visit was to secure office help from amongst the lads of the Commercial Department. As luck would have it he met his old teacher, Bro. Fred, and we are now able to give our readers the following: Bill is one of the big men in the firm of Stoecklein & Hoefler Builders Supply Co. here in Dayton.

The Mahoneys The name Mahoney has been on the register of S. M. C. since the days of '04 when Bill the eldest of that family entered the portals of this great Dayton college. Here is the latest about him: Bill, the star center of the renowned team of '07, is the assistant general manager of the Cahill Iron Works of Chattanooga, Tenn. He is at home with his wife and two children at 408 E. Eighth Street. Frank, '15, is in charge of the foundry department of the same firm. George, '12, and Joe are working with their father in the Star Box Printing Company. A young brother Ed is presently attending S. M. C.

Chicago Alumni Some kind friend has favored us with this lengthy contribution to the Alumni Notes. We print it very willingly just because it refers to the Chicago Alumni. Not a more loyal division of the Alumni Association exists. All are presently subscribers to the Exponent and they have been for years in the past.

Alex M. Blumenthal, '94, is Superintendent of Rating, on the Chicago Board of Underwriters. He has reached this responsible position after being connected with the Board for the last twenty-five years. He is married and has two children. His hobby is a long cross-country trip in a Paige.

Matthias N. Blumenthal, '97, is in the electrical contracting business. He does a tremendous amount of work, mostly in fitting out churches, schools, and hospitals electrically. He is very popular with the Chicago clergy. His wife is Louisa Will, formerly of Dayton. They have two children.

Ed A. Blumenthal, '03, is the Chicago and Western representative of Gabriel Snubber Co. Ed is a bachelor and refuses to take life seriously beyond selling shock-absorbers to make rough roads smooth.

Albert J. Kemper, '94, is President of Kemper Bros. Co., and North Chicago Feed Mills. He is also a director of several banks, and president of a real estate board. His wife, who was a sister of the Blumenthal boys, died some years ago. He has a little girl.

Barney Kirchner has been with the Western Electric Co. for the last ten years. He is a coming big man in electrical circles, if one can judge by the number of firms that are bidding for his services.

John Burgmeier, '02, formerly of Dayton, is president of the Burgmeier Book Bindery, on West North Avenue. He has big contracts with the Chicago Public Library, and many universities and colleges. He is the proud father of two boys.

Edward M. Miller, '94, is Chief of Installation, of the Western Electric Co. He has his offices at the company's big Hawthorne plant. Ed has been connected with the W. E. ever since he left St. Mary's. Besides this Ed has been successful in several big real estate deals. He is married, and has a boy and a girl. He and his brother Oscar own the "Sentinel," the fastest motor-boat of its size and weight in the world. The Miller boys have eleven big cups and dozens of other trophies which the boat carried off.

Oscar C. Miller, '92, is one of Chicago's prominent attorneys. For some years past he has been in partnership with Richard J. Finn, formerly city attorney of Chicago. They are among the best trial lawyers in the city, and in the last year have recovered the largest number of verdicts of any members of the Chicago bar. Oscar's hobbies are travel, by auto, rail and sail, nature study, and reading.

Edward Schoen, '03, is manager of the Columbia Hard Wood Lumber Co. of which his father is president. The firm's rapid growth is due to his business acumen. He is married and has three children.

Alex Schoen, '04, is also connected with the lumber company. He is the general manager of the sales department. Alex could sell lumber to a brickyard.

Wm. Schoen, '07, has charge of the company's standing timber and out-of-the-state saw mills. He spends much time at the lumber camps.

Paul Wenigman, '07, is general superintendent of the Gainer & Koehler Co.'s Department Store,a furniture and dry goods house. Paul is married and has a family. They spend much of their time on the shores of one of the northern Illinois lakes.

Joseph Windbiel, Sr., '92, is manager of the Stern Clothing Co., North Avenue and Larabbee Street, and business is in a prosperous condition. His hobby is bowling and he has won quite a few prizes in recognition of his prowess. Joe Jr., '17, is a chemist with the Fansteel Products Company.

J. Albert Krusling, '17 Al is an inspector of the Ohio Inspection Bureau, Cincinnati Dept. His special line of work is to determine the insurance rates before new buildings are insured. You will find him at work in his office in the First National Bank Building. The Varsity-Alumni game is scheduled for March 12. We will be glad to see you in the fray again Al. Your suggestion was very timely. Yes, what about a reunion of the Alumni after the game?

H. S. '18 Here is the latest about two of the '18 class. John Breen is in his second year at Cornell and he tells us that things are going fine with him. He has been following closely the records made by the Saints this season in the domain of athletics.

Veeder Donaghy says that it is a pleasure for him to subscribe to the Exponent. He is at the University of Michigan studying law and is succeedig fine in his work.

Wedding Bells J. Ellis Mayl, '08, was married on January 27 to Miss Margaret Fulwiler at Corpus Christi Church, Dayton. Ellis and his young bride will take up their residence in Detroit, where he will resume his duties as manager of the Carrol Engineering Company.

Walter N. Rotterman was married on January 27 to Miss Agnes Berger at Holy Trinity Church, Dayton. The newly married couple will make their future home at Lancaster, Ohio, because of the business interests of the groom in that city.

Tuesday, January 27, Holy Angels' Crurch was the scene of the wedding of Vincent Andrew Steger and Miss Liliah Smyth. Immediately after the ceremonies the couple left for New Orleans. This has been the home of Vincent since he was released from service where he served as a lieutenant in the aviation corps.

Roy Grimer, '13 Roy is attending Assumption Colloge near Detroit. After completing his studies at this institution he expects to enter the Seminary.

Paul R. Starret, '17 Paul seems to have plenty of work in Zanesville, Ohio, where he manages the Starret Wholesale Grocery Company. Whilst in town recently he called at the college and we were glad to see him. He was quite interested in the fine work being done in the Commercial Department of which he is a graduate.

Wm. Sherry, '19 "Bill" recently dropped a line to his former professor, Doctor Wohlleben. The letter was full of shop talk, but from it all we gather that our former athlete is working very hard as a chemist in the Firestone plant at Akron and that his one ambition is to land the job of a compounder who makes up the formula for all rubber goods manufactured in the plant.

Otto Behrer, '17 Ott is now connected with the Board of Health of the City of Cincinnati. Among the jobs that he has on his hands just now, besides making out the annual reports, are the management of a "Dairy Show," and delivering several lectures on "Food Inspection" to the students of the University. He reported welcome visits from Bob Hummert, Al Krusling, and Bro. Adam Hoffman.

The Heiles The Heile family has been continuously represented at St. Mary College during the past twenty years. Albert, '04, Elmer, '05, and Leonard, '11 are in business with their father in the Cincinnati Hay, Grain & Feed Co. Elmer has the general supervision of the office work. He resides with his wife and two children on Greenup St., Covington. Albert is the general manager of the Covington store. His home is in Hyde Park. Leonard is in charge of all the dairy products handled by the firm. Two younger brothers, Edward and Marcellus, are present students of the college. Their father, Mr. Frank J. Heile, is himself a most loyal alumnus of St. Mary. His best appreciation of the splendid educational work

done at St. Mary's is that he should send his five sons to his Alma Mater.

A New Auditor Under date of January 6, John G. Westbrock writes us from 359 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., that he was appointed auditor of the Staten Island R. R. by the Federal Auditor. His office is at 259 Broadway. All success to you in your new work and we hope to have the pleasure of that intended visit in the near future.

H. S. '19 Norbert Mott, our Urbana friend of last year, is helping his father in the grocery business in his home town.

Ray Dorger is following the law courses at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. We always expected great things of you, Ray.

Elmer Sherman is holding down a very responsible office position at the N. C. R. here in the Gem City, whilst his twin brother, Charley, is with the Dayton Savings and Trust Co.

Henry "Dutch" Schroeder is with the Remington Typewriting Co. and we saw him out at S. M. C. recently in the interests of his company.

Carroll Deery has removed himself from Harrison to Norwood, Ohio, where he works for the Dalton Adding Machine Co. Carroll believes in personal advancement so he is taking a night school course in drafting at the Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati.

Commercial '19 Ysidro Reyna enlisted in the army shortly before Christmas. He is presently stationed at Washington, D. C., where he has a clerical position in the Quartermaster Department.

Whilst in Detroit you may call on Donald Simon at the office of Fischer Bros. Auto Co.

Marcos Tomas, when last heard from, was handling the office work of his father's brick business down in San Juan, Porto Rico.

Henry Rost is working in the purchasing department of the N. C. R.

All our commercial "grads" from Wayland, N. Y., are working with the W. H. Gunlocke Chair Co. Perry Volino, '19, and Nicholas Last, '16, are the main factors in the office, whilst Robert Scales, '17, is one of the shipping clerks.

From 47 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York, a letter arrived from Francisco Robledo, '19, with a subscription to the Exponent. Since he left St. Mary he has been working hard and will keep on with the

same spirit in order to climb the ladder of success. He sends his best wishes to all.

New Arrivals Larry Strattner, '15, writes us from Piedmont, W. Va., announcing the birth of a second boy, George.

Martin Kuntz, '12, has an addition to his family out on Volusia Avenue, Dayton. The new arrival is Isabelle Louise.

Carl Will, '03, is the proud father of a little son, Carl Junior.

Our congratulations to the happy parents.

The following is a list of subscription renewals since December 30, 1919: Joseph Seidensticker, Lawrence Strattner, J. G. Westbrock, R. G. Schneble, John Brand, B. A. Dury, Paul Starret, Francisco Robledo, Maurice Boylan, N. C. Bergman, W. M. Burkhardt, Clemens Demman, Walter K. Blaire, Bro. George Banzer, S. M., William Stoecklein, Earl Smith, Bro. John Nickol, S. M., Vincent Barlow, Bernard Kranz, Charles Hollencamp, Harry J. Miller, Martin L. Baumert, George E. Rigney, Jr., Norbert Mott, James McCurran, Wm. A. Brennan, Bro. Julius Kroeschell, S. M., Perry Volino and Cletus Zofkie.

Over three hundred letters have been sent out by the Subscription Manager of the Exponent appealing to the Alumni to subscribe or renew their subscription to the College Magazine. We hope for great results.

We need the assistance of all the former S. M. C. students. It costs us more than a dollar a year to print the Exponent and were it not for our advertisers we should be hopelessly in debt. Your dollar means more to us than it does to you. You, kind reader, have hearkened to our appeals and have joined the list of subscribers. Are there not among your friends some of your college chums, that are oblivious to all that is going on here at the college? Boost your Alma Mater by getting them to subscribe to the Exponent and thus keep in touch with the ever-growing S. M. C.

Obituaries Death once more invaded the ranks of the Society of Mary and removed another of its members in the person of Bro. Joseph Gallagher, S. M. He died very suddenly January 14, in Washington, D. C., where he was the principal of the Immaculate Conception School. Bro. Gallagher was born in Cleveland fifty-six years ago and entered the Society of Mary in 1878. New Orleans, Baltimore, LaSalle, Ill., San Francisco and Washington were the scenes of his labors as a religious teacher. He was a member of

the faculty of St. Mary College from 1887 to '89. The deceased is survived by a brother and three sisters.

The Exponent wishes to extend the sympathy of the alumni, faculty and student-body of the college to Bro. Lawrence Drufner in his sad bereavement, the death of his father. Mr. Drufner died January 11 at the age of eighty-five. He was a resident of Dayton since 1846.

This is how Leo Dolan writes us of the death of his beloved father: "As an old student and friend of St. Mary I am now asking for your prayers for my father who passed away in a most peaceful sleep, well fortified with the Holy Sacraments, Tuesday, January 6, at 3 p. m. He died after a two months' illness of heart trouble." Our sincerest condolence to you, Leo, and the family.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of one of the S. M. C. lads of last year, Orlin E. Teach, of Springfield, Ohio. He died January 23 as a result of blood poisoning following hemorrhages. Orlin attended St. Mary's only one year but during that time he was very popular with his college friends. He was one of the R. O. T. C. members to take the summer course at Camp Custer the past July. His classmates had two masses read for the repose of his soul and sent the bereaved family a letter expressing their heartfelt sympathy.

The mother of Harry Weber, '07, died recently in Cincinnati. Harry himself was very ill with the "Flu" but we are happy to say that he is recovering. Our deepest sympathy to you, Harry, in the loss of your dear mother.

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

Acknowledgment The Exponent has been requested to acknowledge the receipt of sixty dollars covering the expenses of a scholarship at the Apostolic School conducted by the Society of Mary at Urakami, Japan. This scholarship is an annual gift of the Sisters of Notre Dame at the Notre Dame Academy, Dayton. Our sincerest thanks to these devoted benefactors.

College Notes

JANUARY EXAMINATION

College Department

Senior Chemical Engineering—William Boesch, 91; Carroll Hochwalt, 91; Wilbur Yackley, 89.

Senior Electrical—Matthew Cahill, 88; Howard Hetzel, 85.

Junior Chemical—Mark Thompson, 81.

Junior Electrical—Andrew Kuntz, 95; Walter Curtis, 93.

Sophomore Engineers—Edward Finan, 97; Rene Cros, 96; Ralph Pauly, 96; Frank Elardo, 94.

Sophomore Pre-Medics—Lyman Kauffman, 77; Harold Kemper, 76.

Sophomore Arts—Herbert Abel, 97; Ray Kitsteiner, 96.

Freshman Engineers-A—Alvin Rabe, 97; Elmer Steger, 96; Clarence Paulus, 94.

Freshman Engineers-B—Alfred Poliquin, 91; John Shomaker, 88; Quinton Guenther, 87.

Freshman Arts—Myles Knechtges, 90; Paul O'Brien, 88.

Freshman Pre-Medics—Gulden Mackmull, 89; William Slagle, 86.

High School Department

Fourth High-A—Lewis Sherer, 96; Joseph Schwind, 96; William Fiel, 94; Walter Kinzig, 93.

Fourth High-B—George Donovan, 96; Harold Melia, 96; Benjamin Seidenstick, 96.

Third High-A—Norbert Hellman, 94; Raymond Scheckelhoff, 92; Joseph Higgins, 92; Albert Freiberg, 91; Walter Staab, 90.

Third High-B—Ernest Lamoureux, 94; Joseph Koehler, 94; Victor Keuping, 93; Lionel Bradmiller, 92.

Third High-C—Carl Ramus 97; John Russell, 92; Vernard Bremer, 90; Casimir Petkewicz, 82.

Second High-A—Vincent Koepnick, 98; George Krug, 97; Harry Heider, 97; Charch McGee, 95.

Second High-B—John Dowd, 96; Charles Himes, 94; Edwin Van Leunen, 94.

Second High-C—George Geis, 98; Martin Murphy, 98; Edward Keefe, 97; Alvin Tapke, 95.

First High-A—Joseph Unger, 96; William Carey, 94; Harry Breen, 94; Alfred Schaaf, 90.

First High-B—John Price, 95; Charles Peterman, 95; Myron Fultz, 95; Louis Stuhldreher, 91; Robert Renner, 90.

First High-C—Herman Reboulet, 98; Robert Adelberg, 94; Thomas Kirk, 94; Harold Thomas, 94.

First High-D—Joseph Scott, 96; John Waluizsis, 95; Robert Wirsching, 95; Norbert Stechschulte, 94.

First High-E—Louis Schulze, 99; Robert Wihler, 96; Louis Mahlmeister, 96; Edwin Besch, 95.

Business Department

Second Year—Louis Mason, 95; Max Brunner, 89.
First Year—Alex Millmon, 95; Vincent Brunner, 92; Raymond Ostendorf, 92; Fuentes Sanchez, 91.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Andrew Patko, 93; Cletus Corbett, 92; Joseph Keller, 91; Joseph Kelly, 90.
Seventh Grade—Lawrence Gough, 93; Francis Cunningham, 92; William Keller, 92; Howard Crush, 92.
Sixth Grade—Robert Dinkel, 94; James Cunningham, 92; Robert Van Leunen, 91; Paul Purpus, 90.

Back to College On Wednesday, January 7, at 8:45 a. m., the Christmas holidays came to an end. At that hour serious work was resumed in all the classes. The prospect of approaching examinations helped greatly to dispel the "blues," to forget the pleasures of the previous eighteen bookless days, and to put renewed energy into study.

Mid-Year Examinations The examinations concluding the first term were held in all the classes on January 26, 27, and 28. The following day was a free day. It was well needed for relaxing the mental tension caused by the ordeal. The results of the examination were read on February 3 in the various departments. As usual they were a warning to a few, but heralds of final success to the majority.

Coasting The weather conditions of the past month have made it ideal for winter sports. Coasting and skating were in the order of almost every day. Chapel Avenue, the pond and ice-covered campuses were daily filled with coasters and skaters.

Dayton Home Building Show An interesting and instructive exhibition showing the material, architecture, modern conveniences of an up-to-date home and the advantages of owning such a one was held at Memorial Hall from January 20 to 24. On Friday afternoon, January 23, there were no classes at College so as to give all the students an opportunity for profiting by this exhibition. Most of them did, and that with satisfaction. The committee in charge of the exhibition deserve credit and thanks for the complimentary tickets of admission given to the students.

R. O. T. C. Competitive Drill In order to stimulate to greater effort and to create a healthy rivalry the instructors in military training have decided to hold competitive drills at regular intervals. The first one took place on January 22 in the College gymnasium. Forty of the most important commands were distributed among the eight platoons, five being given to each. In presence of the entire batallion each platoon had to execute the commands assigned to it. The judges were the three instructors, Captain Hill and Sergeants Miller and Kolk. The results of each platoon were reckoned on the 100% basis: 30% was given for the general appear-

ance, 60% for exactness in executing the commands, whilst the remaining 10% had to be merited by the cadet-lieutenant in charge for his manner of giving the commands. Platoon No. 3 of Company B under the command of Lieutenant Lameroux merited the first mention with the average of 76%. The others followed in close succession. After the competition Captain Hill commended all the members for the good work done. Undoubtedly future competitive drills will show still better results.

"Davis the Magician"

The patrons of the St. Mary Lyceum Course were treated to a rare program of entertainment by "Davis the Magician," on January 15. Davis has been called the "Man who Mystifies," and he proved beyond a doubt that he is an artist among the exponents of the "Black Art."

The program consisted of two parts and was throughout one round of delightful, artfully designed and surprising deceptions. The hand of the master was discernable in the magician's every movement. Davis also showed himself a real "Houdini" in liberating himself from the closest captivity. Besides his masterly grace and cleverness in execution, he has a pleasing personality abounding in wit and humor.

The College orchestra was on hand during the entertainment and rendered a very enjoyable program of popular and classical music.

DANIEL McCARTHY.

The Minstrel

The S. M. C. Minstrel has been realized—rather successfully realized, thanks to the efficient guidance of the Moderator of the College Glee Club, Bro. Lawrence Boll, S. M., and the earnest co-operation of the College men.

On the evenings of January 11 and 13 respectively the performances were staged in the College auditorium. On each event the minstrels displayed their ludicrous ingenuity to a crowded and appreciative house. The intermingling of southern ballads and medleys cast a hushed spell over the general laughter.

The End Men proved a perfect sextette of light-hearted negroes. Messrs. Griesemer, Pecord, McCarthy, Lienesch, Walsh and Malloy never displayed their ability to amuse in a more striking degree. With Ray Kitsteiner as interlocutor they indeed upheld an enviable standard in the circle of amateur minstrelsy. The Select Choir especially captivated the audience by their charming rendition of southern ballads. Composed of Messrs. Lienesch, Teders, Kuntz, Kessler, Kitsteiner, Deger, Curtis, Malloy, Cahill and Donnelly they truly formed a musical quartet. Solos were abundant, the ballad entitled, "No Matter How Tired an Elephant May Be, He Can Never Sit on His Trunk," sung by Mr. McCarthy, produced an uproar among the audience. The "musical babies" consisting of Messrs. Wagner, Payne, Faas, Drobkiewicz, Elardo and Hemmert, rendered several surprising mandolin sensations. In the midst of a fast tune Mr. Donnelly held the audience spellbound with his artistic jigging.

As a climax a pathetic war scene was introduced entitled the "Dying Drummer Boy." Amidst a grand chorus of over one hundred voices the curtain was slowly lowered on the greatest and never-to-be-forgotten feature of the season, the College Minstrel.

The program follows:
Overture—S. M. C. Orchestra.

Minstrel—First Part

Interlocutor—Ray Kitsteiner, Cleveland, Ohio.

End Men—Albert Walsh, Dayton, Ohio; John Griesemer, Pueblo, Colo.; Anthony McCarthy, Dayton, Ohio; Oliver Pecord, Toledo, Ohio; Theodore Lienesch, Dayton, Ohio; Vincent Malloy, Marion, Ohio.

Select Chorus—First Tenor, Matthias Cahill, John Donnelly. Second Tenor: Walter Curtis, Richard Deger, Vincent Malloy. First Bass: Emil Kessler, Raymond Kitsteiner. Second Bass: Clarence Teders, Andrew Kuntz, Theodore Lienesch. Soloists: M. Cahill, W. Curtis, John Donnelly, A. McCarthy.

Dancer—John Donnelly, Cleveland, Ohio.

Grand Chorus of fifty-five voices.

Minstrel—Second Part

Patriotic Setting.

The Dying Drummer Boy—Students of Elementary Department.

Night of November 10, 1918—Awaiting the Armistice.

Back to the U. S. A.

Grand Tableau and Chorus—"My Own United States."

The following are the members of the chorus: John Healy, Alvin Rabe, Edward Kremer, Stephen Maloney, Walter Krantz, Justin Hochwalt, John Halpin, Frederick Ferrara, Paul O'Brien, John Carrasco, Herbert Hannegan, Adolph Stuhlmueller, Lawrence Sinnott, Elmer Steger, Raymond Schmitter, Martin Wilkinson, Mark Thompson, Clement Hellebush, Roman Geiber, Carl Theuring, Vernon Roden, Joseph Falkenbach, Alfred Damm, Henry Llano, Walter Farren, Ferdinand Miller, Eugene Falkenbach, Ignatius Llano, Thomas Murray, Ades Cholley, Edwin Huesman, Edward Kehoe, Robert Von Koenl, Thomas Hook. Stage Manager. Ed McInerhney. Assistants, Howard Fogarty, Robert Seward, John Schomaker, Clarence Paulus, Linus Hosfeld, Eugene Busch, Paul Grote.

ADOLPH J. STUHLMUELLER.

Music Notes The following program was rendered by the S. M. C. Student Orchestra at the Minstrel January 11 and 13: Prelude: "The Star-Spangled Banner,"—Keys; One Step: "Topsy,"—Frey; Ethiopian Sketch: "The Sunny South"—DeWitt; Characteristic Barn Dance: "The Darkey's Dream"—Lausing; Dream Picture: "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Lampe; Two Step: "Ephraim's Delight"—Charlie Meiler; Valse: "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"—Ball; Two Step: "Parade of the Coontown Swell."

The S. M. C. Orchestra played the following numbers at the "Davis, the Magician" performance: Prelude: The Star-Spangled Banner"; March: "Virgin Islands"—Adams; "Faust March"—Gounod; "Anvil Chorus"—Verdi; March: "The Slogan"—Kloho; March: "Over the Top"—O'Hara.

Sodality News Shortly after the return from the Christmas holidays the various branches of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception held interesting meetings at which the ardor and activity of the sodalists were renewed.

Collegiate Division At a protracted but enthusiastic meeting held on January 19, Messrs. Thompson and Finan were appointed chairmen of the Spiritual Reading and Eucharistic Sections respectively. Timely talks were given by Mr. Thompson on the "Utilization of Odd Moments," and by Mr. Curtis on "Is Life Worth While Living." Mr. Killoran spoke on "Frequent Communion." Mr. Stuhlmueller dwelt upon the advantages of spiritual reading and Mr. Pecord made practical suggestions as to what books and magazines might be read with profit.

First Division In this branch the members of the Eucharistic Section lead in fidelity to the minimum requirements of their section showing an average of 99%. The Mission and Catholic Literature Sections follow with averages of 91% and 90% respectively. All have determined to reach the 100% mark by February 2 as a spiritual bouquet for Our Lady on the Feast of her Purification.

Second Division A meeting on January 19 was devoted principally to commemorating the seventy-first anniversary of the death of the saintly Father William Chaminade, Founder of the Society of Mary. He was presented as a model sodality worker. The members were urged to have confidence in his intercession and to interest themselves in the cause of his beatification.

Third Division Whilst all the sections in this branch are doing excellent work, the members of the Mission Section deserve special credit for their spirit of sacrifice. Each one has subscribed to the "Field Afar" from his own pocket money. In addition each one has pledged himself to raise the sum of five dollars for the benefit of the Maryknoll Missions in China and those of the Society of Mary in Japan.

Day-Student Branches Among other activities the various branches of the day-students are working up the devotion of assisting at Mass on week days. Thus three of the High School Department are well represented each Thursday morning. Most of their members not merely assist at Mass but also receive Holy Communion. The collegiate sodalists have agreed to assist in corpore each Wednesday morning or preferably on a feast of the Blessed Virgin should there be any during the week.

First High A and B The Catholic Literature Section especially is doing active work. A report of this section shows that 1050 minutes had been spent in reading Catholic Literature. Louis Stuhldreher addressed the members on this important topic. He came to the meeting with a number of Catholic reviews, and tried to induce as many members as possible to become daily readers of such literature. Joseph Unger, the president, urged all to take an intelligent interest in Catholic movements. Robert Renner, the active representative of Holy Rosary Parish, spoke in favor of increasing the membership. For this purpose, companies of five have been formed. Each company will endeavor to procure one new member. The enthusiasm shown for this movement will surely produce good results.

Engineering Notes At a meeting held Wednesday, January 21, an interesting talk was delivered by Mr. Carrol Hochwalt on hydrocarbon fuels. Mr. Hochwalt, through actual experimentation at the Dayton

Research Laboratories, enlightened the members on the different values of hydro-carbon fuels. He explained cracking processes and the use of anti-knocks. The talk furnished a very interesting lecture for Mr. Hochwalt's allotted one hour.

Mr. A. J. Kuntz, Junior Electrical Engineer gave the audience some interesting data on the care and preservation of batteries. He pointed out some practical ways for testing a battery concluding with some theoretical remarks on the operation of the same battery.

EMIL KESSLER.

Second High-C Literary Circle In order to vitalize the study of the Classics and of English in general, Second High-C has organized a Literary Circle. It is named after the great bard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, whose first notable success in poetry, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," forms the subject of study in the Classics. In addition to Scott's works other items of interest and instruction fall under the literary activities of the class.

The members of the class manifested a spirit of enthusiasm from the very outset that augurs well for a considerable amount of work in reading, elocution and debate. Edward Mahoney, president, seconded by Edward Patrick as secretary has ably conducted the meetings thus far held. At the opening meeting the Constitutions of the Circle were read, supplemented by a few remarks on the scope of the work to be accomplished. Then a biography of Scott was given. At a subsequent meeting George Geis delivered a well-prepared talk on the "Talisman," after which Philip McBride, in a talk entitled "Our Class in 1932," presaged brilliant futures for some members and careers not so glorious for others. Frank A. Nock dilated on the Class Motto, "Semper Fidelis," emphasizing loyalty to country, church and school. The work already begun promises still greater results during the coming months of the next term.

Prior to taking up the study of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the class assisted at a lecture entitled "Scott and His Country." Beautiful slides illustrative of the subject under discussion accompanied the talk.

With the Minims On Thursday, January 8, the youngsters visited the N. C. R. works and were shown the wonders of Dayton's greatest industrial plant, by three experienced guides. The visit terminated with the showing of a beautiful set of slides portraying the growth of the N. C. R. from its earliest beginnings to its present proportions. The rapid development of the South Park district was also shown in an interesting manner. Another event, having a distinctly educational value, was the visit of the division to the Dayton Daily News on Thursday, January 29. The boys and those in charge, wish to express their appreciation to the officials of the N. C. R. Company and to Mr. Thomas J. Kavannaugh of the "News" for the kind courtesy shown them on the occasion of the above mentioned visits.

Austrian Relief Fund The following complete the list of generous contributors to the fund: H. Llano, $1.00; J. Amersbach, $1.00; J. Day, $1.00; L. Freeman, $10.00; W. Scales, $10.00; M. Pohlmeyer, $1.00; A. Zettler, $1.00; B. Parera, $10.00; C. Frolimuth, $1.00; J. Merkel, $1.00; A. Senf, 50c.

Athletic Notes

Walter S. V. Curtis Ernest C. Kirschten

VARSITY ATHLETICS

Baseball Manager At a recent meeting of the College Athletic Board, held January 21, it was decided to entrust the management of the coming baseball season to Theodore Lienesch. "Ted" says he's working hard to give S. M. C. an all-round good schedule this year. It is rumored that he is about to complete negotiations with Cincinnati U. and Miami U and has a few more regulars lined up for games.

Track Manager The coming track season has been put in charge of Walter S. V. Curtis. He promises to put forth his best efforts so that the Red and Blue will be kept flying on top in that field of athletics as well as in the others.

Football Manager It seems as if the Junior Electricals are taking their course in industrial management before the time called for by the College curriculum. Besides the two above mentioned men the Athletic Board has also given Mr. Andrew J. Kuntz, the reins of next year's football season. "A. J. R.'s" energies in this line will have to be dormant for a few months but when the time comes—O-wacko!—ask him, he'll tell you what that means.

Basket Ball Manager Another Junior, but this time a Chemical, will try his hand at the managing game, in arranging a basket ball schedule for the scholastic year 1920-21. His name is Halpin, John Halpin—you know him; he wears a green sweater, goggles and a mustache (that is, he says he does). He promises "some" schedule next year, so from that we judge there will be nothing slow on the local court next season.

St. Mary—10 Capital U.—44 On January 16, the College quintet went down to defeat at the hands of the speedy Capital U "Five" at Columbus. The game opened in whirlwind fashion and Capital quickly forged ahead to a safe margin. Capital led 10-0, before Matusoff came through with a free throw for the Saints. The half ended with Capital U. leading 13-6.

In the second half V. Ridenour broke loose for the winners and by clever passing and accurate shooting Capital soon had a lead which was never in danger.

Ridenour and Reckert starred for Capital while Matusoff was S. M.'s chief scorer netting two pretty fielders form mid floor.

Capital (44)	Pos.	St. Mary's (10)
Roselius	L. F.	Matusoff
Ridenour	R. F.	O'Hearn
Dagefoerde	C	Heile
Rickert	L. G.	Summers
Plauman	R. G.	Manchester

Substitutions—Capital: Trossel for Roselius, V. Ridenour for Dageforrde.

Scoring—Capital: Field goals, Roselius 3, Ridenour 9, Rickert 4, Trossel, V. Ridenour. Foul goals, Rickert 8.

Scoring—St. Mary's: Field goals, Matusoff 2, O'Hearn 2. Foul goals, Matusoff 2.

St. Mary—21
Otterbein—23

The basketball game between St. Mary and Otterbein on the local college court was one of that kind you read about but seldom see, and the "faithful few" who braved the ice and slid out to the gym were rewarded with one of the niftiest court battles waged in these parts for many a moon.

So closely matched were the contending forces that at the end of the second period the score was a tie and five minutes' overtime play was necessary before Otterbein was returned the victor by a score of 23 to 21.

It was a great exhibition of passwork, team play and basket shooting by both aggregations. It was a clean game, the ten men on the floor giving their whole time to playing basket ball and not to the rough tactics that mar so many of the contests this season.

It was no disgrace for the Saints to be defeated by a team like that which Otterbein presented. They were a well drilled bunch, each man seeming to know his place, and he was always there at the right time. Their passwork was pretty to watch while their guarding was superb.

The Saints were minus the services of Summers but his absence did not seem to slow them up to any extent and they played a whirlwind game pressing the visitors to their limit at all times.

The locals got away to the lead when Matusoff dropped one through from the foul line but they did not retain the lead long as Fox looped one through putting his team out in front. The visitors were leading 5 to 1 before Matusoff got a basket. Fox then looped one through from the 15-foot line giving Otterbein the lead 6 to 3. Matusoff swished another one through the net and Manchester put the Saints in the lead with a pretty looper from the center of the floor. Just before the whistle sounded ending the half Fox tossed another from the foul line tieing the score at seven all at the close of the initial period.

The locals started out with a rush in the second half and Farley and Matusoff each rung up two fielders while Fox registered one from the foul line which gave the Saints the lead 15 to 8. Here the visitors called time out and held a conference and this little get-together meeting seemed to do them a world of good for they came back and soon drew up to the locals, the score reading 15 all. Albright who had replaced Collier for Otterbein put his clan in the lead with a fielder. With but ten seconds left to play Matusoff tied the count with one of the longest shots of the evening. With the crowd yelling madly for a basket the half ended.

Shortly after the overtime period was started O'Hearn got his first basket of the game and the followers of the red and blue went wild. It was necessary to call time to get the yelling fans back from the side lines. A foul was called on the Saints and Fox converted it into a point. Another foul was called on the locals and Fox took advantage of this to tie the score. Cutler then broke away from his man and got into the open for a shot which rolled around the hoop before dropping through the net for the points which gave his team a victory.

Both teams played furiously during the final minute of play, the Saints especially taking numerous long shots, all of which fell short of the mark.

Matusoff was the leading point-getter with six field goals, while he also played his usual dashing game. George Hochwalt, who took Summers' place at guard, did some great work at guard, especially in the first half. Manchester, his running mate, was also in the thick of the fray at all times, breaking up the passwork of the visitors.

For Otterbein Fox seemed to bear the brunt of the attack. The lanky center seemed to have his hands on the ball more than the rest of the squad, and he counted two field goals and scored seven fouls out of nine attempts. Cutler also played a nice game and came through with four fielders.

St. Mary (21)	Pos.	Otterbein (23)
O'Hearn	L. F.	Cutler
Matusoff	R. F.	Collier
Farley	C.	(C.) Fox
Hochwalt	L. G.	Peden
Manchester	R. G.	Ranck

Substitution for Otterbein—Albright for Collier.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals, Matusoff 6, Farley 2, O'Hearn, Manchester. Foal goals, Matusoff 1 out of 5, O'Hearn none out of 1, Farley none out of 1.

Scoring for Otterbein—Field goals, Cutler 4, Albright 2, Fox 2. Foal goals, Fox 7 out of 9.

Referee—Fleet.

Time of halves—20 and 25 minutes.

St. Mary—12
St John U.—13

The Toledo paper has this to say on the third heartbreaker the Saints dropped this season:

"St. Mary College, of Dayton, Ohio, lost to the St. John's College quintet of this city here tonight in one of the most sensational basketball games of the local season. The final score was 13 to 12. A foul goal in the last ten seconds of play decided the outcome in favor of the home team.

"The visitors held St. John's boys even in the matter of field goals, each getting four. The feature of the contest was the close guarding on both sides.

"Matusoff sparkled for St. Mary's on attack with three field goals. Manchester's work at guard was exceptionally good.

"The line-up:

St. John's (13)	Pos.	St. Mary's (12)
Miller	L. F.	Matusoff
Curtin	R. F.	O'Hearn
Vollmayer	C.	Farley
Czlusta	L. G.	Manchester
Fitzgerald	R. G.	Hochwalt

Scoring field goals—St. John: Curtin 2, Miller 1, Vollmayer 1. Goals from foul line: Miller 5 out of 12. Scoring field goals—St. Mary's: Matusoff 3, Manchester 1. Goals from foul line: O'Hearn 4 out of 5. Time of halves—20 minutes."

St. Mary—10
Detroit U.—25

A Detroit daily reports the following on the fourth setback the red and blue sustained this year:

"After playing the University of Detroit basket ball quintet to a standstill in the first half, the St. Mary College team of Dayton let down in the final session, the local pill-tossers winning out by the score of 25 to 10.

"The count at the end of the initial 20 minutes of play stood 9 and 9. In the last half Detroit piled up 16 points while the visitors could get but one.

"Matusoff and Manchester played brilliantly for the visitors. The line-up:

Detroit (25)	Pos.	St. Mary's (10)
McElwee	L. F.	Matusoff
Gerkens	R. F.	O'Hearn
Voss	C.	Farley
Maher	L. G.	Hochwalt
Whitman	R. G.	Manchester

"Substitutions—St. Mary: Heile for O'Hearn, Kehoe for Hochwalt; Detroit: Ellis for Gerkens, Lyons for Maher.

"Scoring—Detroit: Field goals, McElwee 3, Gerkens 2, Voss 4, Whitman 1. St. Mary: Matusoff 2, Manchester 2. Fouls, McElwee (Detroit) 6 out of 17; Farley (St. Mary) 2 out of 5; O'Hearn (St. Mary) 1 out of 3.

"Referee—Oldt."

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The good old St. Mary fighting spirit is helping the High School team to get the best of its pill-tossing opponents. On their return from the Christmas holidays the wearers of the red and blue faced two of their very stiffest games, with "Shifty" Bollen's Aquinas College squad and the Cincinnati Champions, Elder High. The results of these contests speak loudly for "Solly" and his proteges. They played a clean, fast game—and won, except for the unfortunate game with Elder, at Cincinnati. The players are all in the best of condition and anxious to sail through the rest of their schedule, which by the way, will bring the classy St. Xavier quintet from Cincinnati, and probably, Columbus East, as well as other fast teams to Dayton.

Aquinas— 8
St. Mary—27

The Columbus Collegians rang up the first score, but the Saints were out to avenge an 8-7 football defeat suffered at the hands of Aquinas last fall and did so to the tune of 27-8. It took them some time to solve the puzzle of the green and gold's five-man defense, but once they got their scoring machine in operation, there was no stopping the read and blue. Their passwork was almost perfect, and the high class guarding is indicated by the fact that Aquinas registered only two field goals, both in the second half. Gene Mayl, the Saints' rangy center, was the star of the contest with six field goals and three from the foul line to his credit. Scales and Boggan both caged the pill twice, whilst Captain Supenski and his running-mate, Sacksteder, displayed their usual clever floorwork. Donnelly, left forward for Aquinas, also played a fine game.

Elder High—22
St. Mary—19

Elder High, the champions of Cincinnati, who boast of a record of eighty-three victories and only seven defeats in three seasons, won a game with St. Mary High, at Cincinnati, by a score of 22-19.

Elder started things with a free throw, but at the end of the half the score was 7-7. The score was still tied at 19-19, when a field goal by Sacksteder was disallowed. With a final burst of speed Elder gathered in the bacon.

Boggan led the scoring for the red and blue with four ringers, while Mayl got two, and Sacksteder was a dead shot when it came to tossing them in from the foul line. Pickley, of Elder, was a real star, and Christens' ability to shoot fouls won the game for the Price Hill five, as they registered only five field goals to the six made by the Saints.

Elder High—20
St. Mary—34

The St. Mary High School basket ball tossers got revenge for the defeat which Elder High handed them in Cincinnati when they took a hard-fought contest from the Queen City lads on the South Park court, the final score standing 34 to 20.

The Elder quintet showed a lot of class and their passwork was clean and snappy, but they were off on their basket shooting, their shots going wide time and again. The Saints, on the other hand, had the baskets nicely located and dropped the ball through the net with regularity.

The game was not as clean as it might have been, a large number of fouls being called, but the game was so fiercely fought that some of these were excusable.

The game had progressed for several minutes before Mayl hooked one from the field for the first points. Boggan followed with another, but the locals did not retain the lead long, as Oehler and Altman each caged one, tying the score. The Saints then forged ahead and were leading, 14 to 7, when the first half ended.

The Cincinnati gang threw quite a scare into the locals at the start of the second half when they garnered three field goals in rapid succession, drawing up to within one point of the red and blue. The spurt did not last long, however, and the Saints got their scoring machine in action, regaining a safe lead.

Mayl played a great game for the locals. He was all over the floor and gathered in six field goals, sharing honors with Boggan, who also collected a half dozen from the field. The guarding of Sacksteder and Supenski was high-class, the latter especially doing some great work.

DIVISION ATHLETICS

Juniors

The Juniors dropped another one to the Oswegoes by the score of 20-12. Although possessing very good material, the Juniors seem to be lacking the punch to put them in the fore. In Hellman and Telscher they have two of the shiftiest forwards that every performed on the Juniors, while at guard Staab and Falkenbach present a stone-wall defense. Burdick at center towers high and is a consistent tip-getter. Due to misunderstanding, however, various games of the Juniors had to be cancelled.

Preps

Although prospects at first were very gloomy for the Preps, present indications point to the fact that they have one of the strongest quintets ever developed in the Third Division. Five wins and no defeats is their enviable record. Primed for their contests by the able coaching of "Pete" Boggan, the Preps have sent down to defeat some

of the strongest teams in their class. Since the last issue of the Exponent they have defeated the Ampicos 20-5, Piqua 10-3, and the Marians 13-12. Captain Henne, Bach and Mercurio starred.

Minims The Minims annexed their fourth consecutive win of the season when they took the measure of the speedy Third Division Midgets in a snappy game played on the college court. With two of their regulars, Feichtemeier and Ferry, out of the line-up, the Minims entered the fray with slim chances of winning. However, things proved different and the game see-sawed along, the first half ending 7 to 6 in favor of the Midgets. The second half proved to be a hummer, the Minims emerging from the fracas at the longer end of a 13-10 score. Capt. Cleary, Lukaswitz and Corbet starred. Their fifth game resulted in a 15-15 tie with the speedy Triangle Juniors. The game proved to be interesting throughout, Lukaswitz starring for the Minims and "Young" Solimano for the Triangle Juniors.

WITH THE DAY-STUDENTS

Celts The St. Mary Celts are still going at their fast clip, although they suffered a slump of three consecutive defeats. Since the last issue of the Exponent the Celts have annexed four wins and three defeats. The Celts opened their Bomberger schedule with a win over the Superior Five by the score of 19-13. The game was loosely played throughout and it was only in tthe second half that the Celts forged ahead to a safe margin. Their fifth consecutive win was a forfeit from the Miamisburg Rexalls 2-0. The Celts then had a slump losing three heart-breakers 12-21 to the Eastwoods, 10-12 to the Arrows and 10-12 to the Oswegoes. The Celts, however, again hit their stride and avenged the defeat sustained previously from the Arrows, by sending the latter down to a 18-6 defeat. The first half was listless the Celts failing to hit the basket, though playing a brilliant game at passwork. Entering the second half with the score two to six against them, the Celts opened in whirlwind fashion, playing an air-tight defense and looping eight from the field.

Sparks The Sparks are out for a third season of basket ball laurels with one of the most formidable quintets that ever performed for the khaki and crimson. The scores speak for themselves: Sparks 44, Barney Clippers 12; Sparks 22, Holy Trinity Orioles 11; Sparks 12, Barney Meteors 20; Sparks 22, Hamilton Catholic High 18; Sparks 11, Holy Trinity Orioles 20; Sparks 24, Xenia O. S. &S. O. Home 22; Sparks 32, Lowe Bros. Co. 20; Sparks 28, All-Italians 30; Sparks 44, Miamisburg Rexalls 12; Sparks 19, Delco A. C. 9; Sparks 14, Ohmer Fare Register Co. 15.

The stiffer part of the Sparks' schedule will be played during February and March, during which the khaki and crimson will face some of the city's fastest quintets among them being the All-Italians, Iolas, Tacoma Triangles, Rangaboos, Holy Trinity Orioles, Turners and the Leakas Furriers. The Farmersville Y. M. C. A. will be met March 4. Several road games are also probable, so the followers of the Sparks may depend upon action abundant to keep their dope-boxes filled.

Brick-Bats and Bingles

YE THIRD DIVISION LADS

'Twas half past five by the college clock
On a moonlit Sunday eve
Three youths attired in evening frock,
From the prefect took French leave.
They walked part way and a part did slide
Down the road with speed did go;
The one was W. Scott, the other P. McBride,
And the third Mercurio.

'Flights of Fancy," that's what someone said when the wonderful Dooley (second division) emerged from St. Mary's Hall into the ozone colliding with the iron upright. Ralph is now writing a book entitled "Impressions of a Distracted Cartoonist."

MOST FONDLY DEDICATED TO THE KICKERS KLUB

There be students at this college to whom all things are punk
Whene'er they ope their noisy mouths they spill some verbal junk.
They growl about the prefects, they growl about the profs,
We find them 'mong the Seniors, Freshmen, Juniors, Sophs;
We find them in the Hi School, a half dozen or more,
And e'en the Elementary has two, three or four.

They kick with lusty kicks that would shame any mule,
They kick about old S. M. C., they kick about the rule;
They kick about the hours, they kick about the feed,
But you never see them do a charitable deed.
They'll kick and kick and kick until the crack of doom
And in their lonely graves, they'll kick for want of room.

Hank, the handsome custodian of the college division club room requests all patrons to develop greater accuracy, in their attempts to locate the paper container.

J. K. and A. Non. have opened a dancing school. Their specialty is "The Modern Cake Walk." Hours for demonstration between three and four Thursday afternoon when the cakes are served. (No more.)

Bob's got his peepers open so you better look out,
If you don't need crutches you better do with out;
Your leg only hurts when there's someone round to see,
Don't know what I mean, well you just ask H. McD.—Fourth Division.

NOCTURNAL OBSERVATIONS

To be handy with the ladies, is all very nice,
But why would you take the road that's sheeted o'er with ice?
You wouldn't have her fall adown and hurt her little hand,
Why not take the walk that's strewn with sawdust and with sand?
You're a hero 'yond all doubt, you stand for truht and right,
But would you lead her down the lane if ice were dynamite?
(On that slippery night when we almost defeated Otterbein.)

JUST A WORD

Bob wants to know why some of you fellows with icicles on your chin stand around or move about through the live long day, as if the whole world owed you money. Why can't you doff your hat or cap, and accost the authorities, your prefects and teachers, your fellow students, in fact every one who is directly or indirectly associated with you at S. M. C. Come on laddies, let's love one another, let's help one another, let's greet one another; let's make life at S. M. C. one grand love feast.

OUR BOYS

We've got them from the Buckeye state, from Carolin' and Tennessee,
From Indian' and Illinois, and the State "You gotta show me";
From Pensy, Texas and Virginny and other states besides,
From old New York, the state of states, where the Mohawk gently glides,
From old Kentuck' where the moonshiners thrive, from the islands in the sea
They're here by the score with silk shirts galore, from south of the Rio Grandee.
They come from Colorado from the home of cow-puncher Pete,
From Cincy and Chicago where the people have big feet,
They've come from Yokohama, from the land of Honolulu-lu,
From sunny France where our soldier boys played Yankee Doodle Do,
They're here from every clime, they speak in every tongue,
And now we boast of one F. X. Tsu, from the land of Mr. Chong.
(He come from Hongkong.)

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;
Late to bed and early to rise
Makes a grump grumpier than otherwise.
(From a college man's troubles on Monday morning.)

EXAMINATION ECHOES

HISTORY

What was the age of Pericles?
About fifty years.

The Americans threw up earthquakes at Bunker Hill.

RELIGION

God is just because he rewards the good and gives the wicked hell.

Mention a spiritual work of mercy.
To abolish the sinner.

ENGLISH

A composition consists of words which you pick up and write down.

GEOGRAPHY

Give for any one year the population of the United States.
In 1491, none.

CHEMISTRY

Describe H2O.
A white liquid that turns black when you put your hand in it.

JOKES

A Freshman approached the stationery.
"Have you Lamb's Tales?"
"Nope," replied the kid at the window, "only hot dogs and cheese."

Doc Niesen: Say, you'd be surprised; I passed Walter Curtis on the street this afternoon and he didn't seem to recognize me.

Kirschten: That's because he's English, and you know how hard it is for an Englishman to see a "joke."

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
All play and no work makes Jack a null boy.

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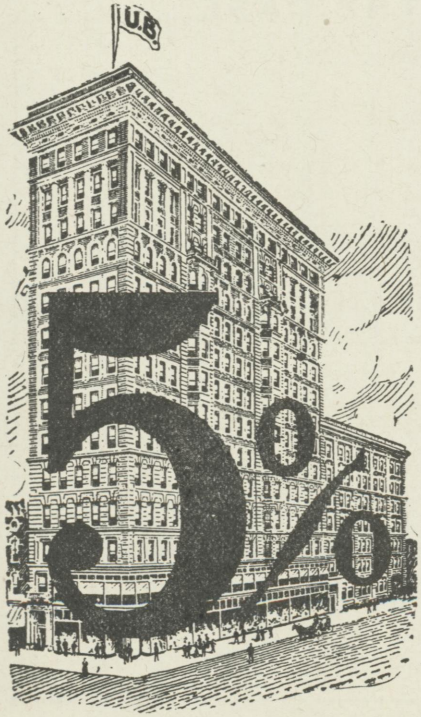

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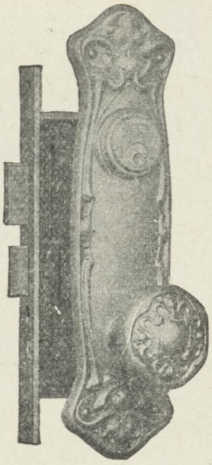

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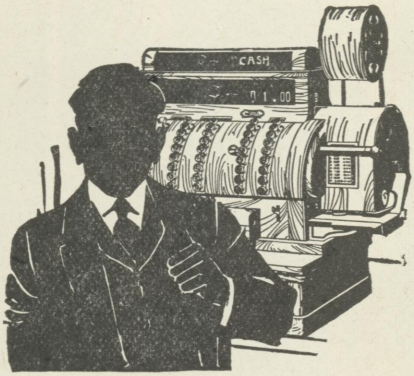

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