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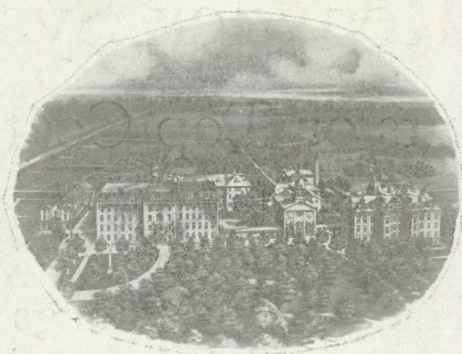
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THE EXPONENT

Vol. XVIII

MARCH 20, 1920

No. 3



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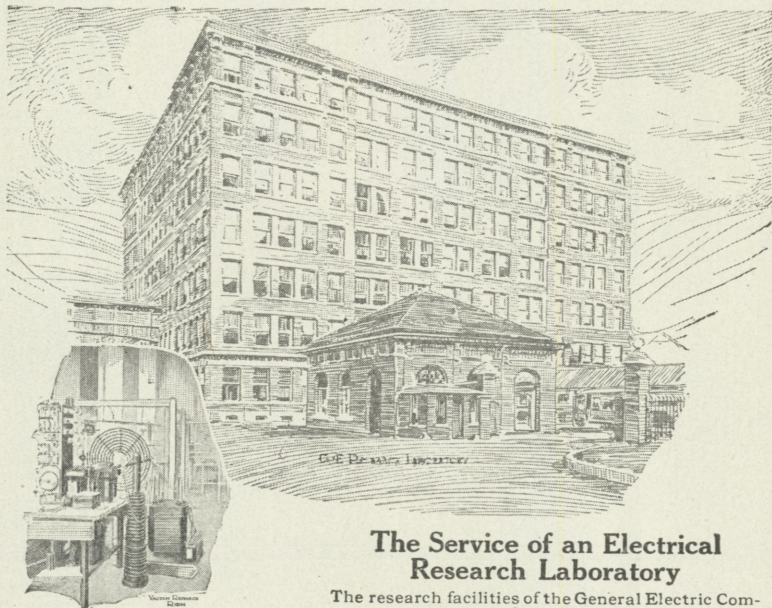
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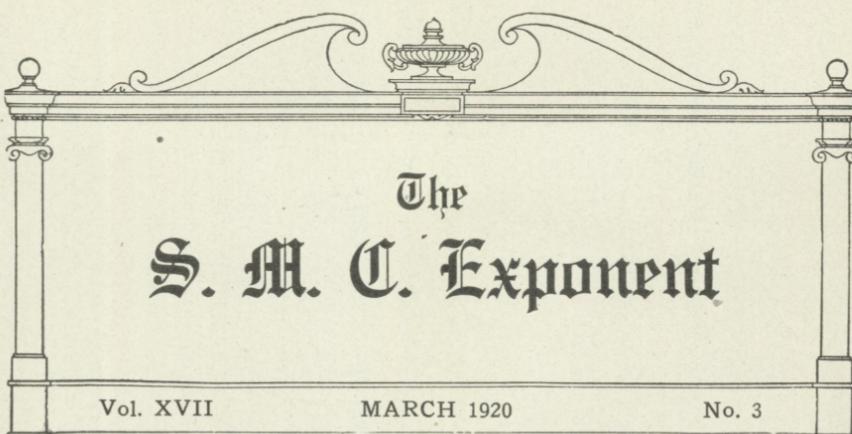
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THE FOSTER-FATHER OF OUR LORD



The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XVII

MARCH 1920

No. 3

Your Little Prayer

When that I shirked and craven stood,
All vainly searching good,
You sent a light that failed me ne'er;
Your little prayer.

When that mine anguished heart was rent
Well-night by sorrow pent,
A sweetest balm suaged every care;
Your little prayer.

When in despair I plunged me deep,
E'en tempted endless sleep,
A vesture clothed my soul so bare;
Your little prayer.

True friend thou art, to think of me
So oft upon thy bended knee.

—R. J. Kitsteiner.

Mementos of Washington

Speech delivered before the Kiwanis Club, Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1920.

IT required a Homer, a Virgil, a Caedmon to commemorate in the memorable epics of the Iliad, the Aeneid, and Beowulf the exploits and the achievements of their national heroes. As yet America has no epic poem, as yet the literary accomplishments of this country are but few. But if there will ever come a time when the hardships and the glorious struggles of our people will be fashioned by the master hand of an American Vergil our Aeneas will stand forth in that man who was the only bulwark, the backbone, the very soul of our efforts for freedom and self-government, George Washington.

Today we are celebrating the anniversary of this man's birth, today we are commemorating the nativity of the greatest statesman, general and patriot that America has ever known. Perhaps it will be of interest to know when and by whom his birthday first was celebrated. It is a peculiar fact that the first public demonstration and celebration of the birthday of Washington took place during his own lifetime. Washington was fittingly one of the few great men to be recognized before death for his greatness. It was Count de Rochambeau who as a grateful acknowledgment of the good will existing between France and the newly born America first celebrated the General's birthday. It was but six months after the Count's arrival at Newport where he was stationed with his soldiers. His letter to General Washington is as follows:

"Yesterday (Sunday)," Count de Rochambeau wrote, "was the anniversary of your Excellency's birthday. We have put off celebrating it until today by reason of the Lord's Day and our sole regret is that your Excellency be not a witness to the gladness and effusion of our hearts."

Gentlemen, how fitting indeed are these words of Count Rochambeau to us. General Washington's birthday that year fell upon the Lord's day and celebration was deferred. So is it this year also with us. And indeed our sole regret I am sure is that George Washington cannot be a witness to the gladness and the effusion of our hearts.

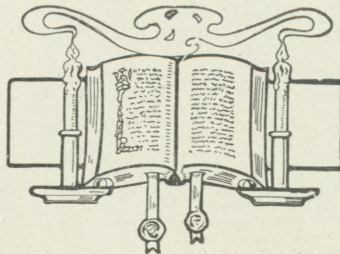
Count de Rochambeau was one of Washington's truest friends. Let us travel back to those years 1776-1779 and look at our hero in the light of true friends. George Washington was pre-eminently an exemplification of that motto which has for so long emblazoned the path of St. Mary's Students—"Pro Deo et Patria." "For God and For Country." We see him as Commander-in-chief of an army of brave but untrained patriots, a mere handful of hardy settlers. Gentlemen, it has never been known and it can never be realized what that great man bore in the terrible years of war, battle and privation. His army was filled with devotion, love, bravery and patriotism but they were thoroughly undisciplined. Yet they were compelled to face the deadly fire of the king's regulars and it sorely tried their General's heart to see the dear price which they had to pay for their experience as an army. Ammunition and firearms were scarce, food and clothing were practically unobtainable. During that winter of horrors at Valley Forge, owing to his lack of clothing and supplies many of the soldiers had to go about their duties barefoot leaving tracks of blood upon the snow. The piteous uncomplaining courage of these men amid their hardships wrung tears from the man who had said of the battle roar: "I have heard the bullets whistle and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." It was only the undying courage of Washington, it was only his indomitable love of country, his almost infinite patriotism that carried him through all these trials, that bore him on over these misfortunes, that spurred him on to see through the smoke and the haze of battle and almost hopeless causes, the glorious sunrise of the birth of his nation.

Let us turn over another leaf in the life of the great commander. Washington was a deeply religious man. Every man who is a success, every man who is a real leader in adversity is one who always keeps before himself his God. Many were the times when Washington prayed upon his knees in the snow to his Creator to give him strength, his voice pleading brokenly for his country and his people. And perseverance was rewarded. The people of these United States, moreover, should never forget, especially in these days of materialistic viewpoint the emphasis placed by Washington in his Farewell Address on morality and Religion as the indispensable props for Social Progress and Free Government. Had not Washington been the religious man, for every person who is placed in a position such as he moral character, moral stamina, and of such firm confidence in his God, perhaps we would not be where we are today. It was indeed a blessing for us all and for our dear America that Washington was a

religious man for every person who is placed in a position such as he was, needs a God and His aid.

We see our hero in the light of the first President of this glorious republic, we see in his return to public life a renewal of that indomitable patriotism so often manifested before. We see in his two terms of wise and prudent administration the foundation, the very cornerstone upon which future presidents were to build the country's policy. We see in him the dominating figure in the formation of our Constitution, that grandest of all documents that the world has ever known. We see his spirit pervading the whole, like a beacon light upon a lonely coast. The Constitution was the materialization of Washington's dream of a free republic. And were he to come back into our midst today when there is so much plotting against that same Constitution for which he and his countrymen nobly gave their all could we claim to be faithful stewards in the preservation of his ideals? In these days of turmoil, revolution and unrest when we see the red flag of Socialistic Anarchy flaunting before our very eyes a defiance to that Constitution, to that flag which Washington and his brave comrades immortalized in so many battles, we could certainly not claim to be correctly guarding that most precious possession of America, our Bill of Rights. May the spirit of George Washington come upon America today and bring with it morality, peace, love of fellow-man, and above all, love for our own dear America and its flaming statue of liberty, our Constitution. George Washington, may your spirit be with us forever, may it abide eternally beneath our heavenly born banner, to teach always that, like you, our God, our Country and its Constitution must always be first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of its countrymen.

D. HERBERT ABEL.



A Successful Man's Ideas on Success

ENGINEER, inventor, author, Father of Scientific Management, and chief inspirer of the modern movement for greater efficiency in every department of life, Frederick Winslow Taylor died in 1915 an exceptionally successful man, whether your test of success be money-making or service to the public.

Owing to his parents' position, Mr. Taylor as a boy was able to attend school in France and Germany and to spend two years at Phillips Exeter Academy preparing for Harvard University, where it was designed to educate him for the law. However, he applied himself so intensely at Exeter that his eyes failed him. Upon returning to his parents' home in Germantown, Pennsylvania, at the age of nineteen he proceeded to carve out his own career, and thereafter asked no odds of fate or of anyone. At nineteen, "Fred" Taylor had absolutely no natural taste or bent for doing things with his hands. If he had hung pictures for his mother and done other little things about the house, it was not because he enjoyed it. He was all for study; but just because he could no longer use his eyes for study he went out and got a job (would not accept a position), as an apprentice in a small machine shop in Philadelphia and during his three years there became proficient both as a machinist and as a pattern maker. Having ceased to use his eyes for study, they soon became practically as strong and healthy as ever, and thus gradually he was enabled to go back to his dear books. In that machine shop, however, he had to toil laboriously ten hours a day, yet he never quailed: he had put his hand to the plow, and in the lexicon of Frederick W. Taylor there never were any words even remotely suitable for expressing the idea of turning back.

At twenty-two he went to work in the Midvale Steel Works, with the rating of a laborer. Within a very short time he became gang boss over the lathe hands, next he was assistant foreman of the machine shop, then foreman, then master mechanic in charge of repairs and maintenance throughout the works, then chief draftsman, and, finally when he was twenty-eight, chief engineer. From laborer to chief engineer in six years! During three of the strenuous years he took the engineering course of the Stevens Institute studying at

night and on Sundays; and thus, although he appeared at the Institute only for examinations, he was graduated when he was twenty-seven with the degree of Mechanical Engineer.

As for the rest of Mr. Taylor's career, it is necessary for us here to point out only that he became the first man to adopt as a regular profession the work of systematizing business establishments. While at the Midvale Steel Works, and throughout his career as a systematizer, a period of almost thirty years, he conducted the extraordinarily patient, painstaking, laborious and minute investigations that had for their outcome the new system of industrial management called "Scientific Management." As a by-product, he developed a new art of cutting metals, and produced the modern high-speed tool steel, by means of which every cutting tool now is able to do three times its former work and the capacity of every machine tool has been increased proportionately. It is estimated that Mr. Taylor's discovery of high speed steel alone is worth between fifty and a hundred million dollars a year to the machine industry of this country alone, without mentioning its value to the whole civilized world.

In 1901 when he was forty-five years old and had gained a comfortable competency, Mr. Taylor retired from money-making business. As he expressed it, "he no longer could afford to work for money." If he ceased to work for money, he continued, however, to work for love, the practical love of humanity. It was as a part of this work that, at the engineering schools of such universities as Illinois, Cornell, Columbia, and Harvard, he lectured on "Success."

In young men Mr. Taylor was particularly interested, and over young men he had an extraordinary influence. They were attracted by him as steel filings are attracted by a magnet, and from him they went away refreshed and stimulated. In his lectures, he addressed himself to the ordinary man, as against the genius and the unusual man. "I do not doubt," he would say, "that among you there are geniuses, but those among you are who geniuses will more than likely be a law unto themselves. I should not advise anyone to start out to be a genius. The genius is usually an indirect product, not a direct one."

Next he would draw a vivid parallel between the life that the young man is about to close at College and the life awaiting him in the great wide world. From the passive, absorbing and assimilating, and essentially egotistical existence of a student, the young man must sally forth as an active, aggressive agent whose motto must be the service of others.

In the process of getting an education, he insisted that there were three by-products, any one of which, for success in life, is more important he maintained than the education is itself. These by-products are common sense, character and integrity. Common sense according to his philosophy is the ability to decide as to the relative importance of things—the ability to select from among the several possible lines of action which lie before you the one act which is best, the one act which will yield the largest return.

Character is the ability to control yourself, body and mind; the ability to do those things which your common sense tells you you ought to do; the ability above all to do things which are disagreeable, which you do not like. It takes but little character to do things if you like them. It takes a lot of character to do things which are tiresome, monotonous and unpleasant.

By integrity he understood not merely the kind of integrity which will keep a man out of jail; he meant that straightforward honesty of purpose which makes man high-minded, gives him high aspirations and high ideals.

This short appreciation of the man and his work will find its fitting conclusion in quoting the conclusions of his lectures on success: "Now I wish to emphasize the fact that each of these three by-products count for far more in success than the more brilliant and interesting qualities of intellect, knowledge and mental attainments. I have tried to emphasize the fact that for success, character, common sense and integrity count, and that the most important idea should be that of serving the man who is over you his way, not yours, and that this lies generally speaking in giving him a little extra present of some kind, of doing something for him which he has no right either to ask or expect."

H. HETZEL.



Joshua's Twin Brother

HAVE you ever seen a full-fledged Bolshevik, with sunken eyes, shaggy hair and beard, beetling brows that meet in a perpetual frown and, all in all, a poor apology for a man? Have you ever seen a dude with tortoise-shell glasses, and an out-and-out bum with a dissipated nose and tobacco-colored teeth? If you have ever had these types brought before your anxious eyes, then combine them and gaze upon our hero, Ignatz Koffupski. He is six-foot-four, bean-pole fashioned, with small bleary eyes, shaggy black hair, a month-old beard and a decidedly squeaky voice. His companion in the trade was indeed his direct opposite. A short, fat, squat and tub-like man was Bartholomew Chokerdown with a stubby red pug nose that looks like a big wart, a red bloated face, gnarled hands and a deep booming basedrum for a thorax, and besides all this the proud possessor of a perfect 56. Now you are introduced to Chokerdown, our co-hero.

Chokerdown and Koffupski were both newly-tailored internal revenue collectors, renegades from the Bartenders' Union. It was then January 4, 1920, and Chokerdown had been appointed to the city of Drytown, in a wet county on the last day of the preceding year. On New Year's Day he notified his friend Ignatz Koffupski to the effect that he wanted him to come into his office and aid him in the work of detecting liquor hunters and whiskey chasers. Accordingly, on the second, Ignatz, with Ima Hogg, a stenographer, who is not half as bad as she is painted, reported for work. By now they are firmly established with a bookkeeper and telephone operator added to the personnel of the office.

Suddenly the door of "Chokerdown & Koffupski, Ltd." opened with a crash.

"Ignatz," bellowed Chokerdown, "here's the new posters. Now to find the man who makes the moonshine. Look at this set-up, Ignatz. Some class, eh? I told you Ketchum & Cheatem would do a good printing job."

He laid the posters down on Ignatz's desk. Koffupski squinted at them through near-sighted eyes and tortoise-shell glasses:

"ATTENTION! \$500 REWARD!

For First Facts Leading to Arrest and Conviction of the Brother of Joshua,—the man who made the sun stand still,—the Man who has the Moonshine Still in Drytown."

Then followed an elaborate description almost as protracted as Koffupski himself, of the discovery by the revenue collectors of the existence of a private still in the cellar of a house on Warble Avenue, the residence section of the Big Birds. The mansion had been vacant for over a year, the former proprietor having removed to New York. Since his departure no one had inhabited the house and hence the authorities were at a loss whom to name as the brother of him who made the sun stand still. So it was determined to offer a reward to anyone who could furnish evidence that any citizen had been connected with this moonshine still. The posters, a large and extremely conservative edition in black and red, had just been printed and Chokerdown intended to have them tacked up on sundry fences and telegraph poles.

"Yes, Bartholomew, that's a very good job."

Ignatz Koffupski looked his approval. His cracked grin overspread his dried-up face and revealed two rows of excellently tobacco-colored teeth; while Chokerdown's red bloated face voiced his wish not so much for the still itself as for its products.

At this juncture the door opened on its creaking hinges. There stood an individual with a small tin-trunk. He smiled blandly as he halted for a moment at the portal. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at a 100 per cent profit and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. The telephone operator was just wondering whether the trunk contained suffragette ballots or horse liniment, when the stranger approached her.

"And who is this young lady of so much talent, whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" he asked with the blarney smile typical of a bog-trotter.

The girl thought he was the census taker and proceeded to furnish him with all the pedigree of the Parrott family. True, her words were often elided by the gum which she was furiously chewing; but the stranger managed between gulps and teeth-rattles to grasp some conception of her idea.

"My dear girl," he interrupted good-naturedly, "I'm not a government man. My father will soon be a millionaire. He's laying bricks. And I'm a benefit to humanity, not a hindering government agent. Everywhere have I been greeted as a saviour in these days of trying distress. You do not understand! You soon will, never fear. I have just arrived in town after a tour extending clear down to Florida and wherever I went I was accorded a glad welcome."

He paused for just a moment as his eyes ranged across the poster on the door. And then unconsciously he picked up his little trunk

and put it under his arm. Bartholemew Chokerdown was watching him eagerly. He certainly was a suspicious character, argued B. C. Anybody looked suspicious to Chokerdown when he saw five hundred simoleons glistening along the horizon.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Koffupski?" queried the operator.

"No, I deal more directly with the ladies. I would that everyone be a Koffupski in a particular sense, but nevertheless only to show my product to you would insure its ready sale. You look to me to be an intelligent girl and there are so very few of them nowadays—"

The stranger rambled on.

Koffupski sniffed the air suspiciously. What was that alcoholic aroma that was permeating the atmosphere? He had not smelt it before. He resolved to talk to Chokerdown about it.

"Say, Bartholomew, did you have any trouble starting your car this morning?" he asked.

"No, Ignatz, none at all. Why?"

"Did you put any alcohol in your radiator and spill some of it, perhaps?"

"Why no, Ignatz. What's the matter? I've had alcohol in my car ever since the middle of December when we had that terrible cold spell. But listen, Ignatz. The telephone operator got a little Ford for Christmas. Perhaps she used it."

Ignatz said no more but his mind flashed over a whole cartload of thoughts. He knew that before prohibition had gone into effect Chokerdown and John Barleycorn were on quite intimate terms. So it did not take long for Ignatz to figure out that there was a strong probability of Chokerdown's having something to do with that private still. The poster with its big red \$500 sign promised many and great things to Ignatz just then.

The stranger was continuing.

"Yes, an intelligent woman will appreciate the virtues and the value of my preparation at once where a man would order me off the steps without a glance at it."

By now the aroma of alcohol had struck Chokerdown very forcibly. He had been listening to the mysterious speech of the stranger and now recalled that the liquor smell had permeated the office shortly after his arrival. His gaze traveled longinly in the direction of the poster where the red \$500 looked down at him forbiddingly. Bartholomew Chokerdown had that 500 spent the moment his optics returned to the stranger.

"But," interrupted the telephone operator interestedly, "if it has

anything to do with alcoholic preparations, I-I—that is—I'd be delighted to—"

"Just a moment," returned the stranger. "A friend is awaiting me in the barber shop downstairs. I'll explain to him that I'll be a little later and then return to give you all particulars."

Timothy, the agent, was just ready to corral the sheriff and arrest the telephone operator for being implicated with the private still; that \$500 seemed the easiest money that had ever come his way. And at the same time the telephone operator saw in the agent's apparent rush to depart an ample excuse to lay her claim to that same five hundred plunks.

A bomb shell was ready to explode. All that was needed was a little concussion.

As the agent hastened from the office he collided violently with a telegraph messenger who came charging up the steps, with pencil behind one ear and hat at an angle of forty-five. Chokerdown having signed for the message, opened it feverishly. It was from Washington, from the head of the Internal Revenue Collectors' Union. It read:

"Make no arrests. Union striking for less booze to be detected and more dough to be extracted."

Signed. Oliver Titefist, President.

Chokerdown groaned—yes, actually groaned. Those 500 bones, that new set of Firestone Cords, his visit to the African Golf Club, that little supper with Annette, that—oh those hundreds of wonderful aircastles all disappeared like the foam on the latest cereal beverage, one bubble after the other. He was not allowed to make an arrest. If he did arrest that agent and get the five hundred dollars the Union would find it out and he would be mobbed! Oh it was cruel, unfair, preposterous—! The telegram fluttered to the floor. Ignatz Koffupski rushed over to pick it up. As he read the message, a huge grin overspread his face.

"Ah ha! Bartholomew Chokerdown. You can make no arrests. You cannot get the five hundred dollars. But I did not sign the Union contract as yet. I can still make arrests since my contract only came in by this morning's mail."

"Well, get that agent, then."

"Agent? Bah! It is you whom I arrest, you with your red nose. You know you told me you saw two lamp-posts and leaned against the wrong one. Why did you do it? You cannot fool me this time. I've got you, now, Bartholomew Chokerdown. Oh yes, I have."

A heated argument followed in the course of which both Choker-

down and Koffupski discarded coats, vests, collars and ties. Shortly, both occupied a front line trench with pockets filled with hand grenades when the stenographer shrieked to the bookkeeper:

"Oh, Mr. Knowahl, do stop them!"

"What's this friendly dispute about?" he asked unconcernedly.

"One is trying to arrest the other for drinking. Stop them or I'll get hysterics. Stop them or I'll—Oh-o-o-o-o"

"I'll stop them, all right.—(Now's my chance to floor them.) What are you two quarreling about anyway?"

"Ignatz here," roared Chokerdown, "says I've been drinking. He said he smelt alcohol all morning. Well, so did I. But I suspected the agent who was here. But Ignatz said he smelt the alcohol on me and then—"

"Do be still, you two, if that is all the ground you have for your arguments," fairly screamed the stenographer. "I was using alcohol to clean my typewriter. That's what you smelt."

"Well, I never in all my born days!" muttered Ignatz.

"Yes," broke in the bookkeeper. "You have room to talk. You both make a fine set of blockheads. Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Knowahl of the Internal Revenue Office at Washington. That telegram from the Union was sent at my instigation. That still was a plant of mine to see how you would handle a case of that kind. I was sent here to find out if you are competent men and I will most assuredly report that when it comes to messing up everything you are competence personified. Good-day, gentlemen."

"Er—just a moment, Mr. Knowahl. Isn't there something we could do to settle—"

"I am paid a salary and commission. I need no bribes. Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Well," muttered Koffupski, as Knowahl left. "That's another perfectly good job we've lost."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!", chuckled Knowahl down on the sidewalk below. "That WAS a good one—and good management all the way through. Poor old Chokerdown and Koffupski! They have such ivory domes. Really it's a shame to kill the African elephants when in need of ivory. They never suspected that that still was my property. Now I've diverted all suspicion from myself. In fact, I've got both of those fellows right where I want them. And now that I've gotten the benefit of the still and made enough "jack" to live awhile I'll let her rest. I don't need such a TNT as whiskey to make a living. In fact I think my gift-o'-gab would make me a good Tanlac agent or

a first-rate Socialist speaker. Yes, it's a great life if you don't weaken, and I eat onions every morning for breakfast."

D. HERBERT ABEL.

Our Godless Country

MANY are the grave questions before the American public today, clamoring for solution: and men are endeavoring to understand how or why they have arisen. Anxiously they weigh these perplexing problems and then seek to pour oil on the turbulent waters, by industrial or social changes that may very likely provoke greater upheavals. For they believe that the evils are external in character and not internal. For this reason they are seeking and shall continue to seek for a permanent solution, but all in vain. Not until the deadened Conscience of the people is re-awakened to a sense of its duty and obligation to a well-nigh forgotten God; not until then will many of our present troubles disappear. Our Country is Godless; Our People are conscienceless, and so like the Rome of Old we are treading the path to perdition and ruin.

This Godlessness is the result of our Liberalism. "Greater liberty, more freedom."—Such has been the cry of the age; and as this passion for more liberty has been gratified, the moral tie that binds society has in many instances been relaxed, so that sheer license has resulted. The people of today have lost sight of the high principles of morality that so distinguished and characterized our fathers of yesterday. We call our country a Democracy, and the people, Democratic; yet, just how many Americans are there that realize what is meant by that word "Democracy"? High-sounding and alluring as it is, it is not without meaning; it is not simply a political phrase. It stands for everything high and noble, beautiful and inspiring in the soul of humanity. It means more, than simply the broad general term justice and liberty. Democracy is a religious faith. "It is faith in our fellowmen. It is faith in one another. It is respect for each other's rights. It is regard for each other's opinion. It is human brotherhood. It is the land of brotherly love."

Yet modern Americans have too readily lost sight of this principle of Democracy. Liberty has come to mean license. Lured and swayed by the vain promptings of honor, wealth and fame they have blinded themselves to the high and noble ideals of our fathers. They

have ceased to recognize the principle of true justice and liberty, and so have degraded themselves to the low level of licentious despots.

We have been called "money grabbers" not only among ourselves but also among other peoples, and though resentment swells within us at such an aspersion, sober second thought will make us admit its truth. It is not a misnomer. We have today, even more so than in the past, conclusive evidence of its truthfulness. Consider but a moment the vast network of industries webbed throughout the nation; look at the throngs that day in and day out swirl through the streets of our cities, seeking the vain pleasures of the world, and you will understand what is meant by the term "money grabbers," you will realize what is meant when we say that the people are godless. We have become a great manufacturing people, we have also become a nation of pleasure seekers; and in the noise and bustle of business and pleasure all thoughts of God or of the works of God are lost to the mind of the great majority.

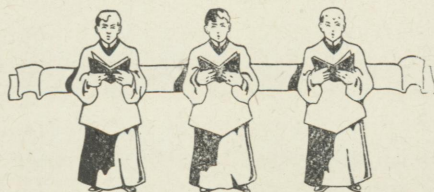
The ambition of most modern Americans is to become captains of industry or of finance. In the endeavor to achieve successfully this end, they harden their hearts, and banish charity—the spirit of tempered justice, which means "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The spirit of mercy imaged in the part of the good Samaritan is rapidly disappearing and yet "it is an attribute of God himself" as the judicious Portia tells us. Can we escape from the verdict that we have become a godless people?

We are a Democratic people, therefore we can all the less denounce or ignore the Power above. The fact that we are a free people unleashed, unconquered and unrestrained argues the more that we should be more religious; that we should dwell more on the Divine and that we should be more desirous and eager to invoke God's aid and blessing on all our undertakings, else we blunder into evil fortune. Beholding in imagination the endless swirl of worldly minded humanity that races madly day in and day out through our American cities, an illustrious American shuddered as he gave utterance to the following thought: "Suppose that all these people ceased to believe that there was any power above them, any future before them, anything in Heaven or earth but what their senses told them of; suppose that their consciences of individual force and responsibility, already dwarfed by the overwhelming power of the multitudes and the fatalistic submission it engenders, were further weakened by the feeling that their swift fleeting life was rounded by a perpetual sleep

—would the moral code stand unshaken, and with it the reverence for law, the sense of duty toward the community, and even to the generation yet to come? Would men say, 'let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die'? Or would sympathy and custom, and a perception of the advantages which stable government offer to the citizens as a whole and which orderly self-restraint offers to each one, replace supernatural sanction and hold in check the violence of the masses and the self-indulgent impulses of the individual?" The answer as we can readily see is implied in the question. Improbable as it may seem on first thought, as a nation we are heading towards moral shipwreck. Slowly but steadily we are descending from the high and noble ideals established and maintained by our fathers, and are fast acclimatizing in the polluted depths of materialism.

This is therefore the question that is troubling America today: as a people we are too materialistic. We never stop to consider the awful but just and benign, omnipotent Power above us. We have lost the God-fearing trait that made our forefathers respected throughout the universe. Bring back the people to a sense of their religious duties; infuse into their hearts the love and the fear of God: then all these seemingly complex problems of our day will disappear with the dawn of a new tomorrow. Instead of having Napoleons of industry and finance, we will have George Washingtons. With the rebirth of the religious spirit, honor and fame will mean more than simply aspiring to positions of wealth and fame: it will mean glory in doing service to the people, glory in living for the people and glory in giving help to the people. For it is a truth, and as a truth should be recognized, that "if there is any one among us who would be greatest, let him be the servant of all."

R. J. KILLORAN.



The Professional Man in the Making of America

IT is not a blind speculation to ascertain the causes which shaped the laws and moulded the great institutions of the present. Turning to the past, we see spread out before us, as for review, the interesting and novel spectacle of a new world accidentally discovered, reclaimed from savage people, repopulated, and transformed into a great and powerful nation—conglomerate in people and unified in government. There is nothing that compares in the ages gone by with the unfolding of the western world. A tractless continent inhabited only by savages, opened up, settled, civilized, populated and nationalized in the course of a few hundred years. The birth of a new nation has taken place, and the new nation has turned back its products—material, social and political to astonish and revolutionize the very nations of the Old World, whose transplanted sons developed the New.

In our long line of political development, there were periods of great suffering. It was the blood that so freely flowed from the wounds of our forefathers, that crystalized into the ingredients which moulded the Constitutions, Laws and Treaties of the United States. All these sufferings would have been in vain, had not the master minds been given to direct all the different forces into the proper channels. It was the professional mind that lead the people, and which exerted the potent and beneficent influence in the crisis of our nation, from which emerged these great United States.

It was the American lawyers that drafted the Declaration of Independence; it was the American lawyers who framed our Constitution; it was the American lawyers who interpreted, defended and applied the Constitution. They have drawn our treaties; they have guided our nation in time of peril; they issued our Proclamation of Emancipation, and they were most potent in securing and protecting our cherished institutions.

While the American lawyers have exerted their efforts in writing the laws of the land on the pages of the Statute Books, the clergy have sacrificed themselves on the altar of their fellowmen. Their influence was great notwithstanding that in America there is no union of church and state. In America, Christianity has never been claimed to be a part of the civil law. Our legislators have control only over

things temporal and not spiritual; jurisprudence does not look forward into eternity, it assists man from cradle to grave. Civil law recognizes man as a member of a civil society and at the grave leaves him to his final judge. Religion and morality embrace both time and eternity and operate as such. While civil law leaves man as an immortal being to his **Conscience** and to his **God**; religion indicates to him the pathway to Immortality. We at once see the far-reaching influence of the clergy on human conduct. They can exert a force, reaching where man-made laws are unable to operate. They have ever insisted on due respect and submission toward civil authority, in all things just and reasonable: they have proven themselves to be towers of strength in times of crisis: they were the comfort and stay behind our soldiers on the battlefields, and they still persist in retracing the indelible characters of the laws written by the finger of Almighty God, upon the imperishable tablets of the human soul.

The physicians of our country inspired the laws governing the health of the public; they have braved every storm to bring a new life into the world; they were the great hope of the mothers of our land. The physicians have exerted all their skill to save lives; they stimulated the birthrate and kept alive the vigor of the American family; they were familiar figures on every battlefield of our history, the first to salvage the shattered remains when the lust for blood had subsided. The wealth of the nation could never buy the sunshine they brought to America's hearts.

There has been no other influence that contributed more to our present greatness than that exerted by the clergy, the lawyers, and the physicians. We, today, enjoy the fruits of their accomplishments; we are their heirs. As their heirs we are deeply indebted to them. We too must rise in majesty to meet their nobility of purpose: we must discover our duties. Our duties lie in doing things, not solely for our own egotistical enjoyment, nor yet merely for the good of our contemporaries, but especially in emulation of our forefathers for the welfare of the coming generations.

Every day presents new and great problems to be solved and evils to be remedied in order to preserve the good. It is the duty of the young men of today, who enter college in order to prepare for a professional career, to employ their time judiciously, to become thoroughly qualified in their respective professions. The student must not forget that he is fitting himself for a most responsible position. He owes it to himself and fellowmen carefully to cultivate his moral nature, to fit it for the high and responsible trust he is to assume. The temptation of dishonest gain and the allurements of dissipation

have always led to shame and ruin. A true scholar is pure in life, courteous to his associates and just to all. Endowed with these principles, he will not become a mere tool of personal gain, but will become a man of service. He will seek in all things the approval of his conscience; he will ever have before him the great deeds and examples set by our forefathers who were the true benefactors of the human race. We must begin, today, to work and to study with greater devotion, respecting our duties as citizens of this fair land.

A. W. HEMMERT.

How Suggestions Help to Manage

THERE may be a monopoly of meat, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of cans, and a monopoly of cash registers, but there never was and never will be a monopoly of ideas. Furthermore, we would have to travel far and wide to find any sane person, possessing at least a spark of intelligence, who is entirely devoid of ideas. Even the most unimaginative of people have some ideas and if they have ideas they can offer suggestions. And without a doubt, if a manager desires suggestions from his men there will be, or at least should be, no dearth of them.

This idea of having the employees of a company make suggestions for the general betterment of the organization is by no means anything new. Employers always realized that suggestions made by their employees were valuable, but up to the last few years rarely encouraged this practice in any way. With the various unions and labor organizations growing stronger year by year, with labor becoming more and more restive, and even turbulent and threatening at times, employers gradually came to the realization that their employees were human beings; that they were part of the business and wanted to be considered as such.

We must not imagine, however, that every employer waited until he was compelled to take some human interest in his employees. There are still quite a few broad-minded men who manage large concerns and who consider each of their employees as a business partner. Some of them have instituted what they call "Industrial Democracy." In this plan the workers elect a House of Representatives from their number; the heads of departments and foremen compose a Senate;

and the executive officers form the Cabinet with the president of the company as chairman.

Other employers of this type have not organized to quite this extent, but they have what is called an "Employes' Conference" plan. A conference committee is elected and this meets monthly with the management, to bring to its attention matters that seem to need correction, or to make any suggestions for the general betterment. This plan is exemplified at the Procter & Gamble Company of Cincinnati. In this company each department with not more than fifty workers chooses a representative, while in the larger departments one is chosen for every fifty persons. These representatives constitute the committee mentioned above. The president of this company recently said, that "up to the present no suggestions by the employes, and they have been many, have been turned down unless we were able to show them that they were impracticable."

We might also mention another plan that is used by a number of large companies among which are the National Cash Register Company and the Lowe Brothers Paint Company, both of Dayton. In this plan employes are invited to turn in their suggestions and ideas at certain stated times. The best of these suggestions are selected and their originators given substantial prizes. These methods are used not only to stimulate the worker to make suggestions but also to make him more interested in his work and consequently turn out a better product.

"The chief problem of 'big business' today," writes W. C. Procter, president of Procter & Gamble Company, "is to shape its policies so that each worker, whether in office or factory, will feel he is a vital part of his company, with a personal responsibility for its success, and a chance to share in that success." He thinks that to bring this about an employer should take his men into his confidence. That they should know why they are doing things, and the relation of their work to other departments and the business as a whole, in order to put intelligent effort into what they are doing.

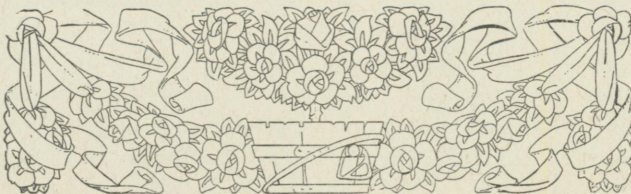
The more the workman knows about the product he is turning out the more interested he will be in it, and the more careful he will be in his part of its manufacture. This goes to show that the quality of any product is largely dependent on the spirit of those who make it. If the proper spirit is lacking in the workmen it is the fault of the management. It always reverts back to the ones in charge and if they wish to improve their product, the very best way is to improve the organization behind it.

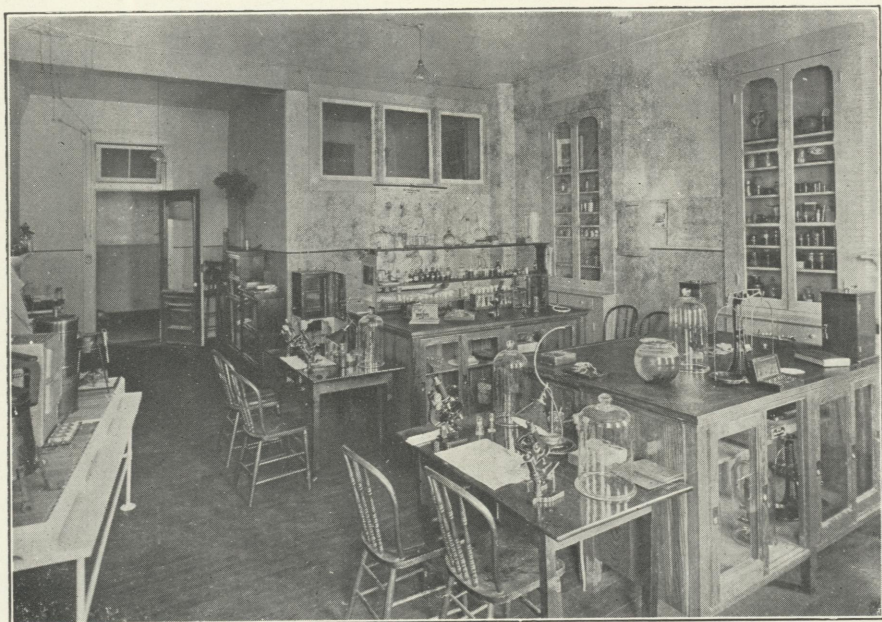
Probably the best proof that suggestions by the workers do help to manage can be found in the fact that not a single factory using any of the systems mentioned above has had a single strike to contend with since that system was adopted. This is a pretty broad statement but statistics show that labor trouble is practically unknown with them. And it cannot be disputed that labor troubles constitute especially in these troublesome times, the greatest source of worry for the average manager or business head.

Back of these labor troubles is the lack of responsibility on the part of the workman. If he does his work mechanically, paying no attention to the fine points and to the bearing of his part to the finished product, he feels no obligation of responsibility whatsoever. On the other hand, if he is encouraged to study, to think, and to know the essentials of his work and the relation between it and the finished product he will take more pains with it and turn out a better job because he knows he is responsible for its quality; his brain in consequence thus occupied will no longer be the breeding place for the germ of unrest.

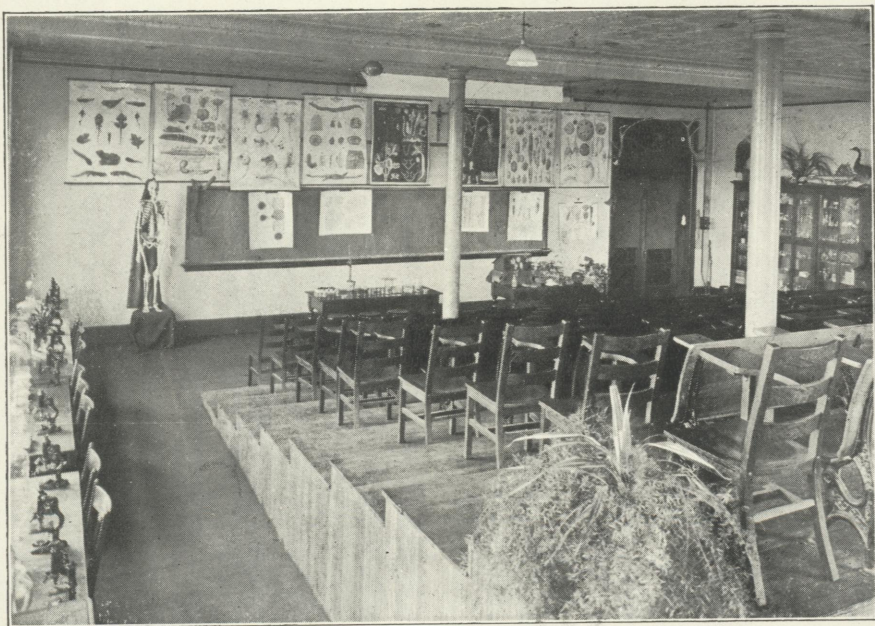
Summing up, we may candidly say that the methods used to encourage employes to give expression to their ideas and to make suggestions, which we have outlined, have done much to solve the problem of industrial relations. The only way this problem can be fully solved is by co-operation—co-operation between employer and every employee. And there can be no better co-operation in an organization than that each component part is at liberty to make suggestions and knows furthermore that the suggestion will meet with due appreciation.

WILLIAM J. BOESCH.





BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY



LECTURE ROOM FOR BIOLOGY



THE LIBRARY

White and "Dad"

"TO sum it all up, I can't see it Blake's way."

The young reporter glanced quickly at his senior.

"Unfair—you think?" he asked.

"Decidedly so, and I'm sure you will find that most of the fellows hold the same opinion. Such a rash departure from precedent does not meet with kindly approbation."

"'Precedent,' I suppose, means a time-honored standard of promotion."

"Exactly," replied the older reporter emphatically. "What is there to prevent one of the young unseasoned cubs from running into a feature this week and, consequently, carrying off the laurels to which we old staff men have been stretching out eager hands for years?"

"I'm inclined to believe that Blake's viewpoint is just this, dad: he sees you and 'Mac' and Brooks, and one or two of the others, each deserving, or, according to him, equally deserving of Washington, so instead of making an arbitrary choice, he holds out to each a chance to win."

"Well, if that were the case, why include the entire force instead of restricting it to those men?"

Blair's tone bespoke a fretful mood. To irritate it no further, White changed the subject and in the remaining walk to the station took care not to touch again upon what was uppermost in their minds. But once Blair was speeding home, White rolled over in his mind the events of the afternoon. His first flow of enthusiasm had been curdled by Blair's acrimony. His words held influence over the young reporter because White knew the man back of them. Blair was no professional; he was, to the core, a sincere and honest "plugger," to his friends big-hearted and sympathetic. To White he was "dad," because he had reared the young reporter in the newspaper game with generous potions from the flask of twenty years' experience.

One particular remark of Blair's crept into White's thoughts—"if such were the case—"

"Evidently," White said to himself, "dad does not agree with the 'equally deserving' basis." That thought attached a new significance to Blair's attitude. It was clear now that he had his heart set on

Washington to the exclusion of every one else. But White could see no selfishness in this.

"Well," he thought, "if Washington is his coveted goal, I for one, think him entitled to it. Heart and soul in his work for twenty years, he ought to develop some kind of an affection. I know dad to be the hardest worker on the force, and Blake ought to know it even better."

A growing appetite was clamoring for attention, so White cast off his reflections, and stepped into the nearest eating house. He was a vagrant diner ever since 'Mac' had been lucky enough to be in a downtown restaurant when three masked bandits stepped in and emptied the cash register and the patrons' pockets. Perhaps he too would be fortunate sometime in getting a "headliner" at the price of all but his clothes.

This time he chanced into Long Tom's gaudy and grotesque grill room. As if to complete the Oriental atmosphere created by gaudy tapestries of green and gold, and the impish dramaturgy of scarlet and saffron drapings, Long Tom himself was at one of the wicker tables. A welcoming nod brought White to him.

"As usual, Mr. White, you are both welcome and unwelcome," greeted the Chinaman in measured syllables.

"So you still remember my 'evil wishes?'"

"O yes! When I see you, I think of bandits." And the Easterner chuckled at this quibble.

"But my wishes won't bring them, Tom, and what is more, if you will consent to dine with me, I'll promise to do no evil wishing—though," he added reflectively, "I would part with a year's salary for just such a story."

"A year's salary! Reckless man. All that for a one-day article?"

"Ordinarily, that would sound rather prodigal," replied White, "but this is not ordinary. Our Washington correspondence is the prize for the 'biggest find' this week," and White explained Blake's proposition. "Isn't that worth a year's salary?" he concluded.

Long Tom did not answer. His eyes were half closed and his head, supported by his hand, was bobbing a mute reply. The curved nail of the fore finger of the other hand was picking at a stain on the table linen. Suddenly he directed his still half-closed eyes at White, who felt rather than saw them.

"Speak in definite terms, White, and I may give you your article."

White had been reporter long enough to recognize a prospect when he met it. In the expression on the face before him he saw a lurking something—something big. To gain another moment for his speeding mind he asked:

"You mean that you have something big enough to swing this?"

"Exactly," jerked the Chinaman. His thin lips barely moved from the sly smile to say it.

White opened his check book, filled out and signed a check and held it before Long Tom's eyes.

"Do you call this definite?"

Instead of answering, Long Tom arose and beckoned to White to follow him.

A half hour later the reporter stepped out of the private dining room, and after 'phoning Blair to expect him, hailed a cab and ordered "emergency speed." He found Blair awaiting his call with not a little curiosity.

"Since I left you this evening, dad," White began, "I happened by luck,—pure luck, on what I believe will land Washington. I've settled for myself that I don't want the position—just a little above my experience you know, so dad, I want you to have this." He drew from his pocket the hastily taken notes and began to arrange them. "I'm selfish about your companionship, but I've driven that to the background. Someone is bound to go to Washington on this, and I want that someone to be you." He spread before Blair the high points of his story. Blair's glance was at first casual, then eager, then full of amazement.

"Jack, where did you get this?" he exclaimed.

"From Long Tom."

"Of the 'Far East'?"

"The very same."

"And you mean to give this to me?"

"Not give it, dad, but suggest that you take it."

Blair read the notes again as if to grasp the reality of it all. Then he dropped them limply, saying: "You're right. Somebody will go to Washington on this, but for you to give it to me, it's out of the question."

"I expected that, dad. You think, that you worked on my sympathies this afternoon, and now, in a benevolent moment, I've come to set things right. No, that is not the case. I am here because I have something to give; I owe it to you above anyone else—you know why." White spoke with an air that precluded all argument.

Lowering his eyes, Blair slowly shook his head and in steady even tones replied:

"You have nothing to give, Jack. You know that you are equal to Washington but have scared yourself into the background for

my sake. You are doing us both an injustice in proffering me this scoop."

But White was intractable.

"You have more confidence in me than I have, dad. Truly, I'm afraid of Washington and that ends it. This article must go to press at once. It is your job now, willingly or unwillingly. Whatever comes of it is yours. Keep it from the police until a few minutes before publication. I'm off for more scandal—goodnight."

Like a violent gust of wind that is supreme for the moment, White had swept in and out. His face impassive to the debate within, Blair was staring at the spot where the young reporter had stood. Before him, on the table, was the biggest prize he had ever seen. Suddenly he brightened up. A happy thought had come. He began to work feverishly with the notes. Circumventing White and still putting the story in print could be accomplished only by laying the proposition before Blake.

Two hours later, Blake had been interviewed and Blair was rushing the story to the offices, beside himself with joy. Blake had set everything topsy-turvy with—but to go on with the story—

Before morning the mighty presses were grinding out the giant exposure, and telegraph keys were radiating it far and wide. Almost simultaneously with the arrest of certain custom-house officials the extra appeared exposing them as the bribed confederates of the opium "gang." With master strokes the Dispatch uncovered the roots of the flourishing evil which had long baffled the secret service. At his home, Long Tom was gleefully smacking at the swift descent of the law on the "gang" that had black-balled him. To secure himself from harm, Tom had requested that his hand in the exposure be kept secret, hence, the Dispatch claimed for itself a direct "coup d'etat" over the heads of the secret service.

Developments emphasized the far-reaching consequences and a steady flow of congratulatory messages came into the Dispatch's offices. Someone uncovered that Blair had made the find and in a moment he was the popular man of the paper. He welcomed the round of handshakes with an appreciative air. White's "good work, dad," and Blair's "thanks, Jack," sounded quite becoming, but the slow wink that accompanied Blair's remark might have puzzled an observer. White saw no more in it than connivance. Beyond that, nothing passed between them. White was satisfied that Blair had accepted, and for him, that settled the matter.

The end of the week, the house bulletin confirmed the current opinion that Blair was to go to Washington. A farewell dinner was

arranged and everything tended toward an early departure. As the time neared, the prospect of Blair's loss became more poignant to White. Affection between men grows slowly, nourishing itself as it does, on that deep inner self which reveals itself in rarest moments. Once formed, its deeply grown rootlets bind forever. "Dad" having been near him for so long, White could not reconcile himself to the thought of indefinite separation.

But now, this was inevitable. At the farewell dinner, no one appeared gayer than White, yet, at heart, no one was sadder. Blake, as toast-master, was cruel enough to call for a few words from Blair's "pal." Determined to withhold his true feelings, White rambled into some light talk or other, and sat down, quite assured that he had succeeded in his determination, but failed miserably in what he did say. He puffed furiously at his cigar, then dropped ashes in the finger bowl. Blake was speaking, but all was inaudible to White's symming head. Suddenly he became conscious of the gaze of the entire table, and Blake's words began to reach him.

"—and at the request of Blair I have withheld this from White until tonight. This consolidating of the private eastern service of all the West Coast papers came to my hands this week, and is to be effected immediately. The Dispatch is proud of the prestige that has won for it the privilege of selecting from its highly efficient staff the men for the consolidated Washington correspondence. It is the excellent co-operative spirit that has existed between them here that prompts us to entrust the augmented duties at Washington to Blair and White."

What followed, White never could exactly recall. Somehow he lived through that maze of congratulations, that confusion of words. He remembered a furious desire to run away from the crowd and another equally furious desire to "beat up" Blake and "dad." But they came to nothing. An hour later he and "dad" were walking arm in arm down the deserted street planning for the morrow.

R. J. KITSTEINER.



The Price of Child Labor

CHILD labor probably made its first appearance as an organized system in the days of the ancients, when the conqueror made slaves of his vanquished enemies. After the battle the children of the conquered foemen were shown no mercy by the victor, but with their elders were compelled to work under the lash of the whips until their frail bodies drooped and faded. The captor's aim was the annihilation of present and future generations of the conquered. No system better adapted to this purpose could ever have been devised.

Child labor in our country developed coeval with the colonies. Supported by the belief that idleness imperiled souls, its purpose, though seemingly more humane than that of ancient times, has failed completely. Its human product has been found to be lacking its maximum usefulness at maturity. The adult whose youth has been spent in fatiguing toil is almost invariably weakened physically. His struggle for a livelihood has often become a hopeless burden by the time when youths of the same age, but fortunate enough to have escaped the clutches of work in tender years, are starting in their life work, eager as knights challenged to the lists.

On the other hand it might be urged that in casting about, one can find men and women who have worked hard in their youth, but because of a rugged constitution experienced no ill effects. This can readily be granted; but there are other considerations to be made. Children compelled or permitted to work at the ages of ten or twelve are deprived of an adequate education. Weighing want of physical strength against lack of education it is difficult to decide which is the more deficient, a people whose physical standard is below normal, or a people lacking in mental cultivation. It is beyond question that the latter is the more evident of the two among the masses whom we meet with from day to day. To begin with, the untrained laborer can not choose the kind of employment he desires. He must do that which his more efficient brother has left for him. Usually the work is disagreeable and the pay is small. The result is dissatisfaction and the laborer soon develops into an agitator among men or falls a prey to the man who is one. In this position he suspects or is taught to sus-

pect the good intentions of the public-spirited men of community, or state, who in their position, or for no other purpose than charity, try to promote the welfare of their fellowmen. Not infrequently this agitator deprives himself and those about him of opportunities which are cast at his feet. He is cautious for he does not know, and taking it for granted that every missile of fortune is loaded, changes direction and passes along his dark way which shows not the good in man, but only the crimes he has committed.

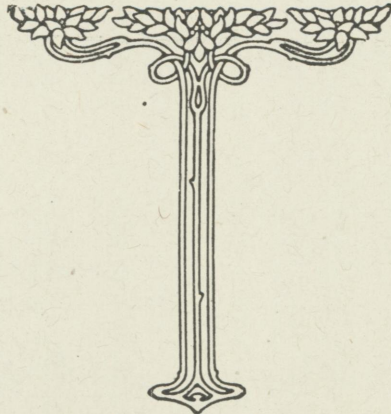
Then there is the contrasted difference between the men and women who have spent that most critical period of their lives, between childhood and man- or womanhood, in school under the trusted guardians of knowledge and morals, and those who by their labor have been forced to associate with men and women, who, corrupted themselves, do not hesitate to corrupt the minds of the youths about them. A hasty glance into this situation is all that is needed, to tell the tale of how this kind of society prepares the way for crime in the child laborer, and of how the youth follows in its wake. A striking example of the telling effect of evil forces upon youth is shown by an investigation conducted in the London "Tombs." An average of less than two out of a hundred held within its walls had departed from the honest life after reaching the age of twenty; the majority had gone astray between the ages of sixteen and eighteen.

The evil does not end with the shortcomings of the individual. The illiterate, degenerate child of today is the illiterate, degenerate and incapable parent of tomorrow. To this type of mother, handicapped by the insufficient wage of her husband, the shop is usually more attractive than the home and consequently is given a greater portion of her time. To the father this home is little more than a place to which he turns when weary from his day's labor. Usually he is indifferent about his household or rules it with the iron hand of a tyrant. Due to his inability to reason, he is prejudiced against education or anything which would promote the welfare of his children. He violates their sacred rights when he puts them to work not only as a means of supporting them but also to profit by their toil. Thus he repeats the story of his own life. It is this kind of home life which accounts for the departure from home of children at tender ages. Both boy and girl are exposed to crime and vice with all of their alluring life and gayety, and once having yielded, the curtain drops for they are gone forever.

We have traced the individual child laborer after maturity, we have invaded his home and witnessed in turn the fate of his offspring,

but as yet we have not seen the extreme type as a citizen. From the fact that he suspects his fellowmen, we could scarcely expect him to honor or respect the laws made by them. The truth of it is that **he does not**. His characteristic brute-like countenance has been so intimately connected with strikes, mutiny, mob, violence and all kinds of disorder that we at once recognize him among other workmen in the shop, on the street, as he emerges from the dive, or at home. He is a human being without respect for God or man. He is briefly described as one who is poor, extremely poor, poor spiritually, mentally, morally, and possibly physically and financially. We have no better definition for this kind of poverty than the one given by Benjamin Franklin when he said: "Poverty was that which often robbed one of spirit and virtue." Forfeiture of spirit and virtue,—this is the price we must pay eventually for child labor. The question rises, can the child, can the nation afford to pay?

W. E. Winterhalter.





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Patriots or We, in America, celebrate July the 4th as our In-
Reebles,—Which? dependence Day! It was on January 21 of last year

Ireland proclaimed its independence. The Irish question of self-determination has been one which has kept more than one statesman on the alert. Ireland may indeed be regarded as a martyred nation. Years ago in the reigns of King Edward III, King Henry VII and Queen Elizabeth, Ireland was ground down beneath the heel of the mother country in the uproar and chaos of the Reformation. Under Elizabeth, "the Virgin Queen," Celtic blood came as near to extermination as could ever be possible. Statutes of law were passed against them, wholesale confiscation was the order of the day. The policy, religio-political, which Elizabeth pursued in her striving for material prosperity placed in Ireland an Irish province of "reformed English." In this past war the world stood aghast at the attempts of German militarism to subjugate little, brave heroic Belgium. But it has taken centuries for the world to awaken to the fact that there lies on the western coast of Europe an island that is a most perfect example of a downtrodden nation.

Ireland has been wronged and terribly so. And today we see in her efforts for freedom a parallel to those which our own United States made in '76. At that time we stood up for representative government, for freedom. Then, backed by an immortal leader, George

Washington, we won our way to success through the horrors and sacrifices of an eight-years' war. With us Revolution was a success, Washington a patriot and a hero. Had Washington failed he would have been a traitor. Treason is a word that victors hurl at those who fail. And so is it with Ireland today.

Today we have revolutionary parties in Ireland, today we have Irish patriots, as we had American patriots in 1776. Today we have the English Tory in Ireland as we had them in America in 1776. Today a down-trodden Irish people are striving for recognition by the nations as we in America strove in 1776. Today the Irish are striving against the same foe against whom our Colonial forefathers strove in 1776. If Ireland wins she will be recognized as a nation of patriotic, energetic men who threw off a yoke which was forced upon them. If she loses she will be a failure, her attempts high treason, her leaders traitors, her system Irish Bolshevism. It is all in the viewpoint. Let us in America, who have undergone the same struggles that Ireland is experiencing today, let us hope that those who are of similar spirit with ourselves and who are looking up to this great land of freedom with its deep broad banner, as broad as the sky from which it was born, let us hope that those men will be enabled to reach that end which we strove for, a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It is natural that Ireland seek her liberty, it is the craving in the heart of every true man to have his freedom. You Irish patriots who are wishing well and honorably for the freedom of Ireland, I am certain that every true American sees incarnated in your struggle a desire to emulate America and live in peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

D. H. A.

Major Schroeder Major Schroeder has added another record to his long list of achievements. He has now won for himself the distinction of holding the world's one, two, and three-man altitude records in addition to his other achievements and the valuable experimental work he has done. He is deserving of unstinted praise for his daring and his contributions to the science of aviation. But he will have none of it. It was not his desire to have his name emblazoned in the hall of fame of his country nor to accomplish something that no human being ever before had achieved. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that any discoveries he makes, or records he establishes in aeronautics are not for personal aggrandizement, but for the benefit of his country and the advancement of the science of aviation.

It was only his determination and perseverance coupled with his indomitable will that enabled Major Schroeder to climb to an altitude of close to seven miles. He had been trying for many months to accomplish this feat and after each attempt corrected and perfected what prevented him from reaching his objective. The story of his continual and tireless efforts remind us of the numerous attempts and final success of Wilbur and Orville Wright during the many years they labored in the same city in perfecting the inventions, which made these flights possible.

Major Schroeder has done much valuable experimental work in aeronautics in the past, but still he is not satisfied, not even with his last attempt. His enthusiasm is not in the least abated by the harrowing experience he recently had and he declares that as soon as he is able he will try again to surpass the record he just made. Truly, he possesses the essentials of a live, wide-awake, progressive American citizen and we are indeed proud that he is a resident of the Gem City.

W. J. B.

Daily Retreats Do you ever apply retreat discipline to the activities that make for your temporal well-being, or, to put it another way, do you ever employ seclusion, introspection and resolution for the betterment of your "way" of doing things. If you were ever guilty of a severely penalizing blunder, you actually did hold a retreat, though perhaps, you did not recognize it as such. The gravity of the situation cleared everything else from your mind. That was seclusion. Analyzing the blunder was introspection and the resolution was that determination to avoid the things that led up to the blunder. But all that was perforce. The dire consequences of the blunder spurred you into making the retreat. The point in mind is to voluntarily apply that same process to the lesser failings, the little weaknesses that creep, unobserved by oneself, into one's methods. They all penalize in the long run, and some of them to a disagreeable degree. Frequent retreats keep them weeded out and oneself on a more efficient and meritable basis. There is a man who is "easing" up in class, or he is side-stepping one of his branches, or his language or table manners are becoming crude, or his letters are not up to standard, his English in a rut, his penmanship below grade. Perhaps a little more pains in his dress would enable him to make a better impression. He needs to give himself a retreat. He could do better, but is losing out because he neglects calling himself to task.

Every activity should be weighed in the balance; but beware of extenuation. It is all too easy to reconcile yourself to what is not up

to the standard, and thereby give it impetus for becoming worse. To be an effective retreat master you must be rigorous. Your ideal should move only in one direction—upward. Keep your resolutions before you and become really conscientious about them. Such discipline is not chafing to the virile man. He welcomes it as a tonic against the bane of self-satisfaction which recruits so many to the ranks of the average man.

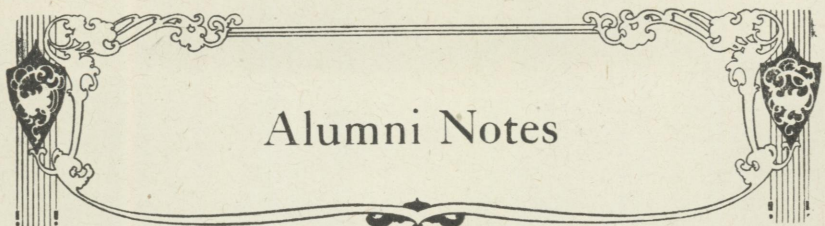
R. J. K.

An Obligation — At the present time Congress is endeavoring to pass a bill which would insure us against suffering a sudden and humiliating defeat from any world power. The bill is meeting with much opposition and Congress is accused of acting with too much haste. We are told that such an action is radical departure from the national policy of the United States and that our legislative body at Washington would make us a military camp instead of a peaceful nation engaged in lawful pursuits.

Still there can be no doubt as to the necessity of an adequate national defense, and that it is the duty of every citizen to share in the burden of that defense. It is a duty, a moral obligation placed upon everyone and not upon the few, who, through love of their country, sacrifice themselves. But despite its evident necessity there are many honorable Americans opposed to this preparation and who regard it as an unjust and uncontrollable ambition for world empires. They apparently have unlimited faith in the "League of Nations"; yet a nation with the prestige of the United States should be able at all times to protect its rights, within a reasonable extent, against the sinister ambitions of any foreign power.

As the United States now exists it is a strong moral force. The Stars and Stripes are respected all over the world. But to what is this respect due? Is it not due to our ability to defend ourselves and to insist upon our rights with impunity? We are a powerful and prosperous nation. God has been kind to us and blessed us, but with that blessing we contracted a responsibility. America with her democratic ideas should exert a moral influence upon the world. However, without ability to protect ourselves in time of danger, our influence will be destroyed. We will not have been faithful to the trust placed upon us by God. Consequently we are under obligation to defend ourselves and in order to defend ourselves we must be prepared. As a great nation we should be a latent force, prepared at any moment to defend our democratic principles against any attempt at world dominion.

E. J. F.



Alumni Notes

Joseph G. Deddens

Edward G. Heile

Joseph A. Oppenheim, '14 Joe is the treasurer of the New Idea Spreader Co. of Coldwater, Ohio. This position keeps him busy as the farmers are realizing the value of farm implements. Joe is anxious to see the Varsity basketball team in the fray again. All success to you in your busy life.

Francis C. Canny, '09 Our young Dayton attorney is still making judges and juries see legal arguments in his own way. His office is in the Dayton Savings and Trust Company building. Thanks for your compliment regarding the "pep" that has been put into the Alumni Notes.

Clarence A. Goldcamp, '16 "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody." Our Iron-ton, Ohio, friend met with a severe accident recently whilst working in his father's hardware store and during his convalescence he had time to write his old teacher, Bro. Louis Reimbold and send in his subscription to the Exponent. Four of the Goldcamp brothers attended St. Mary's. Albert, '07, is a machinist in the C. & O. shops at Russell, Ky. Henry works in the hardware store. Frank, '12, was the first of S. M. C.'s loyal Alumni to make the supreme sacrifice "over there." He was killed in action on March 28, 1918.

Clarence A. Tangeman, '12 Clarence sent us a two-year subscription. He is working with the G. W. Shroyer Co., Dayton. He would be glad to hear from any of the old boys of '12.

Arthur C. Zimmerman, '16 Art is the Aeronautical Chemist at the Experimental Aviation Branch of the government out at McCook Field. Like all of S. M. C.'s graduates he is proving to be a big success. Since his marriage last fall he is at home at 1323 N. Main Street, Dayton. Thanks, Art, for your kind wishes for the Exponent.

Thomas J. Carroll, '17 Tom writes us that he is having his troubles with books at Ohio State but he is bound to get a degree at some future date. He wants to hear from some of the "K. K. G.'s" of '17. Thanks, Tom, for your subscription.

A. George Botschen, '16 George is having big success in the furniture business on North Avenue, Chicago. He sends his best to all former teachers. George, your friend Walter Archer lives at 636 Fourth St., Marietta, Ohio.

A "Hoosier" Ball Team T. Francis (Tommy) Hart, '02, vice-president and general manager of the Hart Glass Manufacturing Co., of Dunkirk, Ind., sends us this bit of information that will prove of great interest to the "old timers" among the Alumni:

"Dunkirk is going to have a real ball team this season and three of the nine will be stars whose names are still bright in baseball annals at S. M. C. They are Tommy Hart, '02, Victor J. Schlitzer, '04, and Harry A. Hart, '14.

"'Vic' Schlitzer after leaving college pitched for Utica, N. Y., Philadelphia, A. L., Boston, A. L., Chattanooga, S. L., Toledo, A. A., Indianapolis, A. A., Kansas City, A. A., Omaha, W. L., Buffalo, F. L. He then went to Media, Pa., in the well-known Delaware County League and in addition to playing ball, took a position as bookkeeper. He is now bookkeeper for the Hart Glass Mfg. Company and will pitch for Dunkirk.

"Harry A. Hart, a southpaw who spent six years at St. Mary's and pitched good ball for the team, is now in charge of the packing department of the Hart Glass Mfg. Co. He will play with Dunkirk the coming season.

"The third player, Tommy Hart, was at St. Mary's four years and pitched for the team. Later he played with the Dayton and then the Fort Wayne Central League teams. He is anxious to schedule the S. M. C. Varsity for a Saturday and Sunday bill."

Our sincerest thanks, Tommy, for this interesting news, and we hope the Varsity will be able to arrange for a game with you.

Ben W. Freeman, '08 Ben is one of the big men in his father's firm, the Louis G. Freeman Co., of Cincinnati. Since his marriage last year in San Antonio, Texas, he is at home at 755 E. McMillan St., Cincinnati. Eugene, '13, is also con-

nected with the father's business. Charles, '05, resides in St. Louis, where he is president of the Manufacturing Supply Co., a branch of the Cincinnati firm.

Rev. John A. Costello, '08 The news reached us that Father Costello was in Washington, D. C., recently and he called on Rev. John Dillon, '12, at the Catholic University. Since Father Costello is a member of the Fort Wayne mission band he spends most of his time on the road. His brother, Jerry, '09, still resides in Anderson, Indiana, where he is interested in agriculture.

Henry L. Farrell, '12 Our Alumnus of '12 is the Sporting Editor for the United Press Association. His office is in the World Building, New York City. Good luck to you, Henry, in the big burg.

From the Renewals Herbert E. Whalen, '09, is cashier in the City National Bank, here in Dayton.
Walter E. Weidner, '13, is a foreman at the Delco, one of the biggest factories of the Gem City.

Chester K. Shroyer, '99, is salesman for the Reynolds & Reynolds Paper Co., Dayton.

Robert O'Connell, '12, is a foreman with the Union Storage Co., of Dayton.

Barry Murphy is the senior partner of the law firm of Murphy, Ellif & Leen, with offices in the Schwind Building, Dayton.

Gerald F. McKinney, '10 "Rip" writes that he is busy on the State Highway work down at Portsmouth, Ohio. He is the Deputy Highway Engineer. All success to you from Alma Mater. He sends best regards to Brothers Adam Hoffman, Rappel and Wohlleben.

Dr. J. A. Averdick, '70 When the Exponent Editors receive encouraging letters like this one from our old friend, Dr. Averdick, it gives them a new impetus to keep S. M. C.'s magazine up to its usual high standard. We quote from the above mentioned letter:

"Confined to a sick room I find ample time to do much reading and read the pleasant remarks about my good neighbor, Mr. Frank Heile, in the February Exponent. I induced the grandfather of the present college generation to send his sons to dear old St. Mary's. I sent the first boy from our city to the college and have never allowed an op-

portunity to pass when I could continue the good work. It is always a pleasure to add my mite towards the welfare of my dear old Alma Mater." May every success be yours, Doctor, and our earnest wishes for your speedy recovery.

Rev. Francis A. Thill, '14 Another Alumnus of S. M. C. has been raised to the sacred dignity of the holy priesthood in the person

of Rev. Francis A. Thill. He was ordained at the Cincinnati Seminary by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller, on Saturday, February 28. The young priest celebrated his first mass at St. Mary's Church, Dayton, on Sunday, February 29. He was assisted by two seminarians, Robert Sherry and Frank Smith, both of the class of '14. The college faculty was represented by Father Schratz, Bro. Adam Hoffman, Bro. Fred Paff and Bro. Lawrence Boll. Bro. Louis Hettich, a relative of the newly ordained, came up from the Hamilton Catholic High School for the occasion. Father Schumacher, '13, and Father Cobey, '11, represented the Alumni.

Those holding the office of prefect at the Seminary have the privilege of being ordained ahead of the other members of their class. The S. M. C. representatives among the seminarians have held this office for the past several years. The Exponent, in the name of the faculty, Alumni and present student-body wishes to extend to Father Thill its sincerest felicitations. "Ad multos annos."

Paul W. Wintermeyer, '15 Paul called at the college to visit his younger brother Bob. He is the general manager of the Nashville, Tennessee, branch of the Cooper Rubber Company, of Cincinnati.

Hugh E. Wall, '84 Concerning the retirement of our alumnus from the position of municipal finance director, the Dayton Daily News speaks editorially as follows:

"Hugh Wall retires as municipal finance director and is succeeded by Wayne G. Lee. Dayton loses an admirable official in Mr. Wall's retirement. He has been conscientious in the discharge of the important duties which accrue to this office. Hugh Wall leaves public life with a host of friends. His record has been incontestably honorable. He has measured up to every requirement."

The necessity of giving his entire attention to personal business causes Mr. Wall to retire from public office.

Visitors

The Rev. Aloys Kemper, S. J., '00, gave us a call whilst visiting his relatives in Dayton last week.

Father Kemper has been transferred from the Jesuit College in Belize, British Honduras, to St. Louis University.

Frank Mahoney, '14, called at the college whilst en route to Pittsburgh in the interests of his Chattanooga firm. A day sooner Frank, and you would have seen the annual Alumni-Varsity basketball tilt.

Rev. Thomas M. Kearns, '11, gave us a call recently from Marion. He was glad to meet old friends at Alma Mater.

Rev. Martin Varley, '06, came up from his parish at Winton Place to speak before the student-body at the Holy Name Rally. Father Varley is always an orator and his talk to the boys was most interesting.

Wedding Bells

Wednesday, Feb. 11, Saint Anthony's Church, Ensley, Alabama, was the scene of the wedding of Joseph Mahoney, Jr., of Chattanooga, Tenn., to Miss Helen Armstrong, of Ensley. After their honeymoon through the South the young couple will take up their residence in Chattanooga. Here Joe is well known in the business and social circles. Congratulations and best wishes from Alma Mater to you, Joe, and your young bride.

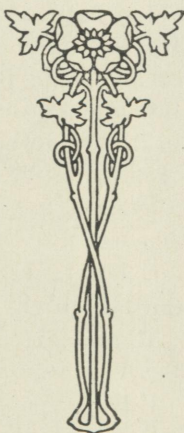
The following is a list of subscription renewals since Feb. 3: Arthur Zimmerman, Chester K. Shroyer, Leo Showel, Frank A. Zitkus, F. J. McCormick, Jr., Joseph P. Scheuplein, Wm. J. Lukaswitz, Harry H. Janszen, Clarence Goldcamp, Bro. Robert, S. M., Bro. Joseph Carges, S. M., G. F. McKinney, Joseph A. Oppenheim, Howard W. Germann, Richard P. Burkhardt, Robert O'Connell, Rev. Leo M. Walsh, Francis C. Canny, Benjamin W. Freeman, Barry Murphy, Donald J. Simon, Chas. A. Cavanaugh, Clarence A. Tangeman, Bro. Charles Huebert, S. M., A. George Botschen, Bro. Bernard Reckert, S. M., Paul W. Wintermeyer, Dr. L. F. Bucher, Bro. Joseph Yack, S. M., Chas. W. Whalen, Louis J. Ulrich, R. M. Pulskamp, Bro. John Hall, Frank L. Mueller, W. T. Mahoney, Dr. J. A. Averdick, Victor M. Kimmel, C. J. Mueller, Bro. F. J. O'Reilly, S. M., Walter E. Weidner, Edward V. Stoecklein, Ellis J. Finke, Rev. E. C. Gerlach, Joe Heidkamp, J. T. Roth, Chas. J. Frohmiller, Roman T. Gerlach, Thos. J. Carroll, Anthony P. Kass, Alphonse J. May, Henry L. Farrell, E. L. Burns, Wm. A. Finlayson, H. E. Whalen, C. H. Roemer and Wm. Wolf.

Pass the word along, kind reader, to your old college friends that the Exponent is holding its own amongst the college magazines of today. Let them know how much they are missing every month by not getting that which keeps them in touch with Alma Mater—the Exponent.

Our ideal is this: Every graduate of St. Mary College on the subscription list of the Exponent. We are getting there. Won't you do your bit to help us?

Obituaries

The faculty and student-body wish to extend their sympathy to two of the students, William Scott, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Albert Dirscherl, of Springfield, Ohio, at the death of their mothers. Prayers and masses for the repose of their souls were offered in the college chapel. We recommend the departed to the prayers of the Exponent readers.



The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

The exponent is pleased to publish the names of the kind friends who by their charitable donations are aiding the work of the Apostolic School conducted by the Society of Mary in Japan. The readers of the Exponent are invited to imitate the example of our generous friends. Send your contributions to the Exponent, Department C.

On hand \$368.46

Contributions—1919 (continued)

Catherine Leick, \$1.00; Gertrude Hofman, 50c; Helen McGovern, \$1.00; Rose Resch, \$1.00; Rev. Wm. P. O'Connor, \$1.00; Mrs. L. Goetz, \$5.00; Seventh and Eighth Grades, St. Augustine School, Cincinnati, Ohio, per Bro. Jos. J. Lattner, \$2.00; Louis A. Kelly, \$1.00; Aloys, Walser, \$7.00; Anna Resch, v2.00; Mary Kerpen, 75c; Clementia Wehrheim, 25c; Anna Latimer, 50c; Mary Brenner, 50c; Margaret Smith, \$1.00; Catherine Frisch, \$1.00; Mary Zimmer, 50c; Elizabeth Nicholson, \$1.00; N. W. Resch, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Caroline Lauer, 30c; Catherine 40c; Peter Butzen, 25c; Mrs. Grothaus, \$5.00; Miss M. Duerst, \$5.00; J. F. Schulte, \$5.00; Barbara Sauer, \$5.00; Mary Banzer, \$2.00; Mrs. C. Bittner, \$5.00; Jos. Schneider, 50c; W. J. Lane, \$1.00; Frank Greiner, \$1.00; M. Braun, \$1.50; M. E. Spelman, \$1.00; J. E. Menne, \$2.00; M. Knespler, \$3.70; J. V. Brand, \$25.00; N. N., 5c; Margaret Frisch, \$1.00; Theresa Wollschlaeger, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; N. W. Resch, \$2.00; Mary Hejek, 50c; Aloys Walser, 75c; Frances Helm, 50c; Mr. and Mrs. Leies, \$5.00; Mrs. Wm. Leute, \$2.00; John Palm, \$1.00; Val. J. Seng, \$1.00; Margaret Seng, \$1.00; Caroline Mueller, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; N. W. Resch, \$1.00; Marie Duerst, \$6.00; Mrs. Magdalen Leute, \$2.00. \$120.45

Total Cash on hand, January 1, 1920..... \$488.91

Contributions—1920

Miss Clara Sieben, \$3.00; Mrs. Theresa Baier, \$1.00; Marianna Free, \$1.00; Johanna Hill, \$1.00; Miss Anna Resch, \$1.00; Mary Schonts, \$1.00; Gertrude Kalvelage, 50c; Theresa Lorenz, 50c; Anna Lorenz, 50c; Anna Bregenzer, 50c; Anna Resch, \$10.00; Mrs. Marie Schnepf, \$3.50; Mr. G. F. Blase, \$4.00; from a Friend, \$1.00; Sale of Japanese Curio, 50c; Miss Susan Zey, \$5.00; Theresa Esterl, \$2.00; Barbara Schomer, \$1.00; Josephine Vering, \$1.00; Helen Michels, \$1.00; Catherine Kuhn, \$1.00; Elizabeth Vering, \$1.00; Angela Rieger, 25c; Gertrude Schaefer, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Barbara Widua, \$1.00; Mary Merfy, \$1.00; Aloys Walser, \$1.00; Mary Ruck, 50c; Helen Keller, 50c; Anna Maier, 25c; Anna Mandik, 50c; Sr. Mary Leonard, \$1.00; John P. Daleiden, \$5.00; Henry W. Frische, \$5.00; Angela Schuh, \$2.00; Miss Carolina Mueller, \$1.00; Susan Neuses, \$1.00; Mary Schuetz, \$1.00; Emilia Vogel, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Angela Neifing, \$1.00; Christiana Neifing, \$1.00; Catherine Hambrecht, \$1.00..... \$ 70.00

Total Cash on hand, March 1, 1920..... \$558.91

College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR FEBRUARY

Collegiate Department

- Senior Chemical Engineering—Carroll Hochwalt, 97; Wilbur Yackley, 96.
 Senior Electrical—Howard Hetzel, 94; Matthew Cahill, 93.
 Junior Chemical—Mark Thompson, 87; Robert O'Hearn, 85.
 Junior Electrical—Walter Curtis, 92; Andrew Kuntz, 90.
 Sophomore Engineers—Rene Cros, 98; Edward Finan, 97; Adolph Stuhlmuel-
 ler, 97; Ralph Pauly, 97; Frank Elardo, 97.
 Sophomore Arts—Herbert Abel, 97; R. J. Kitsteiner, 95.
 Freshman Engineers-A—Elmer Steger, 97; Alvin Rabe, 95; Clarence Paulus,
 92; Walter Krantz, 90.
 Freshman Engineers-B—John Schomaker, 90; Alfred Poliquin, 89; Fred Pfar-
 rer, 89.
 Freshman Arts—Myles Knechtges, 90; Robt. Von Koenel, 88; Paul O'Brien, 88.
 Freshman Pre-Medics—W. L. Slagle, 93; Gulden Mackmull, 85; Paul Kolbe, 83.

High School Department

- Fourth High-A—Joseph Schwind, 98; Lewis Sherer, 97; William Fiel, 95; Nor-
 man Jacques, 94.
 Fourth High-B—George Donovan, 98; Ben Seidenstick, 97; Joseph Deddens,
 96; Cyril Scharf, 95.
 Third High-A—Albert Freiberg, 96; Norbert Hellmann, 95; Raymond Scheck-
 elhoff, 95; Joseph Higgins, 93.
 Third High-B—Ernest Lamoureux, 95; Victor Keuping, 95; Joseph Koehler,
 95; Lionel Bradmiller, 93; Robert Konwinski, 93.
 Third High-C—Carl Ramus, 96; Vernard Bremer, 96; John Russell, 95; Casimir
 Petkewicz, 92.
 Second High—Fred Meade, 98; Harry Heider, 97; Vincent Koepnick, 96;
 Charch McGee, 93; George Krug, 93.
 Second High-B—Charles Himes, 97; Richard Bettinger, 96; Edwin Van Leu-
 nen, 96.
 Second High-C—Martin Murphy, 96; Edward Keefe, 94; James Hannegan, 93;
 Omer Burdick, 91.
 First High-A—Joseph Unger, 95; William Carey, 94; Herman Brunner, 94;
 Harry Breen, 92; James Duffy, 90.
 First High-B—John Price, 97; Charles Peterman, 95; Edwin Doerfler, 94;
 Louis Stuhldreher, 94; Edward Gibbons, 92.
 First High-C—Robert Adelberg, 98; Jerome Gibson, 95; Herman Reboulet, 94.
 First High-D—Harold Koppeler, 96; Robert Minnerup, 95; Norbert Stech-
 schulte, 94; Paul Kessler, 94.
 First High-E—Louis Schulze, 97; Ralph Sherer, 96; Robert Wihler, 94; Louis
 Mahlmeister, 93.

Business Department

Second Business—Louis Mason, 91; Max Brunner, 88.

First Business—Alex Millmon, 98; John Cogan, 97; Vincent Brunner, 95; Frank O'Meara, 95; John Rosenberger, 95.

Elementary Department

Eighth Grade—Andrew Patko, 94; Joseph Keller, 93; Joseph Kelly, 92; Stephen Yurick, 92; Scott Saunders, 92.

Seventh Grade—William Keller, 93; Howard Crush, 92; Clifford Magly, 92; Robert Dinkel, 91.

Sixth Grade—Orlando Scarpelli, 91; Maurice Costello, 90.

Fifth Grade—Dickson Burrows, 85; August Senf, 84.

Lenten Season The spirit of this season was impressed upon the student body by the significant ceremony of the distribution of blessed ashes on Ash-Wednesday. Both resident and non-resident students are manifesting a genuine spirit of piety and penance. Every Friday evening the devotion of the Way of the Cross is performed in common. The regular movie of Sunday nights is replaced by an hour or two of study. Movies at the college are limited to special holidays only. Then there is a marked increase in the number of Communions. In addition to these general practices and the private ones of each individual, the minutes of the meetings of the various Sodality branches record generous Lenten resolutions to which the members have pledged themselves as a body.

Very many of the non-resident students are attending services in their respective parishes. Each morning also, shows a greater attendance at the daily Mass for day-students in the College Chapel. On Thursday mornings especially there is a goodly number of worshipers and communicants.

Foreign Missions For several years already the students and friends of the college are interesting themselves in the important and growing apostolate of the Foreign Missions. The Apostolic School of the Society of Mary at Urakami, Japan, has regularly received generous contributions. Recently a letter of thanks to the benefactors has been received by the Reverend President. The writers are three Japanese students who are enjoying the benefits of free scholarships given by the students and friends of St. Mary's.

On Sunday, February 15, the Offertory Collection was for the benefit of the foreign missions. The solicitors were Francis Tsu and Walter Curtis, both students of the college. The one, a Catholic native of China, represented the Catholic interests of that country. The other, although English, has been a resident of Japan. There, through the zealous apostolate of Father Joseph Spenner, S. M., he received the light of faith. He was well-fitted to solicit in behalf of Japan, so awake to earthly interests but still largely benighted as to Christianity. The collection netted seventy dollars. Of these thirty-five dollars have been sent to the Apostolic School of the Society of Mary at Urakami; the other thirty-five, plus fifteen dollars from friends of the college, have been sent to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

The latter has sent the following letter of thanks to the Reverend President:

Dear Father Tetzlaff:

We have received your enclosure and are more than grateful.

You will be glad to know that we have just ordained two more young priests and are expecting a couple of others to join us before long; also that we have secured accommodations for six priests to leave San Francisco next September for the American Mission in China.

Under God, it is due to the interest of such priests as you that we have been enabled to make this progress and I assure you that we appreciate your co-operation.

Sincerely yours in Christ, JAMES A. WALSH.

The students deserve commendation for their spirit of sacrifice and apostolate. It might also be noted that most of the Sodality branches have organized Mission Sections which are all trying to do effective work in behalf of both home and foreign missions.

Holy Name Rally

The College auditorium was the scene of a grand demonstration of faith and reparation on Monday, March 1, at 8:15 a. m. The entire student body, almost eight hundred strong, were assembled to make reparation to the Holy Name and to renew their solemn pledge as members of the Holy Name Society. Places of honor were occupied by the Rev. President, by Father Martin Varley, Pastor of St. Bernard Church, Winton Place, Ohio, and by the general officers: Matthew Cahill, Emile Kessler and Wilbur Yackley. The rally opened with a hymn to the Holy Name. Father Varley then gave a spirited address on the holiness of God's Name, on the wickedness of its abuse, especially by Catholic students. He urged all to strive to attain that Catholic manhood which is the end of education at a Catholic college. All then renewed the Holy Name Pledge and after the President repeated acts of reparation. The hymn, "Holy God," concluded the rally.

The following are branch officers:

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A. Poliquin
J. Schwind
C. Scharf
R. Wintermeyer
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J. Scott
R. Sherer
H. Antony

"Burns of the Mountains"

A rare privilege was enjoyed on Feb. 11, by the patrons of the St. Mary Lyceum Course in hearing James Anderson Burns, the President of Oneida Institute, Oneida, Ky.

Burns is known throughout the United States as the man who achieved the destruction of the bloody feuds which for so many centuries impaired the growth of the rich Kentucky mountain districts.

A most unique and touching story is told by Burns in relating the events which led to his turning from feudism to constructive thinking about the future, and his experiment in fighting feudism with education. It was intensely interesting and thrilling to hear of how this red-blooded American laid on a volcano of seething hate the foundation of a school which was destined to bring the children of feudists out from the darkness of revenge and ignorance to the light of love and education. Love together with an unbounded faith in Divine Providence was the one secret of his success.

"Burns of the Mountains" is indeed a sterling American and a staunch Christian, one who has done an immortal deed for his country. Needless to say, the story of his accomplishment with its moral sank to a lasting home in the hearts of all who heard him.

Fred G. Bale The sixth and last number of the Lyceum Course was ably filled on February 25, by Fred G. Bale, of the Columbus Juvenile Court. Mr. Bale is regarded throughout America as one of the greatest lecture "finds" of recent years.

In his lecture, "The Fourth Line of Defense," Bale has a message which strikes deep in the hearts of young and old. It is a "fact" lecture, every item intensely real and vital, the result of Bale's long experiences on the bench. The resounding keynote of his touching appeal is "service" rendered in the name of Christ to all men, but in particular to one's countrymen and more especially to the least,—the boys and girls. It was gripping, hard-hitting, appealing, rich in human spirit and pathos.

Men such as Bale with his gems of solid thought are saving the whole social fabric of today from upheaval. The patrons of the Lyceum Course enjoyed the opportunity of hearing him.

DANIEL J. MCCARTHY.

Kiwanis Club Upon the invitation of Rev. Bernard F. Kuhlman, D. D., Catholic Chaplain at the National Military Home, and member of the Committee of the Kiwanis Club, college talent furnished an interesting program of entertainment to the members of the club at their weekly banquet held at the Miami Hotel, on Tuesday, February 24.

The students' orchestra rendered a number of classical, popular and Jazz pieces to the complete satisfaction of all. Anthony McCarthy recited the poem, "Caesar Rodney's Ride," with great dramatic effect. D. Herbert Abel's short address on the lofty character of George Washington met with repeated applause. The club treated their entertainers to a splendid three-course dinner.

The following are the musicians: W. Frischkorn, director and piano; C. Scharf, trombone; H. Melia, clarinet; N. Westbrook, flute; W. Hoffman, cornet; A. McCarthy, saxophone; L. Mahrt, P. Reynolds, violin; R. Chester, drum.

WALTER J. HOFFMAN.

Evangeline The students of all the departments were treated to an afternoon of classical, instructive and delightful entertainment on Friday, February 27, when the film "Evangeline" of the Fox Film Co. with Miriam Cooper starring was shown in the College Auditorium. Need-

less to say, this artistic representation of perhaps the most beautiful idyl in American literature with its moral of enduring and loving fidelity was appreciated by all. The youngest students will recall it when shortly the study of "Evangeline" will form part of their daily program. Those actually engaged in this study will put renewed interest in it. The older students may be induced to take it up again.

The students' orchestra executed an interesting program during the performance. A vote of thanks is due Bro. Joseph Wiesman, who procured the film, to Bro. Francis Friedel, the operator, and to all who helped to make the entertainment a success.

R. O. T. C. Notes Under date of February 4th the Professor of Military Science and Tactics published a complete new list of Cadet Officers and Non-commissioned Officers as listed below. It is the policy of the Military Department to give all students an opportunity to show their ability as leaders. The Corps is organized as a battalion of three companies.

The following is the list of officers: Major Winterhalter, commanding battalion; Captain Payne, Co. A; Captain Lamoureux, Co. B; Captain Hieber, Co. C; Lieut. Murphy, Adjutant; Lieut. Young, Supply Officer; Lieuts. Swint and Clendenin, Co. A; Lieuts. Holz and O'Connell, Co. B; Lieuts. Damm and Aponte, Co. C; E. Lamoureux, Battalion Sgt. Major; Andrew Sack, Battalion Sup. Sgt.; 1st Sgts., Kramer, Eberhardt and Wintermeyer; Sergeants, Meredith, Pflaum, Piatt, Fritz, Landers, Seward, Hagan, Johnston, Sullivan, Lanigan, Koehnen, Douthitt, Gwinner, Poliquin, Scales and Pickett; Corporals, Bickford, Dwyer, Hils, Donovan, Sprunck, Van Arnhem, McCarthy, Friberg, O'Donnell, Deumer, Bach, Koehler, Grote, Brown, Lause, Puig, Brown, Nolan, Murray, Damm, Paulus, Orth and Gottbrath.

Colonel James F. McKinley, Infantry, on the staff of Major General Wood, commanding the Central Department, made an inspection of the Corps on February 27. He expressed himself as well pleased with the showing of the students. He inspected the arms of the students. The battalion then executed the manual of arms in a very creditable manner. Afterwards he made a general inspection of the facilities of the college to carry on the R. O. T. C. work.

Engineering Notes The Engineering Society of St. Mary College received a most interesting and educational lecture during the past month by Mr. Joseph Goetz, of the Ohio Varnish Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. The topic of the discourse was the varnish industry. He illustrated his lecture with many well-chosen slides and displayed to the students many samples of the gums from which are manufactured our finest as well as cheapest varnishes. He left nothing undone to give the society as complete a view as possible of the great varnish industry in our country as well as abroad.

The Engineering Society was indeed fortunate in securing such an able speaker as Mr. Goetz. He represents, as local sales manager, one of the largest varnish manufacturing companies in this country. He has traveled in the interests of the Ohio Varnish Company extensively and speaks from a thorough knowledge of the industry.

S. M. C. Literary Society

Perhaps at no session of this year's Literary Society has the programme embodied such a diversity of subjects, with so wide an appeal, as that held on February the 18th. "The Professional Man in the Making of America," a most interesting topic was very ably treated, by our president, Mr. Anthony Hemmert: he particularly emphasized the great role in our country's history of the man trained in the liberal arts.

Mr. D. Herbert Abel, on the other hand chose as his subject, "The Action of Nemesis, in Richard III,"—a subject very much in keeping with the Society's study of the great poet. He traced its action through the entire play, illustrating by well-chosen passages the scenes in which the action of Nemesis was particularly prominent.

This was followed by a dramatic presentation of Act IV, Scene II, of Richard III. The characters were impersonated by Messrs. S. Emerick as Richard, G. Mackmull as Stanley, E. Kehoe as Buckingham, and P. Kolbe as the Page. Their splendid effort was deservedly complimented by a unanimous vote of thanks.

C. E. MUELLER.

Fourth High-A

In order to give all the members of the class an opportunity of addressing their fellow-students and of sharing with them, the results of their reading, study and reflections, the ordinary routine of class work is interrupted once every two weeks by a literary meeting. The forty-four members of the class have been divided into three groups each having one of the class officers as chairman. On February 27 quite a varied program was rendered consisting of talks and original papers on current topics interspersed by several interesting short stories. A paper on "Inter-Collegiate Athletics" by Joseph Schwind, chairman of the meeting will undoubtedly give rise to a future debate with athletes as his opponents. "Class Room Folly" by John Höltovoigt, portrayed the characters and daily class life of the Fourth High-A students. His correct views and power of description gave him attentive listeners. The other speakers were: J. Maloney, C. Stonebarger, W. Chapin, W. Fritz, J. Johnston, W. Koehnen, J. Supenski, E. Weidner, H. Demann, M. Pohlmeier and L. McFadden.

Fourth High-B

Quite a bit of interest is taken in public speaking by the students of the Fourth High-B class. Under the direction of Bro. Thomas Price, S. M., a schedule of talks has been arranged; three men speaking each day. The winners will be given another chance to demonstrate their forensic abilities. Messrs. Gingerich, Graul, Strottner, Westbrook, Seidenstick, and Frischkorn carried away the laurels in the first series. The judges have already chosen the following winners, in the second series, which is now under way: Messrs. Donahue, Amersbach, Gottbrath, Neitert, and Frederick. An event of the near future will be a debate on "Resolved, that Life Imprisonment be substituted for Capital Punishment, with Messrs. Kirschten, Maloney and Deddens on the affirmative, and Messrs. Donovan, Scharf, and Niesen on the negative. Fourth High-B, which has organized with Joseph Deddens, president, Ernest Kirschten secretary, and Paul Swint, treasurer, is issuing a bi-weekly known as "The Senior." The policy of this paper is B², quite in accord with the class motto "Esto Vir," and its varied contents are most interesting.

Second High A and B

"The Green and White," the official organ of Second High A and B, is creating unbounded enthusiasm and emulation among Second High Day Students. The paper is issued semi-monthly and has an attractive make-up, consisting of all the sections that go to make up the standard modern magazine. As the Exponent goes to press the Green and white publishes its third issue, "The St. Patrick's Number." The special feature of this number is the animated discussion of the momentous problems conflicting the Emerald Isle at the present time. The cover design and cartoon section also deserves favorable comment. In Charles Himes, the Green and White staff has one of the most competent cartoonists at S. M. C. Charles contributes regularly to the Dayton Journal Junior Weekly and has a brilliant future before him in the domain of art. The following merit special mention because of their interesting contributions: Allhoff, Van Leunen, Reichard, O'Grady, Krug, Bettinger, Mahrt, Koepnick, and Brunsman.

MAURICE REICHARD.

The Third Division

In company with their prefect, Brother Thomas Guehl the Third Division spent a very enjoyable afternoon, Thursday, February 19, visiting the extensive plant of the National Cash Register Company. Through the courtesy of the N. C. R. management the boys were given an interesting guide and were shown the various stages through which the crude iron ore has to go until it reaches the perfection of that masterpiece of mechanism, the modern cash register. After visiting the assembly rooms, store rooms, library, etc., the boys were taken to the auditorium. Here an instructive and pleasing lecture was given them on the history of the N. C. R. during its thirty-six years of existence. Other topics touched upon were the development of the cash register and the N. C. R.'s Welfare Work in beautifying South Park.

Through the kindness of Fire Chief Dietrich, the Third Division was treated to an afternoon of interest and excitement. The chief in his own winning and pleasing way explained the engines and other apparatus of F. D. No. 2. His talk needed very little demonstration, because as he was explaining the ins and outs of the department an alarm was rung. Little did the boys think it was genuine. The alarm, however, proved to be real and the boys witnessed to their hearts content the hurried and heated manoeuvres necessary for such urgent calls.

WILLARD BRUNSMAN.

With the Minims The Minims are continuing their series of interesting visits to Dayton's various industries. The tour during the past month included, among others, the Green & Green Co., makers of cakes and crackers. The entire process was shown, beginning with the arrival of the flour until its conversion into the tempting little cookey, right on to the best manner of making 'em disappear. In the last named stage, the boys showed the professional demonstrators a few things.

The Beaver Soap Company next opened its doors to the visitors. Samples of tar soap have since been prominently in evidence hereabouts. On several Thursdays we have been favored with weather which afforded opportunity for pleasant walks and for becoming familiar with the city and its vicinity.

**Austrian
Relief Fund**

The following contributions were too late for publication in the previous issue of the Exponent: Mr. and Mrs. Boll, \$10.00; Mrs. E. Tague, \$5.00.

Athletic Notes

Walter S. V. Curtis

Ernest C. Kirschten

Varsity Athletics

**College Athletic
Association**

A general Athletic Association and Board meeting were held respectively on the 2d and 6th of February. Among the several questions discussed and settled at the Board meeting was that of a general meeting of the entire student body in the interests of athletics. This meeting was held and proved very successful. Mr. Kessler, president of the College Athletic Association, spoke very much to the point on the necessity of the students doing all in their power to support and encourage their teams. The Vice-President, of the College then gave the students some of the sound fundamental results occurring from a participation in athletics, laying particular emphasis on those of a moral nature. Following this the football monograms for both Varsity and High School teams were awarded those who had qualified in their respective positions on the teams.

At the association meeting several important questions were considered and a few encouraging remarks made by some of the prominent members.

**The Baseball
Outlook**

Although S. M. C.'s quintet has only just ceased worrying its rivals on the indoor court, much interest and anticipation has been shown among the college men during the past month as to who will make up this year's diamond squad. Manager "Ted" Lienesch is in communication with a number of colleges and universities, all boasting of first-class teams, so that a good schedule is assured.

Friends and followers of St. Mary's will be glad to hear that Coach Martin, who so capably handled last year's nine, will again be seen keeping his watchful and experienced eye on the men of this season's team. He intends giving his charges a thorough and complete "course" in the "science" of the game, consisting of blackboard work coupled with "regular" work on the diamond.

Altogether, the fans of the game can confidently expect to see some first-class games played on the South Park campus this spring.

Track Prospects

Quite a little comment is already being heard among track enthusiasts regarding the outcome of this season's work. Coach Mettler whose good work in training S. M. C.'s track men for the last few years was apparent to all, will be missed this season. He is unable to resume his old job and will be replaced by another capable man who has had considerable experience in this line, having been on the team of one of the largest universities in the country.

The manager is in touch with several teams among whom are Otterbein and Rose Poly and expects to secure some good meets both at home and away; so that with the promising material at hand together with a little hard work a victorious team ought not to be an impossibility.

St. Mary—23**Capital U.—29**

Delay in getting started cost the St. Mary varsity another game and allowed Capital of Columbus to gain a second victory over the red and blue athletes this season, the score reading 29 to 23.

It was a great contest, filled with dazzling passwork and basket shooting of the kind that brought the crowd to its feet time and again. It was the flying start that the visitors uncovered that enabled them to gain an advantage which the locals could not overcome.

The Columbus five put up as nifty an article of the court pastime as has been seen here this season. Their floor work was high class, while they located the net with great regularity on shots that it seemed almost impossible to make.

The Saints did not put up their usual high-class game. They were slow in getting started. Their passwork was ragged, as they did not seem to be able to hold the ball once they got their hands on it.

Capital counted first and had run their score up to six before Manchester registered a field goal for the locals' first points. At one time in the first half the visitors were leading by a count of 17 to 7. With the half almost over, however, the red and blue came to life and by the aid of some long shots by Matusoff and Manchester they almost overhauled their opponents, the score standing 18 to 15 when the half ended.

When the second period started Summers got a field goal which put the Saints within one point of Capital, which was as close as they ever got, because the visitors began to locate the net again and ran their score up to 25. Matty and Manchester again came through with a pair of timely baskets that put the locals in the running again.

With the crowd yelling for the Saints to tie the score, Ridenour broke away and dribbled the ball down the floor and tossed it through the net. This was followed shortly by a long shot by Rickert for the final points of the game.

Manchester and Matusoff did the bulk of the work for the Saints. The former registered five ringers, besides playing a great game at guard. Matty was all over the floor and had a hand in most of the plays, and also counted four fielders. The lineup:

St. Mary (23)	Pos.	Capital (29)
Matusoff	L. F.....	Roselius
Summers	R. F.....	Ridenour

Farley	C.....	Dagefoerde
Hochwalt	L. G.....	Plaman
Manchester	R. G.....	Rickert

Substitutions for Capital—Trassel for Roselius, Hosier for Plaman.

Scoring for St. Mary—Field goals, Manchester 5, Matusoff 4, Farley, Summers; foul goals, Farley 1 out of 3.

Scoring for Capital—Field goals, Roselius 6, Ridenour 3, Rickert 2, Dagefoerde; foul goals, Rickert, 5 out of 10.

Referee—Fleat.

Time of halves—20 minutes each.

St. Mary—18 After a somewhat lengthy absence from the win column
St. John—14 the St. Mary varsity turned in one on the right side of the ledger last night when they took the measure of the five from St. John University of Toledo, by a score of 18 to 14.

By winning last night, the locals atoned for the defeat which the visitors handed them in Toledo several weeks ago, but they had to play their best to do it. The two aggregations were very evenly matched and the Up-staters gave "Solly's" gang a run for their money, making them work hard for every point.

The passwork of both teams was good with the locals having a slight edge, but the shooting was extremely poor. Many open shots that looked easy were missed with great regularity by members of each aggregation.

The Saints can thank the Irish on their team for last night's victory, for O'Hearn and Farley counted 14 of the 18 points rolled up by the locals. Farley who was jumping center did all of the scoring in the opening half, while little O'Hearn came through with four pretty fielders in the final period.

The boys were rather slow in getting their scoring machines in operation and it was fully five minutes after the game started that Farley registered the first point with a toss from the foul line. He repeated the operation before Czleusta made his team's first point with a foul toss. Farley counted two more fouls and a long one from the field, which was all the scoring the locals could do before the whistle sounded. However, two baskets by Curtain and a fielder and a foul by Czleusta put the visitors in the lead when the half ended, by a score of 8 to 6.

In the second half it was O'Hearn's four baskets together with contributions by Manchester and Matusoff that enabled the Saints to take the lead and nose out their opponents.

O'Hearn was high man in scoring with four field goals while the guarding of Manchester and Summers was high-class. Curtain did good work for the visitors and counted three ringers from the field. Lineup:

work to a certain extent, Toledo getting into their play with regularity. Improvement was noted in the final period, but when the Saints did get going it was too late.

The game was a clean and hard fought one all the way with the visitors winning by superior all-around work. Each of the Toledo forwards cut in with four field goals, while Roush at center got three. For the Saints Matusoff and O'Hearn did all of the scoring, the former getting four fielders and a foul and O'Hearn three from the floor. A couple of sensational shots by Matusoff furnished the thrills of the evening. The lineup and summary:

St. Mary (15)	Pos.	Toledo (23)
Matusoff	R. F.	Gray
O'Hearn	L. F.	Riskey
Emerick	C.	Roush
Manchester	R. G.	Van Gorder
Summers	L. G.	Buck

Substitutions: Hochwalt for Summers and Summers for Emerick.

Field Goals: Gray 4, Riskey 4, Roush 3, Matusoff 4, O'Hearn 3.

Foul Goals: Matusoff 1 and Riskey 1.

Time of Halves—20 innutes.

Referee—Fleat.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

Basketball Retrospect

As the middle of March draws near the word "champions" is often heard in basketball circles; and, of course, the Saints are speculating about their chances to pose as Dayton's heroes of a victorious pill-tossing campaign. And there's the old rub—Steele and Stivers refuse to book a game with the wearers of the red and blue. Since the game, that would definitely settle the question, can't be played, we naturally fall back on the "dope," the old unreliable bucket. Men, prominent in the sport-light, men who know, have compared the work of the local basketball fives, and they haven't seen St. Mary's in an unfavorable light. Trying to pick an all-Dayton five Capt. Supenski, and his running-mate Sacksteder, the wonderful guard combination would be peerless. The Gem City couldn't produce a better center than Gene Mayl, and it would be impossible to keep "Billy" Scales and Roy Boggan, the heavy-scoring forwards off the mythical five. However, the Saints figure that they are able to beat either Stivers or Steele decisively, as they have already conquered the stiffest opposition Cincinnati could send against them, and are confident of taking West High, the champions of Columbus, and Crawfordsville (Ind.), Tri-state champs, who are still on the schedule into camp. Little prospects made the Saints work all the harder, and they have succeeded in adding a few more victims to the list.

New Managers With spring close at hand, the College Athletic Board has appointed J. Andrew Sack to be manager of the High School Baseball Team. Andy has promised us a good schedule, and, from his record as vice-president of the Athletic Association we know that he is a man of his word. Urbana will open the season at Dayton.

Albert J. Freiberg will have charge of the High School's football schedule for next fall. The manager and right end of the Rangaboos, announced that contracts have already been signed for a game with Wilmington High, at Dayton. Indications are that he will have a stiff gridiron schedule for the red and blues.

Wilmington—13 Solly's warriors were not forced to extend themselves in their battle with Coach Price's Wilmington lads. The game was marked by superb passwork on the part of the Saints but their basket-shooting was 'way off color. Had they had a better "eye" for the net they would have garnered many another point. Amersbach started the scoring and after that it seemed to be simply a matter of running up the score. At half-time it stood 20-5. During the next period Mayl and Boggan's brilliant attack made it 41 while "Saxy" and "Soup," with their old reliable guarding held the game Wilmington scrappers to five fielders and a few fouls, making it 41-13 when the final whistle sounded.

St Xavier—17 Sunday afternoon basket-ball was an innovation in Dayton, and after they got used to the new light in the gym, the red and blue seemed to like it, if we can judge by the way in which they took the highly touted St. X. team, the black-horse of the Tri-state Tournament, down the line. The game was a hard fought battle from the very start, but when the second half started the athletes were quite tired, on account of the unusually warm weather. The visitors displayed wonderful teamwork, and their tall center, Weiskittel, was a clever and finished pill-tosser. However, at half-time the Saints lead 22-9. In the last half the St. X. crowd held the Saints to twelve points while they scored eight. Capt. Supenski, Gene Mayl, and Billy Scales sparkled for the red and blue, whilst Weiskittel and Burke were the Queen City term's big guns.

DIVISION ATHELTICS

Juniors The Juniors annexed a win over the strong Marion quintet by the score of 34-24. The game continued in nip and tuck fashion, the Juniors leading by a lone point when the timer's whistle stopped the initial period. In the second half the Juniors broke away and forged ahead to a safe margin. Doppes, who had returned after a rather long period of illness, starred for the Juniors. Their next two games were defeats, the Juniors dropping one to the Ohmer Fare Juniors 22-10 and the other to the Arrows 11-8.

ROBERT CHESTER.



HIGH SCHOOL

Deddens (Mgr.), Mayl, Scharf, Supenski, Boggan, Scales, Sacksteder
(Capt.), Johnson, Amersbach.



Rear Row—Meyers, Telscher, Burdick, Doppes, Scales (Coach).
Front Row—Tomas, Falkenbach, Hellman, Staab, Hackett.



Rear Row—Murphy, Freiria, Boggan (Coach), Williams, Saunders.
Front Row—Bach, Mercurio, Henne (Capt.), Crow, McBride.



Rear Row—Coughlin, Corbett, Amersbach (Coach), Happer, Wessel.
Front Row—Lukaswitz, Scheckel, Cleary (Capt.), Antony Freiria.

Preps

The "flu" wrought havoc in the camp of the Preps during the last month or so. With Mercurio, Williams and Henne on the sick list a stiff part of the 1920 basketball schedule had to be cancelled. However, the Preps are again back into running order and are ready to cope successfully with the remainder of the schedule, which calls for games with the Saxons, Junior Seconds, etc.

WILLARD BRUNSMAN.

Minims

The Minims are going at their usual fast clip although having suffered a setback at the hands of the speedy Triangle Junior five by the score of 23-18. Recently the young Saints annexed two wins, one over Patterson School by the score of 18-14, and the other over the Eastwood Juniors 26-6. Coach Amersbach has certainly developed a clever set of pill-tossers. Capt. Cleary at center displays brilliant passwork and as a rule manages to get his share of the points. Freiria and Scheckel work at forward and take good care of the scoring end of the game, while Antony and Lukaswitz present a stonewall opposition at guard.

CLETUS CORBETT.

WITH THE DAY-STUDENTS**Celts**

The Celts registered another game in their win column when they took the measure of the Superiors by the score of 26-8 in a league game played at Bomberger. The Celts opened up with brilliant passwork which for a while took the Superiors off their feet. The half ended with the Celts leading 8-5. The final session saw the Celts score almost at will. Mahrt and Kohl played best for the green and white, "Louie" coming through with four baskets and "Chic" caging five from the floor. With practically their entire team of regulars on the sick list the Celts dropped the next two games to the Eastwoods and Arrows.

VINCENT KOEPNICK.



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In Walk-Over Shoes you always get quality, plus dependable
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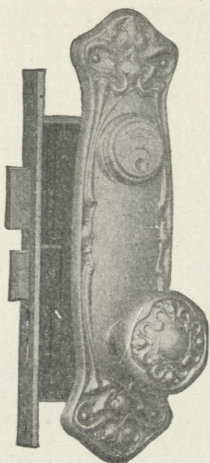
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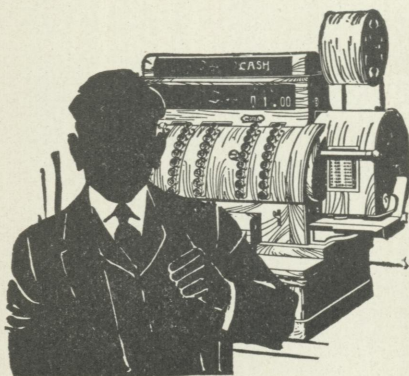
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