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THE EXPONENT

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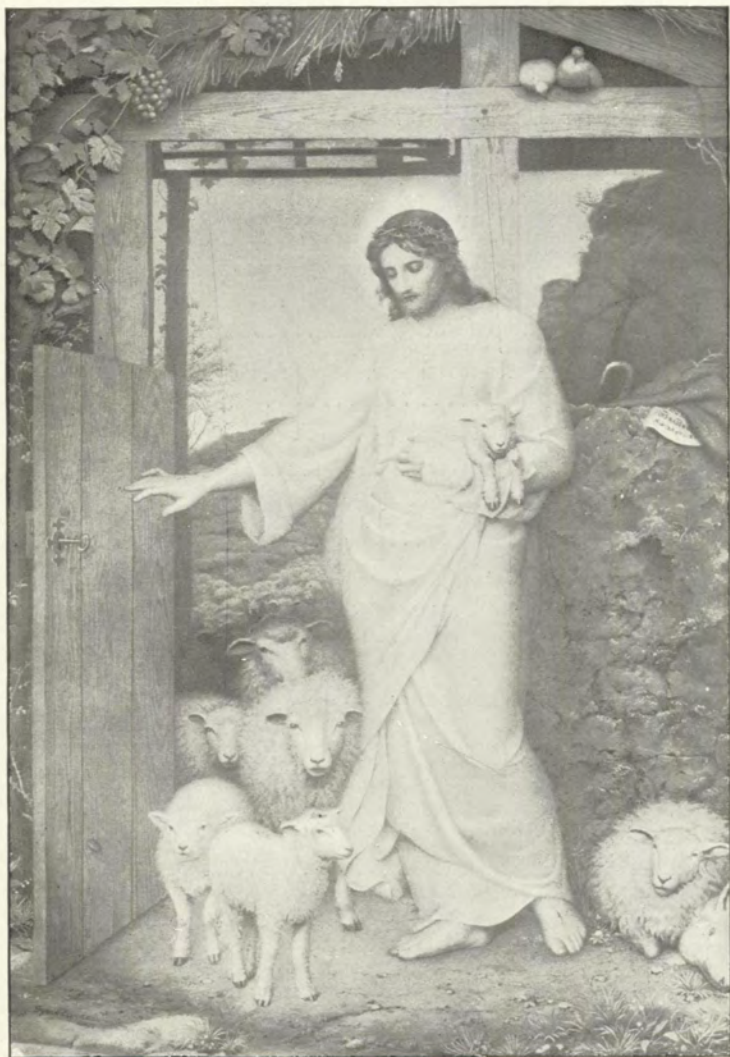
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THE GOOD SHEPHERD—*Frontispiece.*

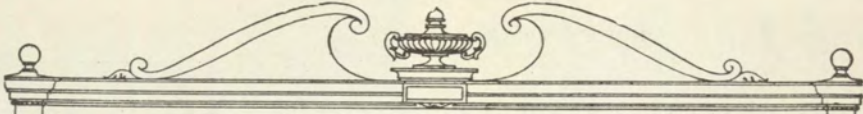
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The Good Shepherd



The
S. M. C. Exponent

Vol. XII

MARCH 1914

No. 3

Stray Sunbeams

GEORGE LOESCH, '16

'Twas only a rift in the leaden sky,
A stray sunbeam flitting through;
Only a kiss of white dazzling light
From sweet downturned lips of blue.

But it cheered a violet under the snow,
Struggling for sunshine and air.
It sent to its heart the thrill of life,
Making it look heavenly fair.

The blush returned to its pallid cheeks,
And it lifted its tearful eyes
With a grateful look to the lips of blue
To the one small rift in the skies.

'Twas only an angel from God's bright throne,
And a glimpse of the glory there,
But it gave new life to a weary heart,
New strength e'er to love and to dare.

"The Child is Father to the Man"

H. M. EWING, '16; G. E. DUNNE, '16; C. J. RYAN, '16.



HE words of the great poet, Pope, "The child is father to the man," as he meant them, did not imply what one might sometimes infer, which would throw the adage in a somewhat false, not to say ridiculous light. No; the poet called our attention by a few, well-chosen words, to the fact that the child of today will be the man of tomorrow, and the youth of the present age will be the father of future generations. He keeps this fact before us by forming with those few words, a pithy, pregnant saying that will live forever.

With the advance of years, however, the filial relations between the parent and the child—the father and the son—have become more and more estranged from those connecting bonds of duty and of love for which our parents and grandparents were distinguished. The conduct of children today has put sad truth into those words of Pope, when on account of the carelessness of parents, or their inability to fulfill the position they hold, the child is permitted to follow his own will in most instances, to dictate to his parents, to decide matters of importance to himself, and, in fact, to take his place at the head of the household and make himself a father to his "dad." Truly has the child become "the father to the man."

The laxity of the times has something to do with this, and as a deplorable custom or product, must be treated as such. Immediate measures should be taken to correct them. Some might not think it proper, in view of the existing conditions, to criticise and to contrast present parents with those of fifty or sixty years ago, but it will give us a clear view of the situation, after which precautions may be adopted as seem fit, and much good be accomplished thereby.

Formerly, parents exacted of their children strict obedience and due respect, light tasks or chores, and regularity of living. Now, little is required or expected; no obedience or submission is exacted; and little respect for parental wishes is entertained. Life for the boy today is one irregular round of "eat when you please, sleep when you please, and roam where you please." Formerly, a parent's word was law, to be followed to the letter; at present, a request is made, or a desire is expressed, to be followed as the youngster is disposed. At one time a

rule of conduct was laid out to be rigidly adhered to; in our times, the youth makes out his own time-table, as it were, which the parents sanction to keep peace in the family. No liberties were permitted our parents when they were young, and they may take none now, if they conflict with the plans or desires of their young hopeful. Children of the past generation were guided by the better and more mature judgment of their parents; children of today are guided by their whims, and the directions of their longings at the time.

The result of it all is easily seen. While in the past children were trained in character, and natures cultivated which made better fathers and mothers, engendered stricter adherence to duty, and greater respect for law, divine and human, present children are permitted to make out of themselves what they will, often immoral, law violating and idle citizens.

This brief review of former and existing conditions, relative to parents and their children, has been made to bring forcibly and clearly before the mind an outline of the training of children of years gone by and of the present day, to show the efficiency of the one and the inefficiency of the other. The contrast between the two shows plainly the lack of method and parental authority in the latter. The old method of rearing children was a success, and, therefore, a pleasure to the parents and a credit to the country. The present method is a failure generally, and retards the rapid progress of state and human welfare. Of course, all parents are not negligent, but too many are. Why cannot the father awaken to a sense of his duty, and assuming the reins of household control, discipline his sons, associate more with them, and demand obedience? The resulting good would be instantly apparent, and many would profit by it.

Discipline is necessary for correct training, and correct training is essential to success in any state in life. The army and the navy, the greatest schools of training in the world, are under the strictest discipline; and usually the one most severe in its exactments is the most successful. Training of a proper nature is necessary for the growth of a youth to manhood and citizenship; and discipline, obedience and regularity are requisite to proper training. If we will have intelligent, law-abiding citizens in the future, there must be a radical change in the education of our boys today. The past must be uncovered. We must go back to the time of our grandfathers and bring forth those long-lost or hidden virtues—obedience, respect, diligence and parental guidance. Then "The child is the father to the man" can have naught but the most hopeful message for the future generation.

HUGH MASKELL EWING, '16.

Sometimes we cannot help but notice the children of today. A generation ago, the parent made known his will and the child either obeyed or disobeyed, but in any event the parent retained the helm. But it is not so today. Nine-tenths of the American children are petty Captain Kids; their fathers and mothers are the humble crew. This is a sad truth, indeed. It may seem disrespectful to take our parents into judgment, but there is something to be gained by so doing, provided we can persuade the present generation to return to the old regime.

There was a time, and it is not long ago, when self-willed sons and daughters were looked down upon as ungrateful. They were not reasoned with, as some advocate today—they were punished. Of course, that is just where the shoe pinches. The liberal mother will explain that we are not living in the "Dark Ages," when freedom of thought was prohibited, and when cruelties were inflicted without reason. No, we are living in the grand and glorious twentieth century when the fickle mind and passionate heart of youth is allowed to run rampant, while maturity, sound judgment and experience stand placidly by and say, "Boys will be boys."

We are not advocating abuse. No; simply punishment. Punishment at the right time is not abuse. If the psychological moment is taken advantage of, nine times out of ten it will suffice. If this moment is acted upon judiciously, a word, a look, or a frown will be "the be all and the end all" in the future. Some may think there is no such opportune time in a child's formation period, but undoubtedly there is. There are times when the child positively should be punished. Such chastisement should not be withheld because the parent happens to be in a good-natured mood; nor should the grievance be excused on account of the "cuteness" of the culprit. Some parents, when in good humor, are inclined to take this stand toward their children; but on the contrary, if something has crossed them during the day, their strictness borders on cruelty, and the child is punished for its most trivial shortcomings.

In times gone by the parental word was law. Rules for conduct were laid down by the heads of the family, and the members acted accordingly. The boy of sixteen was not asked if he wanted to continue his studies, nor was he consulted as to the college he wished to attend.

Many fathers and mothers of the present day, under the plea of being liberal minded, allow their children liberties which were unheard of in their own day. The aunt who is shocked at the literature found in her niece's room is flippantly pronounced "passé." The uncle who dares even to hint that his nephew keeps neither proper company nor proper hours, is given to understand that times have changed since he

was a boy. Times have changed all right, and coming generations are going to reap the full harvest.

Youth used to be the time for character formation,—but what's the use of tying the children down? They must have a good time while they are young if they are ever going to have it. Anyhow, what is character? It is something entirely old-fashioned, and quite out of date. It went out of style when the double code of morals came in, or rather the quadruple code, viz., masculine, feminine, public, and private. In fact, if some of our organized Catholic societies had not jumped on the school board in Chicago and raised a fuss when that board wanted to introduce sex hygiene into the school curriculum, such mediaeval expressions as character, propriety, modesty, decency and morality would have fallen into disuse long ago.

These sentiments, we are sorry to say, are extant today. They are undoubtedly the result of a generation of self-willed children, and they in turn are the result of a generation of fathers and mothers who have not remained faithful to the saving household precepts which were adhered to so strictly by our grandparents. Even confronted as we are with this ugly sentiment which pervades all classes of society today, let us hopefully look forward to the dawn of another day, when our nation will be mothered by a generation of women who will train up for the church, society, and politics, children who having learned how to obey, will readily know how to rule. GERALD E. DUNNE, '16.

The parental authority once exercised over the young seems to be vanishing. Children of today act as if they were without any parental restraint. They have liberties which their parents as children never knew. Instead of parents deciding what their children shall and shall not do, the children now take care of such matters. They exercise an influence over their parents which almost amounts to authority. Considering this, we must conclude that there is a sad truth in the statement, "The child is father to the man."

This means that the child, instead of being ruled by the parents, rules the parents. The child's will overrides the father's. That this is so, we can easily see by reflecting how children were formerly brought up, and how they are brought up today.

In the past, parental authority was supreme. The parents demanded and received obedience from their children. Their welfare and interests were carefully guarded by the parents. When the young people went away for an evening, the parents, if they were not along, at least knew where they were. These children knew the true meaning

of home life. The home was the center of activity. It was the scene of the children's enjoyments and recreation, and the parents were ever vigilant.

The worth of such a method of rigid control is best shown by the kind of children developed. They were good children in every way; they had character. Growing up, they made the best kind of citizens, for they had respect for authority—a vital necessity for any government. Such children had a good moral training and were prepared to resist the many temptations that beset them. They grew up to be model parents. They had not that apathy to work which many of our younger generation have. In short, the old method trained children in such a manner that developed men and women who were a credit to themselves and an asset to a community.

Today, children have all but cast off parental restraint; they exercise their own sweet will in all things. Evenings when they should be at home, they are away. Do their parents know where they are? with whom they are? Sometimes they do; more often they do not.

Home life has no attraction for them; the joys of the family circle fail to interest. The parents seem to have no influence over them, and cannot keep them at home. They prefer to be out, and, of course, have their own way. Today, there is urgent need of home influence and parental authority. The world is full of allurements and snares set to trap the young. Is it any wonder that our youth, without restraint or moral training, easily fall?

Many parents would let the school train the children. There are some things which the school can do, but there are more which the parents themselves must do. They are responsible for the moral training of the children. The parochial school, and all schools where religion is taught, can assist very much in this matter, but the control of children after school hours, when characters are made or wrecked, must ever be in the hands of parents.

What is the result of our present system, or lack of system, in child training? It gives us a type of men and women which is far from what it should be. They are frequently moral and physical wrecks. Unrestrained, they have drunk fully of the cup of liberty—license in many cases—and now they must pay the penalty. This is the case of many, but not all. They are all, however, without character. Knowing not how to obey, they cannot command. They make poor parents, for they have no influence over their children. People like these are of little value to a community. Never trained to any serious thinking, they did little useful work outside of their daily labor. Consequently,


they cannot take a leading part in any affair; they must ever follow—and make poor followers at that.

This self-trained progeny make poor citizens, and help to swell the undesirable class of people. The criminal, the public charge—a menace and a burden to society—are seldom persons who had a good moral training in their youths. Fortunately, all children of today are not brought up without parental restraint. There are many parents who devotedly look after the welfare of their children, but there are many, also, who do not.

If we would have a future generation of worthy citizens, we must return to the old-fashioned method of bringing up children. Many of our evils of the day are directly the result of lack of training of our youth. If we hope to eradicate those evils we must have men and women of good training. The future of the government, of civilization iaself, depends upon the quality of the citizens. Since our old method produced the best results, why not return to it? Why not have a better moral training for our youth, more parental authority and restraint, so that future generations cannot say with bitter truth in the words, "The child is father to the man."

CARL J. RYAN, '16.





The News Beat

CARL J. RYAN, '16.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HURST, publisher of the New York Journal, sat in his office talking to one of the reporters on the paper.

“O’Neill,” he called, “I suppose you realize that affairs in Mexico are approaching a crisis. Conditions are becoming very serious. There is imminent danger that armed intervention by the United States will be necessary. The turn of affairs within the next two or three weeks will probably decide this question. When our people realize the seriousness of the situation there will be not a little uneasiness, not to say excitement.”

O’Neill listened with the utmost attention. He surmised what was coming.

“What we propose to do is to send you to Mexico to find out and report the real condition of affairs, and, also, any new developments of the next few weeks. Of course, we could do like other papers and use the Associated Press, but this time we want our own representative upon the field. We want no expense spared in getting news. Will you accept?”

“I certainly will, Mr. Hurst, and shall be glad of the opportunity.”

This was by far the biggest assignment O’Neill had as yet received. He appreciated deeply the esteem in which he was held by the publisher.

“Now, O’Neill,” continued Mr. Hurst, “I have a proposition to make to you. Mr. Whitestone, our Washington correspondent, is going to cover London for us, and we will need a new man for his place. Now, if you can get one good news-beat on this Mexican affair, which our paper alone will have, then the Washington job will be yours.”

O’Neill was jubilant. Washington correspondent! The thought thrilled him. It had been the goal to which he aspired ever since he became a reporter. He thanked Mr. Hurst for the assignment, and promised to do his best. Having received the best wishes for success, he left the office.

The next day Brian O'Neill boarded a train for El Paso. While traveling, the time passed slowly. Reclining in the soft Pullman seats, O'Neill had fair visions of himself as Washington correspondent, interviewing senators and representatives and reporting the big affairs at the capitol. Then his mind wandered to the Mexican affairs, and a smile of satisfaction covered his face as he saw his stories run upon the first page beneath big headlines.

After five days of weary traveling, O'Neill reached his destination. He decided to make El Paso the headquarters from which he would send news. When he learned that the Associated Press also used the main wires, he leased a wire for the exclusive use of the New York Journal.

The next day O'Neill procured a horse and crossed over into Mexico. He traveled southward and towards noon reached the small town of Montezuma. On the outskirts of the town, situated upon the main road, was a small inn. It was but a single story high, and appeared to contain but one or two rooms. It was evidently frequented by travelers.

Bringing his horse to a stop, O'Neill dismounted and entered the inn. The place was deserted, except for one man, who appeared to be the proprietor.

"Good-day, sir," said the man.

"O'Neill was somewhat astonished, for although the man appeared to be a Mexican, yet the words were uttered in plain English.

"Good-day," answered O'Neill, who then proceeded to order a lunch. This brought in, the two engaged in conversation. O'Neill explained his mission in Mexico.

When he said that he was sparing no expense in getting news, the Mexican became interested.

"So you are willing to pay well for news," the Mexican said. Then paused a moment as if to reflect.

"If I could help you to get news of a most important happening," he continued, "and get it at least twelve hours before the other papers, what will you be willing to pay?"

O'Neill became interested in what the Mexican said, and then spoke.

"For a good news-beat I'd pay any reasonable amount—it all depends upon the importance."

The Mexican arose, walked over to a small table and returned with a newspaper.

"I have here a copy of the Chicago Tribune," he began, "which I get several times a week—whenever I cross the border. By this I see that the American people are greatly excited over affairs down here; that within a week or two it will be known definitely whether there

will be necessity for intervention by the United States or not." Then he paused a moment, looked up from his paper, and spoke slowly.

"Yes, this question of intervention is very important, and will be settled—before sundown."

"What? Before sundown?" exclaimed O'Neill in excitement.

"Yes, before sundown, and in this very—but before I go further I want to make a bargain with you. How much will you pay if I help you to get exclusive news of this important affair?"

"Name your price."

"Fifty dollars?"

"Done. Now tell all."

"Here is the way things stand," began the Mexican. "There are a number of rebel forces in the field. Each one is fighting the Federals, but is doing so independent of the others. The Federal army is stronger than any single rebel force, and because the rebels are so divided the war is able to continue so long. Should the rebels unite they could exterminate the Federals in a short time. Now, this is precisely what they plan to do. General Villa, head of the strongest rebel force, has conferred with the other generals in this regard, and by this time has undoubtedly received a final answer. Villa, representing the rebels, will meet today with Castro of the Federals, representative of Huerta. It will be decided whether war is to continue or peace be established. This meeting is to take place in this house."

"In this house?" asked O'Neill, incredulously.

"In this house. This afternoon at two o'clock the generals are to arrive. I received word to this effect yesterday. They requested all travelers to be kept away from the inn during the afternoon." The Mexican paused, looked at O'Neill with a slight smile, and added: "But nothing was said of newspaper reporters."

"But why should they meet here? Are the armies near by?"

"Yes. The Federal Army is eight miles to the northwest, while the army of Villa is about eleven miles directly south. During the conference you can have a secret hiding place. It will be between the ceiling of this room and the roof. But one thing I almost forgot. How will you understand them? They speak Spanish."

"So do I—a little; but I *understand* it much better."

The Mexican spoke a few words in his native tongue, which O'Neill readily understood, and answered in English. Satisfied that O'Neill would be able to follow the proceedings, the Mexican continued:

"You see, these walls are made simply of heavy paper, and are not plastered, as in your country. You can easily hear through them. After it is over you can return to El Paso and send the news to your

paper. But one request I must make. It is this. If it is decided to continue the war, which would practically mean intervention by the United States, then any information which you receive which would be of advantage to your country in case of war, must be suppressed."

* O'Neill agreed.

On the advice of the Mexican, the reporter unsaddled his horse, which he left out in front of the inn, and led some distance, so as to attract no attention. Returning, O'Neill climbed up a ladder in the rear of the house and crawled into his hiding place. It was nearly time for the generals to arrive. He cut a small hole in the ceiling and directed the Mexican to place a table and several chairs directly beneath.

Two men soon arrived. They proved to be General Villa and an attendant. Shortly after General Castro and his accomplice came. The Mexican, together with the two attendants, retired to the back room.

The generals were soon talking earnestly. General Villa declared the rebels had decided to band together in fighting the Federals. Castro then admitted that the outlook for the Federals was bad. Villa argued that if war were to continue the United States would intervene, which meant the rebels and federals would unite against a common enemy. If they could unite later on, why not now, and by so doing procure peace? Finally, after much arguing, they agreed to end the war, upon these two conditions: Huerta was to remain president until the next election, and at the next election he would be a candidate for re-election; and secondly, the rebel soldiers were to receive the same recognition by the government as the Federals.

The conference ended, and the generals with their respective attendants, parted. O'Neill came down from his hot, stuffy abode. The Mexican provided him with paper, and taking his fountain pen, O'Neill began to write his story. For an hour and a half he wrote almost incessantly. When finished, he read the story to the Mexican, who found no objection to it.

While O'Neill was writing the Mexican had returned the horse to the inn. O'Neill departed and took the road back to El Paso. The country was lonely and he rode rapidly. He was jubilant, radiantly happy. His story would be the newspaper sensation of the year. And, too, he was the only one to have it. One thing yet troubled him—to get the story safely upon the wires. This done, all was settled.

The sun had dropped behind the western hills, still sending a reddish glow heavenward. This faded, and darkness settled over the countryside. Then the moon arose and shone brightly, making the road visible for some distance ahead. No one was in sight.

O'Neill had traveled about an hour, when suddenly a half dozen men sprang from ambush, and with leveled guns commanded him to stop. He did so. They asked no questions, but commanded him to accompany them. Going back some distance, they came to a spot where their horses were tied. Having mounted their horses, they proceeded back further into the country.

An hour's ride brought them to a place which O'Neill correctly guessed as the Federal camp. He was taken before a man whom he recognized as General Castro. The general ordered him searched. A cold sweat ran down O'Neill's forehead as the thought flashed through his mind, "What if his story would be found?" He realized all the consequences of such an act. He was greatly relieved when the search was over. The order had evidently been given with the understanding to search for weapons only. The captors simply felt his pockets, and did not bother the papers at all. The general then asked his business. O'Neill told him that he was simply a newspaper man out all day seeking news, and was just returning to El Paso. The general told him it was their custom to arrest all persons found upon the roads at night, and that he would be held until the morning at least, and probably for several days. He then ordered O'Neill to be put under guard.

O'Neill was placed in a covered cell. At one end was the door, made of iron bars. Before the bars at regular intervals a guard passed to and fro. The floor was covered with straw. O'Neill lay down, but could not sleep. He was deeply puzzled what to do. To wait until released—even if it be in the morning—might be too late. To escape was out of the question. He gazed through the iron bars and watched the guard as he walked back and forth. An idea came to his mind. He knew it would be risky, but he would take chances. He called gently to the guard, who responded by coming close to the bars of his cell. O'Neill briefly told him the circumstances of his capture and asked him if he would deliver an important message to El Paso. He did not say what the message was. He offered the guard twenty-five dollars for an attempt. The soldier told him of the dangers he would encounter and of the chances of failure. After a little persuasion, the soldier promised to try.

That night, at eleven o'clock, when he went off duty, the guard promised to get a horse and make the attempt. O'Neill gave him the precious story, and lay quietly awake for some time.

Food was brought to O'Neill twice during the next day, but no one came to question him. That night a different guard was placed upon duty. This greatly worried O'Neill. The hope of ever seeing his story in print gradually grew less. Four days passed, and on the fifth he was

unexpectedly released. His liberation was as mysterious as his confinement. No questions were asked; he was simply told to go.

His horse was returned to him, and O'Neill mounted and headed for the border. He was downcast as he made the journey. On his way he saw the guard, whom he had sent with the story, doing patrol duty. In excitement he rode up to the soldier.

"Signor," he exclaimed, "did you send it? Why didn't you return? Did they get it?"

"Yes, yes! Everything's safe, except when coming back I was stopped by a sentinel, taken before the general and sentenced to a week's patrol duty for leaving camp without permission. No one knows why I left. This happens frequently and arouses no suspicion. Better ride on. It is not well to talk too much."

O'Neill did so. The soldier's words gave him much encouragement, still he was a bit skeptical as to whether his story reached the office safely or not.

Arriving in El Paso, he went straight to his hotel and eagerly sought the newspapers that had accumulated during his absence. They all—except the one that arrived today—carried the usual news of Mexican affairs—about the same as had been run for the past several months. But the one that arrived today—that attracted his attention. It should contain his story. But it did not. It had the facts—the main ones—which he sent in, but it was not his story. His spirits fell as he read.

As a newspaper man he knew what it meant. The real story had been run. This was simply copied from it, such as papers are wont to do when a rival gets a good story before themselves. "Some other paper must have scooped me," he murmured to himself.

He was depressed—downcast; his news-beat, a failure; his hopes, blasted. Washington correspondent? It was not to be his. With lowered head and troubled brain, he walked slowly to the postoffice. He received a letter. He opened and read:

New York, Feb. 14, 1914.

Mr. Brian O'Neill, El Paso, Texas.

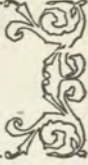
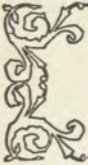
Dear Sir:—Your story was great. The best "scoop" in several years. We had it twelve hours before the A. P. sent it in over the wires. We ran an extra edition, disposed of 400,000 copies. Return immediately. We need a Washington correspondent.

Sincerely,


WILLIAM RANDOLPH HURST.

O'Neill was so surprised that he hardly realized what it meant.

"The extra edition!" he muttered to himself; "the extra edition! That's why I didn't see the story in the paper."



Borden, the Artful Dodger



JAMES POWERS, '18.



HE was only a Freshman at one of the large Western colleges; but being a very robust fellow, he had succeeded in making the varsity football team.

He was a manly looking fellow, about six feet tall, and weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He had thick black hair, clear-cut features and broad shoulders. He was, indeed, a good addition to the football team. He never shirked practice, was always prompt in reporting, and when in a game, played hard.

The eve of the "big" game arrived. To-morrow they would tackle the strong Antioch eleven from Yellow Springs. Most of the players had made preparations to get to town after the game. Of course, it was a gamble, for special permission was needed after some plausible reason was furnished. Poor Charles Borden, as that happens to be the young Freshman's name, could not frame up an excuse to go to town. No one at the game seemed willing to pass for a long-lost cousin or newly discovered aunt. And the Lyceum had a good show on, too, that Borden wanted to see.

He had written to his parents telling them of the big game and how the coach promised to let him play the whole game. He told his mother to come and witness the game, if possible. But his parents lived so far, he did not receive a reply to his letter, and despaired of their being present at the game.

The day of the big game arrived. Charles had met all the morning trains in hope of seeing his parents. But when the noon hour arrived and they did not come, he gave up all hope. After dinner he went to the gym, where he donned his football togs and then reported on the field. The Antioch squad were already running their sharp signal practice. As Charles surveyed the opposing team he readily saw that his team was greatly outweighed, but he determined to play his best in hope of winning. He knew that in the event of a victory there would be a great demonstration of joy among the students. He planned on quietly telling the prefect his mother was there, and that he wished to

accompany her to town. He gambled on catching the prefect in good humor after the victory and counted on receiving permission. That was what he would do, he firmly set his mind on that. Soon the whistle of the referee blew, and the two teams lined up.

The game proved to be a hummer. Antioch received the ball, but could make no great gains and were finally held for down. The home team received the ball. Then the ball went over, but little could be done against the stone wall of the opponents. Thus the ball was held near the center of the field during the first half. The second half started the same way. The spectators saw the teams were evenly matched and counted on a 0-0 score.

It was towards the end of the fourth quarter that the game took a turn. Antioch fumbled on their 20-yard line and lost the ball. The spectators cried, "Let Borden carry the ball." The center snapped the ball to Borden direct. Borden, with head lowered, threw his huge frame against the line of the opponents, who could not withstand the charge, and Borden crossed his own goal line for a touchdown amid the cheers of the spectators. In a few seconds the whistle blew and the game was ended.

Borden was carried to the gym on the shoulders of his companions as the hero of the day. When they reached the gym, Borden quickly dressed. He then went to the club room where he met the prefect, who congratulated him on his excellent playing. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the hero of the hour asked to accompany his mother to town.

Once down town, Borden entered the "Smokeery" to wait for some of the fellows. He was not there long when he saw the prefect making straightway for the front door. Borden quickly took his leave by the side door into the Arcade.

"Well," thought Borden, "it is about time for the show to begin, so I will go to the theater where I will be safe from the eyes of the prefect."

He started down the alley in the Arcade into Main Street, but he had not gone far when he saw the prefect.

"I'll slip him this time," soliloquized Borden.

He quickly stepped into the Reibold Building and ran up the steps. He could hear the footsteps of someone after him. Reaching the top floor, the elevator being about to descend, he stepped quickly into it. The elevator shot downward, but stopped with a thud. The operator tried in vain, but it still refused to work.

"We are stuck between the third and fourth floors," said the elevator boy.

"How long will it be before we get out?" inquired Borden.

"Oh, probably two hours," said the boy.

Charles nearly fainted at the idea, for he knew it meant no show for him.

"Gee! I wish I had never tried to dodge the prefect," he muttered to himself.

At last, at 9:30, the elevator moved down to the first floor, and Charles stepped out face to face with the prefect. The prefect approached and said: "Charles, your mother wishes to see you. She is at the Phillips House. She called up the college and asked for you two hours ago, so that's why I've been on your trail. I believe she bought two tickets for the Lyceum tonight. If you hurry you might see the last act of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The Harsh Word Spoken

EDWARD STUHLMEYER, '18.



ELL, Tom, have you decided?" questioned the father, who had just finished his supper and was moving his chair back slightly from the table. "I've negotiated with Mr. Rousset, the president of the Manhattan Art Institution in New York, for your admittance. After finishing there you can go to Paris," continued Mr. Landis.

"But, father, that is not my vocation. I wouldn't be satisfied. I don't like an artist's life. And another thing, it would be many years before I could support myself," spoke Tom apologetically.

"My son, there are multitudes of young men longing for an opportunity such as I offer you. You have the talent; I have the funds to give you a thorough art education. I had planned such a future for you. Now you are going to disappoint me?" His father spoke in a tone that was becoming harsh.

Mrs. Landis, who would do nothing to alter Tom's happiness, spoke up. "Joseph, why do you insist so strongly? Tom wishes to take up journalism; that is a noble profession, isn't it?"

"But, my dear," quickly replied Mr. Landis, "you remember well how we had to struggle before my stories would sell, don't you? I want Tom to do as I say. I am the father of this family."

In his anger the father had risen and paced to the other end of the room. He returned to his chair again and said, "This is final."

"Papa, if I wished to offer myself as a nurse, to aid and care for the afflicted, would you compel me to study elocution and prepare for the stage, just because you wanted me to be an actress instead?" asked Cecelia, with hopes of inducing the father to change his attitude toward Tom.

"Cecelia, will you hush? This does not concern you," commanded the angry parent.

Tom cast a grateful glance across the table to his dear sister.

"I have always loved you, father, as a dutiful son should. My utmost efforts were spent in trying to please and obey you. But I cannot and will not follow the course that you have planned for me," spoke up Tom resolutely.

Mr. Landis arose, struck the table with his fist, and yelled in a rageful tone: "So, you stubborn upstart, you will not obey!" He pointed a rigid finger toward the door. "All right, then, there is the door. You leave this house!" commanded the enraged father.

Tom stared at his father, as if doubting his threat.

The father rushed to the door and swung it open violently.

"Get your coat and hat. Go! shift for yourself!" ordered Mr. Landis.

In her frantic efforts to calm her father, Cecelia cried, "Father! don't—" But her entreaty remained unfinished, for the raging father cast her from his shoulders. She fell to the floor in a faint.

Mrs. Landis, who had thrown her arms around Tom, gazed at her husband and begged him to desist. "Joseph, if you love me and your children, don't commit such an act."

The soft words of his wife had no effect on the enraged mind of Mr. Landis, who clutched Tom by the wrist and jerked him from the embrace of his mother. He pushed him through the doorway and slammed the door with a loud bang. Tom, somewhat stunned, heard the stinging words of his father, "I don't want to see your face again. Go!"

Tom picked up his hat and stared at the door for a few moments. The words of his father were still ringing in his ears when he reached the sidewalk. After unconsciously wandering through the streets for several hours, he longed to see his mother and sister before leaving. He knew that to make this a reality he would be forced to steal into his old home like a thief in the night.

After a hasty decision, he turned again toward home. Even the dogs barked at him as he retraced his steps.

Stealing up the broad walk, he found his way to the front door, which he opened with a latch-key. He hesitated on the threshold, but the love of mother and sister overcame the fear of his father. Just to kiss them good-bye, thought Tom.

Quickly tiptoeing up the stairway, he felt his way into his bed-room. He packed some clothes and other articles into a suit case. He pocketed a check that he had received as a graduation gift from his uncle. He scribbled a note as best he could in the darkness and placed it on his dresser. Stealing up to his mother's room, he imprinted a farewell kiss upon the slumbering lips.

Just then the mantel clock in Cecelia's room struck one. Stealing back again, he found his way into the dark room. Feeling and groping about in the darkness, his hand touched Cecelia's locket, which was lying upon her dresser. He hesitated, then thrust it in his pocket, for he knew what a treasure it would be to him with its little miniature group of the once united family. Then moving cautiously on, he bumped his foot against the foot of her bed.

"Hush, Cecelia; it's Tom," he whispered, as Cecelia stirred.

Tom struck a match and found his sister, somewhat frightened, sitting up in bed.

"Tom! I was just dreaming of you. Did you see father?" asked Cecelia, rubbing her eyes.

"Don't speak so loud," cautioned Tom. "I just came back to say good-bye."

His sister leaped from her bed and clutched at his hand. "Don't go, Tom! Father didn't mean what he said," she pleaded and sobbed.

"Here, Cecelia, don't cry," whispered Tom, as he affectionately put his arms around her. "I'll come back some day. You take good care of mother and—father, too. Good-bye, Cecelia! good-bye!"

But Cecelia was not so easily quieted.

"Please stay, Tom!" she begged. But it was in vain, for Tom was already out of the room.

Fearful of awakening his father, Tom quickly tiptoed down the stairs. Just as he reached the foot of the stairs, he heard a scream, and the body of his sister came toppling down the steps. Tom stopped as if paralyzed.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it's Cecelia."

He rushed to her unconscious body. He picked her up in his arms and tenderly carried her to a near-by sofa. The electric lights were suddenly switched on from upstairs. Tom knew that his father and mother were coming down the stairs in a few seconds. He stood up to face his father.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Landis. "Ah! so it is you!"

"Did you fall, Tom?" inquired the trembling mother.

"No, mother dear, it was Cecelia who fell. I believe she is injured. See! she is unconscious," gasped Tom.

The father's anger suddenly rushed upon him, and he could hardly refrain from striking Tom.

"I suppose you were the cause of it!" yelled the father. "I drove you out this evening. Now, you go! Don't you dare to enter this house again!"

Tom looked at his sobbing mother, and his unconscious, probably fatally injured, sister. He picked up his suitcase and disappeared in the darkness. He wept bitterly as he left the dear old home and family.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful morning in May. All nature displayed the miraculous powers of Spring in Glenview. Even the venturesome robin had come to announce the approach of its feathery folk. The new leaves were breathing in the fresh morning air. Everything presented a picture of the work of an invisible God to Cecelia and her mother as they were on their way to Mass.

"Cecelia, dear, are you comfortable now?" asked the kind mother.

"Just raise the pillow back of my head a little higher. Now, that is just fine. Thank you, mother."

Since the awful accident, Cecelia had been confined to an invalid's chair. Her spine had been dislocated; she was almost helpless. The mother was her sole attendant. In spite of her condition, Cecelia, by the aid of her mother, attended Mass at St. Veronica Church every morning.

After moving along in silence for about fifteen minutes, Cecelia spoke up. "Mother, do you know that it will soon be twenty years since Tom left home—or, I should say, was driven out," she added.

Tears came to the mother's eyes when she thought of Tom.

"Yes, and only God knows where he is," sobbed Mrs. Landis.

"I'm going to ask Father Graney to offer up a Mass for Tom," said Cecelia, consolingly. During all the twenty years Cecelia had been praying for Tom's return.

Father Graney had been removed from Portsmouth to Glenview. He was a kind priest. Compassion for human afflictions was one of his predominant virtues. He was at his pastoral duties for about a week. St. Veronica was the only Catholic Church in this town of six thousand inhabitants. Every morning at Mass he noticed the crippled young woman. Father Graney's sympathy was aroused at the sight of her

faithful reception of the Holy Eucharist. After Mass he frequently met the mother and daughter in front of the church.

"Good morning!" greeted Father Graney as he removed his biretta. May I inquire for your name? You see, I am still a stranger to many of my congregation."

"Good morning, Father!" replied the mother, accepting his offered hand. "I am Mrs. Joseph Landis, and this is my daughter, Cecelia."

"My dear young lady, I am very glad to know you. I have seen you approach the Holy Table every morning. Ah! how the angels in Heaven must rejoice to see you receive our Blessed Savior so frequently," said the good priest. "But may I ask how long you have been an invalid?"

Cecelia glanced up at her mother.

"Many years ago, father became very angry at my brother Tom. They had a quarrel. Father drove him from home. Tom returned the same night and stole into the house just to say good-bye to mother and me. As he was leaving, I ran to hold him back and fell down the stairs, and injured my spine."

Then, forgetting her own condition, she continued: "And, Father, we haven't seen Tom since. Oh! how I have prayed for him. I offer my Holy Communions for his return. Father, will you join me in my prayer?" she pleaded.

The good priest was deeply affected by the sincere entreaty.

"I certainly will offer my prayers for your lost brother. But trust in God; I am sure He will not refuse to hear your earnest prayers," said Father Graney.

On many other occasions members of the parish saw Father Graney conversing with Cecelia and her mother. But they knew him to be a tender-hearted man who encouraged and consoled his afflicted neighbors. During one of these meetings, Cecelia had persuaded Fother Graney to speak to her father, to tell him of his wrong toward Tom, and persuade him to search and advertise for his son—just for the sake of his wife and daughter.

"Father, I know that down deep in papa's heart there is a smoldering spark of love for Tom. He lost his temper when he drove my brother out. I have often seen him meditating and dreaming of something or somebody, and I think it is Tom. Spells of remorse have come over him," reasoned Cecelia.

Father Graney bowed his head in thought, and promised to interview Mr. Landis.

During the cold month of the following February, Cecelia had not seen Father Graney for several weeks. She inquired, and found out that the good priest had caught cold during a sick call and now was

afflicted with pneumonia. With her mother she called to see the priest, but was not allowed to see him on account of his critical condition.

"Will you please call in a few days?" said the attendant. The doctor orders that no one be admitted—for the present."

This was a keen disappointment for them, for they had learned to honor the kind priest.

Four days later, Mrs. Landis wheeled Cecelia to the residence of Father Graney and Cecelia carried a large bouquet of roses. They were admitted to see him and found him to be slightly better, but very weak.

"Father, I was very sorry to learn of your illness. We tried to call on you several days ago, but owing to your serious condition the nurse would not allow us," said Mrs. Landis.

"Yes, Mrs. Landis, I was unconscious for two days. I fear that I will never rise from this bed. But let it be the will of my Father, who is in Heaven," he whispered in a tone hardly audible.

"Cecelia, I have been thinking of you," said Father Graney, as he pressed an electric button. The nurse came in.

"Will you please send a note to Mr. Landis, asking him to come to see me?" directed the priest.

Turning again to Cecelia, he continued: "You see I have sent for your father. Before I die, I wish to make an appeal to your father in behalf of Tom."

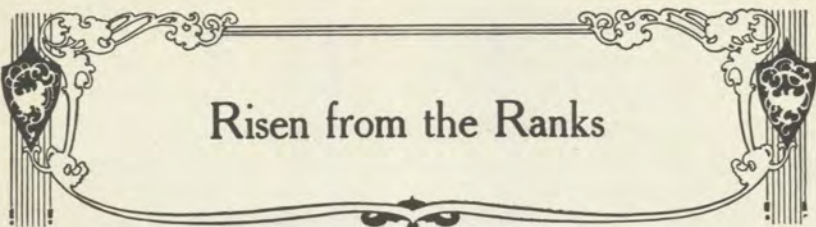
In about a half-hour, Mr. Landis arrived. He was somewhat surprised at being summoned by the parish priest. He knew that his wife and daughter had stopped to visit the sick priest, for they had often spoken of his sudden illness.

Father Graney noticed Mr. Landis' uneasiness when he came in.

"Have a chair, Mr. Landis." After a violent coughing spell, he continued. "During the past months, your daughter Cecelia has confided to me many of her trials and sorrows. The one that lies heaviest upon her heart is the absence of her brother. You don't know if your son is living or dead. Death is hovering over me now, and I feel that it is my duty to reunite the broken bonds of love between you and your son."

The priest was breathing very heavily. The angels of death were claiming his soul. He made a feeble attempt to extend his hand toward Mr. Landis, and barely whispered,—“for the sake of my dear mother and sister, receive me, father—for I am your son, Tom.”

Gazing up into the eyes of his long absent and loved ones, Father Graney died. Mrs. Landis found the little gold locket fastened to his scapular. The little family pictured therein was united once more.



Risen from the Ranks

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, '19.



WE hear of many men today, full of laudable ambition, who rise from a lowly position at the foot of life's ladder to a place of honor in the world. Reflecting on these, we wonder if such stories are true. I know from personal knowledge the story of one living in southern Ohio, and I believe that the telling of his rise will be of interest to many.

This man was born in a little village in Bavaria, Germany, fifty-seven years ago. His parents were poor and he was forced to labor hard in his early childhood. He attended the village school for a few years, long enough to learn the three R's. Every day before he left for the morning session, he was obliged to rise early, milk the cows, and run the chores. His father died when he was only nine years old. Being the second oldest in a large family, he left school the following year in order to do a man's work on the small farm.

He worked hard, accomplishing as much as a good many men. The milking, butchering, plowing, sowing and harvesting were done by his brother and himself. Often while laboriously guiding the plow drawn by oxen through the furrows, he would think of the success achieved in the world by other men whose advantages were not any greater than his. Was plowing to be his occupation for life? Was he not destined for something greater? These thoughts spurred him on to action. But he did not want to leave his dear mother. Besides, he did not know where to go, so he remained at home for some time with his brothers and sisters, though it hurt him to stifle his ambition for the time being.

Sometime later, a man came to the village with stories of the great advantages in America. Going to the village store one evening, the ambitious young fellow heard these stories, and determined to try his luck in the New World. He was sixteen years of age, and felt confident that he could take care of himself. The prospect of remaining on the farm three more years, only to be followed by serving a term in the army, did not appeal to him. He longed to strike out for himself.

His mother consented and gave him some little money he had saved. After a sad farewell, he started on his journey. He made his way to Bremen on foot the greater part of the way. He considered himself fortunate in riding in a wagon part of the journey.

On his arrival at the seaport, he found he did not have enough money to buy his ticket to America, so he worked in Bremen and saved his earnings until he could purchase a steerage ticket. Then he started across the ocean in a sail boat, and after a long journey and many hardships he arrived in New York.

There he tried hard but could obtain no work. One day he made the acquaintance of a wealthy gentleman, who told him that conditions were better farther west. Pitying the boy, this gentleman gave him sufficient money to go to a city in southern Ohio, where work was easy to be found.

After thanking this kind friend, the boy started on his journey. When not quite seventeen, he reached his destination, with only a quarter left of his store of money. The first few days he found no employment, but he was not discouraged. He assisted at Holy Mass on Sunday and saw that some repairing was being done in the church.

Accordingly, the next day he applied to the foreman for work, but since no hands were needed the boy was told to return in three days and employment would be given him. The young fellow offered to work during those three days without pay, in order to insure a position at the end of that time. The foreman, admiring his courage, employed him immediately.

The repairing being done, he obtained work at a chair factory in the same city, but ill-health forced him to seek the country. He worked for a farmer some time, and succeeded in saving one hundred dollars. Knowing this, the farmer obtained the money and swindled him.

Returning to the city, the young man obtained a position as salesman for a manufacturing establishment. He worked hard, and consequently received many orders. He watched everything carefully in the factory and when nineteen years old started a small shop for himself with a few helpers. Many people took advantage of his youth, but by working from early morning till late at night, he gradually increased his business, and at present he stands among the leaders in his line of manufacturing in southern Ohio.

Persistent work in the face of obstacles and hardships made possible this man's success. Today, his wife and children live comfortably, enjoying even the luxuries of life—all made possible by strenuous toil in a country foreign to the place of his birth.



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Reputation Some years back there was an urgent plea made for fair play in political campaigns. Candidates for office were maligned and abused, stories told of their lives and actions that were devoid of truth, and reputations were all but blasted in the bitter contest for supremacy in the political arena.

This evil of falsifying the purpose of another's action, of adding a little of one's own coloring to the action itself, or, worse still, spreading stories that are known to be untrue, is unworthy of a gentleman. There is nothing to be gained by such low methods, for the "little world" that surrounds the would-be wrecker of reputations learns only too soon the story that is back of the malicious attempts made, and measures the calibre of the vicious mind that revels in low play unworthy of a gentleman.

True, at times these attempts are successful for a while. But "murder will out," and the shafts sent forth to besmirch another's character return sooner or later as a boomerang to point out in that "little world" the man back of the "dirty work." That is why the man of any "size" seldom bothers about the attacks made on his character. He scorns to recognize the originator of the petty plots.

Strange to say, but it is none the less the workings of a Just God, the "would-be" wrecker of reputations makes life miserable for himself. He lives in his "little world" of petty jealousy; worries himself day and night planning his share of the devil's work, and as a rule fails in his purpose—that of blackening the character of another. His innocent victim lives on, ignorant of the attempt made, or if conscious of the underhand working of his enemy, is big enough to smile and live on, leaving the evil-doer to ply his diabolic trade.

Young men of today would do well to learn a lesson. The habit of blackening another's reputation is easily acquired, especially if one is unfortunate in possessing a jealous disposition. Be magnanimous; congratulate your fellow student when he is successful, and stifle the feelings of resentment that may creep into your breast when another wins out or comes to the front. Thus, with control over a disposition that might otherwise lead you astray, you can take your place in the battle of life, work for the betterment of society, satisfied to feel that you are doing a man's work in the uplift of humanity, ever scorning to soil your hands in work that would besmirch the character of another.

"Tell me your company and I'll tell you who you are."

Good Company This adage has a wealth of truth in it. The society man believes in it; the business man knows the truth of it, and the college professor is blind that does not daily see evidence of the wisdom in those few words.

The company that a bank cashier keeps is known to the president of the bank, and with good reason. The young cashier with fast companions is easily tempted to take a quiet "loan" from the bank, cover up by clever figuring, but ending always in the tell-tale discovered embezzlement. The society man who has a daughter to protect, judges the "steady" young man calling at his home by the company he keeps in "respectable" cafés. The fond parent is quick to pass upon the moral worth of that young man if he sees him in company that is not of the best. And so it is even in college life, where with the best efforts of college authorities young men do get within the college walls whose previous record might be questioned. But the old motto, "birds of a feather flock together," works wonderfully in keeping under one lime-light "birds" of the same feather. Like coyotes, who *alone* are cowards, but brave in droves, these college "birds of a feather" are courageous in united droves of discontent.

There is a cause back of everything. The discontented few are generally young men inert for their own betterment. To such we would

say: "Be a live wire, and you won't get stepped on. It's only the dead ones that are used for door-mats." What's the use of being in the Knockers' Section of the Anvil Chorus, when the Builders' Committee of the Booster Club is right next door awaiting you?

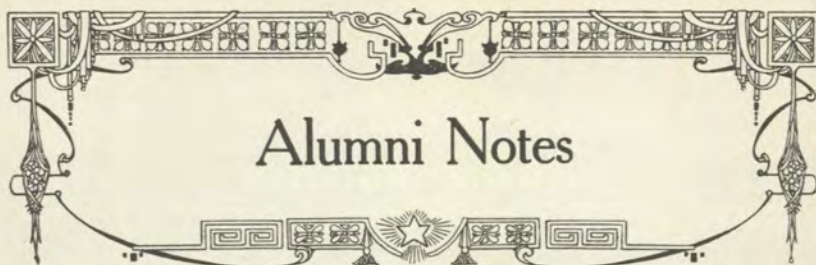
Think it over! What company do you keep? Does it make you a happier man or does it only add to your imaginary troubles? You have a chance to be happy in this world and happy all the time; your chance begins when you *believe* you have a chance. So "If you are on the gloomy line, get a transfer; if you're inclined to grump and pine, get a transfer. Get off the track of doubt and gloom, get on the sunshine train—there's room—get a transfer!"

Respect for Authority

One of the great evils of the day is the lack of respect for authority. Children fail in this regard by living according to their own whims; and adults give the bad example by criticising the authority in church and state in the presence of the children. Is it any wonder, then, that the young men of today are growing in lack of respect for authority?

Authority must be upheld. It is not a mere power for us to resort to when we think we can derive selfish benefit from it. No; nor is it to be opposed by us because it does not fall in line with our irregular plans of procedure. All authority comes from God, the Apostle tells us, and should be respected in this light.

Therefore, criticism of authority, covertly or openly, is irregular. It is well enough to rant about our rights, but let us remember there are others in this world besides us that authority must safeguard, even at the expense of our inconvenience. The eradication of selfishness from our make-up will do much to make us builders of authority, instead of evil-doers, bent on wrecking lawful authority to advance our own selfish ends. It is only the shallow-brained who cannot see the necessity of upholding authority, regardless of how poorly they esteem the holder of it or what selfish plans are at stake.



Cincinnati Old Boys!

Meet Me at the German Village, Covington, Ky.
Tuesday, March 24, 1914

The Mid-Winter Meeting of the Cincinnati Association of Alumni and Old Boys of St. Mary's, which was planned to take place in February, will be held at the German Village in Covington, Tuesday, March 24.

The Committee on Arrangements, composed of the president of the Cincinnati Association, Harry Robbins; the secretary, Harry C. Busch, and the president of S. M. C., Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, met at the Gibson House and arranged the details of the big evening for March 24.

The committee had originally planned to hold the Mid-Winter Meeting and Dinner at the Hyde Park Country Club, but owing to the distance that the club is from the heart of the city, it was thought best not to take any chances that possible inclemency of the weather might cause. The committee feels happy in locating another spot, which to the initiated will prove perhaps even more to their taste. The place chosen is the German Village in Covington, 10 minutes' ride from Fountain Square.

All Together The members of the Association are requested to meet at the Gibson House at 7 p. m. Those who are connoisseurs of culinary art, say that the German Village spreads the most substantial dinners that are served in and about "Zinzinnati." Nuf ced!

The Program Talks by prominent speakers will be part of the good fellowship of the meeting. The president of the Alumni Association of St. Mary's College, Frank J. McCormick, Jr., will be present at the reunion. The enthusiasm of the Cincinnati

Association was reported to the Board of Governors, and the Board expressed itself as desirous of having President McCormick attend to further unite the bonds of loyalty and good fellowship that have always been evidenced by the Cincinnati Association from its organization.

Everybody Attends Invitations will be sent out to the members of the Cincinnati Association, and it is to be hoped that every member will drop everything else in order to attend the Mid-Winter Meeting, which promises to be a "hummer." Watch the Alumni and Old Boys of S. M. C. bob up from all parts of Cincinnati and vicinity. The pass-word is, "Meet me at the German Village! Nuf ced!"

COLUMBUS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Annual Meeting Held The Columbus Association of former students of St. Mary's College held their annual meeting at the Southern Hotel, on Wednesday evening, February 11, 1914.

Those present at the meeting were: President Edw. F. Dorgan, Vice-President Joseph Hinterschied, Secretary John W. Keegan, Alex. Bernhard, John W. Dorgan, Thos. J. Keating, Frank Leferenz, Thos. Macklin, Joseph Nolan, Edward Pfeifer, Joseph Albert, William Seidensticker, Lawrence Slattery, Walter Zuber, Charles Eberle, Joseph Derivan, Henry H. Hollencamp and Leo Kimmel.

The following members who were not present, due to previous engagements, sent expressions of good will and hearty co-operation for the Association: Chas. H. Dietrich, J. M. Riley, Edmund Zettler, Chas. H. Bancroft, Frank Sheridan, Harry B. Matt, Robert Hayes and Walter Connors.

Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, President of the College, was present and read a communication from Frank J. McCormick, Jr., President of the Alumni Association, extending to the Columbus association personal greetings from the Board of Governors of St. Mary's Alumni Association. The Reverend President presented an outline of the work being proposed by the General Alumni Association, and told of the great work that is being accomplished by the college, and plans for greater growth of the Engineering Department.

Resolutions Adopted The following resolution was presented, and unanimously adopted by the Association:

"Be it Resolved, That the Columbus Association of Former Students of St. Mary's College, in annual meeting assembled this 11th day of February, do hereby make request of the General

Alumni Association, to be admitted to membership in the S. M. C. Alumni Association, subject to its rules and regulations."

For the benefit of the many new faces seen at the meeting, the secretary, John W. Keegan, gave a history of the formation and organization of the Columbus Association, and the work it had been doing during the past seven years.

The Banquet Immediately after the business meeting was over, the members adjourned to the banquet hall of the Southern Hotel, where an elegant banquet was served. Toasts were responded to by the Reverend President, Bernard P. O'Reilly; Edward F. Dorgan, William Seidensticker, and a number of informal talks were made by the members. One of the most interesting talks was that given by Thos. J. Keating, who told of his early school days, and association with Brother Zehler, for whom he has always cherished great regard.

Although Mr. Keating was ineligible to membership, because he was only in attendance for about 90 days at the college, on motion of the Reverend President, Father O'Reilly, he was unanimously elected to membership in the Columbus Association.

At a late hour, the banqueters adjourned, after having voted the meeting and banquet one of the most successful and entertaining ever held.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Mid-Winter Meeting As the Exponent is in press, the Mid-Winter meeting of the Alumni Association of St. Mary's College is being held at the hall of the Greater Dayton Association. Commission-Manager Henry Waite and Hon. O. B. Brown are the speakers of the evening.

The April issue of the Exponent will carry a story of the first Mid-Winter Meeting held in Dayton, March 10. The early returns of post cards announcing attendance at the Mid-Winter Meeting is very encouraging. Without a doubt, the record of past alumni banquets is broken.

Committee on Arrangements Louis E. Moosbrugger, '00, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, deserves a word of thanks for the time given and the care taken of details to ensure a successful Mid-Winter Meeting. We expect that Lou's 'phone bill will be high this month; in fact, count on an assessment being made on his

"Elm" for burning out fuses on the line. Lou knows them all, and was not satisfied with the letters sent out. He believed in supplementing the letters with a little "talk" of his own over the wires. Some class to Lou, all right, and to the "Elm."

Committee on Membership The Committee on Membership has a big task ahead of them. For some months already they have been getting systematically at their work, and achieved results that were of practical value in the work of making a success of the Mid-Winter Meeting.

There has been a great difficulty of locating the residences of the alumni, and those not on the subscription list of the Exponent seem to have done some tall traveling, as their old addresses of college days bring the message from the postal authorities—"cannot be found."

Recently the Membership Committee sent out class lists to be corrected. It is hoped that by June there will be compiled a list of all the graduates with their correct addresses.

Chas. B. Nash, '99 CHAS. B. NASH, '99, called at the college several times during his recent visit to the home of his parents in Dayton. Charles has been connected with the Standard Sanitary Company of Pittsburg since his graduation from the college, and was promoted from year to year until now he is at the head of the Advertising Department and has won a national reputation in his line of work. On Feb. 24, he delivered an interesting lecture to the Business and High School classes, during which he paid a glowing tribute to the college and the educational work done at St. Mary's.

On Feb. 25, he lectured to the Engineering and Collegiate Departments, taking as his subject, "Engraving," and illustrating his talk with stereopticon slides. Charles has composed a set of lectures called the "Tools of Advertising," that have been printed by the National Advertising Association and are considered the best literature on the subject. The "Tools of Advertising" is being adopted as a text book by the best advertising schools in the country. We want to thank our loyal alumnus for his lecture, to congratulate him and to wish him continued success.

John A. Hiller, '91 John A. Hiller, '91, who for several years was superintendent of the Distributing Department of the Cincinnati Water Works, was recently promoted to the position of General Superintendent of the Water Works. Our hearty congratulations. Those acquainted with the work of Mr. Hiller during the

installation of the new system of water supply in Cincinnati, know that the promotion was well earned and that no more competent engineer could be found to fill the position of General Superintendent.

Alumni Renewals

The Exponent management, at the request of the Board of Governors, has recently adopted the policy of putting the Exponent in the hands of every graduate of any department of St. Mary's College. The purpose, as outlined by the Board, is to keep the graduates of the college in touch with the work of the new Board of Governors, that all the graduates may see for themselves that the present Board of Governors, which was elected under the new Constitution, is alive to every idea and movement that will be for the betterment of the Alumni Association and St. Mary's College. As time goes on, slow converts to the new idea will realize that it will be to their personal advantage to belong to this association, which is fast on its way to become a force working for the good of every member and Alma Mater.

The following have renewed subscriptions to the Exponent since the beginning of the present year: Charles A. Wagner, Rev. Walter Makeley, Andrew A. Hellmuth, Leo Weaver, John Dillon, Emil Edmondson, Victor Kunz, Charles H. Bancroft, C. J. Frederick, Joseph Heidcamp, Edmund Zettler, C. J. Frohmiller, M. J. Sherry, Lawrence J. Rose, Dallas Wert (5 years), Rev. James M. Ryan, Jos. Scheuplein, William Noth, Wm. H. Obermeier, Alex. H. Schoen, Edward Larkin.

IN MEMORIAM

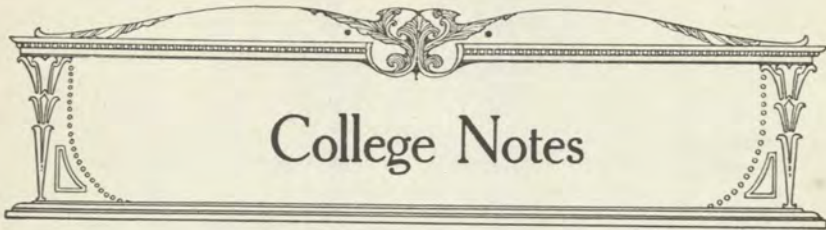
Edward Greiwe, '74

The almost sudden demise of Edward Greiwe, '74, of Cincinnati, O., was a source of deep grief to his many friends and acquaintances at the college and among the members of the Cincinnati Association of Alumni and Old Boys, of which Mr. Greiwe was ever an active and enthusiastic member.

The Cincinnati Association sent a floral tribute, and a card of sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mr. Greiwe was a warm admirer of Brother Zehler and of all that concerned St. Mary's College. Two of his sons attended the college: Clarence, who graduated from the Business Department of the college last June, and Julian, who still attends St. Mary's.

The President and Faculty of St. Mary's College extend their most profound sympathy to the afflicted family and relatives, and especially to those most dear to our deceased Old Boy: Mrs. Greiwe and her children; and his brother, Dr. John Greiwe of Cincinnati. May he rest in peace!



College Notes

HIGHEST HONORS FOR FEBRUARY

Collegiate Department

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| Senior Letters..... | Robert Sherry, 91; Frank Thill, 89 |
| Junior Engineering..... | Lawrence Strattner, 94; Leon Anderson, 93 |
| Sophomore Letters..... | Frank Culley, 89; Clarence Schmitt, 88 |
| Sophomore Engineering..... | Aloys Schmedinghoff, 89; Arthur Zimmerman, 89 |
| Freshman Letters..... | Raphael Sourd, 94; Carl Ryan, 93 |
| Freshman Engineering..... | Joseph Windbiel, 93; Lyman Hill, 91 |

High School Department

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Fourth High..... | George Kinstle, 97; Charles Meyer, 97 |
| Third High-A..... | Paul Ohmer, 95; James Keuping, 94 |
| Third High-B..... | Jos. Schaefer, 97; W. Berghoff, 90; R. Broadstone, 90 |
| Second High-A..... | Emil Kessler, 96; Urban Gochoel, 95 |
| Second High-B..... | Carroll Hochwalt, 92; Daniel Collins, 91 |
| First High-A..... | James McCarthy, 97; Ivo Stelzer, 96 |
| First High-B..... | John Trunk, 95; Rufus Weber, 93; Joseph Mooney, 93 |
| First High-C..... | Hayden Hill, 94; David Burrous, 92 |

Business Department

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| Second Business..... | Charles Kennedy, 96; William Kuntz, 94 |
| First Business..... | Clif. Ehret, 90; Edw. Menninger, 89; Robert Rau, 89 |

Elementary Department

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| Eighth Grade-A..... | John Breen, 93; Mark Hannegan, 92 |
| Eighth Grade-B..... | George Roderer, 93; James Slattery, 93 |
| Seventh Grade..... | H. Bumiller, 97; F. Phillipowitz, 94; E. Schneider, 94 |
| Fifth Grade..... | John Riggs, 94; Wm. Myers, 92; Wilbur Deardoff, 92 |

Close of Lecture Course

Francis J. Gable and Noah Beilharz, lecturers who entertained the patrons of the St. Mary's College Lecture and Entertainment Course on Feb. 3 and Feb. 23, respectively, closed one of the most successful courses held at the college.

Mr. Gable chose as his subject, "Some Liars I Have Met." It was a lecture interwoven with original poems, and far from being filled with bitter scorn against "liars" of today, it carried with it a moral up-lift that his hearers profit by. Mr. Gable was an enthusiastic success and we hope to have him with us again.

Noah Beilharz entertained those who braved Dayton's snow flurry on Feb. 23 with "Fun and Philosophy." It was a return date for the lecturer, as he was heard last year in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Mr. Beilharz's evening of Impersonations with "make-up" was replete with humor, with a few sketches that were pathetic. His audience was warm in its enthusiastic applause.

Next Season's Course The committee has been busy selecting talent for a course next season. Agents from the different lyceum bureaus have been lavish in their display of good talent, and it has been a puzzling matter to select numbers for next season's course. Before the March issue comes from the press, the committee is confident of being able to announce the talent chosen for next season.

Charles B. Nash Charles B. Nash, '99, delivered two lectures in February, one to the Commercial Department, and the other to the Engineering and Collegiate Department of the college, as detailed in the Alumni Notes of this issue.

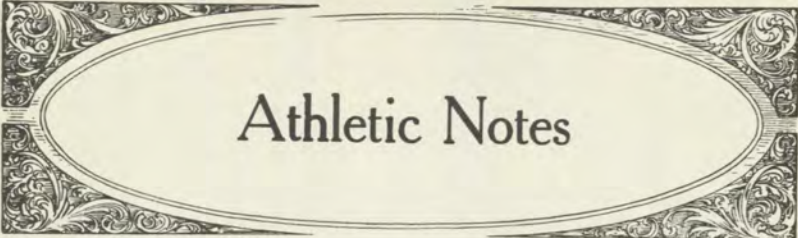
Mr. Nash's lectures were thoroughly enjoyed. His explanations were so clear, and his methods so graphic, that the subject of "Engraving" was so well covered that the student body not only were entertained, but were at the same time so instructed that they had no trouble in grasping the purpose and mechanics of the various forms of Engraving.

Lectures in Commercial Dept. Former Prosecuting Attorney C. W. Lentz of Dayton gave an interesting and highly instructive talk on the courts on Feb. 27. He traced a case through the courts, showing the method of procedure and the action of the courts in each case.

He explained many of the problems that confront the business man in regard to the courts and the law in general. Mr. Lentz, as former prosecuting attorney and now a prominent lawyer in the city of Dayton, is certainly qualified to lecture on this subject, and the Commercial Department is to be congratulated on the chance of hearing him.

This is the first of a series of lectures to be given before the Commercial Department by some of the most prominent business men in the city. These men were secured largely through the efforts of Mr. Lentz. He has always taken a very great interest in the work of the college and has done all in his power to help the good work along.

The students and faculty of the Commercial Department extend their heartiest thanks and sincere appreciation to Mr. Lentz for the many favors that he has done and is doing in their behalf.



Athletic Notes

CARL J. RYAN, '16

St. Mary's—9 Whatever defeats Denison had sustained at the hands of St. Mary's were fully avenged this year. The State champs
vs. Mary's were fully avenged this year. The State champs
Denison—51 swamped down upon the Saints with a vengeance that defied opposition, and the result was, the Saints sustained, with one exception, the worst defeat any St. Mary's team ever received. It could not have been expected that St. Mary's comparatively inexperienced team could do anything with Coach Livingston's veterans of three years. Those who saw the game will readily understand why Denison holds the State Intercollegiate Championship.

Denison played well together. Their pass work and basket-shooting were excellent. The Saints had few shots at the basket and practically no pass work, as the opposing guards broke up everything that came their way. Thiele with 14 points was the leading scorer. Sherry played the best game of the Saints. The line-up:

St. Mary's—Neary, Krusling, L.F.; Devereux, R.F.; Mahoney, C.; Sacksteder, R.C.; Sherry, L.G.

Denison—Thiele, L.F.; Black, Biggs, R.F.; Prouty, Black, C.; Reese, L.G.; Jones, Ladd, R.G.

Field Goals—Thiele 7, Black 6, Prouty 5, Jones 4, Reese 2, Devereux, Mahoney, Sacksteder, Sherry. Fouls—Jones, 3 out of 5; Mahoney, 1 out of 1. Referee—Pflaum.

St. Mary's—36 St. Mary's showed much improvement in their game with
vs. Kenyon, and the result was one of the best games of the
Kenyon—31 season. The score was close throughout the game, and at no time did either team have a lead of more than five points. The score at the end of the first half was 18 to 17 with the Saints leading. The final whistle found both teams registering 28 points. Five minutes overtime followed. During the extra session the Saints scored eight points to the visitors' three, winning 36 to 31.

Both teams played good, the Saints showing the best form of the year. Kenyon took many chances with long shots, and were frequently successful.

Shafer and Clements were the leading point-makers for Kenyon; together they made 27 points. Every man on the Saints' team played a star game, especially Mahoney, who threw six field goals, while holding his opponents scoreless. The line-up:

St. Mary's—Sacksteder, L.F.; Devereux, R.F.; Mahoney, C.; Hart, L.G.; Sherry, R.G.

Kenyon—Clements, L.F.; Shafer, R.F.; Snyder, C.; Steinfeld, L.G.; Tasman, R.G.

Field Goals—Mahoney 6, Devereux 5, Sacksteder 3, Sherry 2, Shafer 6, Clements 4, Steinfeld, Tasman. Fouls—Shafer 7, Mahoney 4. Referee—Pflaum.

ST. MARY'S CADETS

Cadets—52 The Cadets had little trouble in defeating the Plain City five, by the score of 52 to 20. The game was remarkable inas-
vs. much as not a single foul was called. Owing to an injured
Plain City—20 foot, Al. Mahrt did not play with the Cadets.

Zimmerman, with nine field goals, was the star of the contest. Norb. Sacksteder tossed six, while Bigelow, right forward for Plain City, threw five goals.

Cadets—24 For the first time in several years the Cadets lost a game on
vs. their home floor, when the veteran Buffalo Germans took a
Germans—25 hard-fought battle. The Cadets, handicapped by the absence of Al. Mahrt, failed to display their best form. The Cadets' pass work was far from their best, while the Germans' passing was excellent. The game was close at all times, and several times it was tied. The score at the end of the first half was 13 to 12 with the Germans leading.

"Babe" Zimmerman was the star of the contest, while Norb. Sacksteder and Baker played fine ball. E. Miller played a fine guard game for the Germans.

Cadets—33 The Cadets, with a patched-up team, had little difficulty in
vs. defeating the Xenia Bradys, 33 to 21. Mahoney and Devereux
Brady's—21 took the place of N. Sacksteder and Mahrt. Hugh Sacksteder led the scoring with six field goals, while Baker, the Cadets' guard, played a star game.

Cadets—37 Coming from behind in the second half, the Cadets defeated
vs. the Y. M. C. A. team of Covington, Ky., in an interesting
Covington—30 game. At the end of the first half the score was 17 to 13 with Covington leading. Zimmerman with 1 field goal and Solimano with 6 were the stars of the game.

Victories—9 On February 16th the Cadets began a two weeks' trip which
Defeats—3 carried them through Ohio and into New York State. They played twelve games, were victorious on nine occasions and were defeated, once by the Buckeye Paints of Toledo and twice by the Buffalo Germans.

At Toledo, the Cadets lost because of poor luck in goal-shooting, as they outplayed the Painters in every other respect. The Paints claim the state championship, but their claim is hardly a valid one, as their two victories over the Cadets were on their own floor, while the Cadets easily defeated them on the Dayton court. Floor conditions were largely responsible for the Cadets' defeats at Buffalo. The games were played upon a dancing floor, and the Cadets found it difficult to follow their opponents on the defense. At New

Straitsville the Cadets secured revenge upon the only team that defeated them last year, by burying the Straitsvillers under a 65-to-26 score.

The record made by the Cadets upon the trip is remarkable, as they played every day, except the intervening Sunday, and encountered some mighty strong quintets. A performance worthy of note is that of Baker, the Cadets' left guard, who during four consecutive games held his opponent without a single field goal.

Those who made the trip were: Mgr. Gessler, Coach Solimano, Hugh and Norb. Sacksteder, Mahrt, Zimmerman, Baker, Mahoney and Devereux. The result:

| | | | |
|---------------------|----|----------------------------|----|
| Feb. 16—Cadets..... | 25 | vs. Crestline | 23 |
| Feb. 17—Cadets..... | 41 | vs. Celina | 19 |
| Feb. 18—Cadets..... | 16 | vs. Ada | 7 |
| Feb. 19—Cadets..... | 16 | vs. Toledo Paints | 20 |
| Feb. 20—Cadets..... | 44 | vs. Buffalo Germans..... | 49 |
| Feb. 21—Cadets..... | 37 | vs. Buffalo Germans..... | 54 |
| Feb. 23—Cadets..... | 50 | vs. Akron | 21 |
| Feb. 24—Cadets..... | 70 | vs. Junction City..... | 28 |
| Feb. 25—Cadets..... | 30 | vs. New Lexington..... | 10 |
| Feb. 26—Cadets..... | 38 | vs. New Lexington..... | 11 |
| Feb. 27—Cadets..... | 65 | vs. New Straitsville | 26 |
| Feb. 28—Cadets..... | 60 | vs. Junction City..... | 18 |

Congratulations! Cadets! Your record will go down in the annals of St. Mary's as the "best ever." If your record is to be beaten, it's up to **y^ou** to d^o it. Teams may come and teams may go, but your fame will live on forever.

SECOND DIVISION BASKET-BALL

The following represent the Juniors on the basket-ball court this year: Francis J. Olberding, captain; Lawrence Warren, Herbert Haile, Joe Houston, Earl Miller, Francis Ligday and Carlos J. Diaz. Under the able coaching of Frank Mahoney the team has developed wonderfully, and to date have had a very successful season. On account of the necessitated absence of Frank Mahoney, Jos. Cronerberry has taken up the duties of coach. Harry O'Leary is our able manager. The following games have been played:

Juniors—11 This, the first game of the season, was not very interesting,
Miamis—5 although it showed the Juniors had the "pep." The short time of the halves is the cause of the low score.

Juniors—18 The Juniors met their first defeat at the hands of the fast
Cubs—25 Bomberger Cubs. The game was interesting throughout, but slightly better team work won for the Cubs.

Juniors—20 This proved to be a one-sided game, the Juniors always being
Buckeyes—8 in the lead. But Haile's guarding and Miller's basket-shooting were enough to arouse the interest of the spectators.

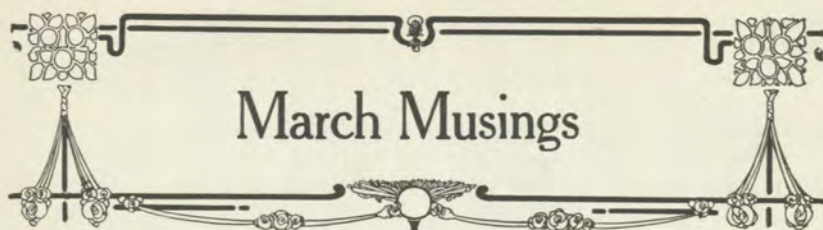
Juniors—14 This low score was due to close guarding by both teams. The
Reserves—6 Bomberger Reserves, however, were completely outclassed
by the superior pass work of the Juniors.

Juniors—28 The All-Collegians were defeated in a very fast and interest-
All-Colleg'ns--24 ing game on February 12. Olberding and Warren were the
main point-getters for the Juniors, with Smith in lead for the All-Collegians.

Juniors—19 The All-Collegians had to put up a hard battle to get revenge
All-Colleg'ns--21 on the Juniors. It was only in the last few seconds of play
that the All-Collegians took the lead on a sensational shot by Zimmerman,
who starred for his team.

Juniors—29 In this game, by their quick head work and passing, the
Cubs—26 Juniors took revenge on the Bomberger Cubs for the pre-
vious defeat early in the season. Diaz at forward starred for the Juniors with
ten baskets to his credit.





March Musings

JOHN KLINE, '16

LIMELIGHT STARS

- Ryan—Some pipe-dreams in the Mexican War, all right.
 Schleinitz—No more Swallows for you with a sore throat.
 Moeller—Eat Heinz's Catsup and ketch-up!
 Synnett—Shrimp! life is one dull run for you.
 Agnew—Getting signatures for that Carnegie medal?
 Behrer—Kindly escort me to Rike's "accommodation counter," please.
 Hill—Lyman of "All-Collegians" fame has broken into the ranks of painting.
 Moehring—Our bright boy was snowed under over in **Illinois**.
 Swift—The J. B. Moos Co. intends to collect storage from you and Behrer.
 Wirshing—Wonder what part our bleach blonde will have in Richelieu.
 Hall—Strange how James keeps out of the limelight this year.
 Norb.—Who was it that threatened to jump to the "Feds" if he didn't get three "comps"?
- Little Giants—Hats off for beating the Cubs! Some class to you.
 All-Collegians—Sign up with the Varsity! You're there with the goods!

REPLIES TO PERSONAL INQUIRIES

(Department open to Dayton citizens.)

Synnett—If your beard is very black, showing blue under the skin, in spite of the closest shaving, and you do not care for black and blue combinations, try the following formula: Le Page's Liquid Glue, 1 oz.; Mucilage, 2 oz.; Chewing Gum, 12 oz.; Tanglefoot, 2 lbs.; Portland Cement, 8 oz. Thicken mixture by boiling. Let the beard grow for two days, then apply this preparation at night. Remove it the next morning by giving a vigorous pull at the bottom of the substance. Your face may trouble you more or less for some time afterward, but your beard will never grow out again, at least not so thickly.

Sherry—An excellent lotion for the face is compounded as follows: Whale Oil, 1 pint; Lard, 3 lbs.; Butter, 2 lbs.; Automobile Lubricant, 1 gal. This lotion has a double advantage. It gives the face that slippery appearance which is to be expected at the hour of retiring, by anyone who is a devotee of beauty culture. Also, when the lotion is removed in the morning, it may be used in the culinary department of your household for anointing the kitchen range, as it is an efficient rust remover and metal renovator.

Rottermann—To wash your face in the morning, after you have applied Sherry's lotion, first catch your face. If it eludes you, slipping from the hand, like money in a swell restaurant, try kid gloves made of sandpaper. Use no hooks, which might result in a puncture. However, should your experience prove unfortunate, call up the nearest garage.

Anderson—When I speak of a good complexion, I mean there should be a place for every color, and every color in its place. A peach-blond red, for instance, which is so becoming when worn slightly nor' nor'west of the cheekbones, does not create favorable comment when it appears on the nose in flamboyant, or one may say, blatant tints.

Strattner—Many men are in the habit of wearing face-masks when they retire for the night. These masks, however, should not be put on before entering the house, as they are likely to create misunderstanding, resulting in rapid-fire gun-play. The gentle use of a massage roller will be found advantageous if persistently persevered in. Always use a roller under 500 pounds in weight, so it may be operated by hand. Rollers drawn by horse, or gasoline power, are exclusively for use on the lawn, or the roadway, and should be studiously avoided in facial decorating and body treatments, as they are too rough for the tender skin.

JOTTINGS

Stick around, fellows, and learn the tango. It's all right (so they say). Lessons, 10:15—11:00 every Thursday morning in the club room.

It's all right to dip your shaving brush in the hot water pitcher, but don't feel insulted if someone asks you the population of your town.

Dr. Garland opened up a "Municipal Lodging House" on Market Street, half-way between the Lyceum and the Victoria. You are kindly invited to spend your Thursday afternoons at the "House" this cold weather when you're "loose." It's Lent now, you know.

To the oppressed! Men are like fish. Neither would get into trouble if they kept their mouths shut.

Some bright one said: "If I were a grave digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of pleasure."

Life would be too smooth if it had no rubs in it.

An optimist is one who can make lemonade out of the lemons that are handed to him.

You get that which you seek. The bee turns everything he sucks into honey; the wasp, to venom.

The world is a lookingglass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will look sourly on you. Laugh at it and with it and it is a jolly, kind companion.

If you hate a fellow man, cut it out. Hate's not in the Maker's plan, cut it out. Life's too short to waste in spleen; all too soon death's shifting scene; don't you be so stinking mean—cut it out!

DAYTON?

"What I want to see," said the reformer, "is a city that knows absolutely nothing of graft."

"That's what I'd like to see," replied the ward politician. "Wouldn't it be a gold mine for the right parties?"—Washington Star.

POOR MAN

President Elliott, of the New Haven Railroad, condemning socialism, said:

"Man is an acquisitive animal, and socialism can't come till he loses his acquisitiveness. That will be never.

"The seven ages of man have been well tabulated by somebody or other on an acquisitive basis. Thus:

"First age—Sees the earth.

"Second age—Wants it.

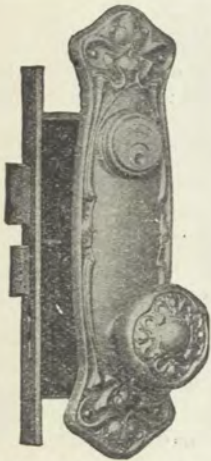
"Third age—Hustles to get it.

"Fourth age—Decides to be satisfied with only about half of it.

"Fifth age—Becomes still more moderate.

"Sixth age—Now content to possess a six-by-two strip of it.

"Seventh age—Gets the strip."—New York Tribune.



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JANE COE GARDNER.....Vice-President
BRUCE C. SHEPHERD.....Secretary-Treasurer

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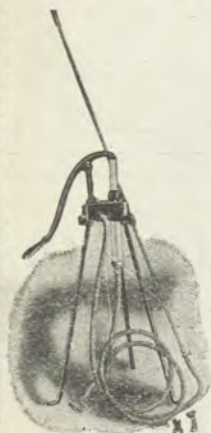
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