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The Xavier Athenaeum

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Cincinnati, Ohio
February, 1916
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Reverendissimo Domino

FERDINANDO BROSSART, S.T.D.,

Episcopo Covingtonensi in diem
consecrationis humillime et
ex animis gratulantur
rector, magistri, alumni
Collegii Sancti Francisci Xaverii
Cincinnatensis
A Minimum Wage in the United States.

(Awarded the St. Xavier Alumni Medal in the Annual Oratorical Contest of the College.)

Among the many evils that afflict mankind in the twentieth century there is none more universal in its scope, none perhaps more disastrous and far-reaching in its consequences than poverty. Poverty has always existed in the world, and that poverty that is the result of inherent inability, always will exist among the nations of mankind.

But there is a poverty rampant in the world today that is the result of injustice, poverty that is socially preventable, poverty in the midst of the most abounding wealth the world has ever known. Twenty-four years ago the great Leo XIII made the following memorable declaration in that document which is called the "Magna Charta" of labor: "All agree that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and the wretchedness, pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment upon the vast majority of the laboring classes."

Now, no remedy can ever totally eliminate those causes of perpetual complaint between capital and labor. As long as the hearts of men are laid in sacrifice upon the altar of Mammon, as long as men ignore those eternal principles laid down two thousand years ago by the Prince of Peace and Love, so long will there be exploitation and oppression, discontent and injustice in the world.

But there is a remedy that will alleviate the most dangerous and the most oppressive of these abuses; it is a remedy devoid of the odious evils of Socialism, a remedy that is sanctioned both by reason and by justice, a remedy that is both Christian and American in principle and in tone. This remedy is a compulsory minimum wage.

When we consider that 60 per cent of the laboring classes in these United States are not receiving a wage which we term a living wage—when we consider that millions of their dependents are sunk in that distress, misery, and want which poverty entails, we feel instinctively as Christians and as Americans that the first reason why a state should enact a minimum
wage law is because it is the guardian and the protector of those individual inalienable rights which are the inheritance of every human creature; and secondly because we are impressed with the effect on the individual, on the race, on society in general, of that low standard of life attributable almost directly to a starvation wage.

The man or woman of simple and unlearned mind will tell you that those millions who produce that by which we are fed, and clothed, and housed,—who produce those comforts and luxuries of life which we all enjoy, should rightfully possess at least that amount of economic goods that will enable them to maintain themselves in a decent condition of life. The right to subsistence from the free bounty of nature, as taught by the Fathers of the Church, is an imperishable, inalienable right conferred by God on all mankind; and this right becomes in our modern industrial system, the right to a living wage.

The question now presents itself,—"How shall this right be secured? How shall the power to enjoy their freedom, how shall the means to develop their personality, the conditions under which they may grow and expand, and come to a knowledge of the author of their existence be secured to the masses? Each individual of those millions we now so name, is possessed of an immortal soul, possessed of a God-given right to eternal happiness; each has his hopes and his fears, his joys and his sorrows. Now, with whom does the duty lie of protecting him in the enjoyment of these privileges that are essential to a right and reasonable existence? Among those millions of unskilled workmen, poverty, differences in religion, race and nationality, ignorance and weakness are all insurmountable barriers to efficient organization. They have no adequate power of resistance against that superior economic force that is being wielded against them. It is therefore both the right and the duty of the State to guarantee to them those natural rights of which they are so unjustly deprived. For Liberty does not consist in a theoretical right, but in the power of exercising it.

We know very well that although one may be immune from the restraints of government, his liberty may at the same time be circumscribed by the superior strength or inordinate selfishness of his fellow-man. In the face of recent developments in the industrial world, no one can doubt that this latter condition exists on a nation-wide scale in America today.
It becomes the duty of every State, then, as the protector of that freedom which in theory it holds so sacred, to guarantee Liberty in every form—not only political and legal liberty, not only religious liberty, but also economic liberty.

Many objections are urged against Minimum Wage legislation, but the most universal, and perhaps the most insidious, is that advanced by the employer. He will assert that a legal regulation of his wage scale is an intrusion upon his private rights, that a higher wage scale will diminish his profits and perhaps force him from business.

But he forgets that a law which but binds him to justice, will secure economic freedom with all its consequent benefits, to hundreds and perhaps thousands of his employees; and that therefore such a law is not unjust. He forgets that the right of his employee to receive a Living Wage is prior to the employer’s right to conduct his business, that moreover, there is no justification for that business or that industry that is subsidized by the wages that rightfully belong to its employees. It is not only the right of the individual to receive a reasonable and just share of all those things that are essential to decent human existence, but it is to the best interests of Society that he should receive them.

It may startle some of you to learn that one-twelfth of New York's dead are buried in the potter's field; that two million children under fifteen years of age are obliged to toil in order to supplement the starvation wage of their fathers;—and that, in the words of the Federal Industrial Commission, “the homes of our workmen are not only largely unsanitary and unfit for habitation, but are inadequate, resulting in high rents, overcrowding, and congestion.”

Are not the conditions that these facts imply a standing menace to organized society? Conditions such as these mean that all the finer sensibilities of the man are buried in the depths of toil, privation, and disease. They mean generally, that all the faculties of the soul are denied a reasonable development.

These conditions mean that we are approaching a state of national weakness;—that in the face of that power and wealth which is manifest in America today before all the world, there is an eruption ready to break through the strata of society,—an eruption which only immediate and nation-wide reformation has
the power to prevent. The waves of industrial unrest lashed to fury by the winds of injustice and oppression, are dashing violently against the none-too-solid rock of organized society. Tracing the history of those mighty nations that have passed into the pale of oblivion, we find that one of the primary causes of their downfall and dissolution was the fact that they ignored the pitiable condition of those classes, who created their wealth, who supported and stabilized their governments, and to whom they owed their eminence.

If we wish to avert further industrial strife, if we wish to restore harmony between Capital and Labor, we cannot leave the adjustment of relations, now strained to the breaking point, to blind economic forces—we cannot require that the mass of unskilled labor secure justice for itself by resorting to force and violence,—but in that liberal and humane spirit which should characterize a Christian government, we should enact and enforce laws that will secure to every laborer the full product of his toil as nearly as that is possible. For this, in the words of the immortal Lincoln, "is a worthy subject of any good government."

JOHN E. REARDON ’18.

A Christmas Afterthought.

And is this all? Does the Christmas cheer,  
Bring but old sorrows back again?  
Is it just for a day in the fleeting year,  
To make our hearts feel more bitter pain?

Oh, in vain did they follow the mystic star,  
In vain were He born in the lowly stall;  
In vain, hope, love,—for such things are,—  
If this, dear Christ, if this were all.

J. PAUL SPAETH ’17.
A Valet's Mistake.

(Awarded third place in Short Story Contest.)

MONSIEUR had again quarreled, a thing which of late had become somewhat habitual with him. It was Montpercy's birthday, and Monsieur was holding a splendid reception in honor of his friend. The affair was one of magnificent splendour, in fact, all of Monsieur's social undertakings were such.

All was in gorgeous arrangement; the spacious hall was beautifully bedecked; roses, lilies, and magnolias arranged with artistic delicacy, scented the hall with a pleasant perfume. Throughout the hall the stately palms, interspersed with short and bushy evergreens, swayed gently over the massive lounges and chairs. The perfect taste with which they were arranged gave the hall the appearance of a well-kept garden. This woodland scene was further enhanced by the growth of twining vines and climbers. Here was Monsieur entertaining his friends. The ladies, gownned in their faultlessly fashioned dress, and the gentlemen in their evening attire showed plainly that a splendid affair was looked for. And that they were not disappointed was manifested by the look of good cheer that beamed upon every countenance. The conversation was light and merry, and frequent remarks were heard in approval of Monsieur's refined taste and perfect tact in arranging everything so well. Montpercy pronounced the assembly the grandest he had ever seen. Indeed, many months had passed since any of New York's most fashionable halls witnessed anything that could in any way compare with Monsieur's reception.

But Monsieur was destined to quarrel. However successful he might be in arranging his entertainments they invariably terminated in some unpleasant climax or other. To this Monsieur's guests were becoming accustomed, for they understood him well. He was of a passionate temperament, and sure to resent the least offense. Still Monsieur was extremely apologetic, and often wished that his control over himself would be more certain. His friends had determined secretly to help him overcome this fault, but were careful to keep their intentions from Monsieur, for they knew that Monsieur would be offended even at their kindness.
Monsieur considered himself a gentleman of great finesse and perfectly capable of governing his own affairs.

Tonight it appeared as though the splendour of Monsieur's gorgeous reception in honor of Montpercy would not be marred as had been his other social affairs. So, at least thought the guests, for everything went on smoothly and pleasantly. Monsieur, too, intended that so it should be, and he was scrupulously anxious to avoid anything that might lead to an abrupt ending. Monsieur, however, was too erratic a person, and altogether too passionate to overlook anything which he considered an offense to his dignity.

The reception, we have said, was attended by many guests. Monsieur had personally invited all of them. New York's aristocracy was represented exclusively and Monsieur heartily wished that his Parisian friends could have a glimpse of his social position. For Montpercy he would have the most beautiful, the most accomplished lady of all. Tonight Mademoiselle would be a debutante, and Monsieur thought how charming she would appear at the side of Montpercy. Indeed, Monsieur thought correctly. Montpercy, admired by all, polished, refined, the genteel gentleman every inch, was the center of much attention. But Mademoiselle, charming, beautiful, was beyond compare. The ladies envied her; they thought Mademoiselle too beautiful, too charming; while the men envied not Mademoiselle, no, not they, but they did envy Montpercy, and that heartily.

It was now past midnight, and before long the guests would begin to depart. The last dance but one was being played. Montpercy and Mademoiselle were the center of attraction. As they swayed past the guests murmurs of praise were heard. Not once did they make a misstep, and each beat of the music was responded to by a graceful move of the dancers. It was a beautiful Schottische, and when it had ceased there was an irresistible call for an encore. At length the dancers stopped to rest.

Throughout the hall there was a low murmur of voices, not a sound above a whisper, save now and then the chirp of a yellow-breasted swallow, and the answering note of a robin, as they flew to and fro in their flowery prisons. About Montpercy, who had left Mademoiselle reclining upon one of the chairs, was gathered a small group of friends. Suddenly the music began to play, and the soft echoes of "Home Sweet Home" were wafted through the air. The guests arose and soon were gliding under
the verdant bowers. Monsieur was enraptured; but not at their merriment, no, not then, for Monsieur had forgotten his guests. Monsieur was too engaged elsewhere, even to think of them. Monsieur had seen Mademoiselle as she was resting after her dance with Montpercy. She was watching the little birds as they tried to escape from their confinement; they amused her exceedingly.

Monsieur approached Mademoiselle. He was a gifted conversationalist, and soon they were engaged in their own little chat. At first he found Mademoiselle only a pleasing character, but soon an interesting one as well. Monsieur was charmed and lost to all about him. Suddenly Monsieur conceived a brilliant thought. He had seen Mademoiselle and Montpercy dance during the evening and he had admired them both, particularly Mademoiselle. It had given him great pleasure to see how the guests marveled at their grace and ease. Still he thought that he and Mademoiselle could dance even more gracefully, and he was determined to eclipse the popularity of his friend.

The instruments were just beginning to echo through the hall and Monsieur was delighted, now he would ask Mademoiselle to dance with him; he would be noticed by all if he and Mademoiselle would have the last dance. Yes, Monsieur was filled with rapture; still he waited before he asked Mademoiselle.

All else were now dancing save Montpercy. He saw Monsieur, but Monsieur did not see him. Montpercy approached him from the rear, and before he was seen he had reached them and was standing behind Mademoiselle. Could Montpercy have read Monsieur’s secret intention he would never have interrupted their conversation, but knowing that Mademoiselle loved to dance he also intended to ask of her the same favor which Monsieur had in mind.

When Mademoiselle became aware of Montpercy’s presence she looked up and he inquired:

“Will you favor me with this last dance, Mademoiselle?”

“With pleasure,” and thanking Monsieur she hurried away. Monsieur was beside himself with rage. And before they had begun to dance he was no longer master of himself.

“Francois, Francois!” he called to his valet.

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“Quick, Francois! In my coat you will find my gloves. Give the right one to Montpercy. Then follow me home, and
see that my rapiers are ready! Quick, Francois! and I will await you in my apartments.”

At the same time he scribbled a few words upon a piece of paper and handing it to his valet, told him to give it also to Montpercy. Then Monsieur fled from the hall, rushed into his limousine and was gone.

Meanwhile, Francois, who was new in the service of his master, went to carry out the orders given him. He wondered what was the idea of giving to Montpercy Monsieur’s gloves, for he had already forgotten that Monsieur had said only the right one. A happy thought struck Francois. What could be more natural than that Monsieur should give his friend a present on his birthday! Certainly, that must be the reason; and Francois departed to find Monsieur’s gloves. Francois had been with Monsieur that same afternoon, and remembered that his master had purchased a new pair of gloves. They were still in Monsieur’s pocket, and these Francois took.

He watched for Montpercy and saw him and Mademoiselle coming towards the spot where he was standing. He motioned to Montpercy to come, and bowing profusely, presented him with the pair of gloves, still neatly wrapped as when purchased: “From Monsieur, with his compliments.”

Montpercy took the parcel, and at the same time opening the note which Francois had deftly fastened to it, read: “Meet me tomorrow evening, 9:00 P.M., at the Salon d’Ville!”

How strange everything seemed. Did Monsieur intend this as a present? If so, why the note, which read like all of Monsieur’s challenges? Why should Monsieur depart without bidding his guests farewell? In fine, why did not Monsieur himself present the gift? No, it was impossible that it be so intended. And if it be a challenge, why wrapped so neatly? Why the two gloves? Only one was Monsieur’s custom.

By this time all the guests had gathered about, eager to know what was taking place. Montpercy explained the circumstances,—Monsieur’s abrupt departure, the two gloves and the same note which accompanied all of Monsieur’s challenges. They were at a loss to tell whether it was a gift or not, till suddenly Francois recollected that he was to hurry to his master’s apartments to see to his rapiers. This of course made everything clear. It was evident that Monsieur was challenging his friend to a duel. Should he accept the challenge or not? Mon-
sieur's friends were trying to help him overcome his habit of continually issuing challenges for such trifling affairs.

At length it was decided that Montpercy should not regard the affair as a challenge but accept the gloves as a birthday remembrance. He would meet Monsieur the following evening, but not alone. The whole company would assemble again, at the Salon d'Ville. Montpercy would engage the hall for the evening and once more they would be merry and happy.

The following evening the Salon d'Ville was a scene of merriment. At 9 o'clock sharp, enters Monsieur, dignified, offended, determined to avenge the wrong done him. He was surprised to see that the same guests were again assembled. He joined in their conversation and soon learned that all the solemnities for the evening were to be held in his honor. While he was still amazed, Montpercy arrived, beaming with joy. He rushed up to Monsieur and grasped his hand. Montpercy was wearing the gloves which had been given to him the preceding evening. Monsieur's surprise increased, for he expected Montpercy to meet him with a rather cold disdain instead of according him so hearty a reception.

"An excellent present, indeed, Monsieur. Accept my sincerest thanks for your kindness; and now let this evening be one of extreme good cheer!"

"You mention a present, Montpercy; pray, of what do you speak?"

Montpercy feigned surprise—

"What, Monsieur, do you not remember the handsome pair of gloves which you told Francois to give to me?"

"Francois to give you a pair of gloves! I told him to hand you the glove to the right hand."

Hereupon the guests began to laugh, and before Monsieur could explain the offense given him, the crowd was uproarious. At length Monsieur, too, appreciated how foolish he had been and he also began to be amused.

"Well, Montpercy, we will postpone our little affair, but you must return that pair of gloves."

"Certainly, Monsieur, but not till after we shall have spent the evening; because, you know, you might forget and again make me a present. This time, though, it might be only one."

So Monsieur forgot his offense and was happy that night.

JOSEPH W. BROCKMAN '16.
Ney.

(Prize Poem.)

RE Night has yet with slow reluctant hand,
Wound in and cinctured round his shape forlorn
The sable cloak enfolding all the land,
A sad procession nears its fearful bourne.

No mournful throbbing drums nor clank of arms,
No rigid ranks in silence dread updrawn,
Make sadder still with mock and empty forms
The last grim march of Ney, the nation's brawn.

With mien as firm as when with iron hand
He guided back from Russia's fatal field
The drooping remnant of the Empire's band,
The Marshal stands, his doom by vengeance sealed.

A moment waits he as, in swift review,
The scenes of sixty glorious battles pass,
And out beyond the rest looms Waterloo,
Before retentive memory's scanning glass.

Once more he sees his Chief exhort the Guard,
Once more the rush of steeds assail his ears,
As charge the English horsemen o'er the sward,—
Alas! as mists, the vision fades—in tears.

Alone, whom friend deserts and foe reviles,
Chapeau uplifting, gives his last command
To troops and at admiring friends he smiles,
As bullets cleave his breast and rive his hand.

The gallant soul, and soldier's frame, take leave;
The one to slumber in its hallowed grave,
The first the gentle Angel hands receive.
So, bravely dies, "The Bravest of the Brave."

JOSEPH WELPLY '18.
Miracles and Divine Revelation.

In many respects the philosophy of antiquity strikes us with wonder and admiration. We are amazed at the depth of Aristotle and the sublimity of Plato. The metaphysical system of the latter dominated thought for centuries; on the thought of the former, Catholic philosophy has rested for ages as on a foundation of natural rock. When we turn to the department of Ethics, however, our admiration is not so whole-hearted. Socrates, for instance, marred his whole Ethical structure by his utilitarian concept of virtue. The systems of the philosophers named, did, it is true, approximate somewhat to the Christian ideal; but the evidence goes to show that their efforts bore little practical fruit. Theirs was a law without a sanction; men preferred to follow the looser teachings of the Epicureans or Cynics. As a result, men in general did not live on a high moral plane, and we find some of the noblest patriots of antiquity living lives which could never measure up to the Christian idea of propriety.

The urgent need of a Divine Revelation thus becomes evident. At the coming of the Saviour, the times, indeed, "were out of joint." It had become a matter of necessity to replace the vagaries and uncertainties of pagan philosophy with a nobler and more solid moral system. Christianity claiming to embody a Divine Revelation supplied this need, and succeeded in converting most of the civilized world to its view.

This brings us face to face with the question of the authenticity of the Christian Revelation. The rejection of the Gospel is quite common among non-Catholics today; truths which our forefathers accepted with complacency are today subjected to question; the evidences for them are scrutinized and by many deemed insufficient. There are those who think with Ernst Renan that "the denial of the supernatural has become an indisputable dogma for every cultivated mind." With such there can be no argument unless the possibility of Divine Revelation be proved to them. But besides those who unqualifiedly reject the supernatural, there are many others impressed with the difficulty man has in recognizing an alleged Divine Revelation as authentic. How can we be certain that God has vouchsafed us a Reve-
MIRACLES AND DIVINE REVELATION

lation? A body of teaching may have a high moral value, it may be perfectly adapted to the needs of man, but all this cannot settle the question of its origin. Or, to put it differently, let us suppose two Revelations, one authentic, the other spurious; is there any infallible criterion to judge them by? If a man claims to possess the Word of God he must give some proof of his mission, and in a matter of such importance we have a right to demand unquestionable proofs. Of what character must such a proof be? From the nature of the case we should expect the evidence to be in some way miraculous; for a conclusive proof could hardly be based upon any merely natural foundation. This is an exceedingly vital point in Catholic Theology. "If Christ be not risen, my preaching is in vain." Accordingly miracles have for centuries borne the brunt of the attack of infidels. They have been rejected on every possible ground. Our generation, puffed up with its advances in scientific knowledge, asks only for time and it will prove every one of the Gospel miracles to be a purely natural event.

It is only reasonable that we should expect a Revelation to be supported by miracles, because evidence drawn from a natural source could be fabricated by natural agents. Unless the sign is indubitably beyond the power of nature, we cannot be sure that it is from God. In his own forceful way Cardinal Newman has brought out this point: "It might even be said that strictly speaking, no evidence of a Revelation is conceivable which does not partake of the character of the Maker; since nothing but a display of power over the existing system of things can attest the immediate presence of Him by whom it was originally established; or, again, because no event which results entirely from the ordinary operation of nature can be the criterion of one that is extraordinary."

If we examine the arguments usually advanced for the authenticity of the Christian Revelation we will find this to be a true statement of the case. Thus such arguments as are drawn from the rapid spread of the Gospel, and the moral revival effected by the Church, are valid just so far as these phenomena exceed unaided powers of man and are attributable to the Infinite alone. If such effects could be produced by natural means they would lose their force as arguments.

If Christianity were a purely natural religion, that is, if its doctrines could be discovered by the human reason unaided, then
we would not have to rely on miraculous evidence to substantiate its claims. But that such is not the case is universally admitted, for no one in his senses would claim that such truths as the Trinity could be discovered by natural reason.

Moreover, Christ Himself again and again appealed to his wonder-working power as a sure sign of his Divine mission; His miracles were performed to convert unbelievers, and the Apostles performed miracles in the name of Christ.

Thus we see that the whole superstructure of Christianity is built on the historically established occurrence of miracles, and furthermore that it could not be built on any other foundation. He who rejects miracles, no matter on what ground, must consequently reject our religious system as far as it partakes of the supernatural.

LAWRENCE STELTENPOHL '16.

Metamorphoses.

The cloudlets flying
With bright moon vying,
Careen through the limpid sky,
Their fleet wings plying
Amid stars hying;
Laughing with joyful cry.

Their thunders crashing,
And wrath out-flashing,
They litter the heavens high;
The rich fields plashing,
The blue deeps lashing,
Frowning with direful eye.

In tears repenting,
Our dread resenting,
They flee with a groan and sigh;
Strange forms inventing,
Their ire relenting,
Mocking with aspects shy.

JOSEPH WELPLY '18.
LOST in the rugged mountains of Kentucky, the shadows of night fast approaching and a sudden snow-storm raging, blinding his path, impeding his progress, in this predicament we find Father Fritz Levi, returning from a sick call on Christmas Eve. To look for the trail, to seek familiar landmarks is futile. Hopeless, through the biting hail, the cutting blast of the north wind, he blindly plods his weary way. With an oft repeated prayer for help, he fights ahead. His toes, his fingers, his ears grow stiff with cold, then gradually become insensible to pain. He has almost resigned himself to his apparently inevitable fate, when after battling in this fierce blizzard for hours, he suddenly descrides a slender beam of light streaming through a small window of a log cabin. That faint ray revives his fastly fading hope and painfully he makes his way toward this unexpected haven of refuge. His strength is barely sufficient to bring him to his goal. Putting his weight against the door, he falls headlong across the threshold in a faint.

When he opened his eyes three anxious faces were peering into his. At first his feeble mind could not recall his last hour of consciousness. Then of a sudden it all was clear and he recognized those troubled faces. He had fallen in with pupils of his, spending the holidays hunting in the Kentucky hills. It was pleasant to feel that he was in the midst of friends; it was encouraging to be assured by the village doctor that after a few days he would be able to be up and around again, free from all effects of his harrowing experience.

That Xmas afternoon while apples were simmering before the hearth and pop-corn dancing a noisy jig, as grain after grain burst into a white fluffy mass, Christmas tales were told and Christmas songs sung to while away the long hours before the evening meal. As the last echo of an Adeste Fidelis was dying away Father Fritz exclaimed, “Now it is my turn. I will tell you the story of my first Christmas.” Protests, based on his illness were of no avail; he overruled all their objections, and began:

“I lived the early part of my life in a famous city in the Middle West. It is just thirty years now since I started to work...
as an errand boy for the Globe Press in that city. Proud was I when I brought home my first week's wages,—a mere trifle it seems now, but to me then it was a fabulous amount. The Globe was a plain four-story building in a very delapidated condition, and very poorly lighted. Working facilities were bad and wages low. It was under such circumstances that I started out on what I supposed was to be my future career.

"On the day before Christmas I was sent up town for copy. The streets were literally packed with eager shoppers. Everyone was greeting each other with 'A Merry Xmas.' The Christmas spirit was in the air. But it was all new and strange to me. What was Christmas? I asked myself over and over again. I couldn't solve the problem. I seemed alone in a crowded world. I hungered for knowledge, but knew not where to find it. No one spoke to me of Christmas; no one expressed the hope that I share in the overflowing Christmas joy. No, for I was of an accursed race, a Jew. My heart longed for a draught of this effervescent spirit, but it was not for me, a Jew. And so, from store to store, I wormed my way. Along the main thorough-fares the street-cars, busses and carriages formed one continuous line, like the vertibrae of a gigantic mastodon.

"But what was going on at the shop while I was away? For some time the printers had noticed my ignorance of Christmas and had pitied my longing for the good things it brought with it, and while I was away they had decided to give me a real Christian Christmas. When I returned they invented one excuse after another to detain me in the office on the first floor. I thought it all very strange. Was I to be discharged? What had I done? Was this to be my Christmas present to my parents? As these and other thoughts flashed through my mind, I became alarmed. At last, still anxious and worried, I was allowed to go up stairs. Convinced by this time that some practical joke had been played on me, I rushed to my stand. The mystery was prolonged by a curtain of old newspapers, which was hung up over the corner of the table I called my desk. In a frenzy I tore away the paper wall. And, lo! before me was a real Christmas tree, diminutive in size but tastily decorated and weighted with a score of appropriate gifts. Piled at the foot of the tree were a number of games and on top of them a beautifully illustrated book entitled 'The Story of the Christ Child.'
"I was overwhelmed with joy; I was speechless with amazement. I knew not whom to thank, nor of whom to ask an explanation. With tears of joy I bundled up the tree most carefully and took it home. It was my first Christmas gift; it was mine and mine alone. After showing my gifts to my folks, I sat down and read the story of Christmas. I read and re-read the book till I knew it almost by heart and the pages were worn with use. The more I read it the more impressed I became that Christ was really the Saviour of mankind. It was not long before I determined to become a Christian. I studied at night and during all my spare time. At last I left home to enter the Seminary. My parents disowned me, my friends sneered, my co-religionists scoffed at me. After six years I was ordained a priest and here I am. Yes, I became a priest through the Christmas gifts of my fellow-printers. A simple act of kindness on their part prompted by the Christmas spirit has saved a soul for Christ, and won a champion for his cause, a priest for his altar."

ARTHUR NIEMAN, Fourth Year.

Some Wisdom Comes.

IS said: The Dead alone are wise.  
But truthfully?—True, wisdom's his  
Whose mind can know the truth of God  
Although his body lifeless lies.

But is there not a spark for thee,  
Glad student, pondering deep the Truth?  
Take heart. Strive on. Some wisdom comes  
With toil and with philosophy.

ALPHONSE VON DER AHE '16.
St. John Chrysostom, The Orator.

There have ever been men whom the world has called great. At times it has tried to show its recognition of unusual degrees of merit by conferring various titles upon those who possessed it. Thus in the days of pagan Rome, a very great man was honored with the name “Augustus,” and at his death was even worshipped as a god. But while many of the titles which the world has thus given have endured only to become a mockery, the names of a very few men, the truly great ones have lived on through the ages, undying memorials of the heroic achievements of generous souls, whose deeds,—nay, whose very aspirations serve to spur on others to nobler lives. Such a man was John of Antioch, whom a Father of the Faithful has called “Chrysostom,” whom the universal Church has venerated as a saint: St. John Chrysostom.

St. John was born just after the dread prophecy concerning the coming of scandal into the Church of God had seen its first, most bitter fulfillment. While he was still a boy, the great Council of Nicaea had condemned the terrible heresy of Arius, and though the Saint’s own life was to be singularly free from strife with heresy, still he must have known what fierce oppositions could be engendered in the hearts of men, what bitter strifes could arise between friends. Ere the call came to the bishopric of Antioch, he must have conjectured that some measure, at least, of those oppositions and strifes would enter into and embitter his own life. Yet he came bravely forward in answer to that call to Antioch. He came a thin, emaciated man, from two years’ hermitage in the desert, whither he had gone to prepare for his life work. He came bravely forth, he ascended the patriarchal throne in the eastern city, he formed his friendships, incurred his enmities, fought his battles, and lo, all generations shall call him blessed!

Saint John of Antioch is called “Chrysostom,” the golden-mouthed. It is the title given him by Pope Vigilius, because, in very truth, his eloquence was that of the master. And yet, if we look through the record of his writings and of his sermons for that pomp of diction, that splendor of style, that magnificence of
imagery, that empty grandeur of words, which have been at once the fame and the misfortune of other orators, we shall look in vain.

Saint John’s eloquence was the eloquence of Him who spoke from the bark of Peter, the eloquence of Him, who taught the multitudes on the mountain side that “blessed are the clean of heart.” St. John’s was the eloquence of simple, divine truth. He hated sin; he hated it with all the power of a clean heart and a mighty spirit, and he dared to tell those luxury-loving people of the east, to their very faces, that he hated their sins. He gained the enmity of an empress, the ill-will of bishops, the bitterness of potentates, but the love and esteem of the people whose spiritual fathers he was. He was scourged with slander, he was crowned with abuse, he was exiled and martyred; but like the Christ whom he followed, he bade his friends pray for his persecutors, for they knew not what they did.

But we must not suppose that the oratory of Chrysostom was plain and austere like the life he lived. How then would he have deserved the name of “golden-mouthed”? We cannot imagine that a man who walked so close to God, whose mind and heart were so widely opened to divine inspirations, and whose zeal burned with an ardor that knew no quenching, would speak a language of no more than common import. On the contrary, we know that Chrysostom spoke, and the multitudes were thrilled; he spoke and emperors rose in wrath; he spoke and the very foundations of a wicked society were shaken to their depths. From his lips came words of wisdom, simply spoken yet beautifully, and with an unction that made them irresistible.

But still we may wonder wherein chiefly lay this power and charm of Chrysostom oratory. What was the power that held those vast cathedral audiences enraptured? What, the charm that inspired those outbursts of applause? Was it the momentary enthusiasm of an ignorant multitude? Was it the magnetism of a crafty personality? The enemies of Chrysostom might say such things,—have indeed said them.

For us it is most happy that there should have lived in our own times one who, by association in the same faith and by the sympathy of a kindred genius, was able to understand the character of our saint with a depth of insight enjoyed by but few
other men. Cardinal Newman, whose regard for Saint John Chrysostom assumed the proportions of a true devotion, has explained the power and charm of Chrysostom’s oratory as consisting, not in splendor of imagery, though this in measure it has; not in elegance of diction, though in this it is not deficient, but rather in the intense human sympathy with which it touched the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears of all whose life-paths crossed or bordered upon the life of Chrysostom. This may seem but scanty praise and briefly spoken; and yet what greater praise could be spoken of any man, set up to be the father of men, than this, that he entered into the lives of all with perfect sympathy. A priest with such a character would be the ideal of St. Paul; an orator with such a character must be one whose eloquence would be as wide as the history of mankind, as deep as the depths of the human soul. Chrysostom possessed this sympathy, and he was both priest and orator. What immeasurable power must his have been? How like the power of Him who taught by similitudes drawn from the fig-tree and from the flowers of the field!

Oh, fittingly, St. John of Antioch, does the world hail thee Chrysostom! Oh, well may we learn from thee, even in these days when hearts are chilled with the bitterness of strife, when charity is cold and sympathy seems a mockery, even now may we learn from thee the lesson of thy own life:—that sympathy, which made thee a bishop well-beloved, a great priest, who preserved the law of the Most High, an orator, whose lips, speaking from the fullness of the heart, have won thee a name which not time nor principalities nor powers have wrested or ever shall wrest from thee.

J. PAUL SPAETH '17.
REV. JOHN ANTHONY ELET, S. J.
FIRST PRESIDENT OF ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
1840-1847

Rev. John A. Elet was born at St. Amand, Belgium, February 19, 1802. Coming to America in 1821 he entered the Society of Jesus at White Marsh, Maryland, October 6 of that year. He came west in 1823 with the pioneer band of Jesuits that settled at Florissant, Missouri. Fr. Elet was first Vice President, and subsequently, second President of St. Louis University. After leaving St. Xavier he was Superior of the Vice Province of Missouri until shortly before his death at Florissant, October 2, 1851.

REV. JOHN BLOX, S. J.
SECOND PRESIDENT OF ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
1847-1849

Rev. John Blox, a Belgian of the Diocese of Mechlin, was born January 17, 1810. He was one of a party of five who came to America in 1832 and entered the Society of Jesus at White Marsh. He was appointed pastor of St. Xavier Church in 1845 and in 1847 became President of the College. After being succeeded by Fr. De Blieck he returned to the Maryland Province which he had left but temporarily. He did very effective work in a number of important parishes in the East and died at Philadelphia, April 28, 1860.
REV. JOHN DE BLIECK, S. J.
THIRD PRESIDENT OF ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
1849-1851

Rev. John De Blieck was born in Belgium, February 16, 1821, and entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, December 2, 1839. Shortly after ordination he became President of St. Xavier and in 1857 assumed the same position at St. Joseph’s, Bardstown. Subsequent to that he did pastoral work for many years in Chicago and Cincinnati. From 1872 to 1874 he was Socius to the Provincial and then became President at Chicago. In 1880 we find him Tertian Master at Florissant, and while holding the same office in Chicago, he died May 30, 1883.

REV. GEORGE ALOYSIUS CARRELL, S. J.
FOURTH PRESIDENT OF ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
1851-1853

Fr. Carrell, a native of Philadelphia, entered the Society of Jesus at White Marsh, Maryland, in 1820, at the age of seventeen. After two years he returned to his family, entered a seminary and was ordained in 1829. Six years later he again entered the Society of Jesus, this time at Florissant, Mo. After his novitiate and several years of pastoral and professional work at St. Louis University, he became President of that institution in 1843. During his presidency at St. Xavier he was appointed Bishop of Covington. He died September 25, 1863.
ALUMNI NOTES

The President. The annual celebration in honor of Washington more than measured up to the traditions of the Association. It was held in Memorial Hall before a large audience which showed its appreciation of the efforts of the participants. In his introductory address Mr. John P. Murphy, President of the Association, called attention to the special fitness of such a celebration and the credit due to his predecessors for establishing so praiseworthy a custom. The recent activities of the Alumni, especially their efforts to present the College with a fitting token of love on its Diamond Jubilee then engaged his attention.

Mr. William J. Overbeck. The eloquent and masterly address on “Washington, the Father of his Country” is printed in full in this issue of the Athenaeum and is earnestly recommended to the perusal and study of our readers.

Mr. Thomas F. Maher. Mr. Maher’s ode on “America” was vigorous in thought and graceful in style. He held up in review the elements that go to make up the greatness of this country and ended with a note of optimism for the future.

Mr. Joseph O’Meara. The pleasant impression made a year ago was revived by this master in the art of dramatic interpretation. He gave a humorous Reading of one of Seumas McManus’ Irish stories in his own inimitable style and was freely applauded.

Musical Numbers. Solos by Messrs. William Kappelhoff and Robert J. Thuman were cordially received as was the rendition of “St. Xavier for Aye” by a quartette composed of the above named singers and Messrs. Anthony Elsaesser and Joseph Molengraft. The instrumental music was furnished by the College Orchestra under the direction of Mr. J. Alfred Schehl.

Annual Banquet. The annual banquet will be held on Wednesday evening, May 3. While deciding to conduct it on the same elaborate scale as formerly, the Executive Committee thought it would be a pleasant innovation to hold it this year at Xavier Academy, Avondale, instead at one of the hotels.

’73. Mr. Thomas J. Cogan, of the well-known law firm of Cogan, Williams and Ragland, has been secured as one of the speakers for the annual banquet.
souls and Cincinnati with its 4500, double what it had ten years ago, are worthy of an University conducted by the Society of Jesus, which I have ever reverenced and loved with devotedness and sincerity. I need not tell you of the place this state occupies in the map of the United States and its immense resources of every description. It could furnish three hundred pupils and still find a plenty to spare for Kentucky, if wanted, and for Missouri if it did not laugh at the idea of wanting buckeye patronage, where its numerous youth are not capable of being all accommodated at home. But this is all neither here nor there. Then to the point.

I propose then, V. Rev. and Dear Friend, to give you up forever, on condition that they should ever be held sacred for church and school, the College, Seminary and Church, with the real estate on which these buildings, which I now occupy, are located—that you may have there a college and a Parish Church to be served by your Society, in perpetuity. 

. . . . We are in treaty for a lot on which we propose to commence a new Cathedral. Your acceptance, right off, of the present one, would be the very thing we want to push ahead this essential project for a new church. For God's sake do not throw difficulties in the way and say "wait, wait"; for if you think fit to employ them, I can place under your direction as teachers in the College, in Cincinnati, twelve Seminarians—and even one or two French priests, whom I expect from over the water, this month or next, to remain with you until you could dispense with their services, or until they should know English enough to be useful on the Missions. The School would be well patronized here.

On my part, permit me to assure you, again and again, that you would meet with the most cordial co-operation—I desire only the Glory of God, by the right education of youth and the conversion of sinners. I will love you and your faithful brethren as I would my own sons, and I hope, though conscious that I am far, very far from possessing the wisdom, or a tithe of the amiableness of the prelates by whom you are now cherished, that with me too, as long or as short as God prolongs my life, you shall be happy.

In addition to, or instead of the foregoing, just as you please, I would give you 500 acres of land in Brown County, forty miles from Cincinnati, with a first rate McAdamized road, 22 miles of which are completed, passing by the door of the small brick college already built thereon—I should think a college in the country indispensable—or instead of this in Brown County, you can have sixteen hundred acres, or 2000, as you prefer, in Gallia County, 12 miles from the Ohio River, 18 from Gallipolis, which property has just been deeded to me, for a college, by a wealthy and enlightened Irish Catholic. But of this no more now.

Now come on, or if you cannot, any of the gentlemen, and let us talk over it all.

Respectful remembrances to all the Rev. Gentlemen and pray for one who will hail your arrival here as an infallible pledge of his own, and his diocese's acceptance with heaven.

Yours truly in our Lord,
This plea was too strong to be ignored and on October 1, 1840, Rev. John Anthony Elet, S. J., was installed as President of the college. It now took for its name that of the saint who had been its patron from the very beginning, St. Francis Xavier.

Father John A. Elet was one of the heroic band of nine young Belgians, who at the invitation of Father Nerinckz, the apostle of Kentucky, left their native land to devote their lives to spread of the faith in this country. He was still a novice in the Jesuit Novitiate at White Marsh, Md., when Bishop Du Bourg of New Orleans went to Georgetown to secure Jesuits for the northern part of his diocese which extended all the way to Missouri. In response to his call seven novices, all Belgians, and two priests set out for the West in the spring of 1823 and founded at Florissant what is now the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, including in its area the leading cities of the Middle West. Fr. Elet was one of these zealous pioneers.

When Fr. Elet came to Cincinnati he had the experience of seven years as Vice President and four years as President of St. Louis University to guide him in establishing the college on a more solid basis. In 1842 the college was incorporated by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio. In its early years boarders as well as day scholars were received, and a large number of the students were from Louisiana, Mississippi and other southern states, some even from Mexico and Cuba. The attendance grew steadily for a number of years, advancing from 173 for the year 1840-1841 to 330 for 1847-1848.

After seven years of very effective reorganization Fr. Elet was succeeded by Fr. John Blox, S. J., in the summer of 1847. It is very interesting to know that as early as seventy years ago the desirability of having a college away from the down-town district was keenly realized. For several years the college had been in possession of the Purcell Mansion, described in the general regulations of the college as “a country seat, about two miles distant from the city and commanding an extensive view of the Ohio River and the surrounding country.” Up to this time it had been used as a villa where the boarders and the professors spent the Thursday holiday. In the summer of 1847, however, the building was enlarged and the elementary department of the college transferred to it. Fr. George Carrell, later President of the college, was appointed Principal. The catalog for the year tells us that “there, removed from the noise and
distractions of the city, the youth of this department may lay
the foundation of their education, and acquire a fondness for
industry and perseverance, which may render them, one day,
honorable, useful and influential members of society.”

Despite these pleasant prospects this school was maintained
for only two years. For some time then it was kept as a villa;
later it was leased to tenants, and finally, in 1871, sold at auc­tion. On the same property as the mansion was an old dwelling,
used once as a stable, which the Fathers converted into a chapel.
There Mass was said for the Catholics of the neighborhood. This
little congregation formed the nucleus of the first St. Francis
de Sales parish. The Mansion is still standing, in Ingleside
Place, Walnut Hills. For a number of years it was the residence
of Mr. Bernard Fox.

During Fr. Blox’s regime the first parochial school of St.
Xavier’s parish was completed and opened on May 29, 1848, with
an attendance of about 100.

On February 17, 1849, Fr. John De Blieck was appointed to
the Presidency of the college. It was during his administration
that the maintenance of the Mansion as a branch school was
discontinued. The year 1848-1849 had experienced a decided
falling off in the attendance, and the steady decrease continued
for several years. One cause of this was undoubtedly the open­ing of the Jesuit Boarding College at Bardstown, Kentucky in
1848 and the flourishing condition of other Jesuit colleges at
Louisville, Grand Couteau and Spring Hill. Perhaps another
contributing cause was the cholera epidemic in Cincinnati at
this time.

The first appearance of this dread disease in Cincinnati in
the year 1849 brought about a remarkable manifestation of devo­
tion to the Queen of Heaven. At the suggestion of one of the
students a meeting was held, resolutions drawn up and a solemn
vow offered to the Blessed Virgin, that if all the students were
preserved from death by the cholera during its prevalence in
the city they would have two golden crowns made, one for the
Blessed Virgin and one for the Infant Jesus, to be placed on
their respective images in the chapel. A slight opposition among
the students was headed by a Mexican whose name has not been
preserved. His companions were won over by the students,
but to the end he refused to contribute. Owing to the panic in
the city the commencement exercises were postponed to the opening of classes in the fall and the boarders were sent to their homes earlier than was the custom. On the way down the Mississippi, the Mexican was attacked by the cholera and died. He was the only student to perish by the epidemic. The crowns are still in the possession of the college, a memorial of Mary's powerful protection. In the year 1904 a subscription similar to the original one was taken up among the students and the crowns were repaired and beautified and on the eve of December 8, the Golden Jubilee of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Child were again crowned amid solemn ceremonies.

During the period of the epidemic, however, two members of the faculty fell victims to the disease. Fr. Angelo Maeseele, Treasurer of the college, Professor of Higher Mathematics and visitor at the hospital and pest-house contracted the cholera and died on the 11th of July, 1849, a martyr of charity. The other victim, Mr. Julius D. Johnston, S. J., was a most remarkable character. He was a native of Virginia, was converted to the faith in St. Louis by Father Smarius and entered the Society of Jesus at the age of thirty-five. A private diary of his, prized among the records of the college, gives a striking instance of the suddenness of cholera's grip. It is kept faithfully up to within a day of his death, when we are told in another handwriting that on the evening of the 10th of June, 1851, he returned from the Mansion and before morning was dead.

On June 29, 1851, Rev. George Carrell, S. J., succeeded Fr. De Blieck as President of the college. Fr. Carrell was the first native born American to guide the destinies of the college. His grandfather had come to this country from Ireland before the Revolutionary War. As pastor, professor of literature and philosophy, and as superior Fr. Carrell's work was characterized by an energy, thoroughness and proficiency that won for him the esteem of all who came under his influence. He came to Cincinnati in 1847 from St. Louis, where as President he had considerably enhanced the prestige which the Jesuit University in that city enjoyed. After a little more than two years at St. Xavier he received the appointment to the new See of Covington. Immediately after his consecration as Bishop, on the feast of All Saints, 1853, he commenced the erection of a new cathe-
dral, zealously encouraged the building of churches and schools and made earnest appeals to various religious organizations to enter his diocese and take charge of the schools and benevolent institutions which grew apace under his fostering care. At his death, after ten years of laborious work in the episcopacy, he could point with satisfaction and gratitude to God, to his two male and twelve female religious institutions, to his hospital, two orphan asylums and an infant foundling asylum.

During his administration as President of the college, the Carrell building was completed. It was a plain box-like building, sixty by twenty feet, three stories in height and a basement. It furnished room for two new dormitories, a new museum and a chemical laboratory. It remained standing until the completion of the Hill building—the present Faculty building at Seventh and Sycamore—in 1868. Fr. Carrell’s appointment as First Bishop of Kentucky necessitated another change, and on October 11, Fr. Isadore Boudreaux assumed the Presidency of the college.

After twelve years under new management St. Xavier College might well be said to have more than satisfied the expectation of its founder. In view of the frugal spirit of the times it was furnished with buildings that were spacious, well ventilated and in every way remarkably adapted for school purposes. The proficiency of its teachers, disinterestedly and exclusively devoted to the care of the pupils entrusted to them, as well as its firm but paternal discipline, fostering order, obedience and a well-rounded moral training had won for it the esteem of Protestants and Catholics alike.

ALUMNUS.

**Hearsers.**

**HOUR** of beauty, sweetness, peace and heavenly calm!

As if ere night came on, our Virgin Mother smiled,  
And with her arms around us, told in whispered psalm  
The story old of Him, her sole begotten child.

J. PAUL SPAETH ’17.
A Christmas Story.

(Awarded first place in Short Story Contest at Xavier Academy, Avondale.)

It was a wild night. On the ground the snow lay thick, but lightly from the cold; and the wind, moaning and crying, carried its icy particles madly in drunken eddies and blinding whirls through the biting air. Everywhere was sullen blackness, save a few wavering rays beneath the electric light. Within many a snug, warm home there was merry-making and laughter, for it was Christmas eve; but many less fortunate cried out with the cold. And some there were that died.

Towards morning, a dark, shadowy form, muffled from head to foot in a great coat and carrying a strange bundle at its breast, hurried along one of the lonely streets of the great city, keeping always in the shadows and, glancing now ahead, now behind, stopped in the deeper gloom of St. Agnes Church. Up the steps it ran, and set down its burden in the shadow of the great portals in such a way as to be shielded in a measure from the chill of the wind, and covered it with a shawl from its own head. For a moment the figure lingered, and then with a furtive glance about and something like a sob, disappeared into the darkness.

The night passed and the dawn came, gray and uninviting. The old sexton of the church, grumbling to himself and shivering in the cold, fitted the key in the lock of the outer door.

“Always the first up! Dress in the cold! Work when other people sleep! Certainly there's no rest for the weary! If I wasn't so important, I'd quit. Even on Christmas morning I'm hard at it!”

Slowly the big door swung back. He straightened up with a jerk. All his trials and tribulations went from his mind in an instant. There before him was a strange bundle, covered by a worn shawl, and from it he had heard a feeble wail. He sprang forward and jerked away the shawl. Beneath was an old basket. He tore the lid from the basket and saw a little baby. It was heavily wrapped but blue with the cold. With a cry the old man had it in his arms—“Poor little thing!”
A moment later he was clattering at the door of the rectory.
"Father! Father! look what I've found!" he cried, bursting in at the door.
"Why, what's the matter? What! A baby! Abandoned in weather like this! Quick! Call Mrs. Mann while I phone for the doctor."

And the baby was given over to that motherly housekeeper, who applied such remedies as she knew until the doctor should come. When he came he shook his head.
"Not much hope, I think. Poor little child! But we will do our best," he said.

So through the long hours of the morning they worked over him—the priest, when he could, the doctor and the good old housekeeper.

And so they worked; and the life hung in the balance. But by and by he grew better, and there came a time when they said he was out of danger.

* * * * * *

Five years passed. It was a bright, sunny afternoon in November. A mild breeze blew, rustling the few autumn-tinged leaves that still remained on a tree here and there. A magnificent limousine drew up before St. Vincent's Home. A liveried chauffeur sprang out and, opening the door of the car, assisted a handsomely dressed woman to alight. She greeted the Sister at the door with a smile, and asked for the Sister Superior. When a few moments later she appeared the two met as old friends.

"I've come to ask you about something," said the woman the Sister called Mrs. Hart. "I have been thinking how you are giving your life for these children and I would like to help; so I have thought that if you approved, I would give them a real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner."

There were tears in Sister Gertrude's eyes but a happy smile on her lips as she answered, "O, it would be so good of you if you would! I've just been wishing that I could give them a little something extra, and now they're to have a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner!"

As she spoke, a little boy with a bright, handsome face and large, wide-open eyes came to the door, but seeing Sister Gertrude engaged with a stranger, he turned quietly and disappeared.
“He is my especial favorite,” said Sister Gertrude, seeing the look of interest on the other’s face. “Haven’t I ever told you about him?” she went on. “Well, five years ago, he was found on the steps of St. Agnes’ on Christmas morning. For days they worked with him, and when he grew better, we brought him here. He has grown to be a great favorite, he is so kind and lovable. And he seems to be bright and happy, for we do our best for him; but I know that at times when he is alone he is very sad. And I have learned from him that it is because he has no gentle, loving mother, as the boys have in the books that are read to him.”

The Sister paused. The face of the other showed sympathy and interest. She was a young widow and had no children. At first it had been a great sorrow to her and she had longed for someone upon whom to lavish her love and money. But as time passed, she had been swallowed up in a whirl of affairs and amusements and had in a measure forgotten. She arose now to go, saying, “It is a strange story. What will become of him, I wonder?” And going toward the door, she slipped a check into the Sister’s hand. “It is only right that I should do some good with all that I have. I hope they enjoy themselves—” and she was gone.

A month later, sitting before the great fireplace in her magnificent bedroom, just as the “blind man’s holiday” closed in, she dreamed. She had been out all day attending one of her social betterment clubs, and she had made a much applauded speech. She had been thinking of that speech as she drove swiftly homeward, when she had caught the wistful glance of Sister Gertrude’s protegee from one of the windows of the “Home.” She had been strangely moved and had felt a queer reproach and a kind of wistfulness herself. And so when she had got settled in the big comfortable chair in the warm room, lighted only by the flicker of the gas grate, she dreamed. And dreamed of her own childhood.

It was near Christmas time. All was a bustle of happy excitement and expectation—the packages to be prepared, the cards written, the laughs and good wishes and mistakes to be corrected, the eager desire for Christmas morning, mingled with a queer, uncertain wish to put it off and so prolong the happy season, and then the bustling Christmas Eve, and joyous Christ-
mas morning. She saw herself with the other children laughing and happy over their many presents; she saw the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree and the happy faces of father and mother. She felt again the spirit of Christmas.

But all at once the vision became blurred and darkness came instead; and then a picture of Christmas as it had been of late years—little different from any other day; a few presents, sent at the behest of custom, some outward show of gayety, no feeling—that was all.

She awoke with a start at the tinkle of the dinner bell, with a yearning desire for a real Christmas once more. Suddenly an idea same to her. She hesitated. If she should have little Tom, Sister Gertrude's favorite, spend the coming Christmas with her, he would certainly liven things up. It would bring him untold pleasure and herself also. It was just the thing! She would do it. And so it came about that little Tom was to spend Christmas with her and go back after the holidays.

He went home with her on Christmas Eve in her big machine and feasted at supper on strange dishes never heard of before, but, O, so good! And that evening he hung up his stockings and heard the wonderful tale of Santa Claus.

"Can Santa Claus bring you anything you want?" he asked.
"Of course he can. But you'll have to write and tell him what it is you want. It's rather late, but if you leave it here where he can see it when he comes, I think he'll have it for you."
So Tom wrote a little note and put it on the mantle.
"May I read it," asked Mrs. Hart, as she took it in her hand:
"Dear Santa Claus, I want a mother."
"Do you think I'll get it?" he asked anxiously.
"I know you will," and she kissed him through her tears.

JOSEPH G. O'MEARA, Fourth Year Xavier Academy.
MR. DENIS F. CASH
Died January 3, 1916
Perhaps the most appropriate and appreciative estimate of Denis F. Cash's character and work is contained in the Resolutions of Condolence offered by the faculty and students of the College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance of which he was a professor. We quote as follows:

"Untainted with ambition he filled the important public positions to which he was called with the one object of the public good in view. Realizing in the fullest degree the accountability to his Maker in all things, he realized his accountability to the public served by him and ever held duty above personal advancement.

In private life, in his home, in his school and college days, as an alumnus of St. Xavier and as one of its faculty, he was ever to be respected and honored. His life was an example to be followed. In public life he was fearless in the discharge of his duties. In private life he was kindly and courteous, affectionate and considerate. His words came from the heart and charity was ever present with him.

Condemning wrongs fearlessly he walked through life without a tremor in his heart and with nothing farther from him than compromise with injustice. Of impressive manner, earnest and sincere in all things, he neither sought the applause of the world nor avoided his high-minded purpose for self-advancement. His very eyes spoke forceful arguments, for all who met them knew that their expression of integrity was unquestionable. Of great abilities, he was of modest demeanor; of thorough and classic education, he was ever respectful to the opinions of his fellows, ever retaining his self-respect and yielding nothing of principle in the battle of life.

His loss is not alone to his home, his Alma Mater or his city. The loss is to the entire community, to the state and to good citizenship. He was clean of heart; he was patient. He had Faith, he had Hope and he had Charity. His life was an example to all of us and to each one of us. We mourn his death and to his bereaved family our sincerest and enduring sympathies go out, but our sorrow is lessened in the knowledge of the Mercy of God and because of the knowledge of the Cleaness of Heart in which our deceased friend, Alumnus and teacher passed from life into the life eternal."
A theatrical critic remarks that most of the people felt uncomfortable after witnessing the performance of "Van der Decken," a new play by David Belasco. The play is based on the legend of a phantom ship whose commander is doomed to sail until Judgment Day unless a certain curse is removed. The development, however, is based on reincarnation, which notion is brought out by wonderfully weird and eerie stage effects.

It is peculiar to the play that this doctrine of reincarnation is insisted upon very dogmatically. Of course there is no attempt to appeal to reason in the matter—that would be quite impossible; but there is an attempt to appeal to the imagination, and we must admit that this attempt succeeds as well as anyone could wish. Now whether the author intended so or not, when he directed the central idea of the play to the imagination, he touched the very spot where such an idea is likely to thrive. It might be very poetic to picture, as the verse which heads the program runs, how,

"With sturdier limbs and brighter brain,
The old soul takes the road again."
But where is the sense in it? Where is the evidence for it? There is none and the author advances none. But still there is, undoubtedly, a strong impression made on the imagination, for there is thrown around the idea all the glamour which a consummate playwright and an undisputed master of stagecraft, a talented actor, and a capable company can supply.

And so the audience left feeling uncomfortable. Why? Was it because they were brought into touch with the supernatural? Or was it because of the aspect of the supernatural which was presented to them? It is difficult to fix the cause exactly. Without a doubt when a man brings the supernatural upon the stage he is treading extremely dangerous ground, and must expect some kind of depression on the part of the average audience. Thoughts are awakened which may not be pleasantly entertained. The subject is one which many people like to fight clear of. For one who has the power of conviction and who must treat of an explanation of things which is not based on rational motives, the best course is to leave off the stage all questions of life beyond the grave.

“SAFETY FIRST” IN PRACTICE.

In these days when “safety first” is preached to us from all sides, it is interesting to note that the doctrine is not altogether confined to the realm of mere theory. It is still more gratifying to realize that in pursuance of this motto, Cincinnati has taken the lead in practical results at least along one line. Last spring when she began her fire-prevention “Clean-up and Paint-up” campaign, the wise ones smiled and the cynics sneered. But let the figures talk. During the first four months of the year the number of fires had run far in excess of the year before. During the four months following the campaign, however, the number was reduced to half the number of the corresponding months of 1914. and by the end of December, despite the heavy increase at the beginning of the year, the total number for the twelve months was four hundred less than the preceding year. This is all the more remarkable as conditions in towns outside the city showed no improvement.

An efficient department? Yes, and an efficiency that won the co-operation of the appreciative public to such an extent that Cincinnati has taken the leadership among American cities in fire prevention. This is progress.
A CAUSE—AND AN EFFECT.

When something is done by the students of a college with the whole-souled, devoted enthusiasm of the achievement at St. Xavier on the third of last December, we have an item worthy of particular notice.

The first suggestion of a donation from the student body to the Diamond Jubilee Fund for the New St. Xavier’s lacked the spontaneity that is almost necessary nowadays to lift a thing out of the sphere of the commonplace. But as it evolved from a suggestion into a real and spirited campaign, enthusiasm increased. And, on the last day, when competition between the classes to outdo one another reached its highest pitch, the enthusiasm fairly bubbled over—some of it overflowing into the more frugal hearts and awakening there the spirit of generosity.

The whole school deserves credit for the magnificent donation. A contribution which passes considerably the thousand mark would never be looked upon with disdain by any one. But coming from a source where every item, in the majority of cases, meant sacrifice the offering is all the more commendable. It was a sacrifice that bespoke loyalty, a loyalty to Alma Mater that could not brook the idea of seeing her honored without having a word to say and a feat to perform in this profession of love and esteem; a loyalty not of idle word, but the loyalty that is deeper, truer and more eloquent, loyalty of deed.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

We have often read about the unseen heroes of the sea—those brawny firemen in the depths of a vessel, who, in the scorching and maddening atmosphere feed the immense furnaces and decide victory or defeat. But we have never read of the unseen hero of the school magazine, who in torrid and roasting colloquy—which would char the most hardened stoker—procures the fuel that determines the success of his paper,—the Business Manager.

Honor him to whom honor is due. Doff your hats, or—bob a curtsy to the silent hero.
Oratorical Contest. The annual contest in oratory for the St. Xavier Alumni Medal took place Friday evening, December 17. The honors of the occasion were captured by Mr. John Reardon, '18. Other contestants were Lawrence Steltenpohl, Alphonse Von der Ahe, A. D. Cash, R. J. McCoy, E. F. Westerfield and F. Gordon Gutting. The programme was rendered still more entertaining by the successful performance of College Glee Club and Orchestra.

Dr. Walsh’s Lecture. A treat of the rarest kind was that afforded by Dr. Walsh’s Lecture at the College on “The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries.” The Doctor’s ease and grace of manner, his novel historical viewpoint and his inimitable humor held his audience spellbound for over an hour. Attention was rendered even more close by the offer by Rev. Fr. Rector, of a copy of one of Dr. Walsh’s books for the best account of the Lecture in each class.

Sophomore-Freshman Football Game. On Thursday, November 18, the sturdy gridiron warriors of Sophomore and Freshman Classes assembled for the annual clash at Avondale. The weather man, though, was very unkind and persisted in pouring down such quantities of water that the game had to be postponed. On the Tuesday following old Jupiter Pluvius finally grew weary and the game came off. And what an ideal game it was! Hard fought and close, replete with thrilling situations and marked by alternate heroic resistance and terrific attack on each side. The Sophomores were minus several of their stars of last year but fought bravely to the end, and held the Freshies to a 6-12 score. The two Freshman touchdowns were scored in the first half, the Sophomores scored in the second. Coach Roudebush refereed, and Wurzelbacher umpired without being once assailed. Verily, we say, if we can have games fought as earnestly as this, and have the victors win so graciously, and the losers take their defeat in so sportsmanlike manner, let us have more of them.

The Banquet. No amount of rain outside, however, could dampen the spirit of the festive board, and the banquet took place at the scheduled place and time, The Metropole Hotel, Thursday, November 18. Though some of the zest was lacking as a result of the disappointment of the afternoon, still all thought of this soon wore off, and an unusual spirit of cheery goodwill prevailed. Besides the Professors of the classes, a few of the Seniors accepted the invitation to be present. Mr. John Hogan acted as toastmaster and his genial, affable presence had much to do with the spirit of the many responses he received from those present.
Diamond Jubilee. It has been a long time since anything was seen similar to the enthusiasm stirred up by the students' campaign for a contribution to the Alumni Diamond Jubilee Fund. As the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the day assigned for the close, drew near, excitement grew intense, and on the morning of the feast itself, several members of different classes, bent on winning the glory of first place, were busy right up to noon securing further contributions.

About a week before the end a huge thermometer was drawn on the bulletin board. Day by day the temperature rose, but slowly, and those interested began to wonder if it would ever reach the top. $1,000.00 was the goal set and many doubted if it would ever be reached. But when the clock struck at noon, when all the contributions were in and the totals figured up it was found that the top of the thermometer had gone off with a crash and that almost $1,300.00 had been donated. The next day enough was contributed to bring the sum up to thirteen hundred. As was but fitting Senior Class led with a promised contribution of $300.00.

The standing of the classes is recorded below. The fifty dollars in prizes was the contribution of the class of 1905.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Cash</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Prize</th>
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<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>160.25</td>
<td>115.00</td>
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<td>77.00</td>
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<tr>
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<td>112.00</td>
<td>151.00</td>
<td>5.00</td>
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<tr>
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<td>91.45</td>
<td>50.00</td>
<td>141.45</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Year B</td>
<td>51.00</td>
<td>25.00</td>
<td>76.00</td>
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<td>18.90</td>
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<tr>
<td>First Year A</td>
<td>15.25</td>
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Totals           | $308.95| $691.05| $1300.00|

Fr. Rector took occasion at the gathering for the Christmas entertainment to express his hearty thanks for this excellent work, and as proof of his sincerity granted a special holiday by extending the Christmas vacation one day.

Christmas. As a fitting close to the part of the year already completed and to instill a little of the Christmas spirit, the Junior Literary Society gave a special Christmas entertainment on the last day of class before the holidays. James Poland explained the purpose of the occasion and expressed the greetings of the society. Declamations were given by Leo Egbring, William Meiners and Arthur Maggini. Elmer Trame read an essay on the Christmas Spirit and Harold Thorburn one on Christmas with the Poets. Arthur Nieman read an original Christmas Story. Besides the music by the College Glee Club and Orchestra, Mr. J. Alfred Schehl favored the audience with a violin solo, and Mr. William Kappelhof, a tenor solo, Holy Night. Rev. Fr. Rector's address concluded the programme.
Catechetical Essay. The subject for the Catechetical Essay which was written on Friday, February 4, was “The Salvific Will of God.”

Mr. Bremner's Golden Wedding. An event in which every student of every Jesuit College of the Missouri Province should be interested was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. David F. Bremner which was celebrated in Chicago, November 30. Mr. Bremner is known to us chiefly through the Intercollegiate English Contest, of which he was the originator and to which he contributes annually the sum of one hundred dollars in prizes. In other ways than this, however, Mr. Bremner has always been known as an ardent supporter of Catholic education.

Fr. Provincial's Visit. During the latter part of January Very Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J., made his annual visitation of St. Xavier College. Fr. Burrowes is by no means a stranger here as he was rector of the college from 1893 to 1897. We were deprived of the pleasure of a visit to our classes as the annual examinations were on during his stay. This did not interfere with the usual holiday, however, which came very opportunly, coinciding as it did with Bishop Brossart's Consecration.

Our New Lights. An improvement that brings joy to the hearts, and to the eyes, if such a thing is possible, of students and professors alike, is the installation of new lights in the classrooms. The plentiful supply of special refracting globes with the high candle-power nitrogen lights has made the dark days which come so frequently in Cincinnati at this time of the year, much more bearable and class under such circumstances much less trying.

SOCIETIES.

SENIOR SODALITY.

Ozanam Section. The renewed activity which is characterizing the start for the new year is particularly manifest in this Section, and the entertainment committee is preparing an extensive programme.

Seniors at the Home for the Aged. During the Christmas Holidays a number of the Sodalists from Senior Class, brought huge bundles of good cheer to the Home for the Aged conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. Vocal and instrumental music elicited hearty applause, while the old folks showed their appreciation of the recitations by continuous outbursts of laughter.

The Literature Section. The Literature Section was instrumental in having Fr. Finn's latest book “That Office Boy” placed on the shelves of the Public Library of Cincinnati. It is now engaged in a systematic effort to have “America” put on file in the Branch Libraries.
Election of Officers. At a recent meeting of the Philopedian Society the following officers were elected: Vice-President, C. Leo Walter; Recording Secretary, Alfred Conway; Corresponding Secretary, John Reardon; Treasurer, William Heitker; Censors, Joseph Kattus and Joseph Deimling; Committee on Debates, Otto Hermann, Gordon Gutting and Joseph Welply.

Public Debate. The following have been chosen to represent the Philopedian Society in the annual debate for the Verkamp Medal: Messrs. Joseph Brockman, Albert Cash, Carl Lamott, Raymond McCoy, Lawrence Steltenpohl, Alphonse Von der Ahe. Mr. Arthur Frey will be Chairman, and Messrs. John McCabe, Edward Gilbert and John Reardon are alternates.

ACOLYTHICAL SOCIETY.

Patron’s Feast. The feast of St. John Berchmans was celebrated in St. Xavier Church with Solemn High Mass, November 14, 1915. The ceremonies were made even more than usually impressive by the presence of seventy-five acolytes in the sanctuary. Rev. Michael Ryan, S. J., celebrated the Mass, assisted by Rev. F. X. Senn, S. J., as Deacon and Mr. George Kelly, S. J., Director of the Society, as Sub-deacon. Mr. Joseph Sebastiani was Master of Ceremonies, assisted by Mr. Ralph Moorman. After the Mass, the invitation of the Director to repair to the college lunch-room and receive a toothsome memorial of the occasion was eagerly accepted.

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GLEE CLUB.

Officers. At a meeting a few weeks ago, after a spirited election, Joseph Sebastiani was elected President; Mr. Cari Lamott, Secretary, and Joseph Emmett, Librarian.

JUNIOR LITERARY.

Subjects Debated. The weekly meetings have been attended with extraordinary enthusiasm. Out of the twelve subjects debated thus far the following elicited the greatest interest: Larger Army, Single Presidential Term, Prohibition, Intercollegiate Competitive Athletics, Woman Suffrage, Unionism and Capital Punishment.

The Christmas Recurring to an old custom of the organization, the Entertainment. Junior Literary prepared a special programme for its Christmas meeting. This innovation was made, however, that the exercises were given for the whole student body. The entertainment was a credit to the Society in every way. A special feature of the stage decoration was the beautifully adorned and electric-lighted Christmas tree.
**Dramatic Endeavors.** A feature of the Mid-year Assembly was the presentation, by the Junior Literary, of the Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice. The programme began with the rendition of the interview between Shylock and Antonio in the first act by Arthur Nieman. Cecil Chamberlain read a prologue to the Trial Scene, the cast for which was as follows: Duke, James Poland; Shylock, William Meiners; Portia, Harry Wilke; Antonio, Leo Egbring; Bassanio, Harold Thorburn; Gratiano, Arthur Maggini; Salerio, George Dunn; Nerissa, Elmer Trame; Clerk, Harry Back. The same programme with the addition of a number of vocal, musical and declamatory numbers was rendered for the benefit of the old folks at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor on the following day.

**New Officers.** At the last meeting of the old term the following officers were elected: Vice-President, James Poland; Recording Secretary, Raymond Backhus; Corresponding Secretary, Harry Wilke; Treasurer, Ralph Moser; Censors, Harry Back and John Fitzsimmons; Committee on Debates, Elmer Trame, Joseph Goodenough and Harold Thorburn.

**JUNIOR SODALITY.**

**Reception of Candidates.** Immaculate Conception eighty new members were received into the Sodality.

**Election of Officers.** The election of officers for the second term resulted as follows: Prefect, Harry Meyer; First Assistant, Michael Brearton; Second Assistant, Thomas Woll.

**CLASS NOTES.**

**SENIOR.**

**Condolences.** The members of the Senior Class take this opportunity of expressing their heartfelt sympathy with their fellow-classmates, Joseph Emmett and Albert Cash, in the heavy loss they have had to suffer by death.

**Mass for Fr. Harrington.** On November 26, 1915, the class had a Mass said for the soul of Fr. Harrington, thus showing their appreciation of one whom they held in the highest esteem both as Prefect of Studies and particularly so as their Professor in Freshman during his last year at St. Xavier.

**Jubilee Contest.** By dint of heroic campaigning Messrs. Cash and Frey managed to get enough promissory notes together to bring the Senior contribution up to $300.00 and to first place in the contest.

**SOPHOMORE.**

**Association Membership.** Sophomore has the unique distinction in the college department of having every member of the class in the Athletic Association and a subscriber to the Athenaeum.
Class Leader. In the January Examinations, Otto Hermann captured the highest honors for the collective branches of the class.

Patron's Day. The feast of St. John Chrysostom was celebrated with a very appropriate programme. Panegyrics of the Saint were given in German by R. Joseph Deimling, in Greek by Thomas Gallagher, in Latin by Otto Hermann, and in English by Paul Spaeth. Piano selections were given by John Hogan and vocal numbers by the class. After a few remarks by Rev. Father Rector, Mr. Edward V. Schneiderhahn, the eminent Catholic attorney of St. Louis, gave a brief but very impressive and well-received address to the students assembled.

FRESHMAN.

Class Leader. Joseph A. McCarthy received the honors for the collective branches of the class for the first semester.

Remarkable Record. During the first semester of the present year the Freshmen have established a record for which it will be hard to find a parallel. They were the victors in their football game with Sophomore; they were safely in the lead at the close of the indoor league and furnished one-half of the college basketball squad. In the contest for the Diamond Jubilee Fund this class made the largest cash donation. Freshmen, Gordon Gutting, Joseph Welply and John Reardon carried off prizes in the short story, poem and oratorical contests. The Ozanam Section of the Senior Sodality, whose purpose is to promote spiritual and corporal works of mercy among the poor and unfortunate, is made up almost entirely of Freshmen.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS.

Course of Lectures. Members of the Public Speaking Class are enjoying rare intellectual treats in the form of illustrated lectures. J. Paul Spaeth '17 inaugurated the new departure with an interesting and instructive lecture on the French Revolution. Then followed Jos. McCarthy '18 who entertained his attentive listeners with a vivid account of the wonderful achievements of the Matchless Maid. Other speakers who have announced their lectures are the following: The Savior of Our Country, John H. Frey and Stan. McDevitt; The Father of Our Country, Edward A. Gilbert and John S. Hogan; Sir Walter Scott and His Masterpiece, Charles H. McGurn; How Our Country is Protected (Coast Defences), Roger Straub; The Isle of Saints, Thomas Gallagher; Thru the American Garden of Eden, John J. Maloney; Masterpieces of Christian Art, Earl A. Westerfield; Christopher Columbus, Joseph A. Welply; In the Land of Song and Story, Albert H. Gellenbeck and Leo Oberschmidt.

Library Assistance. Every courtesy is extended the lecturers by the Public Library authorities, who procure the slides necessary for each lecture. The lecturers offer their services to the Sodality Section on Entertainment, which is thus enabled to provide entertainment of a high degree of excellence for charitable institutions.
Class Leaders. At the Mid-year Assembly the following received the highest honors of their classes: Fourth Year, Harold Thorburn; Third Year A, Vincent Latscha; Third Year B, Joseph Delay; Second Year A, Bernard Broering; Second Year B, Edward Roelker; First Year A, Edward Overberg; First Year B, Albert Hoenemeyer; First Year C, Charles Hughes.

XAVIER ACADEMY NOTES.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Officers for Second Term. For the second term the following officers were chosen: Norbert Brockman, Prefect; Howard Clarke, First Assistant; John B. Hardig, Second Assistant; Joseph O'Meara, Secretary; Robert Dolle, Treasurer. At the following meeting the officers were installed and the reception of new members took place.

JUNIOR LITERARY.

Election of Officers. The Junior Literary Society of Avondale is in full swing again. The officers who were elected were as follows: President, Norbert Brockman; Secretary, Robert Eggers; Treasurer, Erwin Kattus; Committee on Debates, John Byrne, Robert C. Dolle and John B. Hardig. Several of our young orators were brought to light by the presentation of two lively debates upon the interesting questions of "Women's Suffrage" and "Military Drills in Schools and Compulsory Service in the Army."

ATHLETICS.

Bowling. Keener interest is being evinced by the members of the seventeen bowling teams entered, as the end of the first tournament heaves into sight. George O'Brien's "Veterans" in disposing of the Third Year "Champions," Isphording, Clarke, Kyte, Arata, by the close score of 576 to 519, feel confident of ultimate victory against all comers. Verhage's quartet is having a tug-of-war with Grainger's "Indians." After winning eight out of their ten, they are again tie in a special series of two out of three games in order to decide the final champion bowlers of Second Year.

The First Year "Steam-Rollers," Terence Owens, Edgar Lampke, Edwin Mehmert, David Folz, have swept everything before them and are now gathering a tremendous momentum to deal the champions of Second Year a crushing defeat.

Indoor. Is there a dry spot on the twenty acres of our magnificent campus? "Billy" McCarthy and George Donnelly, the indoor fiends, occasionally find one. But what a sacrifice it must be to pay an extended visit to the "Spring" on wet, "nasty," cold days! Some, however, really think there's nothing like that delicious invigorating "draught."

The new parallel bars have attracted not a little attention from all the boys. It affords us an opportunity to parallel in our bodies the mental agility and alertness our teachers are so incessantly striving to develop in us.
ST. XAVIER COLLEGE OF COMMERCE.

It appears that all the important branches which enter into the broad knowledge and practice of the accomplished business man are taught at present in the College of Commerce. Commercial Law and Economics are prescribed for all the candidates for the degree. The three years course in Accounting superadded to the above branches leads to the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science and, as another choice, the three years systematic study and practice of Journalism prepares one for the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science in Journalism.

All the classes are well frequented. Advertising and Salesmanship under Mr. Ren Mulford, Jr., draw large numbers.

Mr. Patrick Kilgariff began his subject on "Transportation" on Tuesday, February 1.

Not the least attractive features are the numerous addresses and talks given by prominent business men. Our Honorable Mayor, Mr. George Puchta, and Mr. Andrew Foppe of the Civil Service Commission spoke before the Social League meeting, the former on "Salesmanship," the latter on "Civil Service." Both addresses were real treats, filled with practical experience and the more appreciated because these gentlemen in spite of their overwhelming work found time to meet the students who gathered in very large numbers.

Mr. J. R. Tomlin of the Times-Star spoke on "'Round and About with an Advertising Solicitor." Mr. George Kitzinger of the Commercial-Tribune, Mr. Meyer Lesser, President of the Blaine-Thompson Co., Mr. Paul Connolly, Mr. Joseph Schmidt of the Mabley & Carew Co., Mr. C. W. Payne of the Enquirer have met the classes in Journalism and Advertising and have benefitted the students in many ways.

The students are greatly indebted to Mr. C. S. Clark for his kind and continued favors which, as President of The Cincinnati Ad Club, he bestows on them.

The examinations for the first semester are almost finished and indications point to continued interest during the second semester.

A Big Night is expected when the Social League will hold its Annual Reception on Tuesday evening, February 29, in the new home of Elder Council, K. of C., Woodburn and McMillan Streets.

The Alumni Association had their annual election in December. The Red ticket captured the presidency and vice-presidency, A. Brendel and F. J. Crane, respectively being chosen; and the Blue ticket was successful in getting the offices of secretary and treasurer, Joseph Buschmiller and Edward Ganster being the candidates. Edward McCarthy, the choice of both tickets, was elected historian.

For further news of this department we must refer the reader to the first and second issues of The Xaverian News, a monthly published by this Department, under the auspices of the Classes of Journalism and Advertising. The News is not a rival of the Athenaeum but only another commendable product of the energy and literary inspiration which animates the students of St. Xavier College. We wish the Xaverian News all prosperity and shall await with pleasure its welcome monthly visit in our Sanctum.
A great deal of the wonted cheerfulness was lacking at the regular quarterly meeting held on January 5, as a result of the death two days previously of Mr. Denis F. Cash. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Michael A. Garrigan, William A. Geoghegan, William A. Byrne, Edward J. Babbitt and Joseph Berning, was appointed to draw up resolutions on his death. They reported the following:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our dear friend and associate, Denis F. Cash:

Resolved, that we extend our sympathy to his grief-stricken family, with an earnest prayer that heaven, in due season, will send them consolation to lighten their affliction.

Resolved that, in the death of Mr. Cash, the St. Xavier Alumni Association has sustained a severe loss. As a man of the highest gifts, he was admired by his fellow-members; it was, however, that tenderness of nature and noble simplicity of character, so often found in great and generous souls, that endeared him to us all.

Resolved that, in the death of Mr. Cash, St. Xavier College has been deprived of a faithful and generous son. He loved his Alma Mater. He showed his love in many ways; especially by his readiness at all times to take an active part in works that might further her interests.

Resolved that, as a member of the community at large, his worth was widely known. He was loyal to his friends, open and frank in all his dealings, fearless in his defense of right, and intolerant of injustice and wrong. Charitable to a fault, his soul melted into tenderness at the mere mention of the orphan; and his heart throbbed in sympathy with the poor and suffering.

The members of the St. Xavier Alumni Association and dear old St. Xavier College, that indoctrinated him with those correct and lofty principles, to which he faithfully adhered through life, shall always feel affection for the memory of Denis F. Cash.

The big treat of the evening was the report of the outgoing Historian, Dr. Harry R. Carroll. With graphic style, enhanced with numerous classic allusions and quotations he held his audience entranced with his glowing pictures of the Alumni Association's history for the past year. The report will be treasured in the records as a gem of its kind.
'40's. Like a breath of invigorating sea breeze comes the following interesting letter from a student of the forties. Written as a personal letter to a friend, it was not intended for publication. But it breathes such a spirit of loyalty, is so original and has such a wealth of humorous and interesting historical anecdotes that we reproduce it almost in its entirety.

My Dear Friend B—:

I cannot express the pleasure and delight the receipt of your kind letter and Xavier Monthly gave. I had not replied to your other letter because a wretch stole my fountain pen—I cannot write with ordinary. It was a severe strain on my patience which I strive not to lose. The annals of old Xavier's and the mentioning of names that I loved, has made me live my boy days again. I have my first Sodality certificate, 1847, signed by Father Elet who had the most benign countenance I ever beheld. If I were to paint God the Father, his would be my ideal for the model. Father Elet prepared me for my first Communion. Did you know him?

Then Fathers Acmal, Keller, Boudreaux and all the band of noble men that I loved dearly, and when I wrote my boy letters to them, signed myself "Yours till death." They must have smiled. I was sincere. Father Garesche and Father Johnson you know. He was a Virginian, practised law before he joined the Order. He often patted me on the head, saying he and myself were the only Virginians in the College. He was very eloquent. I learned that he was to preach on the Feast of St. Aloysius. I engaged a number of friends to go hear him, but alas, he was a victim of cholera before June 21st.

Good Father Levisse thought to acquire a good English style, and evidently chose the "Good Book" for his model. One day in class I did a little buzzing. He said: "Helm, you come and stand in the midst thereof." The class roared. He was mystified, not knowing the Biblical style was not in fashion.

Well here is Andrew Jackson Day, and my letter not off yet. My youngest son, Harold, with his wife and my first grandchild Buryl came from Washington for the Holiday. Hurly Burly. I must have absolute quiet, and bright day-light to guide my hand and keep the words in proper alignment or make a bad "spell."

You mentioned lunching with Holland—I always remembered him favorably—when he began with Shephard—years before John became famous as "The Pen Man of America." Regards.

I must tell you the marvelous history of an "Ecce Homo," that Father Acmal gave me, an exquisite engraving, half life size, painted by the famous Giotto.

My grandfather, Augustine Moreland was a native of Maryland, and proud that his ancestors came with Lord Baltimore, when he founded the Catholic Colony of Maryland. Grandfather married in 1813, in Washington, D. C., where my mother was born. They lived there when the British burned the Capitol. Shortly after they moved to Ohio, and landed at Cincinnati, where there were but nine Catholic families within a radius of many miles, and Holy Mass was said in my grandfather's home.
My father died. I left College June, 1850. I cried to continue—but went to learn banknote engraving. Judge Storer, father of the distinguished Bellamy, who was a baby then, selected my boy reading from his library, wanting me in his law office, saying the temptations for counterfeiting were too great, and told my grandfather to take me away.

Well, I kept up my intimacy with Father Acmal, and visiced him at all hours. One noontime I was in his room and standing before the "Ecce Homo." I said: "Oh, father! How exquisite those hands." "Gus, that picture is yours." "Oh, no, father! whilst I admire it, I do not envy it." He insisted on taking it down, and putting it under my arm. I was delighted, hurried home, where both grandparents were at dinner. I said: "Oh! grandfather, I have something finer than you have ever seen." He looked at it a long while. Finally he said: "Mother, I think I have seen a picture like that, long ago." I said "There is some writing on the back of the frame." I turned it over and read: 'Rev. Stephen Montgomery.' Grandfather was amazed, and said: "Augustine, Father Montgomery was my first cousin, and that picture served as altarpiece, when he said Holy Mass in my home, nearly fifty years ago." I tried to learn where it had been. Father Acmal was glad and astonished. He had it only a few months. It was given him by a friend named Kelly that moved to California. Was it not strange that it should come back to our family? I have cherished it fondly for 64 years, and derived much consolation and patience in contemplation before this sad scene in the tragedy of the Cross.

I have climbed into the 80's since my last writing. Next August 15th will be 81. The family made much of me. Viola made a large cake, and Alma planted eighty little rosebud candleholders, and when they were lighted I was brought in. Well, the expressions of affection overcame me. I felt quite exalted, great big ME, and it took several days to realize that it was only a plain little I.

Have never voted the Prohibition Ticket, but I think the theory is O. K., and I'll tell you why.

You and I have known so many brilliant men victims of alcoholism, that blights the intellect, brings the pangs of poverty and sorrowing anguish to the family.

Alcoholism—that stupefies the God-like quality of the mind. That wonderful thing, the mind, that can travel faster than light—in an instant covers myriads of miles, through the vastness of space, to the farthest planet and the stars beyond. Contemplate the celestial glories of Heaven! The ecstatic joy of the saints in the eternity of bliss. The Cherubim, the Seraphim chanting their melodious praise to the Mighty God—The Creator of the Universe—yet, the cat will mew, the dog will bark. So runs the world away. And men, like lamps, by day, waste their light.

Now, Charley, will you be good? I know that in the environments of Cincinnati's busy swill temptation is great. I am glad I left. Don't think I expect to reform the world. Preaching is easier than practising, about as easy as that other easiest job on earth, spending other people's money. I often find myself bubbling up, and slopping over.
Again the merry sunshine, and I can write. Viola says she is ashamed of me, and has offered to finish my letter and get it off.

This morning an old lady who has a continual grouch, asked me how I was. I told her: "Oh, pretty miserable, thank you." She laughed. The first time for a long time, for she knew I am always well, with never an ache or twinge, except that of conscience, that makes cowards of us all.

I do strive to be cheery. For cheerfulness is the light and color in the great picture and drama of life. The contrast of its sombre shadows, its trials and sadness.

Well I guess that I am wound up,—can't stop writing. It is a little hard, but a labor of love and pleasure to have a chat with you.

There was an English lecturer returned to London, and for his subject: "The Wonders and Happenings in America," related: "A man was caught on the sixth floor by fire, in a rubber store. He wrapped himself with rubber goods, and jumped, and saved his life. But he bounced and kept on bouncing for four days. Finally a tender-hearted policeman, with sympathetic tears in his eyes, drew his revolver and shot him. After the lecture, a very serious-faced gentleman inquired of the lecturer: "Do you think that policeman was justified in shooting that man?"

But for the real thing—an incident, personal to myself (my old pen wants to lie on its back). One noontime whilst I was in the Bureau of Engraving in Washington, one of the engravers told of something wonderful. I exclaimed: "Great Caesar!" A very good little man thought I had blasphemed, and he said, "Oh, Mr. Helm, you ought not to say that. "Why? Who was Julia Caesar, anyway?" He answered in solemn old-time Methodist exhorter tone of voice, "Because Julia Caesar was Hamlet's father's ghost!" He believed it.

Well, Charles, I think you will admit this is some letter for a blind man, something like Washington Irving's character, Ichabod Crane's nose, long drawn out—I fear I may tire you; if so, you can call in to your aid a patient patrolman to help you wade through it.

With warmest regards for your good wife, and His blessed peace to all of yours, am ever,

Sincerely,

(Signed) AUGUSTINE L. HELM, New York.

Ex '60's. From Lexington, Ky., comes the news of the death of Prof. Louis A. Scott, a student of St. Xavier College during the sixties. Throughout his life he was closely identified with church and educational affairs. He was a native of Cincinnati and before moving to Lexington, in 1872, taught school in Ludlow. He was principal of St. Paul's School at Lexington for a number of years and was recognized as one of the leading educators of that city.

REV. HENRY MOELLER, S. J.

'63. The Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus lost one of its most illustrious men, and St. Xavier an ardent and devoted Alumnus in the death of Rev. Henry Moeller, S. J., December 20. During the course
of his long life as a Jesuit he held at different times all the important posts of distinction and responsibility in the Province. He was President of St. Xavier from 1884 to 1886. After retiring from the office of Provincial in 1907, he became Master of Tertians at the Jesuit House of Retreats at Cleveland and later received in addition the rectorship of that institution. He held both these offices until just a few months before his death, which took place at Detroit.

Ex. '72. Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, S. J., who has been President of Marquette University since retiring from the Rectorship here five years ago, recently assumed the office of Master of Tertians and Rector at the Jesuit House of Retreats at Cleveland.

REV. JOHN B. HEMAN, S. J.

'79. Another prominent Cincinnati Jesuit, John B. Heman, died at Marquette University, Milwaukee, December 29. After teaching in various Jesuit colleges he was appointed to Marquette in 1900, where his marked musical ability occasioned his appointment, eight years ago, to the regency of the Marquette University Conservatory of Music.

'80. The words of commendation and unstinted praise that Fr. Lasance's latest book, "The New Missal in English," has elicited in reviews of every kind all over the country is ample proof that the reverend author has made another valuable addition to his useful publications.

Ex '82. Rev. Bernard Otting, S. J., is at present President of St. Louis University, one of the most responsible positions in the Province.

'87 DENIS F. CASH '87.

One more tribute to our distinguished and foremost Alumnus, under the class to which he belonged will not be out of place. The following is an editorial from The Cincinnati Post.

DENIS CASH, GOOD CITIZEN.

Cincinnati is a better place for Denis Cash having been one of its citizens.

He was one of those men who, by their works, build their own monuments. His monuments are the permanent achievements he left behind when he retired from the office of Safety Director under the Hunt administration.

He made the Police Department clean and turned it into a constructive social force. He increased the efficiency of the Fire Department, emphasizing its preventive side. Under his management of safety affairs there was begun the high-pressure fire-fighting system which will make downtown Cincinnati safe against great conflagrations.

He interpreted public safety as social service. In his administration of safety affairs there was organized Cincinnati's first public welfare department and Cincinnati's first housing department, which has to do with the regulation and inspection of tenements.
He gave himself to public service at personal cost. His public career presents a model for our public servants.

“Denis Cash, Good Citizen.” We know no better epitaph for him.

'90. At the annual meeting of the St. Joseph Orphan Asylum Association, Mr. Anthony B. Dunlap was elected President, in place of Mr. Nicholas J. Hoban, resigned.

'92. The Athenaeum records the sad news of the death of Mr. Edgar A. Brown, which took place at Flagstaff, Arizona, January 21.

'93. Rev. Edward P. Anderson, S.J., is one of the Jesuit Band of Missionaries, doing mission work through the Middle West.

Rev. Frederick W. Seidenburg, S.J., is Regent of the School of Sociology of Loyola University, Chicago, and Professor of Sociology and Political Economy.

'98. We are glad to be able to state that Dr. F. H. McMechan is steadily improving in health. In addition to other editorial work he is at present engaged in editing the American Year Book of Anesthesia and Analgesia.

'99. Hon. William A. Geoghegan, accompanied by Mr. John E. Fitzpatrick, represented St. Xavier at the meeting in Chicago, on December 28th and 29th last, of the teachers of commercial law in colleges of commerce in connection with the meeting of the American Law Association.

'00. Very welcome at the last Alumni meeting was the presence of Mr. Leo F. Verkamp, former Mayor of Flagstaff, Arizona. Of special interest was his account of conditions in the far West and of the banquet of St. Xavier Alumni in the West, held simultaneously with the last Alumni banquet in Cincinnati.

'01. Under the leadership of Dr. Francis Kramer and Messrs. Louis Bissmeyer and Thomas A. Devanney the class assembled at the college on Tuesday evening, January 4, to talk over old times, renew old friendships and effect a class organization.

'04. Mr. Howard N. Ragland, Deputy Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, was recently elected to the office of First Vice President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

Boston College has secured the services of “Bill” Sweeney as coach for its baseball team. “Bill” is well established in business in the “Hub,” where besides winning glory on the diamond, he also won his partner for life.

News recently arrived via cablegram from England that Mr. C. Louis Coffin is seriously sick at Singapore.
'05. The members of the Alumni sympathize with Rev. Joseph H. Reverman, pastor at North Star, Ohio, in the death of his saintly mother. All the members of his class at present in the city attended the funeral services at St. Paul's Church.

'07. Counterfeiters, moonshiners and others of that ilk, beware. Uncle Sam has put Mr. James R. Clark on your trail as Assistant United States District Attorney for this district.

Ex '07. Under the efficient direction of Rev. Charles Baden, with Mr. Richard Crane's zealous co-operation, the Fenwick Club is doing great work. It fills a long felt need, and its success thus far augurs well for its continued future prosperity.

'10. Mr. Allan W. Baehr was recently admitted to the Ohio bar.

'14. Mr. Joseph H. Weiler, winner of the K. C. scholarship at the Catholic University, is pursuing his course there, preparatory to a Ph. D. degree.

Ex '14. An announcement of Mr. J. J. Rack informs us that after the middle of February, his business will be under the management of his sons, Frank and John. May the same and even greater success attend the new as was enjoyed by the old.

'15. At the call of Messrs. Thomas Dillon and Edward Unnewehr a goodly number of the Class of '15, both graduates and old students, assembled at the college on the evening of January 4, for purposes of reunion and organization. Refreshments were served and the holiday spirit was in evidence. The affair was such a success that the next meeting of the class was set for February 1.

The members of the class expressed their regret over the death of Mr. Calmer Grogan who was for some years their classmate at St. Xavier.
BASKETBALL.

The College Team.

First in History. For the first time in the history of the college we have a college basketball team. With a wealth of players to pick from, players, too, good enough to win positions on the best gym teams around the city, it was decided to ignore the obstacles in the way and launch forth. And we did.

A Tremendous Handicap. Stalking defiantly before us was the specter of no gym for practice and for big games. The prospect of playing every game away from home and on a different floor each time did not look very promising, especially if there was to be no practice beforehand except on our own little floor.

De Sales and St. Aloysius. But kind friends came to the rescue. And we wish to express our thanks to the pastors of St. Francis De Sales and St. Aloysius (Covington) for their kindness in allowing us the use of their floor for practice, each for one afternoon a week.

The Coach. It was our very great good fortune to be able to retain for basketball the services of Coach Roudebush, of Denison, whose work around the city as coach, player and official in both football and basketball has won him an enviable reputation as a true sportsman in the most honorable acceptation of the term. He is pursuing a law course at Cincinnati Law School.

Here, too, we must mention the excellent service we have been receiving as official, from Mr. Reese, a classmate of the coach, and a fellow player of his on all the famous teams that represented Denison University last year.

The Team. Naturally enough it took a new team some time to get going. It is not the easiest thing in the world to be playing each game on a new floor, to be always away from home. Yet the team kept plugging along. As it improved it met stronger teams and it took four games to break the losing streak. But now that the jinx has been chased it is the intention of the team to keep it on the run.

The Captain. Before the first game Joe Klein was elected captain. Joe has proved to be the right man for the job. He plays a hard, steady game and is always ready with generous supplies of pep and energy when needed.
The Squad. In addition to the regular players whose names will appear in the accounts of the games, the squad is fortunate, indeed, in having such capable, faithful and loyal players as Joe Sebastiani, John Frey and John Kelly to call on in the time of need.

Xavier vs. The college squad began its season by clashing with the De Sales. fast De Sales five, December 17. The game was all that it had been expected to be, save for the fact that the victory went to the hill boys. Though the Xavierites played a fast, clean game, and were urged on by plenty of loyal rooting from their followers, the experience and even team work of the De Sales veterans proved too strong an opposition. The first half was begun with great spirit on both sides, but before long De Sales forged ahead. Krusling was the star of the game and won a favorable lead for his team by his accurate goal shooting.

During the second half, however, Xavier showed its real class and before De Sales realized it had cut their lead down considerably. During this half Xavier scored only one point less than De Sales. Had she found herself in the very beginning the score might have a different aspect. The line-up:

XAVIER.  
Kattus .................................. R. F. ......................... Krusling  
Frey, Conway ........................ L. F. ........................ Loughead  
Cloud .................................. C. .......................... Altenholt  
Kelly .................................. R. G. ........................ Schilbruch  
Klein .................................. L. G. ........................ Buck  

Score, 21-35. Referee, Reese (Denison).

Xavier vs. On January 6, the Xavier basketball team played the Austin Aultins. Ideals whose reputation is known far and wide by the fact that they have not lost a game in the past three years. Having played together for many seasons, they display a team work the like of which it would be difficult to find around these parts. The Blue and White was handicapped in this particular respect on this occasion owing to the fact that two of its regular players were not in the line-up. The playing, however, was much closer than the score indicates, and several times the Xavierites threatened to take the lead from the Austin five. But the odds were too great to hold out against, and the end of the game found us at the small end of the score. The line-up:

XAVIER.  
Frey .................................. R. F. ........................ Denning  
Monsham ................................ L. F. ........................ Medewiller  
Cloud .................................. C. .......................... Motz  
Conway, Sebastiani ........................ R. G. ........................ Daugherty  
Klein .................................. L. G. ........................ Koegel  

Xavier vs. St. George. On January 18 the Xavier quintet journeyed to Corryville and there played the fast St. George five. This was the first time that St. Xavier had its strongest line-up on the floor and the game that took place was one to be long remembered. Throughout the first half the game was nip and tuck. A St. George basket was evened up by one by the Blue and White warriors; one minute one team was in the lead, the next minute the rival forged ahead. The half ended with the score 21-20 in St. George's favor. The same fast playing featured the second half also and up to the last three minutes of play the score was a tie. Then St. George must have received a special shipment of a whole car-load of horse-shoes. For several straight shots almost from the middle of the floor put them safely in the lead. Sicking, a former S. X. C. boy, starred for St. George, while Brady and Kattus put up a sensational game for Xavier. The latter did not miss a throw from foul throughout the game, throwing eight straight into the basket. The line-up follows:

XAVIER.

Kattus .............. F. .......... Sicking
Kelly ............... F. .......... Berger
Cloud ................ C. .......... Rakel
Klein .............. L. G. .......... Schultz
Conway ............. R. G. .......... Meyer

ST. GEORGE.

Brady ................ R. F. .......... Sicking
Kattus .............. L. F. .......... Rakel
Cloud ................ C. .......... Sullivan, L. Rakel
Klein .............. L. G. .......... Schultz

Score, 36-48. Referee, Reese (Denison).

Xavier vs. St. Aloysius. In the game with the strong St. Aloysius Gym, January 28, the College five finally struck its stride. The Gym had prepared for a tough game by gathering several stars from other teams and thus presented their strongest line-up of the season. It was a real game from the very first instant of play and there was not the least semblance of let up until the whistle blew. The teams were about evenly matched, and at the end of the first half St. A. had the advantage of two points. Toward the end of the second half, however, Xavier forged ahead and left the floor with the first victory of the season. The passing of the college lads was the feature, while Cloud was the hero of the evening, Kattus playing his usual strong game. The line-up:

XAVIER.

Kattus ................ F. .......... Vogepohl
Kelly ............... F. .......... Berger
Cloud ................ C. .......... Brocke
Klein .............. G. .......... Kreinest
Conway ............. G. .......... Berning

ST. ALOYSIUS.


Xavier vs. Holy Family. The team won its second game on January 31, when it defeated the Holy Family Gym team 37-33. A more detailed account of the game will appear in our next issue.

MILTON WURZELBACHER, '16.
THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAM.

The Team. When the whistle blew for the first game of the season, the rooters found many of last year's stars missing. The new aggregation, however, soon demonstrated its right to uphold the Blue and White.

The Captain. The choice of the team for captain was Joe Delay. The wisdom of the choice was soon apparent. Joe puts the same pep and head-work in the game that he puts in his class work. What this means you can readily understand, when you recall that Joe is also the leader of his class.

Xavier vs. Xavier High School opened its season on December 17 by defeating the fast Franklin quintet on the latter's floor, 21-14. The Xavier boys got down to business in a hurry and, though feeling the absence of their diminutive captain and forward, Joe Delay, rolled up, with the aid of Trimpe's accurate shooting, a substantial lead that was never in danger.

Xavier vs. The second game, with Ludlow, was played on our own floor, December 20, and proved a fitting wind-up in athletics for the year 1916. It was the first home game of the season and a large and enthusiastic body of rooters turned out to greet the team and cheer them on to victory to the tune of 36-26. The Saints were at no time forced to extend themselves. Monahan, our brilliant center, showed that he was just as capable at goal shooting as in carrying the pigskin over for touchdowns. He scored 14 out of the 36 points.

Xavier vs. On January 14 the team met its first stumbling block, losing to the University School five in an overtime contest, 22-21. The team seemed to have suffered by its long lay off and was decidedly off form in the first half. They came back strong in the second half and succeeded in evening up the score. When the whistle blew the score was tie and in the extra five minutes, the University boys managed to score one more point than the Xavierites and thus captured the game.

Xavier vs. On January 20 we journeyed to Milford and came back wishing that we hadn't. As far as athletics are concerned, Milford ought to change its name. "Milford" says nothing; but "Roudebush," ah, thereby hangs a tale—no two tales! It was Roudebush—and the coach's brother at that—who in football, with the score a tie, 0-0, and but a minute to play, dropped the ball between the goal-post for three points and victory. It was Roudebush who in the present instance scored 36 out of the 54 points made by his team. If ever we go to Milford again, and despite the defeats, we will be glad to do so, for we like the place, the team and the courteous treatment, we will be inclined to announce the game not Xavier vs. Milford, but Xavier vs.
Roudebush. There is some excuse for the overwhelming score, 54-19, in the fact that two of the star regulars, including our leading pointmaker, Monahan, were not in the game.

**Xavier vs. Victory again found her way back to us when, on January 29, the Blue and White boys regained their old stride and defeated the journeying Aurora five 28-27. The game was undoubtedly the most interesting and most spectacular ever played in our gym. It was hotly contested from whistle to whistle and the result was continually in doubt. Captain Delay led the scoring, caging five field goals.**

**INTER-CLASS LEAGUES.**

**Indoor.** The decisive break in the weather early in December called a halt to indoor until spring puts the yard in condition again for play. The leagues were standing as follows when the season closed:

**FIRST LEAGUE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Freshman</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomore</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV Year</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.167</td>
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</table>

**SECOND LEAGUE.**

<table>
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<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2nd Year A</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.667</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Year B</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Year B</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Year A</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THIRD LEAGUE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Year A</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Year B</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.667</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Year B (2nd Team)</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Year C</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.167</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Basketball.** No less than ten teams are entered in the basketball leagues. The Sophomores under Captain Normile, Freshmen under Captain McCarthy and Fourth Year with Weimer as captain are to fight for the honors in the first division. In the second division Bockenstette will lead Third A, Klosterman, Third B, and Koenig, Second A, while Maloney, C. Brady, O'Day and J. Ryan will captain, respectively, Second B, First A, First B and First C, in the third division.

ALBERT WEIMER, Fourth Year.
EXCHANGES

The Gonzaga. Of course the poem “St. Francis Xavier” proved of special interest in the Athenaeum sanctum. We were glad to read and to be able to appreciate such a worthy tribute to the patron saint of our Alma Mater. Even banishing our favorable prejudices we could not be unmindful of its select language and reverent handling of so lofty a theme. “Christmas in the Trenches” is interesting and has a fitting climax. “Hypnotism” comes very near the ideal of a college scientific treatise. The language is excellent, the development clear and the balance, so well sustained throughout, is perfected with the ethical discussion towards the end. “Better Be Loyal” has tone, grit and moral encouragement. Give us more like it. “On the Battlefield,” though old as a story, is well written. The editorial on the “Movie Problem” contains thoughts well worthy of anyone’s perusal.

The Springhillian. The Springhillian in its recent issue justly glories in Spring Hill’s successful football season. The praise and attention it lavishes on the team we may bestow on the Springhillian itself. “Bird Life of Spring Hill” was a genuine treat, not because we could give the article the appreciation it deserved, but because in a very interesting way it gave us assurance that somewhere there are places which can shelter birds of more pretentious plumage than the sparrow and of a sweeter song than his monotonous chirp. “Merely’s Island” preserves the suspense and interest very well. “Man and Monkey” handles the great question of evolution under the mask of a story, probably the best way to reach people who have been so ridiculously duped into accepting the shaky hypotheses of doubtful authorities. “Arcadian Nightingales” is gruesome enough to satisfy even an ardent admirer of Poe. The many poems though deserving of special mention, do not seem as “distinctly individual” as the prose.

The Redwood. There is sentiment without sentimentality in The Redwood. The Christmas number to which we have particular reference exhibits the Christmas spirit without relying on the usual, time-worn devices. The first editorial strikes the keynote and both prose and poetry take up the joyful Christmas melody. Of the poems not pertaining to the season we were particularly pleased with “Santa Clara Mission Bells.” In this short production the pregnant repetitions and the musical alliterative collocation of words bring about a very agreeable effect. “Protaplasm and its Tropisms” is handicapped by its brevity of treatment. The whole tone of The Redwood, its extremely artistic make-up, and its high literary standard, in our estimation, entitles it to rank among the very best of college magazines.

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