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Corpus Christi.

WALTER J. CLEMENTS, '14.

ALONG the trodden way we follow Thee,
Our Sacramental God. To Thee we raise,
In voices mingled, songs and prayers of praise.
Adore, ye throngs of weak humanity,
The love that stooped to join Divinity
With clay to comfort all your toilsome days,
To guide through storm and stress your earthly ways.
Ah, may our pilgrimage forever be

With Christ, our Master, whom we worship here,
For He has deigned our shrines to visit where
The mothers with their babies on their breast
And youth in holiday apparel drest,
Where manhood's strength and age so gray and bent,
All lift their hearts to praise His Sacrament.

The Value of Poetry.

G. SCHUSTER.

DESPITE the fact that men, like birds, have soothed their aeons of existence with song, no one has ever defined the essence of that melody. When Poe calls it "the rhythmical creation of beauty," we feel that he has expressed his idea of it, but not itself. Poetry is the soul in flight, in vision, in ecstasy; its charm is tangible only by the soul.

If it were mere grace of form, embodying only the beauty of sweet sound, poetry would be a noble art. But in its entirety—with its imagination, its message, its passion—who shall limit it? Its value, its meaning to the world, are commensurate with the unhampered knowledge and craving of the soul; and these are

bounded only where infinity begins. It is possible to give here but a suggestion of this vista, but a section of this plane.

The poet is first a word musician. His soul dreams and exults, then expresses itself in bounding, rhythmical numbers. All nature is full of this rhythm; every man is a partaker of it. The greater soul of the poet, however, finds therein its natural mode of expression. The boy Pope "lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came," the youthful Tennyson and Longfellow composed verses and the nine-year old daughter of Percy MacKaye is writing harmonious lines. This inborn, musical language enchants us, and sings the poetic message into our hearts. Thus the fiery tones of Shelley's "Ode" wing the skylark into almost dizzy heights, and the very melody of Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" transports us to the scene of Arthurian combat. Milton's "pipe organ tones" rush on with a grandeur that makes the soul breathe deep; his joy is like the laughter of Titans, his sorrow has been likened to "the wail of the winds in the caverns of a dead planet." Even when the poet has no message but the service of beauty, his music may inspire. Poe's "Bells" and "Raven" have no theme but melancholic loveliness; yet the haunting spell of their rhythm has charmed the world. Heine saddened by the bitter polemics of years, wrote out the plaintive warblings of his heart in the "Buch der Lieder." Not only Germans, but the world, has fallen in love with them, and Heine must ever be more than "a smile on the face of the Zeitgeist," as Arnold said. Such harmony is the flame of the poet's heavenly fire; it ever must have a refining influence on the world. Even musicians have not done more in equal space than did Dryden in "Alexander's Feast" or Schiller in "Der Tancher."

But the form is only the vessel. Therein the fire burns, thence the incense-vapor is

ascending. The poet's imagination is his gift—the deep-toned voice of a great soul made in the likeness of God. The bard has a tiny creative forge, modelled upon the tremendous power of his Creator where is wrought the soul of poetry. For this we search the epics and lyrics of the world. Odysseus wandered for many miserable years, but it was a minstrel who immortalized him with a song. Travelling over land and sea, he was but an unfortunate wayfarer; in the poem he is a hero surrounded by divine influences. In this form he impressed his nation, and to-day we still obtain from his story the breath of the sea, of freedom and of glorious adventure. Men still love the “surge and thunder of the Odyssey.” Shakespeare, too, read of fairies, thought of their meaning, and painted them alive on the scenery of his own Stratford. His “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” has captivated millions.

Schiller saw workmen fashioning a bell. Pondering over their work, he grasped its meaning, and formed his own great, ringing ode. Scott sang of Marmion and the Lady; Chaucer of the Pilgrims, and all received the breath of immortality. This function of telling human experiences so that they appeal to mankind is of inestimable value, for it has done much to keep young the human heart.

When this poetic imagination expands so that it absorbs the entire soul of a gifted author we have the greatest poems—the loftiest works of man. The bard looks into human life and interprets it; he expresses man's hostility to evil, and his relation with God; he dreams of God and His eternal beauty. In reading “*King Lear*” we see, as nowhere else, an uncovered soul. Shakespeare laid bare in it the heart throbbing with passion, and displayed the heights and depths of human pathos; he created virtue and vice in living forms. Men have wept and suffered with his characters; he has stirred the mystic depths of the world-soul. Goethe picturing Faust and Mephistopheles delineated vividly the contest between good and evil. With all its supernatural beings, with all its lyric beauty, his drama is a wonderful study of human life. Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron—many able others—have sung (from their souls) of human emotion, faith and ideals. The Hebrew poets and seers had visions of the truth of God. David, Job, Isaiah, have seen manifestations of His power and glory, and their inspired, almost frenzied, poems are

the acme of the world's spiritual life. The imaginative insight, the voicing of the nearly infinite aspirations of the mysterious, immortal spirit, the vision of Divine splendor, have all been given to the poet. They are his claims to the love and homage of the world.

The essential qualities of the bard, then, are faith and sympathy. He must feel certain that he is more than matter if he would rise above it. His soul must throb with the soul of his nation and of the world; it must be lighted with the spark of celestial fire. Poetical genius such as this is the highest form of earthly being; its passionate hope, its endless longing for ideals, make it more sacred to the world than science of any form.

But, we are told, science is absorbing the world of today, is chasing away one by one the phantoms of poesy, and is finally becoming sturdy enough to challenge the idea of Deity. Nothing of this kind has been accomplished, for the eyesight of men has alone been weakened. In searching the processes of nature, in measuring the seas and the heavens, in building vast mechanical contrivances, we have forgotten that we are more than bone and blood. But in quiet moments, when, like Kant, we stand with the starry sky above us, and the soul is not fettered with material existence, we feel the quality of our being, we are sentient of the pressure of immortality and of the finger of God. The soul sees, even as the Hindoos saw a Brahma “through the mist and darkness of the earth.”

The poet's mission is to throb the spirits of men into a realization of this inner life. He makes them feel whence they are, why they are here, and whither they tend. From the pinnacles of a mighty faith, he gazes into the unknown and interprets his visions to men. Because these comprehend that the messages are more than fancies, because their own hearts beat in cadence with these hymns of immortality, the poet's influence is peerless in the world.

He has peopled the sea with spirits; he has imagined water-nymphs and wood-nymphs; he has endowed the winds of heaven with preternatural life. Science has called all this bosh; it has measured the vibrations of the ether, of the air, and the sea. But has it satisfied man? No, for he has a spiritual soul which has flashed from the infinite storage-battery of Almighty Power, a Being transcending matter.

The poet, the poet alone, can satiate its craving, he alone can realize its ambition. Therefore, Byron, standing by the sea and endowing it with life, expressed only the deep-felt sentiment of humanity. Tennyson looked beyond it all, beyond the bar, the sunset, and the evening orb to the Pilot—and the world's gaze has followed him. It was Wordsworth, who preferred to believe in Proteus and Triton; it was Browning who could gaze resolutely on the face of death. Were it not far better for all of us to believe with children and peasants that the stars are all candles lit each evening by the angels of God than to know them as vast bodies of rock and star-dust, and forget the Deity who made them? Is it not preferable by far to express the longing of the human heart than to search for the evolution of the human body? Homer knew none of our physical laws, but he is still a universal poet. Milton forgot the Copernican system, and Shakespeare his geography, but we love them none the less. The poet in beautifying and vivifying nature, expresses the relation of soul and body, of reality and ideality.

All this is the claim of poetry to the recognition of mankind. From the awful Book of Job to the gentle Evangeline, it is a history of man's being. It has vindicated the truth and necessity of man's ideals. In its humbler forms it has taught human charity and brotherhood, and raised the lot of the "Cost of these." It has elevated and refined our emotions; it has soothed the world's sorrow, it has laughed with its mirth. It has broadened and deepened and made lot of the "Cost of these." It has elevated and refined our emotions; it has soothed the world's sorrow; it has laughed with its mirth. It has broadened and deepened and made smooth the channel of life's river. Therefore, we are deeply grateful and tender toward the men whose souls were pregnant of this poetic spirit, and so long as beats a human heart they shall be loved.

A Case of Circumstance.

FRED GUSHURST.

"Telegram for Meyers," was the loud, repeated call which aroused Joe Meyers from his work and called him into the corridor. Here he was informed that he was wanted at the telephone. As he entered the office the Prefect

nodded indifferently toward the telephone and mentioned that some one wished to speak to him. It was Larry, and he wished very much to have Joe come down and take in a show with him. Joe was naturally excited over the idea, but remembering that whether he could go or not was not altogether of his own choosing, he had his friend hold up a moment while he turned and asked: "May I go to town this evening, Father?"

"No, I don't see how I could very well let you down. You were down just the other night."

"But Father," pleaded Joe, "I've only been down two nights all year, and you know that I've lived up to the rules pretty well."

"Yes, yes, I know. I would like very much to let you down, but it is rather late to be asking, and I have given out as many permissions as I possibly can for to-night. Come around some other evening."

"I don't care about any other evening. Isn't there any chance to-night?"

"No, not to-night."

Joe feeling the finality in the Prefect's tone turned to the telephone, "I am sorry, Harry, but there's nothing doing for me." With that he roughly hung up the receiver and walked gloomily from the office to his own room.

"What's the matter, Joe?" came the sympathetic inquiry from Harry Shrader who was comfortably couched in Joe's big rocker.

"A fellow couldn't get to town tonight if his grandmother were dying," answered Joe as he dropped lazily on his bed.

"So you were turned down also. Well, you're in no worse fix than I am. I just struck you at the right time; how about a little skive?"

"Nothing doing for me," returned Joe. "I have one marked up against me already, and you know what another will mean?"

"It's the same with me, but I am game to take a chance. This will be the last time we will be able to take in a good show before summer. Come on, Joe, be game."

"Probably I would if I had not asked, but as it is you might just as well not try to coax me."

"I wish you would go, for I am sure that we could get away with it. I was thinking of coming in your window and you know that is much easier for two than for one."

"I won't go, Harry," said Joe convincingly, "but will do what I can to help you in."

"All right, Joe," replied Harry moving toward the door. "When you hear a pebble, or stick, or something, strike your window along about twelve bells you will know that your troublesome friend is outside in the dark begging admission. It is time for me to be drifting, so will see you later."

After Harry had gone, Joe sat down to do a little studying, but soon discovered he was not in the mood for any serious work. The thought of his being refused a good time worked on his mind and made him rather restless. Feeling that a little walk would be more pleasant than sitting around the room, he picked up his hat and coat and left his room. Passing the Prefect's office he merely called in "I am going over to visit Jones awhile."

It was a splendid evening. A clear sky well lit up by countless stars and a full moon reflected sufficient light to make objects about the campus easily distinguishable. The cool, invigorating air was persuasive of brisk walking. It was certainly too fine an evening to be indoors, and Joe seemed to realize this, for it was close onto ten o'clock when he once more entered the hall.

The hall seemed quite deserted as Joe passed down the corridor to his room. Not even the Prefect was about. Before settling down to wait for Harry, Joe remembered to do one thing which had grown to be a sort of habit with him—that of getting a pitcher of water before going to bed. By having water handy in the morning he could afford to rest a few moments longer and still be on time for prayer.

It was well after twelve when the long waited for tapping on the window came. With increased efforts, urged on by the fear of being caught, Harry was quickly hoisted to safety within Joe's room.

"What made you so late and what are you puffing about?" asked Joe.

"I missed the car," said Harry between breaths, "and ran most of the way out."

"Hush, be quiet," cautioned Joe. "There is some one in the corridor. Get behind the wardrobe."

The next moment the door was quietly opened and the Prefect appeared in the doorway.

"Glad to see you back, Joe. You may see the President in the morning."

"What for?" asked Joe pretending ignorance.

"There is no use trying to play innocent. I watched you climbing in. That was some

climb, didn't think you could do it alone." As the Prefect closed the door he added, "Don't forget to report in the morning."

Harry came out immediately from his hiding place and was determined to give himself up and explain all, but was, after some argument, stopped by Joe. "You can see for yourself that that won't help any; it will only make two instead of one. I can't prove that I was out here and your evidence won't help any. Besides I have a better chance of being let off."

Harry being somewhat convinced reluctantly resolved to take Joe's advice, and a little later made his way noiselessly to his own room.

Up on the carpet the next day Joe was not at all at ease. It was the first time he had been up before the President for any offence, and being alone among the men who were to judge his case sent a queer feeling through him. The feeling grew worse as the proceedings advanced and Joe became more and more satisfied that there was little hope for him. It was pointed out that he had asked for permission, had been refused, and later had left the hall to visit a friend. It was shown that he had not visited the friend, and was not seen in the hall until he was caught coming in the window. The evidence was clear against him and he could not rebut it without drawing his friend's name into it; and even then there would be little hope for him. After the case was clearly settled and Joe failed to explain his absence in any other way, the President calmly gave the verdict.

"Although I regret very much that it has come to this, but feeling that the rules of the University must be impartially enforced, I am obliged to expel you from classes for six weeks."

As Joe walked slowly away many thoughts passed through his mind. What would he do? What would his parents say? Surely he could not go back to them, expelled, dishonored. Where would he go? The very thought made him weak. His usual care-free, jovial manner was concealed beneath his broken spirits. As he passed to the hall the friendly salutations of his hall-mates failed to arouse any answering spark of good cheer.

How different his room seemed. He glanced about, everything was the same as usual, yet how different. The room lacked cheer; it was no longer his home. The thought angered

him, and he began to hastily throw his things together for a speedy departure. The world in general and he were no longer friends.

Not long after, Joe and Harry, both disheartedly, together carried Joe's trunk out of the room. Will Heffron who happened along and naturally curious at the sight spoke up:

"Are you going to leave us, Joe?"

"Yes," answered Joe.

"What's the trouble," said Will coming closer.

"Just canned."

"What for, if it is any of my business?" continued Will becoming more interested.

"Skiving last night."

"Last night!" exclaimed Will, "why you weren't down last night."

"I know it, but what can you do when you can't prove that you were not."

"Why I saw you last night just before the lights went out coming from the wash room."

"Are you sure of it?" chirped in Harry for the first time.

"Positive," said Will.

The same thought seemed to pass through the minds of both Joe and Harry, for together they tumbled the trunk into the room, and grabbing onto their most welcome friend, Will, rushed out for another interview.

This time conditions were more pleasant. The President always willing to do the right thing listened interestedly to the new evidence which was this time somewhat supplemented by Joe, and his judgment was more pleasing.

"I am certainly glad that you were about, Will, and I don't doubt you in the least. As for you, Joe, I will recall the last judgment, and more, in due respect to the manly way you have conducted yourself, I shall not ask you who was the culprit who came in your window."

Cheer beat in the hearts of the three boys as they left the office, and the minds of two of them were contemplating good resolutions.

The Source of Paganism.

Strange indeed must it seem to the immigrant, steeped in the sacred sculpture of the European cathedral, to learn that the magnificence of his adopted country is displayed chiefly in terminals, inns, and markets. Stranger still must it grow when he passes along the dusty roads of commerce without greeting a

single shrine; when he enters the onyx halls of schools where the bust of Christ would be a superstition and the Madonna a crime; when he sees Venus and Bacchus flaunt their thousand homages in the galleries, and hears the sins of Omar and David lauded in a million books. No matter where he turns—there is the lust of pagan Rome, the pallor of a withering love, a dying faith, a fettered hope. The huge pagodas of business rise up story after story and shut out God; in the darkened alleys men grope and stumble. Oh, if there ever was a task for the Church of Christ, for the believers in the Messiah, it is to go down into the modern marshes and save the sinking race. The compass has swerved: we must find again the star.

What are the sources of this modern paganism? Look not to matter, for it is dead and passive: look to the forming spirit, the new and chaotic thought of today. You will find it in the difference between Aquinas pausing over the Summa to smile on his crucifix, and Haeckel, scalpel in hand, ready to labor and to lie that the heart of man may be drugged into atheism; in the contrast between Savonarola preaching penance with the fire of Jehovah in his ascetic eyes, and the paid revivalist, to whom a homily is but a gamble; in the chasm between Lazarus and the nihilistic pauper. The human mind has been rearing its tower of Babel to rise above heaven and above faith. And there is another confusion of tongues. New theories, new hypotheses, new systems. Like tulips they hold the dew of one dawn and die, but the poison sweeps through the hives of society. Socialism, paternalism, divorce, feminism: these are the cankers we nurse.

They spring not from any natural human thirst, but from craving induced by false philosophic principles. Socialism may be the cry of wounded men for water, but it is a new and strange cry. It does not, can not advocate equality of mind, of hope, of faith; it vaunts only the equality of money. Not because gold is a fundamental human need, for it is not, but solely because some one has said that it is with lungs so lusty and tones so suave that for many the skies have darkened and the sun paled in the reflected rays of lucre. Socialism is the cry of prisoners, not for liberty but for the prison; the marble corridors are mistaken for the world. Paternalism, again, is not the true function of government; it is

only the teaching of a school which began with Rousseau. There is no natural law because there would have to be a moral law and God—and God is unscientific. Give us instead, humanity, posterity, and the good of the greatest number. Divorce is right, not because marriage has lost its purpose or Christ's words become antiquated; it is right because Hume and Mill teach that pleasure and utility form the sole ethical standard. If men and women find duty and sacrifice irksome, then away with the duty and sacrifice. If lust be pleasant then give it to them, for your mansions in the sky will not dry their tears nor soften the callouses of their labor. Feminism is a cry from woman in travail, not for love or sympathy, but for freedom from the pain. What fools are women to be subject to their husbands, says a philosopher. Instantly a thousand leashes are broken and modesty is trampled down. If duty and obedience be hard, if the flesh be bruised, then free us. We will not, we can not suffer. Equality at the polls, on the marts, in the churches—these must be ours, for it is painful to obey. And the robes of chastity are torn, and lust sits enthroned on the altars of Notre Dame.

For years the paper, the review, the play, the book, have been trumpeting these ideas. They have sown and sown, and the harvest has unerringly come. It is here amid our prayers, our protests, our curses. Who is to blame? Not the press, for it is merely a blind machine. Not our Catholic ancestors, for their old horny hands have been digging out of the evil an opportunity for their children's education. Censure them who have begotten and born that thought, that press. Point your finger at the leaders of the people. Where are they? As of old, as in the days of the Pharisee, they are in your schools. Your college professors are the sponsors of the shameless, godless, atheistic ideas of the time. Without let or hindrance they have preached every vagary, every blasphemy to the youth of America. The disciples in turn have spread to the world their tutors' gospel.

It has been carefully estimated that three-fourths of the graduates of our great universities have been made Socialists, that thousands have been rendered godless. Harvard and Princeton and Chicago, each founded by honest Christians as seminaries for God, have harbored respectively James and Baldwin and

Harris who taught that there is no objective truth or norm, that man generates his own moral quality. Around them have clustered scores who go further, much further, than their masters. The university of a neighboring state harbors a sage who openly scoffs at God; another has a savant for whom theists are the last specimens of paleolithic degradation. And the chain is endless. Everywhere the great argument of authority is wielded by the enemies of the faith, everywhere the wisdom of men like Dwight, Agassiz and Zahm has been smothered. It pays to be agnostic, we are told.

What is the remedy for this disease? We have fresh and potent as ever the ancient principles of Christianity, the truths of the Gospel, the heaven-born doctrines of Aquinas, Augustine and Ieo. With them we must face the modern thinkers, the tutors of our schools. We must capture the forges of the enemy, we must mold the spirit anew. We must destroy the influence of the materialist, we must fight him to the death. But how?

We have first an economic means. When the idea was promulgated that sectarian influences should be absent from our schools, it was considered at cost fair to all. But it is not fair. Catholics, Christians, whose tithes support the universities have a right to demand that their enemies be removed. If methodism be wrong, then positivism is wrong. If we can not exclude atheists, then we shall refuse to pay their salaries. We shall demand that our taxes come to our schools, that they support teachers who labor for us, who serve us. Like Brutus, like Hampden, we shall demand justice. It is wrong, hopelessly wrong, to pamper the infidel; it is folly, utter folly, to nurse the viper till he bites.

If we unite in these reasonable demands there will then be no problem without its solution; there will be no crime without its retribution. Life will take on a great, deep, Christian meaning; truth and progress will walk hand in hand. But it means more than a skirmish; it will be a battle of decades and centuries. We shall be stoned and scourged and spit upon. Down the steep rocks—rifts of another Calvary—blood may flow in red ripples; perchance the flaming fires of another persecution will lick up Christian blood; we may see the darkness of new catacombs. But over it all, there stands the promise, the surety of the sign of Constantine.

G. S.

The Violin's Prayer.

S. TWYMAN MATTINGLY.

Since Thou, O God, hast given me
A voice that all men love,
I thank Thee for this melody,
Lost from the choirs above.

I'll praise Thee in my songs to men
As angels choirs would do
That mortals weak may raise again
Their hearts and minds to You.

And if their souls be fraught with sin
Or feel the weight of care,
My song may reach their hearts within
And solace them while there.

And then perchance my song will make
Some stranger's heart its goal,
And as it lingers it may wake
The music in his soul.

So send me players, God of all,
And give to them the keys
That they may ope my heart and call
Forth all its melodies.

Rosalind.

JOHN FORDYCE.

In dealing with character studies one is prone to consider the subject as really having lived. This is true of Shakespearean characters more than of others. Hamlet is a favorite one to discuss and from the amount of controversy, one would think Hamlet some great historical personage, upon whom rested the honor of the country. Not only is this true of Hamlet but also of the others though in a less degree. The way one should consider the characters is as a study for their interpretation or for a study of the author.

"As You Like It" furnishes us with a good character for study in the person of Rosalind. The whole play is centered around her and but for her the action would not amount to a great deal. It is she who starts the action and she who finishes it. The main plot is of the love of Orlando for her and her love for him. She invites Orlando's affections, and at the end of the play she satisfies his wish to marry her. No other character in the play

could rise to the occasions to which she does. Orlando, who is the other main character, is completely in her power; Celia, her cousin, could not take the same things and handle them the way Rosalind does. All this lies in Shakespeare's delineation of character and not in what has happened.

The play itself is founded on a novel by Lodge. Shakespeare has very few original plots for that is not his art; his merit is in character drawing and he succeeds where others fail because of this. In his plays instead of the characters being made by the plot they make the plot what it is. The plot of "As You Like It" would be nothing without Rosalind. Lodge's novel was not exceedingly popular and Shakespeare made his play popular with the same plot, but by making the characters different than in the novel. In the novel Rosalind is nothing to what she is in the play.

As we see her on the stage she is passionately in love, but still she can control herself, she is agreeable, generous, full of fun, resourceful, and all in all a very lovable girl. In the novel she was nothing out of the ordinary. Just there is the difference between Lodge and Shakespeare. With the same plot the dramatist made a classic out of what the novelist made little or nothing in comparison to the former work.

To get at the character of Rosalind we need not go to the novel but merely to the play. The study of the novel would not give us anything which we cannot get out of the play, and in fact it would not give us as much.

The first thing we learn of Rosalind is that she is agreeable. Celia asks her to forget a banished father and share in some fun at hand. Rosalind says that she will do her best, and to make her cousin happy she does join in the sport. The banishment of her father has left her in a mood to sympathize with anyone, and when along comes a young wrestler she falls in love with him. Although she has heard of the brutality of the match just preceding this she remains for this one. The young man, Orlando, has fallen in love, but is too bashful to declare himself. Rosalind sees this and feeling love and sorrow in her own heart she endeavors to get him to say something. When he fails to do so she gives him a chain from her neck to wear for her in hopes that he may overcome his bashfulness by that. This ends the first act, and we learn that Rosalind is lovable, kind, generous, and sympathetic.

At the very end of the first act we learn that she is banished as her father has been. She does not worry about her new condition, but merely plans what she is to do. Celia helps her in her plans and the two prepare to go to the Forest of Arden together. Rosalind is to be the boy for she is "more than common tall" while Celia is to be a country maiden, and a sister to Rosalind. In the second act we see them just at the edge of the forest. Here Rosalind seems to become more masculine and to lose some of her feminine charm; but in reality she is only being prepared for a greater charm later on. When the shepherd comes in she is polite to him and she is brave. We may say she has assumed the good qualities of the "doublet and hose" without getting any of the bad ones. She comforts Celia who has weakened very much with the long walk. Here we do not see much of her character, but we are given a hint of what we are to learn when she sighs about her love resembling that of the shepherd. This is all we see of her in act two.

The third act brings us to a new development in her character. In this we see how the love of Orlando affects her. She meets the young man and ridicules him for his verses so that she may see if he really is a true lover. When she learns who has written these verses she asks all manner of questions about him, and in such quick succession that Celia can not hope to answer them all. She is really in love and wishes to have Orlando return her love, though she does not want him to see her in male attire.

Another division of the third act tells us more about Rosalind's love. She has made an appointment with Orlando and he does not keep it. This almost makes her lose faith in him, but her attention is drawn to another matter, and for a time she forgets Orlando's delay. She takes a peasant girl to task for playing with her lover.

The beginning of act four brings Orlando on the stage once more and he gets a scolding from Rosalind for his tardiness. She does not make it very strong, however, and soon they are enjoying their little love talk as well as ever. He leaves her now but makes another appointment. This appointment he breaks the same as he did the other one. Rosalind is criticising his action in this case when in comes his brother, and tells how Orlando is wounded having fought with a lion in order

to save his brother's life. He also tells that the first thing he mentioned when he came to was to get word to Ganymede, which is Rosalind's assumed name. At this news Rosalind faints for a second, but comes out of it with her masculine spirit still dominating. She calls the spell a counterfeit, but the others know better.

She recovers, and at the beginning of act five she meets Orlando, and learning of the coming marriage of Celia and Oliver she plans her marriage to him. He is real bashful, but when once things are mentioned he finds no difficulty in talking. In the end Rosalind brings the play to a happy ending for all concerned but Jaques.

In making this character Shakespeare has done very well indeed. He had a difficulty which we cannot appreciate sufficiently at the present day. In his time the women's parts were played by boys, and to have a boy take the part of a woman pretending to be a man was no small task. In her love-making, which is supposed to be all for the sake of curing Orlando, she is really serious and is planning for the future. She can cover up her womanly characteristics but can not suppress them. This is where the poet has shown his art to perfection. It is hard enough for a man to portray women's characteristics, but to cross them and have the women aping men is still harder. This is where the beauty of the character of Rosalind manifests itself in the technical part of the work. The artistic part is especially noticed in the true picture of a generous, passionate, smart girl. No one can read the play without noticing that peculiar charm about her which cannot be described. It is not so much in her speeches as in the spirit which surrounds her. She is agreeable, and in making her so the poet has done a great deal. Whenever a circumstance arises in which one could find material for a quarrel she smoothes it over gracefully. We must not attribute this to Rosalind for that would be injustice. We must give all praise to the power behind Rosalind, William Shakespeare, for it is he that has created this wonderful person about whom we have been talking as if she really lived, and had done all these things which he has her accomplish. From these facts we say that truly Shakespeare is a master of characterization if for nothing else than giving us the lovely Rosalind.

As It Happens.

CHICAGO, July 16.

MY OWN DEAREST TESS:—Chicago seems empty since you left; I hope you like it at the lake, everything must be so grand and cool there, with all sorts of good times. All I do is sit around this hot office and think of you; I never knew I loved you so much until you went away. The evenings are just as bad—nothing to do but go to bed, and then it's so hot I can't sleep. Write me as often as you can and think of me oftener.

Love from

JACK.

SPRING LAKE, July 19.

MY DEAR OLD JACK:—I'm every bit as lonely as you are, I even wish I had stayed in the city so I could be near you. There isn't one earthly thing to write about here. I don't even know a soul at the hotel.

Lovingly,

TESS.

CHICAGO, July 23.

DEAREST TESS:—I got your letter and it cheered me up immensely. The weather isn't as bad as it was. I've found out that you can keep cool by going out rowing in the park. Do you remember that little blond that works in the stationary on your floor? She was with me in the row boat, and she has such a sympathetic nature. She wanted to know how you liked the lake and said for me to send you her love.

Lovingly,

JACK.

SPRING LAKE, July 28.

MY DEAR JACK:—I've had an awfully thrilling experience since my last letter. While in swimming the other day a big wave went way over my head and I do believe I might have drowned if a pair of strong arms had not saved me. He (the man who saved me) is tall and broad-shouldered and athletic looking and handsome. He says he will have to teach me to swim better so that next time I go in I won't be in any danger. Tom (that's his name) also said that he thought blondes were fickle and false and that he preferred a brunette. So I'm glad I'm dark; he says it shows strength of character.

As ever,

TESS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.

DEAR TESS:—So you think blondes are false; do you? My little blondie (her name's Mabel) says brunettes are jealous and spiteful. Of course, there may be exceptions. I'd write more only I've got a date with Mabel.

So long,

Jack.

SPRING LAKE, Aug. 10.

DEAR MR. GARDINER:—Tom says any one who writes such a spiteful letter as your last one is guilty of anything. Tom has made me a fine swimmer, and now I'm learning to float; we often practise on the porch in the evenings. He's simply wonderful.

TERESA.

Clipping sent by Jack to Tess, cut from a list of marriage licenses.

"John Gardiner, age 24; Mabel Carter, age 20
Same, sent by Tess to Jack:

"Thomas Hearst, age 22; Teresa Hughes,
age 19."

The Rejuvenation of Little Eng.

Yes, he certainly was a student. There could be no doubt about that. The large spectacles and the bunch of text-books under his arm proclaimed louder than words that here was a chap who could procure all the enjoyment he craved without having to seek the society of any chums.

For three months he studied as though his life depended on it, but just as he was entering upon his fourth month an event occurred which caused him to cease parting his hair in the middle and to take a little more pains in adjusting his necktie.

One day as he was returning to his study after a trip to town to buy a fresh set of text-books, he chanced to sit in the center of the car directly opposite a large basket of clothes. A sudden lurch of the car sent little Eng sprawling in the center of the basket and a second lurch even more abrupt than the first sent him some company. Before his startled senses could grasp the fact, he was holding fast in his lap something dainty, feminine, and full of screams and shrieks.

Yes, dear reader, he did attempt to reassure his frightened companion but in so doing he discovered that his days as a bookman were at an end.

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—The public press brings us news of the appointment of the Right Reverend Monsignor Shahan as Titular Bishop. The cordial thanks of Catholics throughout
A Merited Honor. the country will speed over the seas to assure the Holy Father of sympathy with this signal act of appreciation.

Bishop Shahan has bestowed himself on Catholic education with unstinted devotion. An erudite historian, a writer of classic prose, he has turned away from the delightful fields of study and authorship for the prosaic work of administration. It is part and parcel of his whole life to make sacrifices for the good cause. He is loved wherever he is known, and multitudes throughout the country will rejoice in the honors that have come to him.

—It is always a keen pleasure for the faculty of the University to see the old boys return for Commencement. There is abundant satisfaction in knowing of

Welcome Back Home the successes of those who were only a short

time ago graduating from school, and in feeling that the boys who go out this year will be back to us again, telling us of the success they too achieved in the great struggle. But beyond all this there is something found in a gathering of N. D. students that is had nowhere else, and that is a geniality and fellowship that was cultivated when these men worked side by side in college, played side by side on the campus, and "rough-housed" side by side

in the same hall. No students in any university in this country, we venture to say, live in such close contact with one another, have so many interests in common, and know so much about the trials and triumphs of their fellow-students, as the students of Notre Dame. Hence it is that at all Alumni gatherings topics discussed and stories told are known to all the members who attended the University when these things took place, and even those who were not present at the time appreciate stories with the scene laid in such a familiar place. We hope the Alumni coming back this year will get together as they did when at college, make themselves thoroughly at home, come and go when and where they will, for the place is theirs during their stay here, and we won't even put the Prefect of Discipline on their trail if they skive to town.

The Preparatory Commencement.

The Commencement Exercises for the Notre Dame Preparatory School took place last Thursday evening at eight o'clock. The University Orchestra gave several selections, Matthew Coyle, the winner of the Preparatory Oratorical Medal, delivered an oration on *The Socialistic Press*, Thomas J. Hanifin, winner of the Prep Elocution Medal, gave a reading entitled *The Fire Rekindled*, and the University Quartette sang "Home, Sweet Home."

Fr. Hickey of Dayton, Ohio, the speaker of the evening, was then introduced by President Cavanaugh and delivered an address full of common-sense instruction to high school graduates. He emphasized the fact that in all life a man is judged more by his moral character than by his mental ability, and showed that education which laid stress on intellectual training and neglected the moral was harmful. On Friday most of the preparatory students left for their homes.

MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, First Course, is awarded to Joseph Thomas Carey, Kansas City, Kansas.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Second Course, is awarded to Arthur Breen Roche, Chicago, Illinois.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Third Course, is awarded to Henry Arthur Vallez, Bay City, Michigan.

The Mason Medal, donated by Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, to the student in Carroll Hall whose scholastic record has been the best during the school year, is conferred on Paul Schwartz, Chicago, Illinois.

The Joseph A. Lyons Gold Medal for Elocution is awarded to Thomas Hanifin, Akron, O.

Ten Dollars in Gold for Preparatory Oratory, presented by Mr. Clement C. Mitchell of the class of '04, is awarded to Matthew Coyle, Mt. Morris, Michigan.

The O'Brien Gold Medal for the best record in Preparatory Latin, the gift of the Rev. Terence A. O'Brien of Chicago, is awarded to Francis Patrick Monighan, Oil City, Penn.

The Commercial Medal given to the student who has attained the best record in Commercial subjects for the school year, is awarded to Loy Courtney Leuty, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A Commercial High School Diploma is conferred on Francis Wencil Benesh, Ravenna, Nebraska.

Commercial Diplomas are awarded to: Loy Courtney Leuty, Indianapolis, Indiana; Peter Robert Milligan, Chicago, Illinois; Maury William Short, Mariella, Oklahoma.

Preparatory Certificates for sixteen or more units of work are awarded to: Glynn Francis Cremer, Ashton, Wisconsin; Patrick Henry Doherty, Chicago, Illinois; Jasper Joseph Ffrench, Chicago, Illinois; Maurice Francis Floyd, Newark, Ohio; Leon Peter Gendron, Toledo, Ohio; Robert Eugene Hannan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; James Raymond Hayes, Janesville, Wisconsin; Reginald Ormond Hughes, Chicago, Illinois; Basil Hagan Hartley, Topeka, Kansas; Otto Theodore Kühle, Salem, South Dakota; Philip George Lenz, Chicago, Illinois; Thomas Joseph MacManus, Chicago, Illinois; James Aloysius McDermott, Cullom, Illinois; Martin Patrick Meehan, Chicago, Illinois; Patrick Francis Monighan, Oil City, Pennsylvania; Harry Booth Murray, Silver City, New Mexico; Eugene Marcus O'Neill, St. Paul, Minnesota; James Christopher O'Brien, Chicago, Illinois; Walter Eugene Perkins, Windsor, Canada; John Gerard Robinson, Chicago, Illinois; George Andrew Riley, Omaha, Nebraska; Bernard Michael Regan, Bismarck, North Dakota; Charles Burroughs Reeve, Plymouth, Indiana; Norman Francis Short, Chicago, Illinois; John Conrad Wittenberg, Pineville, West Virginia; John Clarence Williamson, Massilon, Ohio.

Personals.

—The Most Reverend John J. Keane, formerly Archbishop of Dubuque and always a devoted friend of alma mater, acknowledges the Commencement invitation as follows: "How I wish I could be there! But my poor old bones won't let me. All the same, a thousand blessings on Notre Dame. John J. Keane."

—Our own Wendell Phillips (Ph. B. '11) is going to have a Commencement of his own. On Wednesday, June 17th, the marriage of Eva Smith to Wendell Thomas Phillips will take place in St. Mary's Church, Milford, Massachusetts. Here's to Wendell and the fair bride! May their lives be happy!

Obituary.

BROTHER BENEDICT, C. S. C.

We regret to announce the death of Brother Benedict, C. S. C., who passed away Thursday morning after a short illness of one day. Brother Benedict was for many long years connected with the University and was beloved alike by faculty and students. His sweet devotion to duty, his ardent zeal, and true simplicity, marked him as a model religious, and endeared him to all who knew him. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—We return in September with an entirely new line.

—James Curry, Twomey Clifford and Daniel Sullivan, all senior law men, were the officials at the St. Mary's swimming events last Monday.

—A new departure in life at Notre Dame will be inaugurated next September. All senior students will be housed in Sorin Hall. Will they all be Bookies?

—"Sticktoitiveness" is an admirable characteristic. Every student who has been an adhesive plaster to a class room chair these sweltering days has had it.

—"Cupid" Glynn, an old graduate, has made a valuable donation to the library of chemistry. He has sent us the full proceedings of the International Chemistry Associations.

—The flag presented to the University by the men of 1913 will float from the flag-pole tomorrow for the last time. A brand-new one will be hoisted by the class of 1914.

—This seems to be the time-table season. Even those who live in Chicago are looking up time-tables with as much earnestness as though they were going to Europe.

—And the Junior Prom didn't put the committee in the hole. To be exact, each member of the committee cleared 2 1-3 cents. This is to be construed as a public statement.

—Sore shoulders and cooked backs were never so prevalent as during the past two weeks. The sun has done its share of scorching all those who have taken a dip in the lake.

—Captain Stogsdall has issued the commissions to the officers of the cadet organization. They represent the work of Prof. Ackermann and display skilful and artistic workmanship.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club banqueted at the Hotel Mishawaka, Wednesday night, and succeeded in making as much noise as the gang from Kentucky. Sergeant Campbell was the honored guest of the occasion.

—The senior exams are once more a thing of the past. After all, these very last senior exams are insignificant when compared to the big tests that each one of the grads will have to meet later on. Here's hoping that there will be no "flunks" then.

—In the death of Bro. Benedict, C. S. C., the G. A. R. Post of Notre Dame has lost another member. Brother Benedict attended this year's Decoration Day exercises and was, to all appearance, strong and healthy. He passed away suddenly on Thursday morning.

—"Mark Twain" Clements and "Chick" Somers have decided to try South Bend as a scene for livelihood and place of summer residence. Our Kentucky colonel will be associated with the South Bend *Tribune*, while "Chick" will be located in an attorney's office.

—The last lightning storm had the western boys crawling under beds and into dark corners. Many of them vowed that if they ever got back home they would never leave again. "It's bad enough," say they, "to have to fight the land and sea without having bolts hurled at you from the sky."

—It may be of interest to note here that next year the University will open two courses of Commerce; one a short course of two years, the other a regular four-year course. Those interested in the commerce courses may have full particulars by consulting the Notre Dame

catalogue which contains an account of the requirements for entry and of the work to be done each year.

—There's no excuse to be idle this summer when the great call for harvest hands in the middle-west is heard. Although the hours are long and labor none too easy, the work-out will develop athletic material that can not be beat. Several local students are planning to be harvesters this summer. Success to them.

—Joe Smith, Jack Wittenberg & Co. have started a Rose-fever Club at the University. All the candidates for membership must prove themselves worthy by weeping and sneezing from the last of May till the middle of June. This is, no doubt, one of the most exclusive clubs at the University, and would that it were more exclusive—we've been sneezing since the last of May.

—Francis Luzney won first place in the Patrick T. Barry gold medal in the Collegiate elocution contest held last Saturday afternoon in Washington hall. His speech was entitled "A Sacrifice of Love." There were ten contestants and the remaining places were awarded to the following men: Timothy Galvin, who spoke "Fontenoy," was given second place; Walter Clements, with "The Dukite Snake," took third honors, while fourth place was awarded J. Clovis Smith, who gave Mark Anthony's funeral oration.

—In the corridors of the second floor in the Main Building is arranged an interesting exhibit of the work done in the art classes of Professor Worden. It is a very comprehensive collection of freehand drawing, including work in the elementary, form, cast and antique. There are water-colors and oils from nature, and some sketches from life. Although there is much work of true artistic merit in the exhibit, some of the best productions are those of Rudolph Kelly, E. Lopez, Cornelius McCarthy, Paul Swartz, J. Holtzbauer, and Brothers Vitus and Basil.

—The Kentucky Club held a banquet last Wednesday evening at the Hotel Mishawaka. This final meeting of the Kentuckians was marked by much enthusiasm, and expressions of loyalty to the Blue Grass State. "Col." Walter Clements acquitted himself nobly as toastmaster of the evening. Prof. Cooney was the guest of honor at the banquet and made a decided hit with his speech. Twyman Mat-

tingly, the Kentucky poet, read one of his masterpieces, "Our Trumps." The usual nine rahs for Notre Dame and for Kentucky put an end to the merriment.

—The Philopatrian Society held its farewell meeting Wednesday evening during the course of which a lunch was served. All departed smiling and happy with good resolves for vacation.

—Dray loads of trunks have been moving toward the Bend during the last few days and many felt the instinct to follow them until told that they were the trunks of preparatory students. Then they threw out their chests and said "we're the real college men."

—Cedar Point will be the summer training ground of our football team, and the new recruits will be tutored by Dorais and Rockne. The forward pass will be practiced daily so that the ends and quarter-back may become acquainted with each other and know the distance of the "shoot."

—The competitive drill for the students of Carroll Hall took place at Lawton, Michigan, during the recent encampment of the Carrollites, and the following men were the prize winners: Joseph Carey, of Kansas City Kansas, received the first prize, a gold medal, Manuel Gonzales, received second prize, a silver medal, and Enrique Benitez the third prize, a bronze medal.

—Corby Hall came back this year and captured the Interhall baseball Championship after several hard contests. Everyone is willing to admit that Corby works hard for everything and never gives up hope till the end, and it is this spirit chiefly that has made them so successful in every line of sport. Corby likes to win—so do we all—but she knows how to lose and has taken her defeats in a true sportsmanlike way.

—The Board of Editors of the SCHOLASTIC were tendered a "feed" in Smith Hall last Wednesday evening. Father T. Burke, faculty-supervisor, presided over the festive board to see that no man was cheated out of his just share. There were no toasts, but an informal good time, a sort of farewell and get-together meeting was enjoyed. The hospitality of the crowd was so effusive that it was impossible for a few non-editors,—who "accidentally" dropped in,—to get away without being forced to partake of refreshments. (P. S.—June bugs formed the table decorations.)

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Crushes Aggies.

Notre Dame put a decided finish to the Michigan Aggies schedule, at Lansing, last Thursday, by swatting its way to a 12-4 victory over the Farmers. In two delirious innings, the fourth and the eighth, Kelley's men clubbed in nine counters. Dodge, pitching his last college game for the home team, was knocked off the mound in the next to the last session.

The mighty slugging of the Gold and Blue was supported by good fielding, although a trio of errors, accumulated in the sixth inning, allowed the Aggies to slip in three tallies. Beyer, on the mound, held the M. A. C. well under until the middle of the seventh. After two men had reached base in this inning, Kelley went in for "Heine" and kept the Aggies dazed. Only nine men faced him in three innings. In the ninth, "Moke" pitched just eleven balls, striking out three batters in lightning succession. Score:

M. A. C.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
E. Chltn, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	0	1
Fick, ss.....	3	0	2	4	1	0
Fuller,	4	1	0	1	5	0
Dodge, p.....	4	0	0	1	5	3
Miller, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. Chltn, lf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hood, rf.....	3	1	0	2	0	1
Mooge, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Bibbns, c.....	3	0	2	5	4	2
Griggs, 1b.....	3	0	0	12	0	0

Totals	31	4	5	27	15	7
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NOTRE DAME	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
H. Newning, 3b.....	5	2	2	5	3	0
Duggan cf.....	5	1	0	2	1	0
Farrell, 1b.....	4	3	3	8	0	2
Mills, 2b.....	5	2	2	3	1	0
D. Newning, lf.....	5	1	2	0	0	0
Bjoin, rf.....	4	1	1	1	1	0
Meyers, ss.....	5	0	2	2	5	2
Gray, c.....	4	1	1	6	1	0
Berger, p.....	3	0	1	0	5	1
Kelley, p.....	2	1	0	0	0	0

Totals,	42	12	14	27	17	5
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M. A. C.	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	4
NOTRE DAME.....	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	6	1	12

Three-base hits—Fick, H. Newning, Mills. Two-base hit—Fick. Sacrifice hits—Duggan, Farrell, Griggs. Stolen bases—Mills, Bjoin, Gray, Mogge. Double plays—Dodge to Griggs; E. Newning to Farrell. Hits—Off Dodge, 10 in 7 1-3 innings; off Miller, 4 in 1 2-3; off Berger, 5 in 6 1-3; off Kelley, 0 in 2 2-3. First base on errors—M. A. C., 3; Notre

Dame, 3. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 9; M. A. C., 5. Wild pitches—Miller, 2. Bases on balls—Off Berger 3, off Dodge 4, off Miller 1. Struck out—By Dodge 4, by Miller 2, by Berger 2, by Kelley 4. Hit by pitcher—Fick, by Berger. Time—1:50. Umpire—Ferguson.

SWEET REVENGE.

The blot on the 'scutcheon, that the Wolverines perpetrated Easter Monday, was amply revenged when the locals invaded the Michigan stronghold last Friday. Notre Dame was very pleased to renew the acquaintance. (We can't help this—it's just human nature). So was Mr. Sisler; the next day,—but of that sad tale more anon. Suffice it that on Friday, Coach Harper's aggregation earned all kinds of glory, and showed the denizens of Ann Arbor town some real baseball. We knew they could do it, and after the score came in late that evening of June 5th, happiness was our middle name. Of course, we were sorry to lose Saturday, but then, consider, gentlemen, unselfishness is a shining virtue. Nine to three, and two home runs,—oh 'tis a joyous memory similar to that sweet recollection of '09. So hats off to the men who gave the Maize and Blue the worst lacing of the year. Listen to the honey-tongued editor of the *Detroit Free Press*:

ANN ARBOR, MICH., June 5.—Against the portside twirling of Kelley and the big league swat antics of Notre Dame's batsmen, Michigan presented an article of ball to-day which would grab a headline position on any vaudeville circuit in this part of the United States—the Catholics winning, 9 to 3. Although Kelley allowed eight hits, he kept these bingles so well scattered that Michigan never even threatened after Notre Dame had gathered three runs in the third frame.

Quaintance started for the Wolverines. For the first two innings he sailed along gloriously, but his ship hit the rocks in the third and the sickening thud could be heard for a block. After Duggan had grounded out, Gray and Kelly singled and H. Newning was passed. Lathrop clouted one to center that scored two men and then came romping home when Mill laced a long drive to center. Baribeau was called to the mound, and fanned Newning.

Michigan managed to slide one counter across in their half of the third, after wasting two good chances by wild base running. Baribeau was safe when Mill messed up a grounder, went to second on Sheehy's single, to third on Meyer's error, and got caught between the bases, when Howard grounded to Mill. While

Baribeau was see-sawing between third and home, Sheehy viewed the proceedings from a position half way between second and third. As soon as Baribeau was nailed, Sheehy was caught in the same kind of net. Howard took second on the play and scored when Meyers erred on McQueen's grounder.

The Hoosiers added two more in the fifth, on a walk, a hit, and an error, and then counted another in the sixth when D. Newning was passed and went around on Meyer's single and a couple of errors. Michigan made its only decent showing in the last half of the sixth when two runs were shoved across. Howard was hit by a pitched ball, and then Sisler and Baker came across with hits, Howard and Sisler scoring.

The features of the exhibition came in the first half of the seventh. After Farrell had grounded out, Mill stepped into a fast one and clouted it so far that he was rounding third when Sheehy overtook it. Then Meyers stepped up to the pan and delivered a half-brother to Mill's homer. Another single and an error failed to give Notre Dame another run, but H. Newning was passed and made the circuit on a flock of errors.

Notre Dame had the biggest infield that ever appeared on Ferry Field. H. Newning was the only man in the bunch that was less than six feet tall. They hit just like they looked, big and long. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
H. Newning, 3b.....	3	1	0	2	1	0
Lathrop, lf.....	5	2	2	2	1	0
Farrell, 1b.....	5	0	0	5	0	0
Mill, 2b.....	5	1	2	2	1	1
D. Newning, rf.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Meyers, ss.....	5	1	2	1	3	2
Duggan, cf.....	4	0	1	2	0	1
Gray, c.....	5	1	1	11	3	0
Kelley, p.....	2	2	1	2	2	0
Totals	38	9	9	27	11	4

MICHIGAN	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sheehy, cf.....	4	1	2	2	0	0
Howard, 1b.....	3	2	0	11	3	1
McQueen, 2b.....	4	0	1	4	6	2
Sisler, lf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Baker, ss.....	4	0	2	1	1	1
Hippler, c.....	3	0	0	5	0	1
Labodie, l.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hughitt, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	1	1
Quaintance, p.....	0	0	0	0	2	0
Baribeau, p.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
*Davidson.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	3	8	27	14	5

*Batted for Hughitt in ninth.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
NOTRE DAME.....	0	0	3	0	2	1	2	1	0	9
MICHIGAN.....	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	3

Bases on balls—Off Quaintance, 1; off Baribeau, 4. Hits—Off Quaintance, 4 in 2 2-3 innings; off Baribeau, 5 in 6 1-3 innings. Struck out—By Quaintance (H. Newning, Mill, D. Newning); by Baribeau (D. Newning, Farrell); by Kelley, (Sheehy, 2 Baker, 2; Hippler, Hughitt, McQueen 2; Davidson). Hit by pitched ball—Howard. Sacrifice hit—Duggan. Sacrifice fly—Hippler. Stolen bases—Gray, 2; Kelley. Umpire—Egan.

MICHIGAN, 3; NOTRE DAME, 0.

Some sad and melancholy jinx camped on the trail of old N. D. a week ago to-day, and all our squeezing and hoping went for naught. There is not a word to be said against the boys,—they played splendid ball, but even Walter Johnson loses sometimes. Our old friend, Mr. Sisler, was director-in-chief of the funeral ceremonies, and he did the job with neatness and dispatch. Yes, he certainly did, and we unite with the Ann Arborites in proclaiming him one fine pitcher. Not that he has anything on our own port-sider,—“Moke” can care for the best—but, nevertheless, any man who can beat Notre Dame twice in a season, and add a coat of whitewash the last time, must be “some” twirler.

And when speaking of good pitching, our own “Heine” Berger, during his five sessions on the mound, twirled in the best form of the year. We are assured on the best authority, that our quiet friend with the German name, had everything—including fine control. Congratulations, “Heine.” Had the start been more auspicious, the Michigan phenom would have had need to look to his laurels. The locals were tired out, after two nerve-racking contests, and were, besides, on a foreign field. But no excuses are in order. Two games out of three from the best teams in the West, with 21 runs to our opponent's 10, leaves no room for excuses. The Michigan trip was a most successful ending to a successful season, and we wish to congratulate Coach Harper, Captain Kelly, and the rest of the squad, on their splendid achievements of the season. The men did their best. Like all good ball teams, the squad had an occasional slump, but in every game there was the same old Notre Dame fighting spirit that has gathered laurels all over the land in the past, and which foes have learned to respect. When the other pitcher is burning 'em over, when the other team is performing in marvellous style, when the score stands

against us in the ninth, then is when a Notre Dame fan is proud of his Alma Mater. For the old fight is always there, the grim aggressive spirit that rarely fails of victory. Once more, men, good players and gentlemen all, we offer you our heartiest congratulations. Score:

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
MICHIGAN.....	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	x	3
NOTRE DAME.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

CONFERENCE MEET.

Notre Dame gathered a grand total of three points at the big mid-western Carnival last week. Eichenlaub added another medal to his already vast collection when he took third place in the shot put, while “Dutch” Bergman, two feet behind the leaders, took fourth in the 100 yard dash. It was quite a family affair, Illinois and Leland Stanford taking most everything worth while, with Coach Stagg's Maroons running in third place. The Illinoisans, with one of the best track teams ever turned out, made some fine records, and really earned their victory.

WALSH, 9; ST. JOSEPH'S, 2.

Walsh hit Irving hard last Sunday and gained an early lead on St. Joseph which was never overcome. Brooke pitched good ball for Walsh and the orange and black played fast ball. Score:

Walsh	2	0	3	0	0	1	2	0	0	9
St. Joseph.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2
Batteries — Brooke and Leuty; Irving and Beckman.										

BROWNSON, 10; SORIN, 0.

Sorin “blew up” in the fifth inning of Sunday's game with Brownson and the latter team scored five runs. “Cliff” Cassidy pitched fine ball, striking out ten men. “Slim” Walsh started well, but many errors and frequent passes kept him in constant trouble. The score:

Brownson	0	1	0	0	5	1	3	—	9
Sorin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0
Batteries—Cassidy and Morales; Walsh and O'Donnell.									

BROWNSON, 13; CORBY, 10.

The best game of the interhall season was pulled off last Tuesday afternoon and evening. The game began shortly after four o'clock, after the teams had argued for fifteen minutes over the ownership of a ball. The argument apparently made the Corbyites “sore,” for they sent three runs over the plate during the first inning. Brownson did not score in the first despite the fact that “Stubby” Flynn opened with a lusty two-sacker. Flynn “Merkled”

by failing to touch first while passing over that station. Brownson tied up the score in the second, but Corby scored three more in the third. Cassidy in the box for Brownson was wild and was relieved by Crilly. Corby scored once off the latter in the fifth, but Brownson came right back and scored four runs off Fitzgerald, tying the score at seven. Then a walk to Fitzgerald, singles by Darwin and Finegan and loose playing by Brownson put Corby three runs ahead.

At this point the SCHOLASTIC reporter went to supper. Returning a half hour later he found the teams still battling. Brownson had scored twice in the sixth and with Corby only one run ahead. "Ernie" Burke replaced "Fitz" in the box. Brownson filled the sacks in the eighth and "Noisy" Thorpe cleaned them up with a long drive to right. The little shortstop scored a moment later on a passed ball. Crilly's speed made him invincible in the growing darkness and the game ended 13 to 10 in favor of Brownson. Corby was severely handicapped by injuries to her regular catchers, Keifer and Larkin. The honors of the game, however, should go to "Big Jim" Crilly who pitched the closing innings like a big leaguer. The Brownson twirler looks like a sure bet for the Varsity next year: Score:

Corby	3 0 3 0 1 3 0 0 0—10
Brownson	0 3 0 0 4 2 0 4 X—13

Batteries—Fitzgerald, Burke and Keifer, Larkin and Corcoran; Cassidy, Crilly and Morales and Mottz.

CORBY, 11; WALSH, 9.

Corby clinched the interhall baseball championship on Thursday afternoon by defeating Walsh in a loosely played but exciting game. Corby won out by a batting rally in the eighth inning that netted seven runs. Brooke had pitched good ball for Walsh and seemed to have the game well in hand up to this point. He weakened in the eighth and his team went to pieces behind him. Darwin in the box for Corby was wild and was hit rather hard, but the Corby team managed to pull together at the finish and stave off defeat. Score:

Walsh	0 0 0 3 1 0 — 9
Corby	0 0 0 2 2 0 0 7 X—11

Batteries—Brooke and Leuty; Darwin and Keifer.

ST. JOSEPH 12; BROWNSON, 1.

St. Joseph triumphed over Brownson in the final game of the interhall season Thursday

afternoon. The game was one-sided throughout. Crilly, apparently weakened by his hard work of Tuesday, lacked his usual speed and was wild and ineffective. Cline who finished the game for Brownson was also hit hard, and the Brownson team played a ragged game in the field. The feature of the game was the wonderful pitching of Captain "Jimmie" Boland of the St. Joseph team, who allowed only three hits, not one of which was made until the eighth inning. The Brownsonites were at his mercy at all stages of the game.

Safety Valve.

John Hynes—Say, Tim, have you got a saw that I can borrow?

Tim Galvin—No; but I think "Chick" Somers has one, judging from the sawing I heard coming from his room all last night.*

*Our idea of nothing to do is coming from somebody else's room all night.

It will be mighty strange if some first year man doesn't ask an old alumnus if it's his first visit to Notre Dame.

WHERE TO SEND YOUR BOY.

If you are looking for a school that has every imaginable course of studies, where the student is bound to learn whether he is bright or dull, or whether he studies or loafs, if you want a climate that is neither hot nor cold but always mild and agreeable, if you desire meals that are better than those served in hotels and accommodations that can not be surpassed, well—we can do nothing for you, see a doctor.

One of the worst feelings that can possibly come over a college student is experienced when a pretty girl steps up to him and ties a tag on his coat when he hasn't got a red cent in his pocket.

ART KNOWS.

But what is infinitely worse is to borrow a dollar bill to make some immediately necessary purchases in the city, have some kind stranger pay your car-fare for you, get all excited when the pretty girl comes up with the tag, and give her the dollar. Of course, you must have some change and you say so, but the pretty girl claps her hands with glee and says, "Oh we don't give any change." Ask Bish. Hayes.

DON'T WAKE THEM.

Many of our Alumni talk at school Commencement and tell the students how dignified they must be in the life they are entering. Then they come down here and—well you know how they rough house in Walsh Hall. Kanaley, Joe Sullivan, Mitchell, Charlie Byrne and others, say they are kept awake.