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Ode.*

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

WHAT laurel garlands bring we to this day,
While scarce upon their way
Have passed those feet that paved the east with
light?
Nor idle boast nor daring is this rite
Whereby we see the Mother lay
Some token in her breast
Of one new-ranked among the nation's blest.
Her son, who chose the roadstead of the sea
In his young bravery,
Vowing, in memory of his nation's scars,
To keep undimmed her blazonry of stars
Whate'er the cost might be!
We could not consecrate
To him this shrine except that cost were great.
And yet the patriot youth for whom this day
Weaves coronals of bay,
Is but our Mother's latest son to give
His life for country and forever live:
In him, we reverent homage pay
To all her brave sons dead
Who learned of her the love for which they bled.
When civil conflict called them forth to die,
And in the southern sky
Glowed red the campfires of the nation's pride,
Each battleground received their crimson tide;
And whispered in each dying sigh
Was one undying word,—
Her name, the winds of every battle heard.
In this our rite all these must claim a part,—
Who toiled with bitter smart,
Bleeding and starving for the land's fair name;
This altar raise, and kindle her a flame
Of love of country from each heart,
And guard its throbbing glow
Through wilding summer and through yinter's snow.

* Read at the unveiling of the Shillington Marker.

And in the whiteness of the young day born,
When in each breaking morn,
Dawn seeks her golden watch towers builded high
And sees our banner flashing to the sky,—
The day's processional to adorn,—
Outspread shall meet our view,
In those fair skies, morn's red and white and blue.
And when the long day draws to solemn close,
Where on the sunset snows,
Stands throned that wondrous City of the Blest,
Gated with pearl and walled with amethyst;
These silent stones shall catch soft glows
Of where 'mid blinding light
Our colors shall be furled in perfect white.

The Navy and Indiana.*

THE navy has been richly recruited from
Indiana. You have given it a secretary,
many officers of renown and hundreds
of bright lads to point its guns and man
its ships. Your distinguished citizen, Hon.
Richard W. Thompson, of Terre Haute, was
secretary of the navy from 1877 to 1881.

Indiana furnished much to the navy on the
Mississippi and Ohio rivers during the time
of the civil war, many of the tin-clads having
been constructed at New Albany. The Wabash
is one of the principal assets of Indiana, and its
fertile valleys are the greatest hay producing
area of the country. On the lower Mississippi
river in time of flood, the "Father of Waters"
runs thick with drift and debris, which is
natural and to be expected, but if a haystack
floats by the observer is sure to remark, "the
Wabash is rising."

I am told that on your streams out here in
the middle west, you used to have very original
methods of navigation; and that the steam-
boats are of such small draft that they can run
if there is any water at all. As the cornstalks

* Speech delivered by His Excellency Josephus
Daniels, Secretary of the United States Navy, at
the unveiling of the Shillington Marker.

grow conveniently along the bank, there is always on every boat a cornstalk for a sounding pole, and instead of using a lead to find the depth of the water, the sounding man takes a stalk and sticks it into the water to see how deep it is, and as the joint is approximately a foot he will call out the depth "one joint, two joints and a half." No soundings are called out greater than two joints and a half or 30 inches, because that is very deep water.

Many of the ships of the navy during its history have been named for towns and streams in your great state. Charles V. Gridley, Dewey's flag captain at Manila Bay, was a native of your state, and other names which have become famous in the navy are those of John Lee Davis, who commanded the *Sassacus* at the bombardment of Fort Fisher, the most terrific bombardment in the history of the world up to very modern times; George Brown, who fought with gallantry at the battle of Mobile bay, and when peace came, performed a fine feat of seamanship in taking the ram, *Stonewall*, to Japan; James O'Kane, who served with *Farragut* and was present at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and was sounded at the capture of New Orleans; Gwin, who lost his life in '62 refusing to go into the pilot's house, saying "a captain's place is on the quarter deck;" Leroy Fitch, who commanded vessels on the Tennessee, Ohio and Cumberland rivers; Prichett, who while in command of the *Tyler*, prevented the capture of Helena, Arkansas, by Gen. Price in command of 15,000 men; Bushrod B. Taylor, who rendered valuable service on the James river in protecting McClellan's army from capture; Roger Prentiss killed at Mobile Bay after gallant conduct; J. H. Dayton, who took his ship, the *Detroit*, in so close to the batteries at San Juan that the admiral signalled him to come out; H. N. Manney, who was the first officer to take a battleship through the dangerous and treacherous waters of Hell Gate; A. R. Couden, the ordinance expert; C. G. Bowman, the navigator and astronomer;—not to mention such other distinguished names as those of Howison, Gillet, French, Bicknell, McCrea, Mackintosh, Bowyer, Usher, McClain, A. N. Wood, Hollis, Moore, Marsh, Blish, Menefee, Niblack, McNutt, Pettit, Hoggatt. This was a long and distinguished list, and when one reads it, having in mind the great galaxy of literary lights which your state has produced, such as Reiley, Thomp-

son, Major. Lew Wallace, Booth Tarkington, Nicholson, George Ade, Abe Martin and many others, the conviction is borne in upon one that Indiana is mighty both with the pen and the sword.

But no officer's sword hung by the side of the one we are honoring to-day. John Henry Shillington was an enlisted man in the navy, just on the threshold of manhood, a former student of your splendid school of learning. He came of a fine family and was a good boy. The call of the sea has always found a listening ear in your good state, the state where Shillington received his education, and Indiana in the last decade has sent more than 15,000 boys into the navy. Of the 51,500 now in the navy, over 1500 are from Indiana. The students do well to crystallize the honor in which they hold the memory of Shillington into this simple and fitting memorial. It is comparatively rarely that we find a monument erected to a youth. "Your young man shall see visions," the prophet said; but it is after these visions have, in later life, been translated into achievement that monuments are erected to men.

Youth is the time of dreams. The vision is always tinted with the *couleur de rose*. It is right and natural that it should be so. The dreamer is too often decried in this practical age, but it remains a fact that dreams are the most important things in life. A man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesses. Houses and lands and stocks and bonds are commonplace things. It may be that they are the result of dreams, but if they satisfy or surfeit and prevent a man from progress or further achievement, they are the assassins of dreams, the murderers of ideals, the wreckers of lives. You can estimate a man by the dreams which he dreams. They reflect the desire of the heart. They are prophecies of that which you expect to get from life—those things which you are praying from God and asking from man. Joseph dreamed of the stars and the sheaves of wheat, representing the members of his own family, which made obeisance to the star and sheaf which represented himself, and when he was premier of Egypt, in the time of the famine, his father and brethren came to beg bread of him, and his dream came true. Jacob dreamed of a ladder which touched the heavens, and though he went on for many years in his self-centered life, and the dream seemed to have faded

away like the mist under summer sun, nevertheless there was enough of the glow of it, enough of the remembrance of it, left in his mind and heart to lead him forward to a period in his life when his name was changed from Jacob the Supplanter to Israel a Prince with God. It is recorded in Holy Writ that "The Lord appeared unto Solomon in a dream in the night and said 'Ask what I shall give thee,' and Solomon said, 'an understanding heart to judge Thy people.'" And he goes down in the history of all literature, sacred and profane, as the world's wisest man.

The dream of this young man came true. It was a noble dream. He craved service to his country under the flag. He went quietly and patiently about the performance of his daily duties. He was through. He was content. A high hope animated his soul. His death was another proof that the uniform of the American sailor is the blue badge of courage. He was comrade to the orderly who saluted Captain Sigsbee in the dark and said: "The ship has been blown up and is sinking, sir." With the spirit of service to country was blended in him the spirit of sacrifice. We do honor here to-day not only to a youth of high ideals, but we do honor to sacrifice. Lincoln wrote to the mother who gave five sons to the Union: "I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave in it only the cherished memory of lost and loved and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." May not this message be paraphrased for Shillington's Alma Mater to-day in the gift she has laid upon the altar of patriotism?

"Who are you?" That is the question addressed to every ennobling quality that inspires reverence. "What have you done?" is the challenge to the deed in memory of which monuments are erected. "Give the countersign," is the demand to the unselfish act which makes this old world glow with the sunshine of service.

"I am Sacrifice," is the reply.

"What is Sacrifice?" is the world's challenge.

"I am the mother who gives her life that the child may bless the world," says Sacrifice. "I am the father who puts away life's comforts that my son may have knowledge. I am the teacher so bent upon leading the pupil into the light of learning that I forget myself.

I am the man of God who gladly loses my life in the Hawaiian leper colony and finds it again in the lives I influence for good. I am the maiden who dons the nurses' white cap, knowing that it means a shortened life of wear and tear upon the heart. I am the engineer who holds to the throttle and perishes in saving the lives entrusted to me. I am the alienist who battles with the power of Darkness to help the groping insane patient to find himself again. I am the explorer who dies in the snow after finding the pole. I am the soldier who falls by the flag. I am the sailor on the *Maine*, who finished with cheerful heart his daily routine, lay down to sleep in his swinging hammock and later in the night passed to a glorious death with a battleship for a coffin. When old Doctor William Maclure, the beloved doctor of the Scotch glens, secured the physician to the queen to come to Drumtochty under great difficulties and to operate on one of his poor patients, the world-distinguished doctor said to the obscure practitioner: "I am proud to have met you, Maclure. You are an honor to our profession." When the soul of John Henry Shillington joined the immortals, we may well think the welcome he got from Lord Nelson, and hear the commendation of Farragut—"You are an honor to the American navy, my lad." Such a death is glorious. The noted dramatist, Charles Frohman, met it in the same spirit on the *Lusitania* when he said to a bystander: "Why fear death? It is the most delightful adventure of life."

It is right that we should celebrate Memorial day and recall the deeds and decorate the graves of the brave men who have sacrificed their lives in the defense of their flag. It is fitting that this Memorial day should be hallowed by the honor paid to the heroes whose tragic death touches every American home. Memorial day is born of national appreciation, of self-sacrificing valor. It is the yielding up of life, the sacrifice of the heart's blood for home, for children, for country, that calls for the highest gratitude of a people. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life."

Our histories record the deed, our poets sing of it, and we celebrate it on Memorial day. The deed begins to shine as a star in our galaxy of glory. It is woven into the texture of our patriotism. Walt Whitman caught the idea when he said, in writing of the death of Lincoln:

"The grand deaths of the race—the dramatic deaths of every nationality—are its most important inheritance value—in some respects beyond its literature and art—(as the hero is beyond his finest portrait and the battle itself beyond its choicest song an epic.)"

If this be true of the death of one man here and there, how much more true of the trenches of slain upon a battlefield, and in particular of the 267 heroes of the Maine, who found graves in the harbor waters on that fateful night of February 15, 1898. "No foe had ever challenged them," as one has well said. "The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lured them into the abyss, then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival; most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow."

We speak to-day of the heroes of the Maine as if they were dead, but ought we not rather to feel that they live always by their sacrifices stimulating us to patriotic achievement? There is a beautiful lesson in Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," which one loves to ponder and out of which comfort and happiness to sweeten life may be obtained. You will recall the incident when in their search for happiness the fairy children go to visit their grandmother in the Land of Memories. She is glad to see them, and when she tells them she has not seen them since All Saint's day, they ask, "How can people be seen when they are dead?" and are told:

"How can they be dead, when they live in your memory? Men do not know this secret, because they know so little; whereas you are about to see that the dead who are remembered live as happily as though they were not dead."

There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

The Tenth Chance.

BY ROBERT H. SWINTZ.

It was late in the fall of 1913. Paris was rampant with a blaze of lights, a crash of music, a breathless rush of taxi-cabs and limousines and a maze of color. In the cheaper cafes a melee of waiters fought to serve their glasses and icy bottles; gaudily dressed dancers ran madly around the gilded halls, while half drunk Hungarian orchestras banged out *Tres Moutarde*.

There were places in the city, however, to which this frivolity did not extend. Places where the lights were low and quiet and soft-hued, and where the music was sweet and soothing and contained that quality that rests the nerves of a man and satisfies him after a tedious day in the throb of the business world.

In a place such as this sat two gentlemen, tucked away at a little white table behind gorgeous, half concealing portieres. Two half filled glasses sparkled on the table before them, and each gentleman held loosely between his lips a cigarette of the very finest Turkish tobacco. Surely, they were not the usual Parisian dandies. It is true they were clad in evening clothes, which, unmistakably, had been made by the most fashionable tailor in Paris; their linen was immaculate and their moustaches perfectly curled, but they lacked that boldness of dress which would class them with the elite, and rather placed them with the gentlefolk of France.

One was light and was, without a doubt, a German; the other was dark and a native of France. The latter removed the cigarette from his lips and rolled it back and forth, slowly, between his fingers and thumb, while he gazed steadfastly at it. At length he spoke.

"Splendid tobacco," he remarked, changing his gaze from the cigarette to the clean-cut face across the table.

"Splendid," returned the other.

Suddenly the Frenchman placed both arms on the table and leaned forward.

"There is no need for us to parley this way, my friend," he said earnestly, "chance has placed us at the same table, but I know that you are Henry Kauffman; every well-informed person in Paris knows that. I wish to present myself as Jules Coulagne, a prospective buyer

of a quantity of your good hats."

"Thanks," said Kauffman dryly.

"I have been interested in your establishment for some little time," continued the Frenchman, "it may be well for me to say that I am extremely pleased with your method of production, and as I am quite particular what quality of hats I buy, I wish to leave an order with you for—"

Kauffman interrupted: "I left my business in my office at five o'clock. I shall be very glad to talk to you there at any time tomorrow. I came here for recreation. Allow me to refill your glass?"

"Thank you, no." The Frenchman stood up and tossed his cigarette to the tray. "I must leave; I have another engagement. May I make an appointment with you, then, for ten o'clock tomorrow morning?"

Kauffman nodded, "I shall be in my office."

"Thank you, good night," the Frenchman bowed and departed. Kauffman stood by the portieres admiring his graceful carriage as he walked to the arched doorway at the other end of the large dining-room. Here something happened. A young lady, plainly an American, entered hastily, followed by a gentleman in the uniform of the French army. She stopped directly in front of Kauffman's prospective buyer, and grasping him by the lapels of his coat, looked appealingly into his face as she spoke to him. The German could not hear her words, but he saw that she talked rapidly and earnestly. Suddenly she stepped back, and drawing herself up haughtily, snapped her fingers in the Frenchman's face, and then wheeled about and pointed to the doorway. The Frenchman bowed and went out, and with him went the gentleman in uniform.

Kauffman sat down again at the little table and lit another cigarette. The girl was not a stranger to him. Three years before he had saved her life at Palm Beach when she had tried to ride the ocean in a canoe. The whole scene flashed through his mind, and again came the picture of the night when they had watched together the surf, silver in the light of the moon, lapping along the cool, smooth sand. He remembered the little sigh and the tremble in her voice when she had said that she owed him her life and was going to pay him. He thought again of how he had told her she was foolish, and should forget him. He recalled how he had said that he did not love her and would

have saved the dish washer at the hotel just as gladly.

Then she had followed him across the United States on his four months' tour and had constantly reminded him that she was going to repay him for her life. She became a nuisance and annoyed him greatly. On returning to Europe, he had come directly to Paris and resumed his business. She evidently had not followed him across the water because he had neither seen nor heard of her for over two years, and had quite forgotten her. Suddenly looking up, he saw the girl standing by the portiere. She looked changed. Her body had taken on stronger lines and her face was a little more serious than it used to be, although it had lost none of its beauty. Kauffman noticed this, but the fact that she was here to annoy him again was most prominent in his mind, and he laid his cigarette on the tray and arose.

"Well?" he said, not knowing what else to do.

"Henry," cried the girl, advancing to the table.

"I see you still remember my name," remarked Kauffman. The girl stood close to him.

"What did Poinier say to you?" She was excited.

"I fail to see just what you are driving at," the German told her.

She made an impatient gesture with her hands. "Poinier, Poinier, the man that was just here to see you. What did he say?"

Kauffman looked searchingly at the girl's agitated face.

"Sit down, Margaret," he said motioning to the chair on the opposite side of the table, "you are nervous."

"Nervous," she fairly screamed, "I have a right to be nervous. Your life is in danger."

The German's eyes narrowed at this, but otherwise he gave no sign of even hearing what she had said. "May I smoke a cigarette?" he asked, taking one from his silver case. Margaret drew herself together and her features changed from a troubled look of excitement to one of deep concern. She placed both elbows on the table and extended her clasped hands toward Kauffman.

"You may take this matter lightly if you wish, Henry," she said, "but, nevertheless, what I say is true. Your life is in danger."

"And am I, to believe this seemingly absurd statement from you just because you make it?"

What reason have you for informing me of this rather startling fact?"

"The main reason," said Margaret, a little smile softening the tension of her face, "is because I love you."

Kauffman stood up and looked out over the dining-room.

"Do I have to be bothered with that sort of talk for another four months?" he said.

"You'll not be bothered with anything for more than four days unless you believe what I told you, and act accordingly," said the girl at the table. Then she arose and coming over to Kauffman, stood directly in front of him and clasped her hands behind her. She looked appealingly into his clear blue eyes.

"I know you despise me," she said, "but—I love you, and owe you my life. Please, please, Henry, let me have the joy of saving yours. Leave France; go back to Germany at once."

"You mentioned Poinier when you first saw me, to-night," said Kauffman as though unconscious of what the girl had just said. "What did you mean?"

"The man you were talking to here, before I came, was François Poinier, French ambassador to Germany. He, evidently, did not inform you of that fact."

"He told me he was Jules Coulagne, a hat merchant," Kauffman stated.

"He lied." Margaret's tone was low and convincing. "He has found out, Henry, that your most important business in France is not manufacturing hats. I had dinner to-night at Pierre's with that vulgar army officer and later danced in the gold room. But it was stifling with cigarette smoke and alcohol, so we went onto the promenade to get some fresh air, and finally seated ourselves by some tall palms. I think the captain was proposing to me, but I did not hear him; I was listening to a conversation on the other side of the palms. Your name being mentioned is what attracted my attention."

"Let's sit down," interrupted Kauffman, "this is interesting at least."

When they were again at the table, Margaret continued. "Poinier was talking to a woman who, evidently, had been acting as his detective. She told him more about you than I know myself, and I've been following you now for three years."

"Did you see the woman?" he again broke in.

"Later, yes. She was tall and dark and rather extremely dressed. The most striking thing about her, however, was that she walked with a cane."

"My—private secretary," gasped Kauffman. "I thought I could trust her."

He stood up and walked to the portieres where he stopped, thoughtfully twirling his moustache. Finally he turned, and, coming back to the table, placed both hands upon it, palms down, and looked straight into Margaret's face.

"If making hats is not my most important business in France, what is?" he asked in a steady, cold tone.

"According to what the woman told Poinier, you are chief of a very efficient German spy system in Paris," Margaret answered him.

"What proof did she give for knowing this?" continued Kauffman.

"She had a letter which you had written to some German army official that seemed to satisfy Poinier," the girl told him.

Kauffman heaved a mighty sigh. "And I thought I could trust her," he moaned, slowly shaking his head, "I thought she loved me."

"Henry," cried Margaret, springing to her feet.

"Yes, Margaret," said Kauffman, dryly, "I may as well tell you all about it now that you know this much. Minyon, the lady with the cane, is my wife. She came to me as my office girl about two years ago, and after she had been there a short time, I fell in love with her, and married her."

Margaret sank into her chair but kept her eyes fixed on Kauffman's face as he continued.

"She knew nothing of 'my most important business' until a little more than a week ago, when I gave her a very important letter to deliver to General Bleyer in Berlin. It was impossible for me to take it personally, so I trusted her." He straightened up and sighed deeply once more. "I never did have much faith in a woman, and now I have absolutely none."

Margaret stood up, her eyes brimming with tears. "You can trust me, Henry; God knows you can trust me. Tell me what to do. Let me do something for you now that you need help. Let me prove that I love you. You must leave France, Henry; you must go at once. They'll kill you if you stay here. Start to-night. What shall I do to help you?"

Kauffman remained silent. He stood with his head bowed and his arms folded on his chest. Suddenly Margaret gave a little startled cry, and Kauffman, looking up, saw an elderly, white-haired gentleman standing between the portieres.

"Bleyer," gasped Kauffman, bracing himself with the table.

"Yes," said the other, quietly, "and it appears that Herr Kauffman finds it more necessary to remain in a secluded alcove until after midnight, causing a very pretty young lady to cry, than attending to his duty."

It was evident that Kauffman was stunned by the unexpected arrival of Bleyer, but he soon regained possession of himself and turned to the girl who sat with her head in her arms on the table, and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"You must go now," he said quietly, if not tenderly. Margaret started at once to leave, without saying a word, but when General Bleyer stepped aside to let her pass, he spoke to her.

"I trust, young lady," he said, with almost a sneer on his face, "that you feel satisfied, now that you have caused Herr Kauffman to forfeit his life."

Margaret shrank from him, grasping the portieres for support, an expression of terror coming into her face. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

Bleyer raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "Simply that I have come to arrest this gentleman for neglecting his duty, which, according to German army regulations, is just cause for death."

"Can nothing be done to save his life?" asked Margaret hardly audibly.

"I doubt it," replied the general, a little impatiently, "the facts are too evident. Nine chances out of ten, he will be shot as soon as I get him back to Germany."

Margaret looked over at Kauffman, who had sat down again. His hands were thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, his head was bowed and his eyes closed. Then she returned her gaze to Bleyer, who was looking directly at her, his mouth curled into a cynical smile. She stood erect and faced him squarely.

"General Bleyer," she said slowly, "I am going to do all in my power to bring about the tenth chance. I have good reasons to believe that Henry Kauffman will not be

shot as soon as you get him back to Germany in event that you should do so."

Margaret turned and ran across the now empty dining-room and out through the arched doorway. General Bleyer stepped over and tapped Kauffman on the shoulder.

"I will have to go home with you to-night," he said: "we will leave France the first thing in the morning."

Kauffman raised his head, his eyes filled with tears, "Don't blame the girl," he said, "she had nothing to do with your not receiving my letter."

On leaving the two gentlemen, Margaret went immediately to her elegant apartments in one of the most fashionable hotels in Paris. Even though it was one o'clock in the morning, she called François Poinier on the telephone. When, after much delay and insisting on her part, the girl was permitted to speak to him, she talked rapidly.

"If Monsieur Poinier wishes to buy a quantity of hats from Herr Kauffman, he must see that gentleman before daybreak, as he is leaving Paris early this morning. What? Monsieur does not know where Herr Kauffman lives? Very well, let him meet me at l'hotel Bonaparte at once and I will direct him in person. Thank you; I will be ready."

Margaret was waiting in the parlor when Poinier arrived. "You," he exclaimed when he recognized the girl that had rebuked him in the dining-room a few hours before.

"We must hurry," was all she said, and led the way out to the limousine waiting at the curb. She told the chauffeur where to go and stepped inside, followed by Poinier. Much to her surprise, she found Captain Toinette, the gentleman she had had dinner with that evening, half reclining in the big, comfortable seat, amusing himself by inhaling cigarette smoke. He greeted her familiarly and rebuked her for leaving him so abruptly, when she had met Poinier.

"I can't see what you wanted to hurry over to that dining-room all of a sudden for," he told her.

"What do you know about this man, Kauffman?" asked Poinier, when they were started on their way.

"Only what his wife told you by the palms, on the promenade at Pierre's, this evening," Margaret told him.

"Then you listened to what we were saying?" asked Poinier, rather sternly.

"Yes," Margaret answered, simply.

"Well, I declare," broke in the captain, "was that you, François, on the other side of the palms? I heard someone talking but paid very little attention to it; I was so overjoyed at Margaret's consenting to marry me."

"What!" screamed Margaret.

"Oh, yes, allow me to congratulate you, Miss Marks," exclaimed Poinier, "I think you will find the captain a very agreeable husband."

Margaret was dumfounded. She settled back in the soft upholstery of the seat and thought rapidly. Evidently, she had unconsciously consented to marry this French army officer while she had been listening to Poinier and the woman with the cane. She, of course would never marry him, but would not make him aware of that fact until she had finished using him.

"Oh, I might have found worse," she said, laughing lightly. "What do you intend doing with Henry Kauffman, when you get him to-night?"

"I think," said Poinier, "that I shall take him at once to the prison for safe keeping."

The car slowed down and stopped before a big black-looking mansion, situated some distance from the street, and Poinier, accompanied by Capt. Toinette, walked briskly up the drive to the front door. A half-dressed butler answered their continued ringing, and, after much argument, he was finally persuaded, at the point of a revolver, to call his master. Poinier and the captain were shown into a good-sized library, and had been waiting about twenty minutes when Kauffman and General Bleyer entered the room. Both gentlemen were completely dressed in street clothes.

"Ah, Monsieur Coulagne, I did not expect to see you again until at least ten o'clock in the morning," said Kauffman, graciously bowing.

"I ask your pardon," smiled Poinier, "but I am leaving Paris in a few hours, and being desirous of leaving an order for a quantity of your hats, I took the liberty to call at this ungodly hour to see some of your samples."

"I am extremely sorry," admitted Kauffman, "but I have no samples here at the house."

"Would it be your pleasure, then, to allow me to drive you down to your office, where you would have access to some?" asked Poinier, rubbing his hands.

General Bleyer stepped forward.

"Herr Kauffman is under my care, just at present," he stated, "however, if he is disposed to grant your request, it will be necessary for me to accompany him."

"Very good," said Poinier, "I have no objections, whatever."

While Kauffman and the general had gone for their coats, Poinier and Capt. Toinette held a hasty conversation in low tones, but were apparently interested in the books in the library when the Germans returned. The four men walked down the long drive chatting together until they reached the limousine. Kauffman and Poinier entered first; Capt. Toinette came next, but instead of stepping into the car, he wheeled and thrust a revolver against the stomach of Gen. Bleyer.

"You will please back up against that tree and remain there until we are out of sight," he told that gentleman, and then held the revolver leveled at him until the car was well under way. Suddenly, Poinier uttered an exclamation of surprise. Margaret was gone!

When the machine passed out of sight around the next corner, General Bleyer turned cursing, and ran up the drive to the house. As he passed the library he looked in and saw Margaret sitting in an easy-chair reading. He walked over to her.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Margaret closed the book and placed it on the table. "Waiting for Mrs. Kauffman," she said, as though it were the most common thing in the world to be waiting for a lady at two o'clock in the morning, "will you not join me?"

"I will," said the general, emphatically, as he seated himself before the big grate where a low fire was burning. The two sat in silence for some time until, finally, the tap of Mrs. Kauffman's cane was heard on the stair. As soon as she entered the room, Gen. Bleyer sprang to his feet, an expression of amazement flashing over his face.

"Countess Von Harburg," he cried.

The lady with the cane stood motionless, staring at the general, her mouth open as though ready to speak. Her lips formed the name Bleyer, and then she sank into a chair. Slowly, the general walked over to her, and looking down at her said:

"We hunted you for twenty years and, at last, gave you up for dead. I wish to compli-

ment you on your craftiness, but now that it has been my good fortune to find you alive in Paris accidentally, I arrest you in the name of the German government and under the authority of Kaiser Wilhelm for being a traitor to your country, and exposing certain matters of state to France."

The countess stood up, her black eyes snapping out her hatred for Gen. Bleyer.

"You killed my husband because he would not come to France and act as a spy. I loved Count Von Harburg and vowed to make you pay for his death. I've done it; all France knows that there is an organized German system here for locating French army supplies and forts, and estimating the strength of their forces. I waited until I could hit hard, and now I've done it. I married Henry Kauffman who, I knew, was the man you had sent in my count's place to take charge of the system here, and then watched my chance to get facts that would convict him in court. My opportunity came a few days ago, when Henry gave me a letter to deliver to you in Berlin. It was written in his own handwriting and signed by him. Of course, I have handed the letter to the French authorities."

General Bleyer was raving.

"Kauffman should not have trusted you. He knew perfectly well that the first rule of the system is to deliver all correspondence in person, and trust nothing to any one else—not even to the mails."

Margaret came over to him, her face serious and pleading.

"General," she said, "if Henry Kauffman delivers that letter to you in person in Berlin, will he be shot for neglecting his duty?"

General Bleyer looked steadily at the girl for some time, and then a little smile twitched about his mouth.

"No," he answered; "if Henry Kauffman delivers that letter to me in Berlin, himself, he may have his life and anything else he wants."

"Thank you, thank you, General," cried Margaret, bursting into tears, and throwing her cloak about her shoulders, she ran from the house.

That afternoon Capt. Toinette sat in the parlor of l'Hotel Bonaparte awaiting Miss Marks. Presently she entered.

"Oh, Captain, I am so glad you've come. I was afraid you had deserted your little girl."

"I was afraid my little girl had deserted me, last night," said the captain; "where did you disappear to?"

"Is Kauffman put away safely?" Margaret asked, ignoring his question.

"Oh, yes," returned Capt. Toinette, "his trial will be held in a few days. There is absolutely no chance for him, now that Poinier holds that letter he wrote to the German general."

Margaret sat down on the divan very close to the captain, and took one of his hands in both of hers.

"You may think me silly," she smiled up at him, "but I am just crazy to see that letter. I've never seen anything really important, and I'd love to see a real, for sure, important document."

"But, my dear, it's sealed shut," said Capt. Toinette. "Poinier did that just as soon as he had read it."

Margaret pouted. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, and then brightening, "I don't care about the inside. Just let me see the seal. Think of it, a real seal, made by an official of France. How wonderful."

Her arms crept up around Capt. Toinette's neck and she kissed him on the cheek. "Please, Jéne, bring it to me to-night before we go to Pierre's. If you love me, you'll surely do just that much for me."

Capt. Toinette shrugged doubtfully. "I hardly believe that Poinier will permit the packet out of his office, but I'll see what I can do for you. I do love you, and want to do all I can for you, but that is rather a serious matter to play with."

Margaret continued to caress him and implore him to grant her request, until when he left he had promised to have the letter for her to see that night. Capt. Toinette was hardly out of sight when Margaret left the hotel and went directly to the office of François Poinier. On being admitted to his private room, she advanced to his desk, where he was working, and sat down upon it.

"Does Monsieur remember what I told him in the dining-room last night?" she asked.

"Some sort of threat about informing my wife of the friend I had at dinner, I believe," laughed Poinier. "I still am a little angry with you for that snapping of fingers in my face."

Margaret leaned forward until her eyes

were on a level with Poinier's.

"Unless you enter Pierre's before nine o'clock to-night, accompanied by Henry Kauffman, your wife will know the whole story of 'your friend' and yourself before morning. I will not tell her, but a certain young gentleman we both know will. Thank you for your time. Good bye." And Margaret hurried from the office leaving Poinier dumfounded and angry.

The girl next made her way to Pierre's where she had a heated argument with the manager, who would not agree with her until several pieces of gold clattered on the table before him. A few hours later, she sat at the same table with Capt. Toinette.

"Well," she said leaning across the table and smiling, "may I please satisfy my curiosity, Jene?"

Captain Toinette looked cautiously around the room, and then laid the letter in front of Margaret.

"I did not dare ask Poinier for it," he said, "so I stole it for you. I hope it makes you happy."

The girl clasped his hand. "It does, Jene, it makes me very, very happy." She gave a startled little cry. "There's Poinier now."

"Hide the letter," gasped Capt. Toinette, and he was too frightened to notice the little satisfied smile that played around the girl's lips as she tucked the letter into her waist hurriedly, just as Poinier and Kauffman came up to the table and sat down. They had no sooner done so, however, than two men at the next table, who had been arguing for some time, came to blows, tipping over their chairs and a hat rack. Waiters came running from every direction, and in a second a crowd had formed and pushed in on the combatants. Poinier was thrown from his chair and Capt. Toinette was shoved tight against the table. Kauffman was dazed by the suddenness of the confusion, but Margaret seized his hand and struggled to the outer edge of the mob.

"Quick," she cried, "follow me." And running across the cafe, she literally dragged the bewildered Kauffman through a side door and into a taxi. "Here," she panted, taking a new derby and light overcoat from the seat and thrusting them at the German, "put these on. We're going back to Berlin."

The next afternoon Henry Kauffman entered the headquarters of General Bleyer.

"Kauffman," cried the general, springing to his feet, "the girl—"

"Yes," interrupted Kauffman, drawing the letter from his inside pocket and holding it extended before him at arm's length, "the girl has sent me to deliver this letter in person."

"And for that," said General Bleyer, taking the letter and grasping the outstretched hand, "for that, I grant you your life, according to my agreement with Margaret. And furthermore, I wish to inform you that your wife who, before she married you was Countess Von Harburg, the woman that attempted to assassinate the Kaiser and escaped unhurt excepting for a bullet in the foot, was executed this morning for being a traitor to her country.

Kauffman tightened his grip on the general's hand.

"You must expect me to be shocked and extremely grieved at this news. I am surprised but feel no sorrow whatsoever. This frees me from a woman I hated and gives me the liberty to marry a girl I love. To thank you for my life and the girl is not enough. I will repay you better on that day, when I shall guide the German army into the very heart of France, without losing a man."

"And that day is near at hand," said Gen. Bleyer, "but there is one thing more; besides your life, I promised Margaret you could have anything else you wanted. Now—what else do you want?"

Kauffman walked to the door and placed his hand on the knob; then he turned, a warm, happy smile lighting his face.

"I would rather answer that question to Margaret," he said, and went out.

My Mule.

He is fair on the field and is strong,
But is not to be tickled or beat,
For a very slight clip of the whip
May enrage and unloosen his feet.

Thus a warning is given to you,
So be wise and away from him keep,
For his shoes are as strong as a ship,
Which embarks on the rollicking deep.

And if e'er they connect with your "slats,"
Then a broken-down frame would ensue;
The result would be slow and so sad—
With the mourners all weeping for you. T. H.

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—It would appear from all accounts received here that this year's camp at Bankson Lake, Michigan, was a singular success. Many of the campers left the University

The Camp at laden with every new in-
Bankson Lake. vention for fishing, hunting
and other outdoor sports, but

so thoroughly were they taken up with the regular camp exercises, and especially with the sham battles, that they forgot about all other things and gave their whole time to this new and intensely interesting form of amusement. The work of digging trenches of various kinds, of placing scouts to locate the enemy, of planning numerous methods of attack, etc., took up most of their day, and on their return to the University they were full of new ideas on all these subjects and ready to talk about them by the hour. Surely, the instructors who can make work of this nature so interesting that the fatigue of it is not felt by the pupils, deserve the greatest credit, and Captain Stogsdall and Sergeant Campbell may well feel proud of their success. It is not an easy thing to work with young boys, and only those who thoroughly understand them and their vagaries can hope for the greatest results. The fact that boys who have been backward and inactive in other lines, have been taught to think for themselves during this week at camp is sufficient evidence that good results have been obtained, and it is to be hoped that this outing will be made an annual event.

Unveiling of the Shillington Memorial.

An observance especially appropriate to Memorial Day and fittingly climactic in a year replete with memorable occasions, was the unveiling last Saturday by His Excellency Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, of the marker erected in memory of John Henry Shillington, former student of the University and sailor on the battleship Maine. Notre Dame's splendid heritage of heroism has made Memorial Day an occasion of particular local moment for scores of years past. Her contribution to the ranks of the Union Army in the Civil War, furnishes a story of patriotic sacrifice that no institution in the United States can hope to excel. This year observance of Memorial Day was fraught with even more marked significance than usual, because Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, was present at the unveiling of a memorial erected in honor of a former student of the University, who died in service of his country on the ill-fated battleship, "Maine."

The ceremonies which marked the occasion were characterized by the same simple beauty that makes the Shillington Memorial of red Wisconsin granite such a notable addition to the University's many handsome monuments. The Cadet Regiment, headed by the University Band, acted as escort of honor to the distinguished visitor, and marched in column of platoons, from the Grand Trunk Railway Station to the Oliver Hotel, where the companies presented arms as His Excellency Secretary Daniels, accompanied by Father Cavanaugh, Father Morrissey, and Captain Stogsdall entered the hotel. Then the cadets boarded a train of seven interurban cars which speedily conveyed them back to school. Again the Battalions were formed, and long lines of uniformed men snapped to a precise, "Present" as Secretary Daniels and the reception committee, as well as many other prominent visitors, debarked from their machines at the entrance to the Administration Building. The escort of the colors by Notre Dame's crack company, was followed by the presentation of medals to cadets who had earned tokens of special approbation by excellence in marksmanship and drill during the year. Secretary Daniels presented the medals, prefacing the award with a brief but cogent address, in which he emphasized the

imperative necessity of a trained citizenry, and lauded the nature of the work that is being done at Notre Dame along lines prescribed by such eminent authorities as Secretary of War Garrison, and General Leonard Wood. Gold, silver and bronze medals were presented to several members of the regiment, to a number of members of the Notre Dame Rifle Club, and to three minims for excellent work in the Minim Battalion. Secretary Daniels seemed particularly interested in the diminutive khaki clad figures, and laughed heartily at Father Cavanaugh's apt allusion to them as "second men" rather than "minute men."

After he had shaken hands with each of the younger lads, Secretary Daniels returned to the Administration Building before which the Regiment passed in review for the last time during the present school year. Every member of the military organization from the Commandant to the tiniest minim, was anxious that this last appearance should be the best review of the year. And their hopes were fully realized. Never was there greater precision in marching, snappier step or manual of arms, better alignment or more enthusiastic co-operation of all units of Notre Dame's military organization. After parade the companies were drawn up in a hollow square about the Shillington Marker which was draped in a big American Flag.

As the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" the national emblem was lifted, and the handsome red granite memorial, presented to the University through courtesy of the Marathon Granite Co., of Wausau, Wis., with its great ten-inch shell supported on a bronze base, was revealed. All stood with bared heads until the last strain of the national anthem had died away, when the cadets marched for the last time into Washington Hall, where the dedication ceremonies were most appropriately concluded with an address by His Excellency, the Secretary of the Navy.

After a selection by the University Band, John Felix Hynes, Law '15, read Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address. His interpretation of that American classic, far excelled the stereotyped rendition, and merited the compliment that Secretary Daniel's paid to it in his own address.

Following the singing of "Columbia" by the assemblage, William Speer Strahan, Classical, '17, read his Commemoration Ode. Mr. Strahan

chose a most felicitous theme, and rendered it in a manner that struck a responsive chord in the hundreds of hearts attuned to patriotic emotions.

The address by Secretary Daniels, so eagerly awaited by the large audience, was preceded by Father Cavanaugh's characteristically skillful introduction. Father Cavanaugh alluded very briefly to the obtaining conditions of international apprehension growing out of the war in Europe, to the delicate duties of President Wilson and his cabinet, of which the speaker of the day was a member, and finally to the great sacrifice of time and convenience that Secretary Daniels had made in fulfilling at such a critical time, a promise he had given some months ago.

Coming with a reputation as a speaker that acknowledged few peers among contemporary orators in national life, His Excellency Josephus Daniels held the closest attention of his auditors for an address of an hour's duration. He paid high tribute to the hero of the "Maine" disaster, to whose memory the marker had been reared, declaring that Shillington's concept of duty to country was one that all the men at school, might well adopt as a pattern for study and emulation. His remarks are reprinted in full elsewhere in this issue.

The moral drawn from the memory of Shillington and the heroes of the Civil War, in whose honor Decoration Day was instituted, declared Secretary Daniels, was a love of duty and a fidelity to the exactions of upward progress that knew no faltering or hesitancy. Shillington, he eloquently characterized as a "dreamer of dreams," adding that all the achievements in life are but dreams realized. He drew a cogent distinction between the dreamer whose phantasies picture self-glorification achieved, and the dreamer who dreams of tasks to be done, and makes his imagination paint only that which his will purposes to accomplish. Secretary Daniels' splendid address was quite in keeping with the solemn dignity and quiet patriotism of the day, and he was repeatedly interrupted by great and protracted applause.

After the Dedication ceremonies had been concluded, he was escorted to dinner in the Brownson refectory, which was decorated with flags, banners, stacked arms and other symbols significant of the men and deeds commemorated.

Many distinguished guests from South Bend, Chicago and cities further removed, assembled around the Faculty Table, their numbers necessitating the use of several tables ordinarily allotted to students.

At two o'clock Secretary Daniels and party departed for St. Mary's Academy. The Regiment again drew up in a long line extending from Washington Hall to the church, presented arms as the automobiles swept around the road in front of the church and directed their course westward.

Threatening weather was the only circumstance that might have contributed to any marring of the day. The ceremonials were never more carefully or capably conducted, nor did the participants ever acquit themselves with greater credit to their own members and to the school. The decorations of the campus, of Washington Hall, and of the Brownson refectory were superb. The work of the regiment and most particularly of the band, could hardly have been surpassed.

The Dedication of the Marker to John Henry Shillington, was an auspicious and gratifying success.

On the return of Secretary Daniels to Washington, he gave the following interesting account of his visit to Notre Dame:

WASHINGTON, June, 2.—Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels commented in the most enthusiastic vein on his recent trip to Notre Dame and South Bend. In an interview for the South Bend *Tribune* he said:

"I had a most delightful time and enjoyed every minute of it. The exercises in honor of John Henry Shillington, unveiling a memorial for this hero who went down with the Maine, were very beautiful and simple, befitting his life and death.

"The training of the young men at Notre Dame in military instruction gave evidence of the highest order of capability, and the very efficient man who has charge of that instruction has just cause for pride in the results achieved. The evolutions all showed a high order of skill and the effect of good training. I was very much impressed by the marching of the young boys. They marched like little men.

CADETS FINE TYPE.

"The 1000 young men at Notre Dame who were present at the Memorial exercises were a fine type of Americans. I also had a delightful visit at St. Mary's school, founded by Sister Angela, a cousin of James G. Blaine. The annual ceremony at St. Mary's of decorating the graves of the Sisters who went to the Civil War as nurses, is a very beautiful one and exceedingly impressive.

"It was my first visit to South Bend and I am glad I went. I knew, as all the world does, of its gigantic

industries and its leading captains of industry who have established there some of the most important business enterprises in the world. These gigantic factories cover acres, acres and acres, and would of themselves make a great town. Many of the industries are flourishing and are giving evidence that South Bend is going forward in every way.

"I went to South Bend," said he, "at the invitation of Father Cavanaugh. I met him at Kansas City over a year ago and I promised then to go to South Bend whenever he invited me, and I am glad to accept an invitation to visit the noble institution of which he is the head and inspiration. He is one of the most eloquent speakers in America and a raconteur whom it is a delight to meet. I found the spirit of Notre Dame is patriotism, illustrated in a hundred different ways."

University of Notre Dame.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

May 31, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC,

SIR:—I submit herewith a brief report of the operations at the Camp for Carroll Hall Cadets at Bankson Lake, Michigan.

We left Notre Dame on the morning of May 22d and proceeded by rail to Lawton, where we arrived at about noon. Marching from Lawton, we stopped on the roadside for about thirty minutes for luncheon, which was the best we have yet partaken of on such occasions, and arriving at Bankson Lake in fine order and condition proceeded to the erection of camp. At a quarter to four everything was complete and in order.

A short company drill at 5:50, then supper. On Sunday after inspection of Camp, all cadets were formed in dress uniforms and marched to the chapel for Mass.

A ball game in the afternoon with Lawton resulted in a victory for the Bankson Lakes—the score being 9 to 3.

Our program of instruction began Monday morning, the daily routine being as follows: Reveille—1st call—6:45 followed by plunge in lake; March, 7:05; Assembly, 7:10; Military Calisthenics, 7:10 to 7:30; Breakfast 7:30 to 7:55; Policing camp followed by inspection of same at 8:25; Lecture—Military Topics—8:30; Company close order drill, 9:15 to 10:00; Extended order, scouting, patrolling, field work and rifle practice, 10:00 to 12; Dinner, 12 M.; Recreation, 12:30 to 5 P. M.; Retreat roll-call, followed by Mess Call, 5:30; Call to quarters, 9:30. Night prayer, 9:45; Taps, 10:00 P. M.

Prizes were offered for the best tents of each company as follows:—Best, \$3.00; 2d best, \$2.00; third best, \$1.00.

In G company, the tent occupied by Cadets Bader, McGurk and McNamara, took 1st prize; that occupied by Cadets Reading, Wilson and Wishmeyer, and that occupied by Cadets Parle, Fennessy and Hoops, tied for second.

In the Possums, Cadets Morrison, Glahe and Bernoudy took first; Cadets Sullivan, Mars and Hurst took second, and Cadets Bailey and Connor took third.

A prize of \$3.00 was offered the cadet who should make the best rifle score, and \$2.00 to the one making the second best and \$1.00 to one making third best. First prize was won by Cadet Mullalley, score 25; 25 possible. Second prize by Cadet Bader with 24 out of 25. Third prize by Cadet Benitez with 23 out of 25. Fifty cadets averaged 21 out of a possible 25. After Monday, weather conditions were unfortunate—much rain and unseasonably cold. Some inconvenience no doubt, but no whining or complaining.

The competitive drill was held on Thursday morning. Practically every cadet of the two companies entered voluntarily, and the drill was very good. Cadet J. Sullivan won the gold medal; Cadet H. Temple, the silver medal and Cadet O. Wood the bronze medal.

Sergeant Campbell's prizes for the best drilled Possums were won by Cadets Glahe, McGrath and Morrison respectively.

Following the competitive drill all hands gave their attention to the Combat Exercise for which extensive plans had been made.

The trenches, constructed under the direct supervision of Sergeant Campbell, were up-to-the-minute and showed the different types of standing, kneeling and prone, as well as pits, well concealed and having below surface connections with main trenches for use of individual cadets. The standing trenches were equipped with a homemade but very serviceable periscope. These trenches offered a wide field of fire, allowed no dead spaces and afforded mutual support.

The "Possum" army showed a zeal and intelligence in preliminary scouting and manning of their trenches that left nothing to be desired.

To "G" company was given a hopeless task, because they were forbidden to approach over ploughed ground or cultivated fields.

The flanking detachment under McNichols was tactically well placed and did effective work. The main portion of the company was well placed under cover at the side of the road and did excellent work until they left cover and advanced to attack. Here they were enfiladed and at the same time caught in flank by the main trench.

I wish to commend the skill with which Company G conducted the very important preliminary scouting. I should especially commend the taking of an enemy scout, making use of his uniform to gain access to the Possum lines and obtaining definite information. A surprising capacity for efficient field work was generally shown.

Fathers Burke and Quinlan were present with us—always kindly and helpful, watchful of the moral welfare, did not overlook the physical needs of cadets, more than one of whom had occasion to be thankful for a blanket at the saving moment.

And no one could overlook our Commissary General—Brother Hugh—always alert and efficient—he really gave us food.

Even a casual observer could not fail to note the general effect of life in camp—the development of individual initiative and resourcefulness. The Carroll Hall boy is becoming an adept in the art of taking care of himself, and it would seem as though the spring camp had come to stay.

Respectfully submitted,

R. R. STOGSDALL.

CAPT., U. S. A., RTD.

Personals.

—Mr. F. Powers, Notre Dame's most famous athlete of the '90's, visited the University during the week and called upon many of his old friends. Fred is in charge of the weight men at Harvard University and has been a successful coach. He was out to see the Varsity track team in action and seemed especially interested in Bachman.

—At the ordinations held in Rome, Italy, last Saturday, Michael V. Halter (Litt. B., '11), was elevated to the holy priesthood. We fear that his new dignity, however, will not protect against his old familiar sobriquet of "Doc." Any fellow as well liked as Doc Halter was, must be content to have a nickname even if he became a bishop. Congratulations, Doc!

Corpus Christi.

The feast of Corpus Christi was observed in the time-honored way, last Thursday morning. After solemn high Mass the traditional procession around the Campus took place. Altars were erected on the steps of Walsh Hall, Science Hall, and the Main Building, and Benediction given at each one. The prize Walsh Company in uniform lent a military air to the ceremonies, and a firing squad took the place of the usual bell at the Benediction. Thirty priests in vestments, sisters and brothers of the community and the entire student body made up the procession. The Band rendered sacred music during the ceremonies. After the open air part of the program had been completed, the procession wended its way toward the church where the fourth and last Benediction was given. The sun failed to appear and the morning was somewhat cloudy but the bright vestments and uniforms and gay banners, in contrast with the green of the Campus lent a bright and beautiful touch to the solemn ceremonies. We are sure that nowhere else in the entire country, is there ever given an opportunity to witness so beautiful and inspiring an affair as this old tradition of Notre Dame.

Examinations.

JUNE 12.

Classes taught at 1:15, 2:05 and 2:50 will be examined on June 12 at 1:15, 4:15 and 2:45 respectively.

JUNE 15.

Classes taught at 8:15 and 10:45 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 and 10:15 respectively. Classes taught at 9:05 and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 1:15 and 2:45 p. m., respectively.

Senior Examinations will be held on June 7, 8, 9, 10.

Preparatory Examinations will begin Tuesday at 1:15 p. m. and finish Thursday at noon.

Local Notes.

—The DOME is out!!!!

—The members of the Walsh Hall company received their medals Wednesday for having taken first place in the competitive drill.

—Secretary of the Navy Daniels complimented Bro. Matthias very highly on the table decorations used at the dinner last Saturday.

—Barnum and Bailey's Circus will be in South Bend next Thursday and we'll have a chance to be real boys again. Get your appetite for red pop and peanuts sharpened up, and be on hand.

—The minim team went to Plymouth Saturday, May 29 at the invitation of the mayor, to meet an aggregation from that place. Neither side had scored when the game was called on account of rain.

—Brother Alphonsus requests that the following books belonging to the Apostolic Library be returned to him:

Dr. Bryson, Strategy of Great Railroads, The Mountain Divide, Merrilie Dawes, the Daughter of a Magnate, Whispering Smith, all by Spearman. Explanations of the Holy Mass, by Cochem. South Sea Idylls, by Stoddard. Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education, by Spalding. Valiant and True, by Spellman. Christmas on the Lonesome, by Van Dyke. Uncle Remus, by Harris. Prisoners of Hope, by Johnson. Yourself and the Neighbors, by McManus. Mother, by Norris.

—The DOME for 1915 is one of the most artistic works in its line that we have ever seen. Not only are its pictures superior to those of other years but its whole make-up, from the beautiful grey leather cover to the advertising section in the end, bespeak taste both in matter and arrangement. The hall pictures are larger than ever before, each hall covering two pages, and the features of each student are brought out clearly in these pictures. The scenes of Notre Dame could not possibly be surpassed, and the color work on the first four or five pages is little less than wonderful. In our opinion it is by far the best DOME that has yet been brought out by any class. To know its worth, however, one must see it and feast on its pages. It is a work we think that will measure up to any College Annual in this country.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME MEN FIRST IN STATE EVENT.

In one of the hardest fought track meets ever witnessed on Stuart Field, Notre Dame triumphed over Purdue by the small margin of 2 1-2 points. The result of the meet was in doubt up to the last event, which was the broad jump, and in this the Catholics ran away from the field. Purdue led throughout the meet by a margin sometimes as large as 11 points, but the Boiler Makers' inability to produce

point winners in the two jumps lost for them. The results were: Notre Dame, 52 5-6; Purdue, 50 1-3; De Pauw, 22 1-3; Indiana, 13; Wabash, 4 1-2. The meet was held in a driving rain which lasted the entire afternoon, making the track extremely sloppy and heavy. Notwithstanding this, state records were broken in the mile, discus throw and two-mile run.

Ike Meyers, the sensation of De Pauw, fairly plowed through the mud, taking nearly five seconds off the old mark in the mile which was made by Verner of Purdue in 1904. Meyer's time was 4:24 3-5. He led Campbell, the Purdue star, by three feet until the final stretch, when he sprinted ahead, coming in with a lead of twenty yards. Bachman of Notre Dame smashed the discus record by almost eight feet when he threw the sphere 129 feet and 2 inches. The old mark was made by Sage of Purdue in 1905. Miller, the auburn-haired Purdue two-miler, clipped seven seconds off the old mark established by Reed of Wabash, when he ran the distance in 10:09 1-5.

After winning the discus, Bachman tried at the Conference record, but the sphere was too slippery and he failed.

SUMMARY.

100-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Welsh, Notre Dame, second; Erehart, Indiana, third; Allen, Indiana, fourth. Time, :10 2-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Whitcomb, Purdue, first; Bancker, Purdue, second; Shienberg, Purdue, third; Kirkland, Notre Dame, fourth. Time, 16 1-5.

Half mile run—Meyers, De Pauw, first; East, Purdue, second; McDonough, Notre Dame, third; Gavitt, Wabash, fourth. Time, 2:01 4-5.

Mile run—Meyers, De Pauw, first; F. Campbell, Purdue, second; Waage, Notre Dame, third; Large, Purdue, fourth. Time, 4:24 3-5.

Quarter mile run—East, Purdue, first; Voelkers, Notre Dame, second; Henehan, Notre Dame, third; V. Campbell, Purdue, fourth. Time, :54 3-5.

Shot put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Prins, Purdue, second; Bausman, Purdue, third; Crowe, Purdue, fourth. Distance, 41 feet 9 inches.

Discus throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Prins, Purdue, second; Norris, De Pauw, third; Keefe, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance, 129 feet 2 inches.

220-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Welsh, Notre Dame, second; Allen, Indiana, third; Sweet, Wabash, fourth. Time, :22 2-5.

Two-mile run—Miller, Purdue, first; Klippet, Purdue, second; Burns, Notre Dame, third; Gray, Indiana, fourth. Time, 10:09 1-5.

Pole vault—Wicks, Indiana, and Cook, De Pauw, tied for first; Webb, Purdue, third; Stahl, Purdue, Stone, of De Pauw and Yeager of Notre Dame, tied for fourth. Height, 11 feet.

220-yard low hurdles—Bancker, Purdue, first; Whitcomb, Purdue, second; Smiley, Indiana, third; House, De Pauw, fourth. Time, :25 3-5.

High jump—Mills, Notre Dame, first; Delap, De Pauw, and Wolzott, Wabash, tied for second; Acre, Indiana, fourth. Height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches.

Broad jump—Miller, Notre Dame, first; Martin, Notre Dame, and Woodruff, De Pauw, tied for second; Bachman, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance, 21 ft, 5 in.

From the Grand Rapids *Press* we copy the following, which may be of interest to present-day students:

Notre Dame alumni and students are proud of the great number of baseball players who have made good in league company after playing with Notre Dame University teams. Following is a list of former Notre Dame players who are now playing in the larger leagues:

PLAYER	POSITION	CLUB	LEAGUE
F. Williams	Outfielder	Chicago	National
Murray	Outfielder	New York	National
Cutshaw	Shortstop	Brooklyn	National
Bescher	Outfielder	St. Louis	National
Dubuc	Pitcher	Detroit	American
Birmingham	Outfielder	Cleveland	American
Shafer	Utility	New York	National
Reulbach	Pitcher	Newark	Federal
Lathrop	Pitcher	Kansas City	Am. Assn.
(Formerly with White Sox; sold to Kansas City.)			
Kelly	Pitcher	Atlanta	Southern
(Owned by Pittsburgh N. L.)			
Shlaughnessy	Outfielder	Ottawa	Canadian
Gray	Catcher	Wichita	Western
McCarthy	Utility	Louisville	Am. Assn.
F. Scanlan	Pitcher	Louisville	Am. Assn.
B. Daniels	1st base	Louisville	Am. Assn.

Among the famous big league players of the past, who have either retired or passed to the great beyond, who attended Notre Dame and played with the University's baseball teams, are the following:

Adrian (Pop) Anson, for many years captain and first baseman of Chicago National; Powers, catcher for the Philadelphia American League team; Gibson, pitcher for the Boston Americans; Sockalexis, outfielder for Cleveland Americans; O'Neill, catcher for the Cincinnati Nationals; McGill, pitcher Cincinnati Nationals and Chicago Americans; Inks, pitcher Cincinnati Nationals.

TWO TO NOTRE DAME'S TEN.

One of the leading eastern papers three or four years ago made much of the fact that Holy Cross College had two players at that time in the large leagues and that Columbia University of New York had the same number. At that time, Notre Dame had ten players in either the National or the American League, not counting those who were in minor leagues.

The great number of Notre Dame players who achieve league fame is no doubt largely due to the splendid playing field at the college on which it is possible for 180 players to contest at one time. Then in addition there is a minim department where they take students as young as five years old, who oftentimes are left there to finish their studies. In addition to the big outdoor playing field, dozens can play during the winter months in the huge cage prepared for the purpose, baseball practice indoors on a dirt diamond starting each season shortly after the holidays.

Notre Dame turns out as many or more players for the major and leading minor leagues as all the rest of the country's leading colleges combined. Many other Notre Dame baseball stars who might also have starred in league play have chosen other pursuits.