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An Oriole in the Elms.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

WHAT are these notes of gold that sound
High in the elms ere night is gone,
What throat pours strains of joy new-found
Into the minstrelsy of dawn?

Whence comes this wingéd troubadour
Singing of sweetness ages old;
What lyric tale, what tragic lore
And ancient loves again are told?

What fragrant gardens of the south,
What whiteness of the young day born,—
Tell me thy secret, golden mouth,
So I have grace to greet the morn.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY.

LOVE of God and of country is the characteristic quality of truly great men. History reveals that heroes of the world may be divided into two classes—those who lacked the sacred instincts of faith and patriotism and those with whom these virtues were the dominating principles of their lives. Was Napoleon, led on by personal ambition and by dreams of universal empire, an example of true greatness? I would say he was not. Was Lincoln, impelled by love of God and of country, one whom all may call truly great? Yes. Both were men of renowned lives. But is all that the world considers deserving of praise true greatness? Civilization itself must answer this question. To whom does struggling mankind turn for encouragement and inspiration? To such men as Napoleon? Surely not. It turns to those true heroes who, while living, governed by the immortal principles of divine justice and truth, lived for their

fellowmen; and, dying, left upon humanity's path a lasting and blessed impression.

As a representative of true greatness there is one with whom faith and patriotism were the impelling forces of life, one who showed, more than any other man, that love of God and of country are ever united—the prince of patriots, John Boyle O'Reilly, patriot not of Ireland alone but of America as well.

From 1860 to 1865 Ireland was undergoing the most crucial period of her history. Since the Penal year of 1798 she had appeared tranquil; but it was not the tranquillity of peace and of happiness. The country was seething with discontent and was ripe for insurrection. The grand Fenian movement was calling to Ireland to rise in one more effort for freedom, to take her place once again among the nations of the earth. And who is the leader in this hour of supreme crisis? Where is he who is worthy to champion the cause of five million people in bondage. It is John Boyle O'Reilly.

Born in the town where Cromwell had once executed that fearful deed, known as the Drogheda massacre, he spent his boyhood amid the most inspiring surroundings.

Often as a youth had he stood on the banks of the river Boyne, whose waters were once dyed red with the blood of four nations; often had he gazed upon the Hill of Tara and dreamed of his country's glorious past; often had he beheld the blackened walls of Drogheda and saw upon them the marks of a murderer's passion; and then how often had he raised his hands to God and cried for justice. And now, this youth, descended from a long line of kings and princes and fully imbued with the spirit of the leaders who had gone before him, throws himself into his country's cause, determined to break down the rule of his oppressors, to establish the rights of the oppressed.

Daniel O'Connell and Robert Emmet, two of Ireland's greatest patriots, spent their lives in repeated attempts to free their country.

These leaders wanted freedom, but freedom with a compromise, freedom as Canada has it to-day. And what were O'Reilly's ideals of liberty? Far more noble. He saw in Saxon compromises nothing but treachery, his Ireland was to be absolutely free—in short, a republic. And what a motive! sublime in its purpose, divine in its origin.

With the foresight of a statesman he saw that now was the time for his country to strike for liberty; England was suffering from a cotton famine caused by the Civil War; the gallant Irish, who were then fighting on a foreign field for the Stars and Stripes would respond, and the Irish, in the English army and all the world over would rally to the cause. He believed that his people could be free only as a free people, and believing in this mighty principle he said to England "We want freedom and freedom only." Yes! it was a telling conviction. Such a conviction in the breast of a Washington gave victory to the colonies in the Revolutionary War; such a conviction gave Sobieski the power to hurl the Turks from Poland and save the religion of Christ in Europe. And now it dominated O'Reilly's soul as it had urged on other great heroes.

But Ireland's great men are sorrowful characters, the saddest in history. It is a singular fact that the great heroes of Ireland must work and labor, and then, when victory seems nigh, must fail. And so with John Boyle O'Reilly. The Judas of history was present among his faithful followers, and suddenly the clutches of tyranny held him fast. Like his God he was betrayed, like his God he was tried before a mock court, like his God he was condemned to death. Must he die? Must he fall a victim to ignominious gallows. Must he like Emmet go down to a nameless grave only to be known and remembered as the champion of a lost cause? No, he must live. God must save him for a greater work, a higher mission.

His death sentence is repealed. He is sent to Australia, to spend the rest of his life in a dungeon, to die a living death. And for what crime? No crime, but because he loves his country. Oh! what an anguish must have been his to be torn thus from the land he loved never to see its green shores again, never to kneel by a mother's grave and cry for justice. But see the defiant gleam in those sunken eyes, those eyes tell of a soul that is untouched by the tainted atmosphere, they tell

of heroic endeavor and unflinching resolve.

But earthly power cannot subdue divine motives or high ideals. And so it was with John Boyle O'Reilly. The might of the British Empire could not vanquish him. He felt within him the fires of faith and patriotism that had burned in the hearts of his fathers, fires that centuries of cruel wrong and sufferings could not quench.

At last when all England was glowing with the satisfaction at having suppressed a rebellious spirit the world was startled by the news of O'Reilly's escape. America ever a friend of his country had come to his aid, and drawn him to her bosom. Now he was free, his heart had found liberty beneath the Stars and Stripes.

Now we see him not as a convict but as an American citizen and one of the foremost men of the American nation. Moreover he is a greater patriot because our institutions have influenced him and he loves everything American with the love of a Washington and a Lincoln. He is a potent force in American politics and upholds the rights of the oppressed everywhere.

The Civil War had decided that freedom, not slavery should live, but though it had killed race prejudice and bigotry, it had not softened the frenzy of the slave-holder. The negro was undergoing another form of slavery. Wendell Phillips the great abolitionist had died and there was not one to defend the cause of the black man. O'Reilly came forward and made his voice heard, with a true heart he rose up and did, what war failed to do, battered down those barriers of race prejudice and bigotry that stained American freedom. It was then that he said: "There are no classes or races but one human Brotherhood; there are no creeds to be outlawed, no colours of skin debarred: mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope, one guard—The right to be free, the hope to be just and the guard against selfish greed."

These were his immortal words that sang of his oppressed brother. His voice was heard from sea to sea, it flashed across the ocean and echoed among the green hills and valleys of holy Ireland; it was heard all the world over encouraging and inspiring humanity, ever raising the heart of man to higher ideals.

Now, what is true greatness? Does it lie in a man's adherence to truth and duty? Does it lie in exalted motives? Does it lie in love

of God and of country? Yes, without these qualities no man is truly great. And what shall we say of O'Reilly's motives, of his faith and patriotism, of his love of truth and duty? Look back over his life and judge for yourself. See him as a youth throwing his life, his all, into his country's cause, see him in prison, cast into a dungeon, because he loves that country, and see him in America with the Stars and Stripes above his head. Oh you, who love the good and beautiful, you who love exalted motives and high ideals! Is not this true greatness? Can you not see the Hand of God in such a life? Yes, you must see it, you must recognize the mission of such a life, you must bow down in your admiration, in your love for him whose life was Godlike.

He is dead but his spirit ever burning with love for humanity will hover forever over the harp of Ireland and the eagle of America, he will be forever the sacred bond uniting the Irish race in Ireland, in America, in all the world over, in a union of sympathy and love—might I say the sacred bond linking forever the classes, races and creeds of the world in blessed union.

Oh, John Boyle O'Reilly long may thy name live, down through all the ages may thy voice be heard, may thy memory be sacred, cherished in mortal hearts; and when at last the golden gates of liberty shall have opened for thy race, when the sun, so long hidden behind the dark clouds of bondage, shall burst forth once more upon dear old Ireland, then shall thy cause have been vindicated, then shall thy dream have come true.

The Parting.

Fare ye well ye books and prefects,
 Though far away I wander,
 With ye my thoughts shall ever dwell
 In absence all the fonder.
 Farewell to that delinquent list,
 Forget you, I will never.
 And you, dear skives, so much beloved,
 Farewell to you forever.
 And soon my last fond look is o'er,
 My last farewell is spoken,
 I'll see those happy scenes no more,—
 I think my heart is broken.
 So fare ye well ye books and prefects;
 Though far away I wander,
 With ye my thoughts shall ever dwell
 In absence all the fonder. . . M. A. M.

A Multi-Millionaire.

BY HENRY MCELROY.

The business men of New York were greatly shocked to read of the death of their wealthiest financier, John Horton. Twenty-four hours ago he was king of the millionaires.

"It is strange," thought Sherlock Holmes as he finished reading the death notice of this noted money dealer, "how many wealthy persons seem to die so suddenly, yet from purely natural, though sometimes accidental causes."

A few days later the deceased man's son called at Sherlock Holmes' office. Holmes immediately surmised the purpose of this visit from the manner of the man.

"Mr. Holmes, I am afraid I have need of your services," Horton said, sitting down opposite the detective.

"You no doubt read about the death of John Horton. He is my father."

Holmes nodded assent.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, I was away at that time. My cousin and the butler were the ones who found the body. According to their story, my father, during one of his spells of somnambulism, had presumably tumbled down the marble stairs just outside his room. The fall broke his neck. Attracted by his moaning, they found him lying on the marble floor of the hall below at the foot of the stairs. None of the other servants knew anything about the accident until the arrival of the doctor."

"Did your father have any money in his room?" interrupted Holmes.

"Wait! That is what has aroused my suspicion. The president of the New York bank told me that my father had drawn a million dollars out that afternoon. When I opened our safe there was only two thousand in it."

"Did you search his room thoroughly, and look over his clothes?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, I did, very carefully, too," he replied.

"Was your father susceptible to somnambulism very often?"

"I have found," said Horton, "that whenever he was about to transact a very important affair these spells would come over him. He always kept his money, especially if it was a large sum, right with him at night, claiming that no safe is as secure as a living one."

"You have no suspicions of anyone in your household, have you?"

"No," said Horton, thoughtfully, "James, the butler has been with us over twenty years now, in fact all the other servants have been with us no less than ten years, and they have always been found trustworthy. As for my cousin, Mr. Smith, my father has always given him everything he wanted, and always plenty of money, so he certainly had no motive for injuring my father. Smith went to Boston this morning on business for me."

"Then," spoke Holmes, "I understand the facts of the case are, first that your father met death by a fall which was seemingly accidental. And, secondly, that only two thousand dollars can be found of the million which he was known to have in his possession on the evening of his death. Am I right?" questioned Holmes.

"Yes, that is what I make of the affair," replied Horton.

"Very well, Mr. Horton, I will be a guest at your home for a week or so. I want you to occupy your father's room, and give me a room opposite to it, and as near this marble stairway as possible."

"All right, I will expect you for dinner," said Horton, leaving the office.

"James, I am going to have a guest for a while. Give him my room. I will take my father's," said Horton to his butler on returning for dinner.

Later on the guest arrived. A very aristocratic appearing gentleman, wearing a monocle, and carrying a cane. James showed the guest to a room on the left of the top landing of the marble stairs. Holmes could not secure any clue at his first meal.

After dinner Horton and Holmes retired to the card room.

"Horton!" began Holmes when he was sure no one was within hearing distance, "I want you every night to have your butler bring something up to your room about eleven o'clock. Another thing, to-morrow morning have all the servants busy in the back of the house, I want to examine the upper hall undisturbed."

About eleven o'clock Sherlock heard the butler coming down the hall. Opening his door a little he waited. As the servant approached the head of the stairs his pace quickened, and he glanced around nervously. Holmes noticed the same actions when the servant was returning to the kitchen.

After breakfast Holmes began a careful scrutiny of the hall. Rubbing his hand along the dark side of the hall-wall, he came upon something rough. By the light of his flashlight he perceived numerous blotches of pink wax. A closer investigation showed that these spots had not been there long, for little, if any, dust had collected on their surface.

"How," thought Holmes, "could these spots have come on a side-wall, and in such a position, for there were blotches at the base, others up near the ceiling, and still more midway." It looked as if someone purposely spattered candle grease on the wall.

On the marble floor at this spot were a cluster of scratches. They too had been made recently, for they were not deep enough to withstand a few good scrubbing. At the head of the stairs were more like scratches.

"Horton," said Sherlock, as they walked through the grounds after lunch, "what did your father use for a light when he went about the house at night?"

"He always used a pink colored candle. I forgot to tell you that they found the candle on the floor beside him. Have you found any clue yet, Holmes?"

"Nothing to speak of," replied Holmes slowly.

On the two following nights Sherlock observed the same strange actions as the butler crossed the head of the stairs on his way to Horton's room. But further than that, he could not place any suspicion on the servants, nor could his men, whom he had Horton hire to do repairing about the house.

This night Holmes determined upon a new plan. About nine o'clock he unloosened a coat of mail from its pedestal, which was placed near the stairs in front of Horton's room. He clothed himself in the coat of mail and covered his head with the steel helmet. He then mounted the pedestal, taking the position in which the armor had been set up.

While Sherlock was enclosed in this mail, several servants went by, and he could see plainly that they were not fidgety on passing the stairs as the butler always seemed.

Around eleven o'clock the butler came up the hall bearing a tray for Mr. Horton. As he neared the stairs a door creaked. He stood still for a few seconds, and then advanced hurriedly towards Horton's room. Just as he reached the stairs, the mailed-clad figure

stepped down from the pedestal. A deep voice within the armor spoke.

"You murderer! Now your turn has come!"

With a shout of terror the butler dropped the tray, and fell at the feet of the figure.

"Spare me! spare me! I didn't mean to do it! Let me confess all! Spare me!" he shrieked.

Immediately four detectives were leveling revolvers at the prostrate man. Sherlock, removing his helmet spoke.

"Let us hear your confession! If you tell the exact truth you may be allowed your freedom."

"I will! I will!" replied the butler eagerly. "Monday night about eleven I heard sounds of a struggle up here in the hall. Coming up, I found Mr. Horton and his nephew, Smith, struggling at the head of the stairs. I rushed to help Mr. Horton. I freed him from the grasp of Smith, but in so doing Mr. Horton was thrown headlong down the stairs. He was dead when we picked him up. Smith took the dead man's pocket-book, and gave me fifty-thousand dollars out of it on condition that I remain silent forever. I foolishly accepted the money, and it has been a curse to me ever since. That's all."

The next day Holmes received a cable-gram from his men in London, stating that Smith had been caught trying to change some New York bank notes of large denominations

The Altar Boy.

(In Memory, D. H. R.)

A dark sky, a gray rain,
 Boy lips set in smile;
 Marching feet to organ beat,
 Of children down the aisle.
 "Farewell," murmured the priest,
 "Boy of the altar band;
 You served inside the altar rail,
 You lighted torch, you lifted veil—
 You almost touched His hand!"
 A small grave, a still place,
 Where cedars wave farewell.
 Bees will hum when June days come,
 Winds will sink and swell.
 Safe home, O altar lad,
 Boy of the surplice band!
 For aye to serve inside the rail,—
 With stars for torches, sky for veil,—
 For aye to touch His hand! C. R. L.

The Madness of Hamlet.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

Essentially Hamlet is truly insane. A careful scrutiny of his words and actions reveals a shockingly unbalanced mentality,—which is too obviously genuine to be a sham. Indeed this mental derangement is so constant, so serious, and so deep-seated as to furnish the sole and sufficient explanation for all the astounding irregularities of his character. An unbiased and conscientious analysis of Hamlet's inner self will undoubtedly amply demonstrate even to the most skeptical that in Hamlet we are confronted by as crafty a maniac and as cunning a lunatic as ever rattled the bars of a madhouse. And because he was so crafty, so skilled in the ways of duplicity and guile, he has succeeded in fooling four hundred years of readers as to the true character of his malady. But judicious inspection clarifies the matter, and the stigma of insanity certainly rests upon him.

That Shakespeare himself knowingly and intentionally depicted a madman for us in Hamlet seems practically assured. All the loathsome traces of disease are present. All the characteristic symptoms of irrationality are there in abundance and in wonderful harmony and consistency. Every utterance of the Prince is inherently unsound, and the integrity of every chain of his reasoning is hopelessly marred and obsessed by some intrusion of insanity. He is securely entangled in the vagaries of his own mind. Some have held that he is sane because he seeks revenge. They offer an argument which readily defeats their own purposes. The element of revenge in Hamlet constitutes the main stream of insanity which dominates the entire action, and likewise forms a conclusive proof of the unhinged condition of Hamlet's mind. He seems to take a morbid delight in annoying Polonius,—nothing is more distinctly natural for the insane to do than to fix upon some individual, from whom they have received real or fancied wrongs—and proceed to tease him unmercifully. This petty spirit of torment exhibited by Hamlet makes his imbecility certain. Indeed, he is not sane enough to be pronounced rational by experts. Alienists and surgeons have repeatedly referred to Hamlet as the typical crazy man,

portraying all the common attributes of the incurable, and adhering to the traits of the maniac in all details. Shakespeare painted too good a picture of insanity to leave any doubts. There is no line of demarcation between Hamlet's madness and the genuine article. It appears then that Hamlet was supposed to be merely an imbecile, a graphical representation of a high and noble mind, overthrown and degraded by an excessive melancholy and remorse.

The proofs of Hamlet's real madness are multitudinous and undeniable. In his first soliloquy he distinctly reveals his failing mental constitution, and the radical disturbance of his feelings, amounting at least to a predisposition to actual unsoundness. As the play proceeds his condition assumes worse proportions. In the first place he is incapable of controlling his own mind. He admits that he cannot follow any steady or defined plan, however sincerely he may wish to do so. All his affections are in most admirable disorder. He is inordinately melancholy, morose, and ill at ease. He is reckless, shifty, and puppet-like, always coming and never going. This certainly is latent lunacy in itself. Later his words and actions contradict themselves. He is deterred from suicide by God's commandment against self-slaughter, and yet shortly afterwards he so forgets this canon as to meditate a murder of the most fiendish kind, when the soul as well as the body of the victim is to be killed. His speech to and of the ghost is something more than the rational reaction of the normal mind after experiencing extraordinary emotions. Here then is the primary betrayal of the excitement of delirium, the wandering of a mind reeling under the first strokes of disease. Hamlet soon even doubts the authenticity of the ghost and doubts the testimony of his eyes. In his soliloquy in the Third Act he even advances so far as to question his existence in a future state. This indecision and dread of the real is common in all institutions for the mentally deficient. Hamlet would have made a capital inmate of such an asylum.

Another potent proof of his condition is his complaint of dreams to his friends. Careful investigations have demonstrated that prolonged fantastic dreams are among the first and surest signs of a decaying brain. He is like a wild beast, a prey to uncontrolled conceptions, and a menace to himself. We find him

by turns suspicious and malicious, impulsive and reflective, pensive and facetious. In short, from the moment he first speaks to the ghost he never regains his composure. The cord of sanity evidently snapped at that awful moment. His consequent actions are abnormal to a degree. His actions with the girl he loves are sufficient to remove all doubt as to his deplorable condition: His appearance to her as related by Ophelia to Polonius,—pallid face, pitiful look, hatless head, knocking knees, ungartered stockings, his deliberate perusal of her face, and his profound sigh, is a sham we cannot more believe than we can that he was a criminal of deepest hue. He was undoubtedly a just and chivalrous Prince and yet sitting at the feet of Ophelia he says things lewd and base enough for the lowest moral degenerate. In charity we must not hold him responsible for his deeds. Considered as truly insane this inhuman treatment of Ophelia is just what is to be expected. Then, again, if Hamlet is to be taken as not really mad but merely feigning, his unmanly outrage on Laertes at the grave of Ophelia, stamps him as one of the most cruel and cowardly miscreants that ever defiled the human form. In the open grave before him lies the dead body of the fair young girl whom he once certainly loved, with whose death he has just become acquainted, and which he must know was partly the result of his murder of her father and partly of his unfeeling treatment of herself, yet when her distracted brother leaps into the grave, Hamlet immediately insults him, mimics his grief, outdoes it in ridicule. If this is sanity it travels by an assumed cognomen. Then again his words to Laertes before the fencing bout constitute another strong argument to convict him. The despicable lie he utters by way of apology in the presence of the King, whom he detests, again shows either cowardice or madness. Finally, it is rather curious to observe that the argument he addresses to his mother to disprove her suspicions of his unsoundness, is precisely the one certain madmen delight to employ. Practically all alienists unite in the conclusion that Hamlet is mentally unbalanced. Of course, there are different degrees of insanity, and none believe that Hamlet was a raving maniac or a plain, unvarnished idiot, but certainly there seems no reasonable grounds upon which to judge him entirely sane. He is irrational to a superlative degree; he is essentially insane.

Varsity Verse

Oh, You Little Bullet.

There's something nice about a war
And in a marching army;
But on my word I do confess
Those bullets do alarm me.

It's grand to wear a badge of gold
Upon your coat of blue,
But ain't it inconvenient when
Your blood comes oozing through?

I care not for the noise they make,—
I'm deafer than a dead one,—
But it will get the goat of you
To stop a little lead one.

At first there comes a tiny shell,
Then afterwards a crutch,
And these are yours for evermore,—
What, this for me? Not much.

I hate to stand with gun in hand,
And trigger cocked to pull it—
I do not mind the gun itself,—
But, oh, that little bullet!

There's music in the bugle call,
There's grandeur in the fire;
But when it comes to facing it,—
'Scuse me—I'm not for hire.

D. M.

Song of the Travelling Salesman.

We'd all enjoy a Packard fine,
To pack our family in;
Or we'd accept a Huppmobile,
To go and take a spin.

We'd ramble in a Rambler:
No better we'd demand;

Caesar Yesterday and To-Day.

Old Caesar may have crossed the Alps
And conquered mighty Gaul,
But never did he try to play
A rough old game of ball.

If he should stand with bat in hand,
And try to sass the "umps,"
He wouldn't stand there very long
Until he'd get his bumps.

To ride across the country in,
We'd choose an Overland.

A Maxwell even satisfies,
If offered one we'd take her;
And we would not turn down a chance
To use a Studebaker.

We'd surely own a Stutz or Cole,
At King we'd take a crack;
We'd ride a Saxon car at night
Or buy a Cadillac.

A Chalmers we would gladly get,
A Hudson we'd not scorn;
And if we got a good Amplex,
We surely couldn't mourn.

But when would walking be a joy?
We shout with one accord,
"When someone tries to hand us one,
And make us use a Ford."

B. H. S.

Der Dragic Dumble.

A German came vun day,
Into der barnyard vay,
Undt cried, "Go drow der cow
Over der fence some hay."

His son, he heardt him shoudt,
As dough for help aboutt,
So up der shtairs vent he,
Undt looked der vindow outt.

Dot poy, he leaned far outt,
To ease his droubling doubt,
Undt fell into a dub,
Of home-made sauerkraut.

T. J. H.

There'd be to him a balling out,—
He'd feel so blooming sneaky
He'd never dare to answer back
"Oh, *veni, vidi, vici.*"

Don Mac.

Painless Extraction.

—
PAUL J. MEIFELD
—

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

June 12, 1915.

DEAR DAD:—

The most talked of thing around Notre Dame at present is the annual tennis tournament. This tournament is held every year to determine the champion tennis player of the school. Last year there was some mighty fast playing, and this season's work promises to be much better. Last year I made the semi-finals and this year I should do much better because Eichenlaub, the fellow who beat me, is now ineligible. I know you were always interested in tennis and I will let you know how I come out.

Right now my predicament reminds me of the American pioneer we were reading about in history class the other day. This fellow lived in Missouri a long time ago. One day he was taking a load of apples from his Few Acres to the County Metropolis (as George Ade would write it). He was driving through the Missouri roads—that is, he was going almost through them—at a very slow pace, as the mud was up to the hubs most of the time. Pretty soon, unbeknownst to said farmer, a board came loose in the bottom of the wagon and the apples began falling out; one at a time, two at a time, three at a time, half a peck at a time, until they were all gone. And soon they (the wagon, the horse and the man, but not the apples) struck an extra large mud hole, and stopped. The man applied the lash and the horses applied their entire strength in an endeavor to pull out, but all in vain. They were stuck. The farmer turned around and was astonished to find the wagon empty. For a moment he could not speak; but after that proverbial moment was up, he said, "Stuck, by heck! And nothing to unload!" So it is with me. I started to write to you, bringing the apples of my knowledge to the metropolis of your understanding, but now I'm stuck, by heck, and haven't anything to unload.

Except you care to hear about so minor a thing as my recent readings. I have just finished Hamlet. That Shakespeare certainly was SOME writer, wasn't he? I am reading

all his products, but like Hamlet much better than any he has written so far. Personally, I think the Prince was feigning madness; don't you? Although of course that is a subject for disputation. As I was reading Hamlet I couldn't help but grow sentimental, and in my mind I compared Hamlet to a beautiful and fragile vase, fit only for the holding of the fairest, sweetest flowers, but which, instead, contained an oak, which sent its roots down and out so deeply and strongly and thickly that the vase is shattered; and the oak was planted when Hamlet was told by his ghost-father of the royal murder. I am going to read it again soon.

I don't remember who told the following story, but I heard it in a lecture recently. It is a good example of the value of a college education, which I am coming to realize more fully every day. The uneducated man may know how to do many things and know well, but the college man, in addition, knows WHY he does them. A man went into a hotel for dinner and passed his hat to a colored man standing at the door. He waited for a check, but his friend, who was familiar with the place, pulled him on into the dining room, telling him that all was well. As they were leaving, the colored man at the door advanced and handed him his hat. The man was curious, and so he asked the negro: "Is this my hat?" "I don't know, sir," came the reply. "Then why do you give it to me?" "Because you gave it to me, sir."

Well, it is getting close to ten o'clock and as our Prefect doesn't like us to be around the hall after the lights are out, I must close and get ready for bed. I hope you are all well and assure you that I am. This spring weather around here surely is great and conducive to good health. Please write soon, as I am always anxious to hear from you.

Your loving son,

BERNARD.

P. S.—I almost forgot to mention that the tennis tournament in which I am so interested, requires an entrance fee of five dollars. Also, I am greatly in need of a new racquet, which will cost eight more. I need the racquet if I am to do any good in the contest. You know winning the championship of the school means a great deal to a fellow, and I know that you would like me to do it; and I stand as good a chance as any. B.

The Young Day.

To, the young stripling Day,
His pale limbs washen with the dews of night,
Sets silver-sandalled feet upon the hills;
Strong in his lustihood to run
Even to the purple oceans of the dying sun.
The stars that throng the eastern way
Fade as he passes on,—then hot youth thrills,
And down the cloud-paved east he speeds in flight.

S. S.

Fall of the Alamo.

BY MOYSE RATCLIFF.

(In moving pictures, by one who took part.)

Away over by the mission there were boys, trained government soldiers, and many Mexicans, changing their clothing for either the old frontier garb or that of a Mexican soldier.

Everything was ready. The Alamo would fall again, it would be real, for it must be so for a good film, but the heroes who would defend it this time would live to tell the story.

This disguised invading Mexican force slowly rode and marched away. After about two and a half miles had been covered, we formed in an orderly mass and came forward upon the mission, raising as much dust as we could, flashing our set bayonets and trying to make a thousand men look like five thousand. At last this part was over and we all rested in the shade of the trees. This reproducing of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna, was surely a hard and hot job, at least for the small sum of a dollar and a half. Just think, we were to die, be shot down for so cheap a price, later, we would be burned upon the funeral pyre.

The "jink" with the box and the crank turner were satisfied, and after taking Santa Anna in all his glory (who was no one than our dear Major fixed up like that cruel butcher) a couple of times, gave us all transfers and we made a rush, not for the Alamo, oh no; that was six miles away, but for the bunch of special street cars that were waiting on the Hot Wells car line for us, also a place where we could get revenge upon some ice cold bottles.

Company B had become disbanded while rushing to the thirst stand, and so was scattered from the last car to the first. Officers' call was sounded and Company B was called for.

We of Company B were to be the small band of Texans who came at the last minute to help reinforce the garrison. Company B now piled into the first two street cars and began to go to the relief of the Alamo. Of course, in the meantime, we had changed our Mexican garb for that of the back-woodsman and, instead of the banner with the eagle and rattlesnake, we marched (or at least rode) under the banner of the Lone Star. Ah! but we were great heroes; we alone were going to die with the rest of the brave defenders of that sacred spot. All for a dollar and a half. All went well, and while the flashing bayonets of Santa Anna's came around the plaza on one side, we, the tried and truly brave, were let into the Alamo by a great cardboard gate that it took six men to move, but which would tremble with every gust of the wind.

The holes in the old walls had been filled with painted soap boxes and through these holes the Mexican horde was going to come. The bugle sounded, the charge was made, the movie man yelled "1st fall," one dropped here and there along the street. When 2nd's were called upon to give up their lives they were rather slow about doing it, for they hated to give up that charge. Were not some of their girls, even mothers watching their noble charge from the side line. But like true fellows they did at last become kind enough to fall, and die.

Meanwhile we who were defending the walls would fall backward from some ghastly wound made from a handful of red powder and drop from a height of ten feet to be caught in a large net. Then after washing the wound off we would go to another part of the wall and die again. I died six times, the last time was in the chapel, when a soap box fell on my bread basket and knocked the wind out of me. Quickly three other heroes took advantage of a chance to "pile on" and made me a nice mat upon which to fall. Six of us fell there in a group, only to rise again when the movie man said we could. And all this for a dollar and a half per head.

We then filled dummies and placed them upon a great pile of brush to burn that night. We were paid off and dismissed. Now friend, if you see the "Fall of the Alamo" some time in future life, you will know that you have met one of those great heroes who died the death of a soldier. He did all this for a dollar and a half. The dollar went for a box of candy, the half for something to eat.

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—Commencement time is always a mixed chaos of speeches and farewells, joys and sorrows. It marks the final termination of a successful college career, but it is also

The Graduates. the prologue of the greater struggle yet to follow. No matter how gracefully or gloriously a man may have completed his long years of school life, he has yet to face the world and experience the successes and reverses of human endeavor. He has yet to establish his mark where it will be most lasting. Out of the soft, protecting shadows of his Alma Mater he must stride into the midst of worldly strife, and work and save his way to a place of prominence. He must win his livelihood by his own ability, and he must win it in a way that will reflect honor and fame both upon himself and upon his college. Worldly competition will be keen, temptations will be many and varied, and disappointments most common, yet he must remember that honesty goes hand in hand with success, and though he may amass wealth unlawfully he does so at the terrible risk of his own soul. For as the university is a training place for our lives in the world, so also is the world merely a place of preparation for the life beyond. Heaven is the place to which we must all graduate with honors. So if the class of 1915 are as successful in their worldly ventures as they have been in their school achievements, and if they follow in the future as they have in the past, the paths of uprightness and honesty, there is no doubt of their final success.

Commencement Program.

The Collegiate Commencement Exercises this year will begin on Saturday, June 12, and conclude on the evening of Monday June, 14. The order of exercises is as given below:

Saturday 8:00 P. M., June 12. Address by the Rev. Clarence Eugene Woodman, C. S. P., Berkeley, California.

Address by the Honorable Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, California, in Washington Hall.

Sunday 8:00 A. M., June 13, Solemn Pontifical Mass, The Rt. Rev. Joseph Herman Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Celebrant.

Baccalaureate Sermon by the Right Rev. John Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, Montana.

Business Meeting of the Alumni Association, 5:00 P. M., Brownson Hall.

Alumni Banquet, 7:00 P. M.

Monday 10:00 A. M., June 14, Bachelors' Orations.

Baseball Game—Alumni vs. Varsity, 2:00 P. M., Cartier Field.

Commencement Exercises, 8:00 P. M., Washington Hall.

Address by the Honorable John Fitzgerald of Boston, Massachusetts.

Preparatory Closing.

On Wednesday evening, June 9th, the medals and diplomas for the preparatory department were awarded in the Carroll Study Hall at 8 o'clock. The President of the University made a short address to the preparatory students congratulating them on the successful work done during the year and warning them of their various duties and obligations for the vacation months. He told them clearly what people outside expected of Notre Dame students and what their failure to live up to expectations would mean, both to themselves and the University. That these formative days were the most important in their lives, he said, could not be doubted, for nature was now changing their bodies from the bodies of boys into those of men and these years must determine whether they were to go through life like men with their faces to the stars or like beasts with their faces to the ground. He urged them to be as frequent in the reception of the sacraments during vacation as they had been during the school year, and assured them that on their faithfulness in these things would depend the happiness of their vacations.

Father Schumacher, Prefect of Studies, distributed medals and diplomas to the following:

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, First Course, is awarded to Francis Duffy Watson, Lafayette, Indiana.

The Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Second Course, is awarded to John Henry Callaghan, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Mason Medal, donated by Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, to the student in the Preparatory School whose scholastic record has been the best during the school year, is conferred on Francis Otis Wood, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Commercial High School Diplomas are conferred on Emil Alexis Besten, Louisville, Kentucky; Dennis William Kelly, Devil's Lake, North Dakota; Ralph Anthony Reitz, Evansville, Indiana.

The Commercial Medal given to the student who has attained the best record in Commercial subjects for the school year is awarded to Dennis William Kelly, Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

St. Edward Hall Commencement.

On Wednesday morning the students of St. Edward Hall held their closing exercises. The President of the University presided and a number of members of the Faculty were present. At the close of the exercises Father Cavanaugh expressed his great satisfaction with the work that had been done during the year by the students of St. Edward Hall and urged them to remember that the fair name of their School was in their keeping and that people in the world would take their impression of Notre Dame from the conduct of its students. Many parents and friends were present at the exercises.

Medals and premiums were conferred on the following students:

First Honor Gold Medals were awarded to Herbert Bearce, Chicago, Illinois; Michael M. Chemidlin, New York City; Theodore J. Gengler, Chicago, Illinois; Regis J. Fallan, Youngstown, Ohio.

Renewals, Gold Medals were awarded to George F. Barry, Chicago, Illinois; Monroe Loeb, Chicago, Illinois.

Gold Medal for Composition is awarded to Colton C. Connolly, New York City.

Gold Medal for Letter Writing is awarded to George Langowsky, Chicago, Illinois.

Gold Medal for Piano is awarded to Lee Osborn, Chicago, Illinois.

Gold Medal for Vocal Culture is awarded to Charles Shannan, Chicago, Illinois.

Certificates were awarded to Walter Landers, Springfield, Missouri; William J. Kalish, Chicago, Illinois; Max Buckmann, Alamosa, Colorado; Noel A. Miller, Racine, Wisconsin; John W. Berkmyer, Frankfort, Indiana; Gerard B. McDermott, Chicago, Illinois; Gerald A. McDermott, Chicago, Illinois; John H. Holdman, Montreal, Canada; Joseph E.

Wood, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Robert de Roche Wood, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Scherrer H. McDowall, Chicago, Illinois; Robin B. Brady, Payne, Ohio; Lawrence O'Gorman, Chicago, Illinois; Bernard A. Borne, Chicago, Illinois; Francis Summerville, Cambridge, Ohio; Henry Long, Detroit, Michigan; John J. Beidler, Chicago, Illinois; Francis J. Moody, Chicago, Illinois; John P. Chemidlin, New York City; Gerard McInerney, Detroit, Michigan.

Personals.

—On Tuesday, June 1st, B. J. Kaiser (B. S. A., '12) and Miss Evelyn Durance, of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, were united in marriage.

—The *American Architect* of May 26th states that Wendell Phillips (B. S. A., '12) is the Architect of the new Grammar School at Milford, Mass.

—Mr. Rolland Adlesperger (A. B., '90), formerly head of the School of Architecture, now holds a similar position in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. His address is College Station, Texas.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Mary O. Sidlinger to Mr. Lawrence J. Vocke (old Student). The ceremony took place June 2nd at Napoleon, Ohio. We extend good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Vocke.

—Mr. Harry Newning (Ph. B., '14) arrived during the week from Houston, Texas, where he has been in business with his father. Harry will play third base for the Alumni team and his old admirers will have the chance of seeing him work again.

—Mr. Joseph Lantry (C. E., '07) was the first alumnus to arrive for Commencement. Joe is a contractor in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and is doing a great business. He is just as stocky as he was when he played on the Varsity football team and worry has thus far worn no furrows in his brow.

—The engagement of Miss Lawrence of Bath, N. Y., to Edwin Douglas Bonham (C. E., '09) was announced recently. Bonham was a popular student in his day, having been very prominent in athletics, and will be remembered by many of the old boys. He is at present in the employ of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

—Mr. William J. Redden (B. S., Arch., '14) has been doing good work in Detroit since graduation. A little over a month ago he was appointed by Donaldson and Meyer, Architects, to the position of general inspector on a

twenty-four story office building, which shows the confidence his employers have in his work.

—The marriage of Miss Mary Mildred Kelly to Elmo A. Funk (C. E., '11) is announced to take place Tuesday morning, June 15, at St. Mary's Church, Anderson, Indiana. Elmo is one of the many recent graduates who have made good. He was appointed City Engineer of Anderson some time ago, and has won the admiration of his community by his efficiency. We extend to him and his bride our hearty congratulations!

—Judge Joseph J. Cooke (LL. B., '94) of Beardstown, Ill., is a candidate for re-election as Judge of the City Court on June 15th. The local newspaper speaks of him as follows:

The election of Judge Cooke assures another successful four years of a court that has proven highly valuable and advantageous to Beardstown people. His ability to preside on the bench has been recognized in other cities as well as Beardstown. He has been called to Chicago for several long terms to preside in the Circuit and County courts of Cook County and was appointed by Gov. Dunne to sit in the Circuit court of Morgan County, during a vacancy on the bench in that circuit.

—The William B. McJunkin Advertising Agency of Chicago offers an attractive career to the college man who has a specialized ability for writing graphic persuasive English. "From time to time," writes the president of this Co., "we have occasion to add to our staff and for this reason we are interested in getting and keeping in touch with young men who, we think, would welcome a chance to commence upon the practice of a profession that is both lucrative and interesting."

—The following article appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* a few days ago:

A new star is seen on the Chicago baseball horizon in "Cy" Williams. This young man, graduate of Notre Dame, is said to be the fastest runner in the game.

Williams could have taken part in the last Olympic games, but declined because of studies. Williams holds a hurdle record, and in a contest for circling the bases will be hard to beat. The other day he scored from second base on the squeeze play.

Williams has taken the place of Bill Lange as a diamond idol and his admirers increase with each game. Not only is he a college graduate, but a young man of perfect habits, and as an alumnus of Notre Dame reflects credit upon his Alma Mater.

The Cubs say Williams hits harder than any left hand batsman since the days of Harry Lumley. Credit for his development is given Bresnahan, who has been encouraging the big youngster since assuming charge of the club.

Book Reviews.

LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT. By Mary Agatha Gray; Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price, \$1.35.

In this book we meet many different types of character, which combined with a unique plot form a story of more than ordinary interest. A mystery runs through the story that is not cleared until the last chapter, the end coming as a complete surprise. The many different ways in which the village folks find that all roads lead to Rome, show the authors ability in character study to be above the ordinary.

THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD. By Mary G. Bonesteel. Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price, 35 cents.

This is a sequel to "Recruit Tommy Collins," and portrays the further adventures of that young hero during the Spanish-American War. The story is bright and interesting, while the many thrilling scenes will make older people forget that it is a children's story, and enable them to enjoy it as much as the young folks.

THE MAD KNIGHT. By Otto Von Schackling. Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price, 35 cts.

Here is another children's story concerning the adventures of "Don Quixote." The story follows Cervantes closely, yet the style is so simple that any young person may read and enjoy the trials and hardships of the poor old Don. The humor is wholesome, and the story interesting throughout.

MIRALDA. By Katherine Mary Johnson. Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price, 35 cts.

Miralda is a little Cuban slave, whose many adventures form a very interesting story. The plot is somewhat unusual, but that lends charm to a delightful book which should be read by all young folks.

Class Festivities.

THE FRESHMAN BANQUET.

Every evening car that left South Bend for Mishawaka on Thursday, May 27th, carried its quota of Notre Dame students. At half past six the Class of 1918 met in the dining-rooms of Hotel Mishawaka for the Annual Freshman banquet. A splendid repast was set before some fifty members present. While dinner was being served, Messrs. Steve Burns and Art Carmody favored the assemblage with a number of well-rendered selections. Following the fifth course President Bergman addressed his classmates with a few excellent remarks, and then, acting as toast-master, called upon various members for speeches. The program was closed by Father MacNamara, Dean of N. D. Freshman, who gave an admirable

talk on "College Pep." May the class prove the merit that is claimed for it, and ever display the spirit to which it has been urged.

THE JUNIOR CLASS LUNCHEON.

On Wednesday night, June the second, thirty-two members of the Junior Class, along with Professors Cooney and Benitz, assembled in one of the private dining-rooms of the Hotel Mishawaka at one of the most successful class affairs ever given at Notre Dame. The evening was whiled away by the acquiring of potato salad, sandwiches, and a host of other things that only the hotel chef knows the names of. In order that the intellectual side of things should not suffer, President Hugh O'Donnell called for speeches and was not in the least disappointed. Everyone had something to say and had his chance to say it. Professor Benitz's "Ford" next year's "DOME" and the moral standard of Professor Cooney's native state were the principal subjects discussed. Much "pep" for year-book and social affairs of next year was displayed and a greater amount of cohesion promised. After Figelstahler had swallowed the last pickle on the table and begun to gaze hungrily at the china, the affair came to an end with a "great big U. N. D.!" and another Junior Class passed into history.

Local News.

—Second installment of the semi-annual SCHOLASTIC local—The cacti have been placed.

—Owing to the absence of "Common Law" Ryan, the Majestic has been compelled to close for the season.

—It was a cruel and untruthful Junior who remarked, that if the laundry whistles should have blown last Friday night, there wouldn't have been any dance.

—The rattle of hammers and scratching of saws are familiar sounds these days in all the halls. "What'll yuh gimme for a morris-chair? Two bits takes this chiffonier—" etc. etc.

—Mr. Hutchinson, City Editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, lectured before the Junior and Sophomore Classes of the School of Journalism last Tuesday morning. "Permits to Smoke" were in evidence during his talk.

—The Senior Law Class Dance held in the Oliver ball room on Friday night, June 11, occurred too late for us to make a report, but

after witnessing the arrival of fair partners for a week we are sure that it was a huge success.

—On Thursday evening, the University Band gave a very enjoyable concert on the porch of the Main Building. Prof. Derrick is to be congratulated on the excellent program which his musicians rendered in a masterly way.

—On Friday, June 11, the feast of the Sacred Heart was fittingly celebrated. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey, assisted by the Rev. Father Irving as deacon and the Rev. Father Oswald as subdeacon.

—The Electrical Engineers held their annual banquet at the Oliver Hotel Thursday evening, June 10. It was the culminating success of a most successful year and the clever speeches gave evidence of the long and laborious work done during the year.

—Visitors looked in vain for the large army of Notre Dame students on last Thursday afternoon. All had departed to spend a few hours with Barnum and Bailey's Circus and returned just before supper with peanut shells in their hair and a suggestion of red pop in their expressions.

—Thursday noon saw the exodus of the boys of Carroll Hall. The young army, tugging suitcases bade hurried good-byes, and trudged heavily toward the post office. A few, however, were fortunate enough to find automobiles waiting which took them and their baggage at top speed toward home.

—The Barnum and Bailey Circus parade last Thursday afforded a much-needed relaxation for the overburdened minds of the Seniors. You may be president of your class or an editor of the SCHOLASTIC, but your dignity cannot resist the appeal of pink lemonade, or the desire to stuff the unsuspecting elephant with peanuts.

—On Wednesday evening Fathers Cavanaugh and Schumacher dined at the Seminary and distributed the medals won by members of that hall. William Havey of Indianapolis received the preparatory elocution medal, and Thomas Francis Butler of Kokomo, Indiana, was awarded the preparatory medal for Latin and ten dollars in gold for oratory.

—The College Elocution Contest was held in Washington Hall last Tuesday afternoon. First place was awarded to Mr. William C.

Henry, who will be given the Patrick T. Barry Medal. J. Clovis Smith and Partick Dolan tied for second place. The other contestants were Frank Boland, Mark Duncan, Timothy Galvin, Arthur Hunter, Emmett Lenihan, and William Meuser.

—The Students of the College of Civil Engineering were called upon to defend their theses last Thursday afternoon. Mr. C. W. Cole, city engineer of Mishawaka carried on the examination assisted by Joseph T. Lantry of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mr. Anderson, city engineer of South Bend, who was to have taken part in the examination, was unable to be present on account of important business.

—Notre Dame, Ind., June 10.—At twelve o'clock on the night of June 9th, several Zeppelin dirigibles appeared over Notre Dame and dropped 150 bombs around the University buildings. Most of the explosions occurred in the vicinity of Corby Hall. The extent of the damage cannot be ascertained, but no fatalities have been reported. The Battalions mobilized at their respective windows to watch the display. Desultory firing still continues at this writing.

—From the *Laurel* published by the students of St. Bonaventure College, New York, we copy the following:

Before laying aside the pen for the last time, we wish to add a word of commendation for the staff of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC. All through the year we have depended on them to give us a pleasant evening once a week, and we are glad to admit that we have yet to be disappointed. While we who get out, perhaps, ten numbers a year, do not know the labor—and the gratification consequent therein—of editing a weekly of the SCHOLASTIC'S standard, we, nevertheless wish to offer felicitations to the Notre Dame journalists. Their output stands as leader and beacon in the field of college magazines; theirs is a product, neat and compact, and yet ornate in appearance; never going to extremes, but prudent, and voicing the spirit of the university it represents; interesting, entertaining, and "worth while" from front page to the last line of the VALVE. And what is more, it displays unmistakably that subtle quality which is so well summed up in the little word, "pep." May your shadow never grow less, SCHOLASTIC, and your influence always increase.

—The Valedictorian ascends the rostrum, and something hard rises in the throats of his classmates. The old song is sung for the last time and one, big, loud "U. N. D." pierces the stillness of the night. The last load of trunks rumbles slowly toward town, the boys follow, and the Campus is deserted. Another milestone of the old School has been passed and

another loyal crew gone to man the ship of life. If loyalty and high ideals count for aught, their voyage must be serene and their port the fair harbor of Success.

The last good wish is said, boys,
The last good-bye is o'er,
The train is coming on, boys,
We hear its distant roar.
Let's rouse the loyal fire, boys,
That only classmates know
With one last "U. N. D.," boys,
One cheer before we go.
For our old school and hers, boys,
May gold, success or fame
Ne'er dim the love we bear, boys,
To our own No re Dame.

XIII—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

JACK COOK.

John Caruso Cook, without a doubt the greatest boy soprano living, resides at 215 Corby. He is tall and handsome, having a beautiful wave of straw colored hair and a nose—ah, what shall we say of his nose? Jack is no relation to the gentleman who discovered the North Pole, although he can make a story sound almost true.

The most remarkable thing about John is his voice. Its wonderful lyric quality aided by his perfect figure and poise make him absolutely irresistible to the fairer ones. In fact, he now has a trunk over half full of letters of the perfumed pink and blue variety.

The gentle art of singing is not Jack's only accomplishment. He is an athlete. When attending high school in Bellevue, Ohio, where he used to live, he was the ideal of the city. He starred in football, basketball, track and baseball. He has won a position on the Corby nine and will undoubtedly hold the spotlight the entire season.

MR. JACK WITTENBERG.

Jack may not recognize his name with "Mr." before it but all the same we believe this title should be bestowed upon him, for while he was a student in Carroll Hall he won the Mason Medal and we notice this year that he is lined up with the officers in the military companies. Rose fever visits this dusky youth every year about June first and he performs some of the most original sneezing stunts that can be expected of a boy of his age. While riding in the

street car on June second he got a sudden sneezing fit and was arrested for blowing off the hats of four men in the seat before him. The fever is called "Rose" Jack admits because one feels like a cabbage head when one gets it—it is named much like a nigger who is called Snowball. Jack lives in Huntington, W. Va., though we must confess he has lately moved from Pineville, W. Va. Jack philosophizes like an old man, devours studies like a hungry man, and spells like a broken typewriter. He is blessed with good understanding, wearing a number ten shoe, and has other beauties which we have no room to mention.

The Michigan Trip.

The final trip of the baseball season was opened last Thursday with a victory over the Michigan Aggies at Lansing. The victory was a notable one as the Aggies had just captured the state championship, defeating Michigan two games out of three. Weeder and Springer, the men who had defeated Ferguson and Sisler in the final game of the Michigan series, opposed Notre Dame, but they proved no match for "Slim" Walsh. "Slim" was in great form, striking out six of the Aggies and holding them to five hits. He walked only one man, and after his teammates had batted out three runs in the third he was never in danger.

The slugging of the Notre Dame men was the feature of the game. Carmody and Lathrop led the onslaught, each securing a double and two singles. Mills with three singles and Kenny with a double and a single were not far behind. "Jake" Kline's hit brought our total up to twelve.

The Aggies took the lead in the second, scoring on a walk, a sacrifice and a hit. They counted again in the third on Fick's three-bagger and an infield out. The Varsity sluggers got busy in the fourth, driving home three runs and knocking Weeder out of the box. Springer proved just as easy, and three more runs were added in the sixth and seventh.

Walsh was in a tight place in the sixth when two hits and an error filled the bases, but the team rallied behind him and retired two men at the plate. Carmody, Kline and Bergman played brilliant ball on the infield, "Bergie's" speed being especially noticeable. The "Dutchman" stole two bases.

TOO MUCH SISLER.

For the final game of the Michigan series, Coach Lundgren trotted out George Sisler, and the "Old Master" put another crimp in our pride. There is one thing about that game for which we are truly thankful—it was Sisler's last appearance against Notre Dame. We hope he will take with him the jinx that Michigan seems to be able to exercise on Notre Dame. But despite the memories of former defeats at the hands of the great southpaw, the Varsity went into Saturday's combat with desperate determination and gave their old enemy the greatest battle of his career.

Sisler had to exercise every bit of his skill to dispose of the Notre Dame batters. He struck out twelve men—an unusually small number for Sisler. The Varsity touched him for seven hits and spectacular fielding helped the Michigan twirler to hold Notre Dame to one score. On one occasion with the bases full Lathrop clouted one that should have cleared the sacks, but Labadie ran back almost to the fence and speared the drive out of the clouds. In the last inning, "Mike" Carmody lined a hot drive over second, but McQueen made a stab at the ball and gathered it in. When Sisler receives such support as this no college team can hope to beat him.

Sisler did not carry off all the pitching honors of the day. Our own little "Slim" Walsh, who bids fair to hang up a college record just as good as Sisler's, pitched a great game. With only one day's rest the tall twirler came back and showed the best stuff of the year. His curve was breaking fast and sharp and his speed proved a puzzle to the Wolverines. Michigan garnered eight hits, but half of them were of the scratch variety. Walsh was given perfect support, and even in the face of defeat the playing of the Notre Dame team was so brilliant that the Michigan rooters gave the visitors many friendly cheers.

Michigan did not get past first base until the sixth inning when they filled the bases with no one down. A grounder to Bergman was fumbled for an instant and the first run crossed the plate, but the "All-American Shortstop" got his man at first. The side was retired without further damage. Michigan won the game in the next inning, when they filled the bases without knocking the ball out of the infield. Walsh failed to cover first on a grounder to Mills, and he lost a close decision when he tried

to force a man at second on a bunt. A clean two-bagger drove in three runs and sewed up the game for Michigan.

It is hard to explain why our team was not more successful against Michigan. Every man played splendid ball. The pitching, the batting and the fielding was all good. Sisler was unable to get a single hit off Wells and Walsh. Yet Michigan was able to carry off both games.

MICHIGAN WINS FIRST GAME.

Michigan came to in yesterday's game with Notre Dame, defeating the Hoosiers by a 4 to 2 score in a game which involved some real baseball. In spite of the fact that Michigan's score was largely abetted by the errors of the Indiana men, the Wolverines played in almost good enough form to justify the accusations which are being made against them.

Notre Dame found McNamara's delivery for five hits in two innings, and with none out in the third and with three men on bases, McNamara was replaced by Ferguson who had the Hoosiers well in hand, allowing but one run in the third, and shutting them out in the succeeding rounds.

Michigan earned a run in the fifth when Shivel got a safety and was sent home on Brandell's double. In the sixth Benton drew a pass, and took third when Labadie singled. Labadie started to steal second, and Benton led off third, drawing a throw, which hit his head and bounced into the outfield, Benton and Labadie scoring. Maltby went to first on an error, and to third on Waltz's double, scoring on a squeeze by Shivel.

Labadie had a perfect day, both at bat and in the field, making four put-outs, and getting two hits out of twice at a bat.—*Michigan Daily*.

Safety Valve.

By the way the fumes of Honey Dew tobacco fill the air on the arrival of the Alumni, one would be led to believe that they sold no other brand in the olden days.

ULTERIOR VIEWS.

The fact that Mr. Bryan resigned shows that he is not yet resigned.

Student (*to rector*):—"I'd like very much to have my room changed over to Sorin Hall for Commencement week."

"Rector:—It's not the custom to transfer students the last week—it's not worth the trouble."

Student:—"Then I'll have to sleep in a hotel in town."

Rector:—"What's the matter with Walsh Hall? Isn't it good enough for you?"

Student:—"Are those Alumni, or whatever you call them, coming here again? Is that man Kanaley with the midnight voice going to be here? Is the Hon. Frank O'Shaughnessey, lawyer and disturber, going to inhabit this floor? Is that angel-faced Charlie

Bryan, who spends the night jumping from bath-tub to bath-tub, to arrive here soon? I tried to sleep on the same floor with that crowd for two Commencements and I swear it can't be done—no sir, it can't be done."

And yet they tell us how quiet the old boys were and how little disturbance they raised.

THE LILACS ENTERTAIN.

On Monday evening the students of the Lilacs entertained for the first time this year. At 7:30 P. M. the lights were turned on in every room of the house by Hugh Burns, the big square piano, which has been used for a billiard table all year, was opened, and the fair faces of the Lilac boys awaited the advent of guests. Harold Madden stood in the pink parlor wearing a pink emerald dress-suit, holding in his right hand a bunch of old maid's pinks and in his left a volume of Emerson's poems. Opposite him in the red room, surrounded by a red necktie, emblazoned by a red carnation and holding in his hand a book he had just read, sat Emmet Lenihan. He was a trifle nervous fearing his fair friends might have perished in the Hill Street Car. In the green parlor, where green palms grew out of green buckets, Ernest LaJoie, with a suggestion of green in his manner, and the unmistakable aroma of green onions in his breath, walked breathlessly up and down. His coat was green, but it could be easily dyed the next day, he argued, and no one would notice it to-night; besides he assured himself that he was as attractive looking as Clovis Smith who was there in the pale parlor. The walls of Smith's room were pale, the pale curtains swooned and rested on the floor, the brow of Clovis grew ghastly pale as the bell rang, and Jose Corona carried in a large pail to add to the effect—but why go on. The fact is, that the boys at the Lilacs entertained.

They are coming back, the old boys,
That we heard praised up so much,
Some are Spanish, some are Irish
Some are German, some are Dutch,

But no matter where they come from
Take it, Faculty, from me,
They are not the quiet angels
That you told us we should see.

They can raise more real disturbance
In an afternoon or two,
They can do more really queer things
Than we ever thought to do.

So we sort 'a doubt your logic
When you greet us with a frown,
And tell us of the old boys,
Who have long since settled down.

So believe us when we tell you
We have just began to learn
What a real old rough house looks like
Since we've met the wise and stern.