The
Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XLIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1916. No. 36.

Memorial Ode.

BY EDWARD N. MARCUS.

AT peace with all! What meaning has this phrase!
At peace with all; the while destruction's hand
Hammers the world; while ruthless nations blaze
With envy, wrath,—all evils hatred-fanned.

Afar is heard the cannon's deafening roar
On battlefields where lie the myriad dead;
The warring hordes, that peace shall know no more,
Fight on, while run the turbid streams blood-red.

But here tranquillity; the fruits of peace:
Fields rich with nature's prodigality;
Ripens the grain, the markets hum, nor cease
The mighty wheels of honest industry.

And whence this peace? comes it by chance, unbought?
Knew we not war, its fearful sacrifice?
Comes it unearned, in pang of loss untaught,
Or have we paid in blood the heavy price?

Then know! The wholesome fruits we reap to-day
Were sown in blood; that every mother's womb
Gave sons who with their sires all walked the way
That leads to glory in the soldier's tomb.

Oh veterans! the debt is ours; the page
Whereon our feeble thanks in history
Are writ, will never dim. Our heritage—
The States you forged, by war, to unity.

Might we to-day not be in Martian throes
Had you not stayed rebellion's sundering tide?
Our house divided, falling,—ready foes
Unchecked by union's strength, on every side?

Ye did a work that can not be undone:
Should time yet sweep us to a warring fate,
To ye we owe it that our hearts are one,
That Unity with Freedom keeps our State.

* Read at the Memorial Exercises in Washington Hall.

The Roman Family.

BY J. A. HEISER.

TO one unfamiliar with Roman history and mythology the term Roman family has little meaning. Governed as it was by the religion of the state and subject to certain limitations by law, the Roman family presents a strange contrast to the modern family. The purpose of this paper is to deal with the Roman family as an institution regulated by law and to show where and how the authority of the "Pater familias" was placed.

The English word family has a far different meaning from the Latin term "familia." By the word of our own language we usually understand a group consisting of father, mother, and children. Not so for the Latin term. Husband, wife, and children did not necessarily constitute an independent family as the Romans understood it. A family, according to them, consisted of several households. Those persons made up the Latin family who were subject to the same head of the house. The title of this head was "Pater familias." His family might make a host in themselves, consisting of "wife, unmarried daughters, sons, real or adopted, married or unmarried, with their wives, sons, unmarried daughters, and even remote descendants, always through the sons, yet they made but one 'familia' in the eyes of the Romans. Thus the father and mother, sons and daughters, home and homestead, servants and chattels, formed the natural elements constituting the household in all cases where polygamy had not obliterated the distinctive position of the mother. The family was a large unit. In case of the death of the "pater familias" the family consisted of the free man who, upon his father's death, had become his own master, and the spouse whom the priests, by the ceremony of the sacred salted

cake, had solemnly wedded to share with him water and fire, with their sons and sons' sons, with the lawful wives of these, and their unmarried daughters and sons' daughters, along with all goods and substance pertaining to any of the members. The children of daughters, on the other hand, were excluded, because, if born in wedlock, they belonged to the family of the husband; and if begotten out of wedlock, they had no place in the family at all. To the Roman citizen a house of his own and the blessings of children appeared the end and essence of life. The death of an individual was not an evil, for it was a matter of necessity. Man alone could be head of a family. Women did not indeed occupy a position inferior to man in acquiring property and money, on the contrary the daughter inherited an equal share with her brother, and the mother an equal share with the children.

The master of such a household was always "sui iuris," that is independent, or his own master, while all under him were "alieno iuri subiecti," that is they were dependent. The authority of the master over his wife was called "manus," over all his descendants "patria potestas," and that over his slaves or servants "dominica potestas." During his lifetime, provided he retained his citizenship, he alone could exercise all these powers. He could, however, bestow them either through sale or gift, on anyone he desired, thus he might emancipate his sons making each the head of a new family, even though they were unmarried or childless if married. He might also emancipate an unmarried daughter making her head, in her own right, of a new family, or he might give her in marriage to another Roman citizen when all power passed from him into the hands of her husband? The marriage of a son did not create a new family, but he and his wife were still subject to the same "pater familias" as he had been before the marriage. When a Roman citizen bestowed his daughter on another in marriage he gave up all power over her and could not number her children in his "familia." "Legitimate children always followed the father, while an illegitimate child was, from the moment of birth, in himself or herself an independent family."

Emancipation of either son or daughter was a rare occurrence in Rome, and generally the death of the 'pater' was all that could break up the 'familia.' When the head died there was formed as many new families as there were persons "directly subject to his 'potestas' at the moment of his death." The children of a surviving son, it must be noted, merely passed from the 'potestas' of their grandfather to that of their father. A son under age or an unmarried daughter was put under the care of a guardian, selected from the same 'gens,' very often an older brother if there were one.

The word 'familia' was also very commonly used in a slightly wider sense to include all the slaves and clients, all the property real and personal belonging to the 'pater familias,' or acquired and used by the persons under his 'potestas.' The word was also used, in a still wider sense, to include the large group of related persons, the 'gens,' consisting of all the households that derived their descent through males from a common ancestor. This remote ancestor, could his life have lasted through all the intervening centuries, would have been the 'pater familias' of all the persons included in the 'gens,' and all would have been subject to his 'potestas.' Membership in the 'gens' was proved by the possession of the 'nomen,' the second of the three names that every citizen of the Republic regularly had.

I have said that the children of a daughter could not be included in the 'familia' of her father, and that membership in the larger organization, the 'gens,' was limited to those who could trace their descent through males. All persons who could in this way trace their descent through males to a common ancestor, in whose 'potestas' they would be were he alive, were called 'agnati,' and this 'agnatio' was the closest tie of relationship known to the Romans. In this list of 'agnati' were included two classes of people, or rather persons, who would seem by the definition to be excluded. These were the wife, who passed by 'manus' into the family of her husband, becoming by law his 'agnate' and the 'agnate' of all his 'agnates,' and the adopted son. On the other hand a son who had been emancipated by his father was excluded from 'agnatio' with his father, and his father's 'agnates,' and could have no 'agnates' of his own until he married or was adopted into another 'familia.'

'Cognati,' on the other hand, were what we call blood relations, no matter whether they traced their relationship through males or females, and regardless of what 'potestas' had been over them. The only barrier in the eyes

of the law was loss of citizenship, and even this was not always regarded. 'Cognates' did not form an organic body in the state as did the 'agnates,' but the twenty-second of February was set aside to commemorate the tie of blood, and on this day presents were exchanged and family reunions probably held.

I have said that 'agnatio' was the closest tie known to the Romans? This is probably explained by their ideas of the future life. They believed that the souls of men had an existence apart from the body, but not in a separate spirit land. They considered the soul as hovering around the grave and requiring for its peace and happiness that offerings of food and drink should be made to it regularly. Should these cease the soul would become unhappy and might become a spirit of evil.

A curse was believed to rest upon the childless man. Marriage, therefore, was a solemn religious duty. In taking a wife the Roman made her partaker of his family mysteries. He separated her entirely from her father's family and was ready, in turn, to surrender his daughter to the husband with whom she was to serve at another altar. The 'pater familias' was the priest of the household, and those subject to his 'potestas' assisted in the prayers and offerings. Thus we see the Roman family as it existed before that dreadful monster, divorce ravaged the land and broke asunder the foundation of civic existence,—the home.

The Wire that Frank Sent.

BY JOHN SHEA.

"This is the way it checks up, Helen. I've either got to go east pretty soon or it's up to me to get a job of some sort that will stand off the butcher and baker and hobble-skirt-maker for a little while. It means that we'll have to give up all this" (indicating their luxurious apartments with a sweep of his hand) "and go back to an Alemeda flat, with me riding the ferry twice a day and you sitting there all alone waiting for me to get back. It means taking care of every dollar and a whole lot more things that you will never realize until you have to do it."

The speaker was Frank Argast, a young Californian, who up to this time had earned a good livelihood by following the races as a bookmaker. Helen, his wife, was the daughter of John Kearney, a former racing stable owner, who had during his lifetime made a good income by entering his horses in races all over the coast. He was thought to be very wealthy, but upon his death it was found that he had lived up to his income and there had been barely enough to pay his just debts. Soon after his death, Helen had married Frank Argast, who had been a friend of her fathers. Jack, her only brother, had become a jockey, and as "Lucky" Jack Kearney was famed over the coast for his sensational riding.

But evil days had fallen upon racing in California. The legislature had forbidden gambling at the tracks and the governor had despatched the militia to enforce the law. Consequently, Frank and Jack faced the problem of getting work of some kind, or going east where at a few places, the horses were still running, for though both had had large incomes, they had lived up to them. Hence this talk with Helen.

After some discussion, it was decided that Frank should go east with Jack. But then a new problem came up, for Helen insisted upon accompanying them. Finally, all three started.

When they reached Chicago, they found racing dead there, so Frank rented a furnished apartment and awaited word from Jack who had gone down to Lexington, having secured a position with a stable there. Presently, a wire came from him. "Hock the heirlooms and come on down at once."

Frank, accordingly pledged his diamonds, of which he owned the regulation racing share and with the money thus raised, went to Lexington. There he was met by Jack, who confided his "sure tip" to him and the two went out to the track. That evening, a wire came to Helen from Frank. It read: "Broke. Even lost on Jack's tip.—Frank."

Helen straightway pledged the trinkets that Frank had given her. She realized a goodly sum, for Frank had been a generous lover and husband. She wired Frank the money and went back to the flat.

The next day, Frank returned. Helen met him ready to sympathize. But it was a radiant Frank who burst into the apartment. "Your money surely helped out, but what possessed you to send it?" Frank asked.

For answer, Helen showed him the wire. Frank laughed, "Why, Helen," he said, "the operator punctuated it wrongly. The wire I sent read 'Broke even. Lost on Jack's tip."

The Bread of Song.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

Of late this truth has come to me
That the singer's mouth anoint of Christ,
Knowing that sacramental tryst,
Sings best of white eternities.—
Nay, tastes the fruit of wild Uranian trees!
Each day his song is fed
With heavenly Wine and Bread,
For every glimmering morn to his young breast
Comes God, a Guest,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,—
In the snowy raiment of the Host.

Such is this singer whose brave lips well know
The rare sweet glow
Of the paradisal honies of high song.
But Lord Christ, I
Scarce know the half of that rare jubilancy;
My lips are mute
As is an unused lute,
And long these fingers stray
On psalteries they can not play.
O must the full heart break
O'er strings whose voice it can not wake?
Must the lyre be shattered and the notes unsung,
The song desert the singer, and its grace
Flee from the singer's face?

See me full bold,
Thy hem I hold,
And with Thee urge my prayer
In heaven's air.
Grant in some timeless dawn my lips may sing
Of Thine earth-wandering,
And of Thy risen eyes'
Sweet sanctities.
O for that termless day now make me strong,—
For that unending feast of song.
See for that banqueting, I, fainting, sink;
Give me Song's Bread to eat, Song's Wine to drink!

Easy Money.

BY E. J. BECKMAN.

"Watch—gone. Ring—gone. Not a thing left to pawn. Clothes? Couldn't get a cent. Jobs are as scarce as chicken teeth and I haven't a friend."

The streets were crowded but the dejected mumbler sauntered along slowly and deliberately. Two blocks down the street a couple of wrangling newsboys brought a smile to his face and he forgot his trouble. The next street down, a cocky young Othello slipped on an empty banana and the stoop vanished from the youth's shoulders and he looked up and began really to enjoy the life that was pulsing about him. His pace increased noticeably.

"Why, Walt Page! You old red-headed Tuscarora, when did you drop in? Put it here." He halted what had become almost a run and turned to face another youthful looking man of about his own size.

"Jerry Mason! Of all the men that I little expected to see. I sure am glad to see you." They clasped hands cordially and fell in with the stream of people hurrying up city. Their conversation was delivered in monosyllabic questions and answers that both seemed to understand. At Fifty-second street they went over onto the park and sat down on a sheltered bench. Jerry turned to his friend.

"I take it you are broke and with not a cent to get back to your old job in Toledo.

"I haven't got a stamp," supplied Walter.

"You know I would be glad to let you have some," put in the friend hurriedly, "but you see I am in a tight place myself. I've a little money but it has all got to go out this afternoon. I'm sorry, old man."

The two sat for a long time silently watching the crowds streaming by on the opposite side of the boundary street.

"You said you had some money now," asked Page, "that you won't need for a couple of hours?"

"Ten dollars," assented the other.

"Great."

"What is that?" inquired Jerry noticing a smile of triumph flooding Walter's face.

"I say, Jerry, will you let me have that ten spot until about three? I'll meet you here then sure. I've got a great little graft up my sleeve that is going to go big. I can't let you in on it now, but I'll spill the whole thing to you when I see you again."

Mason looked at his friend suspiciously. "You aren't goin' to try to beat a bucket shop?"

"Why, I should say not," returned Page. "I know better than to try anything like that. I've been out of Puckey Huddle several months."

"You say it's a winner?" inquired Mason.

"It is a cinch."

Mason was still doubtful, but by dint of

much artful arguing on the part of the get rich quick schemer he finally handed over a crisp new ten dollar bill. "Don't you dare to show up without this note this afternoon. There are no two ways about it."

"Oh, I'll be here," reassured Page. "My little old scheme can't fail—not if it wanted to."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," returned the other. "But then if you are sure that you can't lose the ten, why then I suppose that I should not kick."

"So long."

"So long."

The two parted; one going down toward the city and the other striding triumphantly up toward the cheaper residence district. One was thoughtful, the other was whistling a merry tune.

Though the storeroom was dimly lighted by the little light that crept in through the door and by two low swung kerosene lamps, Walter could not help thinking that the little old, weasened man behind the counter saw through him and read his very soul. With great difficulty he gained his composure and as the son of Jacob examined every inch of the suit both inside and out, he mustered up the courage to ask:

"What will you give me for it?"

The examination continued for some moments when finally a smile broke over his features, but was in the moment of its conception smothered in the habitual mask of the barterer.

"I give you one dollar."

"But that suit is almost new!"

The old man gingerly laid the suit on the neutral territory of the counter and smoothed it out with his emaciated hand. "I tell you what, two dollar," he vouched in a generous mood.

"Look here, Isaac, that suit was worth forty dollars when I bought it and it is worth at least twenty right now, so just loosen up and raise that price."

"No, I give you three dollar."

"No."

"Three dollar, half."

"No."

"Three dollar, seventy-five?"

Walter picked up the very much faded suit of sickly green serge and indignantly stalked toward the door. "If that is all you can do for me I am going somewhere else."

He was halfway out of the door when the other called him back. "I give you five dollar," he declared in his most ingratiating manner.

"Let me tell you," burst out Walter indignantly, "I'm not giving anything away this afternoon. If you want this you have to pay me somewhere near what it is worth. What do you say to fifteen dollars?"

"Too much. I don't want it."

This time he was out on the sidewalk before he was again recalled. He marvelled at his own nerve as he stood in the doorway and shouted: "How much?"

"Come here, I give you eight dollar," was the response.

He strode slowly back to the counter and laid the suit down. "Make it ten and you can have it."

"No, not ten."

"Then you don't want it?"

"I give you nine dollar," was the painful answer from the rear of the counter.

For a long time the customer considered and then said "No."

Again the shopkeeper stroked the garments, gazing all the while directly into the eyes of the youth. "You take nine-fifty." he said.

Walter could hear his heart beating like a trip-hammer in his breast. With a deliberateness of which he thought himself incapable he answered. "Well, all right. Nine and a half."

The merchant turned to the till under the shelf behind him to get the money. In that brief moment Walter deftly turned back the flap of the coat and from the lining in the back, where it was plainly visible, extracted a new ten dollar bill and hid it in his hands as the old man turned around.

With both hands tightly clasping crisp bills Walter strode out of the store and turned triumphantly up the street.

Roses.

S. S.

Into the room I came from silver moonlight,
And found white roses you had sent me there:
Rich was their fragrance spilt upon the night,
As if like some dear saint you had come and gone
Trailing the graces of an early dawn,
And left an Eden sweetness on that air.

The Philanthropist's Refusal.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER.

"Bull" Barker, as he was known to his business acquaintances on the stock exchange, had known real happiness for days and weeks after he had learned wherein he had erred. Giving to good charities, and especially to those charities which worked for the benefit of children was a constant source of pleasure to him. His name had been added to the list of every society's solicitation prospects and he had become widely known as a philanthropist.

A few weeks after his conversion as it might be called, Barker was an entirely changed man. Youth seemed to return to him and a happy smile took the place of the once worried, careworn expression of his face. Solicitors for funds for charitable purposes were received cordially and not one refusal of a donation had been recorded since the millionaire had experienced a change in his life.

There was one time in the later career of "Bull" Barker, however, when he refused to give, and treated the solicitors more harshly than he had ever handled any before the time of his reformation.

It was on a busy Saturday morning when the affair happened. At 10:00 o'clock, Barker sent word to the reception room that he could see no more visitors that morning, that he had an important engagement at the stock exchange which would keep him busy until noon.

By a side door, he passed into an antechamber, where he kept his coat and hat. Another door of this small room opened into the reception room.

Barker began to don his coat, unseen by two men who had remained in the reception room, but the act was interrupted by their conversation.

"I tell you the old fellow is soft," since he hit the new path. You've got a good "rep" around here as a charitable worker and nobody knows what you've been getting away with."

Thinking nobody to be near, one of the men had spoken uncautiously loud.

"But, if they should suspect anything in this affair, why I'd be the goat and my little game would be ruined," replied the other. "It's a pretty risky idea, I tell you, but, now that I've promised, I'll stick to my word."

Barker slipped off his coat and stole back into his inner office.

"Tell those men in the office that I can see one more party," he told his stenographer.

"They're together, sir," she responded a moment later.

"All right, send them in."

The visitors were ushered into the room.

"I'm John V. Black, secretary of the West End Charities Society," said one of the men. "I have with me, H. A. Anderson of Nashville, Tennessee, who is interested in child welfare work and who is soliciting funds for the building of a large national institution for feeble-minded children. We wondered if you would like to subscribe."

"Let me see your list," said Barker, not unkindly.

When it was given him he turned and picked up the receiver of his telephone.

"Give me 1803 Main—Hello, Mr. Cronin there? Say, Cronin, this is Barker. How did you pay your subscription to this new child institution this morning, by draft or check?—What, you didn't make any such subscription? That's strange."

Barker did not turn from the phone. He called three other men on the list and each gave him the same answer.

As the financier whirled in his seat after the last telephone call, the two men were standing, fidgeting nervously and apparently willing to leave as quickly as possible.

Barker's eyes narrowed.

"Say, you fellows, what kind of a game do you think you're working?"

The so-called Nashville man recovered quickly.

"Well, my man, if you don't want to come across I'll make you," he cried and his hand started toward his rear pocket, but he stopped as he found himself looking into the barrel of a shiny revolver in the hands of Barker.

The financier's eyes flashed and a hot flush burned on his cheek.

"I used to be a miser, and I'm not any more," he said. "But, nevertheless, I don't intend to allow anyone to work his game on me or any other man. I'm going to do my best to rid this city of fake charity workers and I'm going to start with you. Don't move a muscle until the police get here or I'll blow your brains out."

The Quitter.

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY.

"Sixes up! Fork over that five-spot," madly shouted Jim Shafter, as he thrust out his hand for Phil Brennan's hard earned cash.

"Take it you devil, but remember I'll get you yet," replied Brennan, throwing the note to Shafter.

"Come on now, cut that side-alley talk," put in an on-looker, "be a man, don't be a quitter."

As a matter of fact, Brennan was a quitter, and had no intention of reforming. He had come into the gambling den with thirty dollars, and had lost every cent of it. The den constituted a large portion of a saloon in a small out-of-the-way building, in Livingston, Montana. The room was crowded with cow-punchers; men who had come to town to spend their money in gambling and drinking. It was here that Shafter was threatened by the infuriated Brennan. Shafter, better known among his pals as "Bugs," now left the saloon, rather jubilant over his recent haul, and Brennan walked up to the bar with a look of anxiety on his countenance.

"Say 'Red,'" a nickname the boys gave to bartender Lane, "hand over that gun of yours."

"Certainly," replied Red, "but be careful, it's loaded."

"I've got that trip to Billings' Falls to make to-night," continued Brennan. "See you to-morrow, Red. So long." Brennan hurried out of the saloon with the Colt nestled in his hip pocket. Mounting his mustang, he rode at high-speed to the Benton Cross roads, knowing that Shafter had to pass here in making his homeward trip.

No sooner had he arrived at the spot and safely hid his horse, when he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs. Lying on the ground, he nervously awaited Shafter's approach. He tightened his vise-like grip on his revolver, and was prepared to do the cowardly deed. The perspiration flowed down his hectic cheek. Would he do it or not? Yes, why not? Shafter had his money and he must recover it at any cost, even murder itself.

His enemy was only a few yards away. Brennan aimed his gun at the dark form. One shot did the work, for the bullet had pierced Shafter's skull. Brennan quickly ransacked his victim's leather purse, the contents of which were ninety dollars. The deed accomplished, he mounted his mustang and galloped to Billings, where he boarded the train for New York.

The next morning witnessed an exciting scene in Billings' Falls. Jim Shafter's corpse was found at about 5:00 A. M. Beside the cold and bloodstained body, lay the revolver bearing the inscription of "B. L. Lane." With this evidence it was agreed by all who were working on the case, that the bartender had committed the dastardly deed. "Red" was immediately arrested, and placed in the county jail to await the trial of Lane. Of course he pleaded innocence, but all the evidence was against him, and he was adjudged guilty of the murder of Shafter. Three weeks afterwards he was hanged.

Twenty years later, Brennan was taken sick in a little dilapidated attic room in London, and quickly brought to a large public hospital. He was suffering from pneumonia, brought on by his rough and dissipated mode of living. As he lay on his high bed, the image of "Red" came back to him, and he pondered over the evil deed which he had done. He was continually haunted by the innocent face of poor Red whom he had treated so cowardly. Realizing that he had played the game of life and lost, he at last was truly sorry for the diabolical act which he had committed. Oh, how he longed to make an open breast of it now, but all too late! He motioned to a nearby nurse, and with all the life which was left in his wretched body, he boldly confessed the murder of Jim Craten. After a close questioning, he lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, and between his last sighs could be heard in a scarcely audible voice, "Yes, I've played the game and lost, a quitter."

The Old Boys at Commencement.

Oh, they gave us good advice when we came away to school
And they told us not to rough-house or to skive.
And we tried to do their bidding, never knowing they were kidding,
Till these old alumni started to arrive.

And we found that they were worse than we ever dared to be.
Why, they didn't seem to know what beds were for.
If they heard a bed spring creaking
Four or five of them came sneaking,
And they dumped the dreamer out upon the floor.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Terms: $1:50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLIX. JUNE 10, 1916 No. 36.

Board of Editors.

TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16 SPEER STRAHAN, '17
RAY HUMPHREYS, '16 LOUIS KEIFER, '16
EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16 D. EDMONDSON, '18
HOWARD PARKER, '17 ARTHUR HUNTER, '16
HARRY SCOTT, '18

Ave et Vale.

—When the corpulent and in other respects prosperous-looking gentlemen who desire nothing more than to buttonhole him firmly and relieve themselves of a eulogy on the "good old days," arrive, the Senior realizes that it is at last the hour of departing. Many and many a time has the Undergrad indulged in fanciful imagery regarding the size of the mundane spot that would be his exclusive own, often has he wondered why the alumni seem to think more of their Alma Mater than the here-and-now students. Perhaps it was because their lives had suddenly become all sunshine and success, and they could afford to lavish a portion of their acquired amiability in advertising it. We all remember how plausible this theory seemed when prefects were inclined to become belligerent, and to what roseate proportions it grew when the porterhouse went by us toward the entertainment of guests who did not look hungry at all. But now the Senior knows that the cosmic universe is not so kind. His books have been closed. He is about to be ushered out of his college life with benignant smiles and band music. Everything ought to be a perfect image of the threshold of Paradise, but instead he feels that his departure is through a toll-gate beyond which the road is stony and bleached and bare. The trail has not been blazed. The lights of old Sorin seem strangely close and the smile of the prefect takes on the love and care of a father. The Senior laughs and jokes with his friends, but all the time he is wondering whether he will ever see them again. And now the alumnus whose portly frame again presents itself to the doors of the University tells a different story. He has returned to forget his trials and disappointments and burdens. He longs to be a college man again for just a day or two. The trade-mark of life is on him and he is proud of it, as every genuine man ought to be. But college is a palace of memories and dreams. Ah yes! We know you now, old pals. You are thirsting for a draught of the days that are dead. Certainly we wish with all our hearts that you may find it, and as much as it lies in our power you are welcome. It is you who are saying *Ave* in order to cheer us along with our *Vale*.

Practical Preparedness.

—The Notre Dame student who has ten weeks of vacation to utilize as he chooses, this year faces unparalleled opportunities for an outing of pleasure and profit. It is the unanimous testimony of all who attended any of the great military encampments last summer, that they have never had a more enjoyable experience. The student military camp, under the supervision of experienced military officers, is the first tangible effort toward real preparedness. They should have the enthusiastic support of all but the flaccid and supine "Peace at any price" advocates. Six weeks at one of the government military encampments will not make a man a finished officer and strategic expert, but it will make him more competent to shoulder a gun for his country's defense, when the occasion arises, it will harden his muscles, rest his fagged nervous system, and give him a new zest of life that he might hardly have thought possible. The routine work of a government military camp admirably combines study and recreation, nor has the term any bromidic connotation. There are the marches, drills, setting-up exercises, target practice and competition matches, combat exercises, and numerous other phases of practical military life that the student-soldier cannot fail to enjoy. There are the days and weeks out in the wholesome open places, where one may acquire a coat of tan, an appetite and a set of muscles that will attest a vacation well spent. And the military aspect is of paramount importance. A man who has spent six weeks at such an encampment is forever, in some sense, a man of military experience. He is not of one stripe with the "rookie," the "raw recruit," who has never so much as heard the command "Squads right." He is a prior

candidate for advancement in any organization of volunteers that may come into existence at duty's call. He knows how to construct a trench, how to skirmish, how to direct infantry fire, how to pitch tents, pack, march, manoeuvre and how to avail himself of topographical conditions. Many of the essentials of military service are mastered here, in this pleasant "vacation of preparedness." And if the time comes—as it ultimately will come—when the vast mass of American volunteers are clustered about the Stars and Stripes for the defence of the nation, the man who has spent even one vacation of six weeks at a "preparedness" military encampment, will find his knowledge invaluable.

Notre Dame's patriotism in the test of two wars, has emerged glorified by the record of her sons. Surely in this day and age of realization of our country's wealth and helplessness, Notre Dame will not be a laggard. Notre Dame should have one hundred men at the government military camps this summer, as an absolute minimum. "Vince" Mooney, the man who has made the best record in four years of military work at N. D., is going to the camp at Plattsburg and wishes to have the names of all those who intend to take the summer course. John Voigt (B. S., '05) has written to Norbert Monning of Corby Hall explaining the terms and the course of training received at the Southern Camp, Oglethorpe, and Mr. Monning will be glad to hear from students interested in the Southern Camp. Think it over, you men who have a summer of leisure before you. Remember that you will come back to Notre Dame better qualified for a commission in next year's large cadet regiment.

Book Review.

IDYLS AND SKETCHES by Sister M. Blanche of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Sister M. Blanche, a former professor in St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., is not unknown to the lovers of good literature. Under the pen name of "Beryl" she has for many years made valuable contributions to magazines, and under her own name she has published a book of "Poems" which are much admired.

In this present volume Sister Blanche presents a score and a half of delightful essays of such delicate and impressionistic character that she has wisely called them Idyls and Sketches. Readers need not be told that this form of composition is an art in itself, all the more difficult because of the delicate tracing of thought and fancy that the limitations of space impose on the writer. Many clever craftsmen who would succeed as essayists would fail brilliantly in this fairy-like form of art.

Sister Blanche's work has the fineness, the subtlety and the clearness of outline of frost pictures on a window. These "short swallow-flights" of prose are beautiful etchings done without acid. They are suffused with rare and delicate color and the lights of fancy play over them like sunshine on a lake. This gentle religious gives proof on every page of her book of a love of nature, a skill in woodcraft and an erudition in bird lore that remind one of Burroughs and Muir. There is a versatility in the work also which excites admiration. Men, books, weather, forest, seasons, flowers, birds, letters, and subtle moral phases are taken up in turn, and the concluding essay is a penetrating view of the spirit and artistry of Francis Thompson, which is interesting as one of the first appreciations of that great poet to appear in print.

This is a delightful book to read, and we are confident it will make many new friends for the writer, who is doing her full share to preserve the scholarly traditions of the convent.

Personals.

—Michael J. Mooney (LL. B., '15) came up from Indianapolis Wednesday to attend the Prom. "Bill" is in business with his father.

—Brother Raphael has recently received from Miss Nora McDonell a stole that was made in 1874 and that was found in the debris after the Johnstown flood had destroyed St. John Gaulbert's Church in 1889.

—Mr. Edward J. Piper, Commercial student, '85-6-7 and winner of first prize in portrait drawing at that time, maintains all the old enthusiasm for Notre Dame and expects to demonstrate the same on the campus in June, 1917. He will be remembered as one of the famous "Michigan Twins," and lives at 122 Lathrop Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan.

—A wedding of unusual campus interest was solemnized in the College Chapel, Tuesday morning, when Miss Ethel Petersen of South Bend, daughter of the late Professor Charles Petersen, for thirteen years an instructor of German and music at the University, was married to William Kelleher, '15. Father John Farley, C. S. C., long-time friend of the principals, celebrated the nuptial mass, assisted by Father Burns. The witnesses were the bride's mother and sister and Mr. Art Sharpe and his bride of a week ago. Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher left for a tour of the west. THE SCHOLASTIC extends its congratulations.

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to June 10 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

James J. Conway, '85	$200.00
W. A. Draper, '06	150.00
Daniel C. Dillon,	100.00
Thomas C. Butler, '08	100.00
Edward M. Kennedy, '08	100.00
John J. Kennedy, '09	100.00
M. Emmett Walter, '15	50.00
Ralph Eberhart, '02	50.00
J. J. Deasey, '06	10.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, 04	1000.00
Daniel P. Murphy, '95	1000.00
John P. Lauth, '68	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '77	500.00
Student from Far West	500.00
Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00
A. A. McDonell, '00	250.00
Eugene A. Delaney, '99	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	200.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, 14	200.00
John Dowd, '99	200.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, '03	200.00
Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94	200.00
F. A. Kaul, '97	200.00
William Hoynes, '77	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, 93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
W. A Duffy, '08	100.00
Rev. John H. Guendling, '14	100.00
Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
Charles J. Stubbs, '88	100.00
Rupert Donavan, '08	100.00
Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14	100.00
Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95	100.00
Frank L. McOsker, '72	100.00
Charles E. Ruffing, '85	100.00
James F. Foley, '13	100.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, '09	100.00
Thomas J. Welch, '05	100.00
William E. Cotter, '13	100.00
John Tully, '11	100.00
John F. O'Connor, '72	100.00
T. P. O'Sullivan, '02	100.00
G. M. Kerndt, '82	100.00
Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94	100.00
Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00
Edward P. Cleary, '09	50.00
Rev. John J. Burke, '83	50.00
Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	50.00
Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09	50.00
Rev. John P. Quinn, '83	50.00
Simon E. Twining, '13	50.00
J. V. Birder, '13	50.00
Cecil E. Birder, '14	50.00
Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83	25.00
James M. Riddle, '13	25.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Frederick Williams, '13	25.00
Rev. Joseph Toth, '11	25.00
Joseph M. Walsh, '14	25.00
Max Adler, '89	25.00
John G. Mott, '95	25.00
Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09	25.00
Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00

Arthur Pino, '06	20.00
Bernard Durch, '13	15.00
Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Frank Niedecken, '09	10.00
Harry Kirk, '13	10.00
Louis Chute, '92	10.00
Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00
Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

Twelfth Night.

The chief feature of the local celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary was the production of "Twelfth Night" by the University Dramatic Club in Washington Hall on the afternoon of May 31st. The play is one of the best of Shakespeare's comedies and is well suited for college dramatic work. The cast consisted of twenty-one men and this gave an opportunity for a large number of students to display their abilities. The play was also suited to local demands because no one person was starred; Shakespeare's mastery is evident in the fact that the smallest parts give an excellent opportunity for acting: each character can be made to stand out in the play if the actor has any real ability.

It would be impossible to give an individual criticism of each actor and only the most notable can be mentioned. Popular opinion seemed to proclaim Charles McCauley, Glee Club specialty man and winner of the Barry Elocution Medal, as the star of the production. Both in appearance and acting he made an excellent impression. Mr. Lightfoot again assaying the role of a maid did excellent work, and Mr. Goodall, in his first appearance on the local stage displayed considerable ability as a reader, but was somewhat stiff in his acting. Erich DeFries, Herman Cook, and Austin McNichols, all scored hits in comedy parts, Mr. DeFries being especially funny. In more serious parts William Meuser and Frank Holslag did splendid work.

The presentation of a Shakespearean play is of course a big undertaking. The possibilities are, however, almost unlimited. No presentation that can be considered at all adequate can be accomplished without much labor and excellent direction. That "Twelfth Night" was so excellently done on the local stage is an evidence of perseverance on the part of the actors and of ability and energy on the part of the director. The fact that many of the actors were inexperienced was undoubtedly a handicap for Mr. Lenihan in his work, but he succeeded excellently in bringing out the best that was in each man. Great credit for the success of the production belongs to him. Most of the members of the Dramatic Club will return to school next year, and an even more successful year in dramatics can be expected.

The cast of characters for "Twelfth Night" follows:

Duke Orsino	Frederick George Slackford
Valentine	Thomas Charles Kelly
Curio	Delmar Joseph Edmondson
Gentleman	Harold Mitchell McCullough
Sir Toby Belch	Herman Andrew Cook
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Erich Hans deFries
Malvolio	William Beck Meuser
Sebastian	Edward George Lindemann
Antonio	Frank Charles Holslag
Officers	Robert Gerald McGuire Charles Laurens Cook
Clown	Austin Aloysius McNichols
Fabian	Hugh William O'Neill
Sea Captain	Rigney Joseph Sackley
Pages	James Edward Barry, Jr. Hubert Beaufort Peugnet
Viola	Frank Peter Goodall
Olivia	Charles Joseph McCauley
Maria	Richard Edwin Lightfoot
Ladies	Francis Jennings Vurpillat Arthur James Moore

Commencement in Ye Old Days.

The Ode (June '76).

Farewell, Centennial Class!
To-day an era new,
A pathway strewn with thorns and crowns
Is opening on your view.

We have sacred words to send
To our brothers far away,
Pledges of love and trust and faith
This bright Commencement Day.

The Valedictory ('75).

And now, dear classmates, a word with you and I am done. Oh! the waves of memory that dash o'er me as I stand here about to break the last golden link of happy days, happy days which will soon live but in the memories of the past! How say the word! how break the ties of brotherly love which year by year have

only been strengthened by the many little acts of good will and kindness which I have received at your hands! Together we have toiled up the rugged path which leads to knowledge and wisdom; together we have shared the joys and sorrows of each fleeting hour. But now to think that we must part, that each in his separate sphere must drift asunder on the broad stream of life, that days and months—aye, years,—must roll be ween us ere we meet again, calls forth the unbidden sigh, the silent tear which I in vain would endeavor to repress. Ah! fain would I linger yet awhile among you, companions of my early toil, but fate forbids."

SCHOLASTIC June, 1881:—"The Commencement exercises were witnessed by distinguished visitors from various parts of our broad Republic and by representatives of some of the most prominent of our western newspapers. Among the latter may be mentioned *The Chicago Times, The Chicago Tribune, The Inter-Ocean, and Daily News.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

SCHOLASTIC, June, '75:—"There were a great number of students back on Commencement Day. We were glad to see them and hope that next year there will be more."

Same issue—Locals: "Go to Louis Nickel's."

July, 1882:—"The new college Theatre at Notre Dame was opened by the production of the "Oedipus Tyrannus' by the Hellenists of Notre Dame. A large and intellectual audience was present. Distinguished people from all sections of the country were present and voiced their appreciation of the play. This was the first time that a Greek play was ever produced west of the Alleghanies. The costumes were designed by Signor Gregori, the renowned artist. The music was composed especially for the occasion by one of the professors of Notre Dame."

June, '82:—"Mendelssohn's grand chorus 'Thanks be to God' by the full vocal class closed the elaborate entertainment."

ANOTHER FISH TALE.

April 21st, '83:—"Owing to the break in the dam at Niles, sturgeon and other large fish, so well known to the old-timers, now come up the river in great numbers. Last week, a fine large sturgeon was caught six feet in length and weighing about 150 pounds. The Juniors bought it and carried it to the College in triumph. It made a good square meal for the whole department."

May 12th, '83:—"The brick work on the Dome may now be seen above the roof. There is a slight delay, owing to the non-arrival of the iron work from Chicago. Immense quantities of lumber are heaped in the yard back of the College; all of which will be used in the construction of the Dome. Over 500,000 brick will also be used in the work."

May 29th, '80:—"A. Hatt promises to become one of the leading artists of the west."

June 19th,:—"The class rooms have been converted into sleeping apartments for the accommodation of visitors during Commencement week."

Local News.

—Four more days—then ninety-six, and we start all over again.

—Harry Scott, Ward Perrott, and Dick Daley witnessed the annual Memorial Day automobile race at Indianapolis.

—Much favorable comment has been heard upon the splendid appearance of the university's troops and band in Tuesday afternoon's parade in South Bend.

—The University Press has just announced the publication of the third edition of Father Barry O'Neill's "Priestly Practice," first issued in 1914.

—Miss Elinor Wolf, special writer for the South Bend *News-Times*, spoke before the ethics and sociology classes Tuesday on the housing campaign being waged in South Bend chiefly under her leadership.

—The Notre Dame band participated in the Memorial Day program at St. Mary's Tuesday morning. Emmett Lenihan made the address of the day. After dinner the band gave a short concert before leaving for South Bend.

—The Carroll Cadets returned Tuesday from their annual spring encampment near Lawton, Michigan. Thursday evening the junior division held its graduation exercises. The Minims closed their school year on Wednesday morning.

—A notable feature of to-morrow's program will be the first annual banquet and smoker of the Monogram Club in the Carroll Hall dining-room. Every wearer of the "N. D." now at the University will attend, and many

of the older monogram men have accepted invitations. A musical program has been prepared by Hugh O'Donnell, president of the club.

—Professor Lenihan's first-year students in public speaking named Chief-Justice Hughes as their choice for the Presidency at the mock Republican convention Wednesday afternoon. Col. Roosevelt was "nominated" for Vice-President on the straw ticket.

—Associate editors for next year's DOME have been chosen by Howard Parker, who was elected editor-in-chief by the class of 1917 following the resignation of Harry Scott. The men named are Edward McOsker, Harry E. Scott, John Riley, Stuart Carroll, and William Kennedy.

—Members of the engineering colleges gathered at the Oliver Hotel Thursday evening for their annual banquet. The Kentucky Club staged its closing "feed" last night. The Glee Club banquet has been moved up to next Tuesday evening, June 13. Father Cavanaugh, honorary president of the club, is one of the invited guests.

—The Junior Prom at the Oliver Wednesday evening was one of the most enjoyable dances ever given by the University students. Dancing began at 9:00 o'clock and the last dance was finished just at midnight. The class committee, headed by President Royal Bosshard, is to be congratulated for the success of this the last dance of the year. Although a portion of the orchestra from Michigan City failed to arrive in time for the dance to begin, heroic measures were resorted to and the threatened serious hitch failed to materialize.

Another One from Purdue.

For the second time this season, Edgren blanked Purdue; this time allowing three hits, which is just one more than he gave them when the Varsity defeated them on their own lot. The Varsity hitters did better in this game however, and the game was won in the regular number of innings by the score of 4 to 0. The Gold and Blue men hit Loy rather freely, getting 10 hits off his delivery; but in most cases he tightened up with the men on the sacks and there were few earned runs. Edgren had everything his own way, striking out 11 men and allowing but three scattered hits; and in general keeping the Boiler Maker just where he wanted them.

The scoring started in the first frame as the Varsity didn't want to take any more chances on an extra inning game. Keenan started it by singling to center, Elward sacrificed, and on Mooney's out Keenan took third. Meyers then drove over the first run with a pretty hit to right. He took second on Kline's blow and went to third when Kissler failed to handle the throw in; but both runners died on the bases as Jones grounded out.

In the fifth inning the second run was driven over when Spalding walked, went to third on Keenan's single and scored when Mooney beat out an infield hit. The run in the sixth came from good slugging. With one down, Jerry Jones lifted one into right for three sacks, and Louie Wolfe drove him over the rubber with a clean single. Spalding kept up the good work by hitting another for one base; but here the rally stopped, for Edgren fanned and Keenan grounded to Weber forcing Spalding at second.

In the eighth Louie Wolfe drove in another run with a long sacrifice fly, making the fourth and final run of the game. Kline was the first to bat; and he singled to center, reaching second when Finn dropped the throw in. Jerry Jones' out put Jake on third and then Wolfe drove out a nice sacrifice fly to center scoring Kline. Spalding beat out an infield hit but Edgren forced him at second.

Spalding led the hitting with two hits out of three times at bat, but he was closely followed by Kline and Keenan who got two each out of four times at the plate. Everyone else with the exception of Swede and Elward got one, showing that Loy was a puzzle neither to the left-handed batters nor the right-handed ones. All of the Purdue men were miserably weak with the stick against Swede's stuff.

The game as a whole was well worth watching, for there was good baseball displayed throughout the innings, and although the game was not of the nerve straining type of the Niagara game the day before, it was one of the best games of the year. Swede's pitching was the feature of the game, but the timely blows which sent in the runs kept the crowd excited from start to finish. This was the last game of the year on Cartier Field as the trip to Michigan and M. A. C. finishes up the season. We have seen the boys in action for the last time and it is a great pleasure to note the advancement that has been made during the present season, for although at the beginning we lost five games,

we now believe we have one of the best ball teams in the West, capable of defeating any of the fastest teams.

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Keenan, c	4	1	2	11	2	0
Elward, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Mooney, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Meyers, 1b	4	0	1	5	0	0
Kline, 3b	4	1	2	1	0	0
Jones, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Wolfe, ss	3	0	1	2	3	0
Spalding, 2b	3	1	2	4	1	1
Edgren, p	4	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	32	4	10	*26	8	2

Purdue	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Finn, 2b	3	0	0	2	1	1
Weber, ss	4	0	1	2	2	0
Walters, c	3	0	0	4	1	0
Hoffman, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Kissler, 3b	3	0	0	0	3	1
Benson, rf	2	0	0	3	0	0
Croy, 1b	3	0	0	11	0	0
Thomas, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Loy, p	3	0	1	0	3	0
†Royce,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	0	3	24	10	2

*Weber fouled on bunting on third strike in first.
†Batted for Kissler in 9th.

Score by Innings.

Purdue	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Notre Dame	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	*	—4

Summary.

Three-base hit—Jones. Stolen bases—Keenan, Mooney. Sacrifice hits—Elward, Wolfe. Struck out—By Edgren, 11; by Loy, 3. Bases on balls—Off Edgren, 2; off Loy, 2. Hit by pitcher—Walters. Hoffman by Edgren. Wild pitches—Edgren, 2. Double play—Edgren to Wolfe to Meyers. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

The Final Trip.

Like the first trip of the season, the last trip should be forgotten as soon as possible, for it was disastrous to say the least. The trip consisted of three games which developed into three defeats. The team was without the services of the men who were declared ineligible by the faculty board; and for this reason the team was demoralized.

The first game was against the Aggies at Lansing and it was lost by the subs who replaced the regulars who were released for earning their spending money in the wrong way. The final score was 5 to 2 with Murphy on the mound working well but lacking the necessary support.

The first Michigan game went into eleven innings, but as is usually the case at Ann Arbor we were out of luck and the game went to the Wolverines in the final frame. Edgren was doing the hurling and he held the Michigan men to six hits in the eleven innings; but one of the hits came at the wrong time. In the eleventh Labadie drove out a triple and then scored on a wild pitch winning the game 2 to 1. The day was set aside for the captain and called Labadie Day; so we can hardly blame him for wanting to show off. Miller of Michigan was also in good form and he held the Varsity to six hits. His pitching and the brilliant fielding of his teammates kept the scoring low. Lathrop was the big man for the Varsity, getting two blows and scoring our only run.

The last game was won easily by Michigan by the score of 6 to 4; for Captain Sheehan had one bad inning and that was the first of the game. In this frame the Wolverines got 3 runs without a hit. Sheehan was wild and the walks, wild pitch, and a hit batter spoiled the game; for after that inning Sheehan was in good form and held the Michigan men to three hits.

The Varsity did not score until the sixth when they drove three over the rubber. In the next inning they started again, but Robins was derricked and Miller, the man who pitched the eleven inning battle of the day before, was sent in to stop the rally. He stopped it and the scoring for the Varsity was finished. We got a bad start and had a bad finish but in between it was a good season.

Our Four Points.

Little should be said about the Conference meet, but the men who won the points deserve credit for their work. Bachman of course placed in the discus which was won by Mucks who hurled it 155 ft. 2 in. Leo Vogel won third in the new event, the javelin throw was won by Arbuckle of Purdue who threw it 172 ft. Vogel is a new man in Varsity athletics as this was his first meet; but his success in his first meet gives much promise for his future success.

Sorin Wins Interhall Championship.

The interhall baseball championship was safely cinched when Sorin took Brownson down the line by the count of 5 to 1. The game was one of the hardest-fought of the season, and there was something doing every minute,

from the time Umpire Luke Kelly called "play ball" until Morales ended the ninth by striking out. It was Dorwin's masterly pitching that won the game for Sorin. Oscar never went better; he struck out eleven men, and allowed but one hit.

While Dorwin was putting them over where the Brownsonites couldn't see them, the rest of his team was pounding the ball hard, Cofall, Fitzpatrick and Oscar himself connecting with the ball for doubles. Murray, the smiling sphinx from Brownson, who beat Sorin a week ago, must have forgotten how to pitch in the interim, for early in the game he got dizzy watching base hits go by him. In the seventh he retired to the bench and Le Mond finished the game for Brownson. Cofall caught wonderful ball for the winners, and the feature of the game was his catch of a foul fly which he nabbed while hurdling the players' bench.

Safety Valve.

VALEDICTORY.

.....AND FELLOW STUDENTS:

We have shot the rapids, we have finished the rhubarb, we have gazed with tear-dimmed eyes upon the last dish of cornflakes and we now stand upon the precipice of a cold, hard world. Cold indeed! for though it is June the thermometer is almost at freezing. Hard, without question! for we will be expected to do actual work instead of sleeping in class. Are we ready to enter that world? Have we hardened ourselves against its sharp corners? Yea, indeed (*Loud applause*). Have not our professors told us that we were growing more like concrete every day, so that it was impossible for anything to penetrate us, even a sharp-pointed idea. Have we not learned to climb fire-escapes in the midst of night, to skive classes and face a hostile rector when accused, to tell the Prefect of Discipline with emphasis that we never put a foot in town when he had just met us on the street—what more remains? Yea, what more, I know not.

Friends, we are about to take the leap and we have invited you to come here to see us light. Each of us has sent out a hundred or more invitations, expecting you to respond by sending us presents. Some of you came across, others only wished us luck, which latter will be of no use to us if we break an ankle in the jump. But it is not too late yet. The stores are open.

Old school, good-bye! You have sheltered us where your roof did not leak, you have caressed us with cold radiators, you have warmed your feet in the small of our backs. How proud you must feel to-day as you turn us out; verily, you have tried many times in the past to turn us out, but we would not go.

Fellow students, we may never meet again in this terrestrial sphere, or even in Niles, therefore I beseech you to bring back the money and clothes you borrowed before we part, so that you can go forth with your diploma rolled in the shape of a megaphone to proclaim to all the world that you wear no man's silk socks but your own.

And now a lump forms in my throat as I say farewell; a lump that makes me fear I have tonsilitis or adenoids. We are the best class that ever hallowed the ground beneath our feet, we were the joy of our alma mater's heart, the Adam's apple of her throat. She will miss us we know, but her sorrow will be lightened by the assurance that we are doing wonderful work in the world.

Adieu, au revoir, auf Wiedersehen—to hell with the Delinquent List.

***

Miss Y.:—"You don't mean to tell me you graduated from college, and that you don't know what an apostrophe *s* is?"

Student:—"Why, we never used them at college—we used Bunsen burners."

***

Student:—"Boy, fetch an adding machine till I find out how many law questions I must answer in this exam."

***

JUNE 7.

Oh, what is so raw as a day in June!

***

What became of the white trousers that were to be worn at the Junior ball? Never mind, they'll be good for playing tennis this vacation.

***

One foolish thing the lofty bard
Has asked a bit too soon,
Concerns the beauties of the Spring,
The "rar-i--ness" of June;
The balmy May, the blushing bride,
The mellow, beaming moon.

If he should ask what is so rare
As Frank Fox keeping mum,
Or something easy such as that
I'd answer him, but from
The way things look right now, methinks,
That Spring will never come.

***

THOUGHT FOR VACATION.

The conditioned exams take place on Sept. 19 at 8:15 A. M. Begin to get ready for them.

***

HAPPY JUNE THOUGHTS.

"My folks sent me here to get an education and I'm going home with a baseball uniform, a dress suit, and a suitcase full of college pennants."

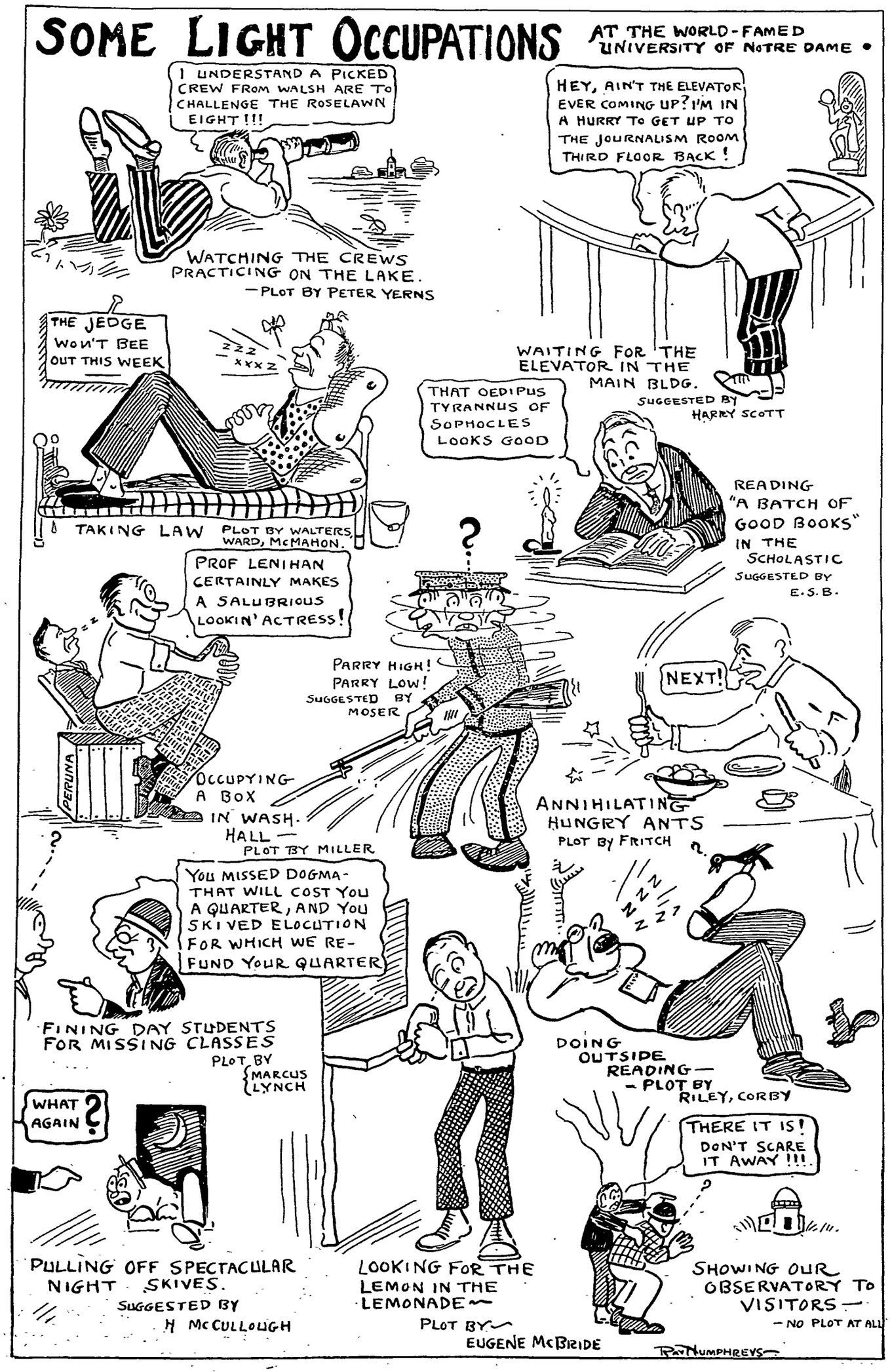
—"Well, I'd rather be an honest fellow without an education than an educated crook.

—"I'm going to spring the nervous breakdown stunt when I go home this vacation so that dad won't put me to work. I'll tell the folks that the shock I received on learning the results of the final exams was too much for me—"

***

DEFINITION.

NIGHT-SKIVE:—A cool walk in the evening, which makes things hot for a fellow the next morning. Inquire at Walsh Hall.


SOME LIGHT OCCUPATIONS AT THE WORLD-FAMED UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
I UNDERSTAND A PICKED CREW FROM WALSH ARE TO CHALLENGE THE ROSELAWN EIGHT!!!
WATCHING THE CREWS PRACTICING ON THE LAKE. —PLOT BY PETER YERNS
HEY, AIN'T THE ELEVATOR EVER COMING UP? I'M IN A HURRY TO GET UP TO THE JOURNALISM ROOM THIRD FLOOR BACK!
WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR IN THE MAIN BLDG. SUGGESTED BY HARRY SCOTT
THE JEDGE WON'T BEE OUT THIS WEEK
ZZZ XXXZ
TAKING LAW PLOT BY WALTERS, WARD, McMAHON.
THAT OEDIPUS TYRANNUS OF SOPHOCLES LOOKS GOOD
READING "A BATCH OF GOOD BOOKS" IN THE SCHOLASTIC SUGGESTED BY E.S.B.
PROF LENIHAN CERTAINLY MAKES A SALUBRIOUS LOOKIN' ACTRESS!
PARRY HIGH! PARRY LOW! SUGGESTED BY MOSER
NEXT!
PERUNA
OCCUPYING A BOX IN WASH. HALL — PLOT BY MILLER
ANNIHILATING HUNGRY ANTS PLOT BY FRITCH
YOU MISSED DOGMA-THAT WILL COST YOU A QUARTER, AND YOU SKIVED ELOCUTION FOR WHICH WE RE-FUND YOUR QUARTER
FINING DAY STUDENTS FOR MISSING CLASSES PLOT BY MARCUS LYNCH
DOING OUTSIDE READING — PLOT BY RILEY, CORBY
WHAT AGAIN?
THERE IT IS! DON'T SCARE IT AWAY!!!
PULLING OFF SPECTACULAR NIGHT SKIVES. SUGGESTED BY H McCULLOUGH
LOOKING FOR THE LEMON IN THE LEMONADE — PLOT BY EUGENE McBRIDE
SHOWING OUR OBSERVATORY TO VISITORS — NO PLOT AT ALL
RAY HUMPHREYS