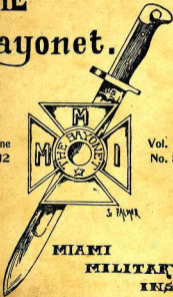


THE Bayonet.

June
1912

Vol. V.
No. 8.



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Commencement



Number.



BATTALION RETURNING FROM PARADE

THE BAYONET.

VOL. V.

GERMANTOWN, OHIO, JUNE, 1912.

No. 8.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

JAMES NELSON BLACK

was born in Columbus, Ohio, on April 7th, 1895. His military life began when he enlisted at M. M. I. in 1908.

Black is a man of powerful physique but he has one weak point, namely, the fair sex. Nelson is frequently seen in town with the girls and his correspondence list is filled with them.

Black is a member of Chi Sigma Chi Fraternity and secretary of the Athletic Association. He was a member of the 1910 football squad, and would doubtless have been on the team this year, but owing to a heavy academic schedule he had not the time to devote to it.

Nelson expects to enter Dartmouth next fall and he knows us with our best wishes for future success.

WILLIAM ROSS CRANE

On February 27, 1893, a small boy came to Middletown, Ohio. His parents call him William Ross Crane, but the fellows call him "Bill," "Schabod" and "Seick."

About 1907 a military training appealed to William. He had seen the militia at home and had always played soldier as a mere child, so one day his father said if he would be a real good

boy he would let him go to a military school.

Crane is a member of the Alpha Chi Sigma Fraternity; Cadet Major; assistant Editor-in-Chief of the BAYONET; president of the Rifle Association; quarterback and captain of the football team; first baseman on the baseball team; president of the Cadet Court of Inquiry; secretary and treasurer of the Tennis Association.

William will go to Princeton next year and we hope that his college days "with the Orange and Black will be pleasant from start to finish.

WILLIAM HARRY HOPKINS

was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 30, 1893. He is sometimes known as "Bill," "Hop" or "Hopple," but there is nothing in a name, is there? "Hopple" is Athletic Editor of the BAYONET, a sergeant in A Company, and above all a math. shark and a woman hater of the deepest die.

He entered in 1910, and is a member of Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity. From his entrance he started to kill everything in the academic line and has continued doing it up to his graduation.

He takes his examination for Annapolis and it is useless to say that some day he will be pacing the deck of

a dreadsought, decorated with yards of gold braid and giving his orders in his usual dignified manner.

We wish him success in whatever he does, and we feel confident that "Bill" will make good in any company.



MALCOLM H. LANGDON

is one of the "old boys," having entered in 1906. He is from Cincinnati, but we can forgive him for it. He is the only member of the classical course and will be the only one to graduate therein for some time to come.

"Dutch" is a member of Alpha Chi Sigma Fraternity. He plays in the orchestra and band; is a member of the Dramatic Club, and is always to be found "on the job" where anything exciting is taking place.

Langdon will enter Yale college in the fall, and is leaving M. M. I. with the best wishes of all for a successful future.



BENJAMIN SUTHERLY MOTTER

was born in Lima, Ohio, on January 20, 1893. After growing up, as all boys must, he became a member of the school in 1909 and started right in with the excellent quality of work which has marked his career here. As a military man, he is very efficient, rising through the successive steps from a Corporal to a Captain in the brief space of one year. Ben has earned everything he ever got and deserves much commendation on this unparalleled record. He is a member of the Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity.

Next year will probably find Ben

under the banner of the Tiger, studying hard and making good, as he surely will. The best and heartiest wishes of the graduating class follow him wherever he may go and whatever he may do.

Program for Commencement Week.

Sunday, June 9th.

10:15 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon in the United Brethren Church, by Rev. Cyrus J. Kephart, pastor First United Brethren Church, Dayton.

Tuesday, June 11th.

10:30 a. m.—Class address in the auditorium, by Rev. Wilbur L. V. Davis, pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, Oxford, followed by the graduating exercises and the conferring of degrees.

2:00 p. m.—Batt's Manual, on the Parade Ground.

2:25 p. m.—Signal Corps, on the Parade Ground.

2:30 p. m.—Company Drill, on the Parade Ground.

2:45 p. m.—Artillery and Hospital Drills, on the Campus.

3:00 p. m.—Field Problem, on the Institute Grounds.

3:45 p. m.—Competitive Drill, on the Campus.

4:20 p. m.—Parade and Escort of the Color, on the Parade Ground.

8:00 to 9:00 p. m.—Reception in the parlors by the President, the Faculty and the Class of 1912.

Wednesday, June 12th.

11:30 a. m.—Lowering the Flag, on the Campus.

The Senior Class.

Again the graduation time has come,
Exams are over and we're sure we've passed.
We'll take a look now, see what we have done
And summarize the graduating class.

First comes Bill Crane, whom we best know as Snick,
Commander of the Corps, a warrior bold;
A good athlete is he, agile and quick,
He'll make the team at college, so I'm told.

Ben Motter next, to us he's just plain Ben;
He won his fame by pen and not by sword,
His BAYONET editorials now and then
Predict a man of influential word.

Bill Hopkins now, as Hopie better known,
A student pure and simple (not so pure);
He'll have an armored cruiser all his own
And be a second Admiral Dewey sure.

Why here's Nell Black; old Nell of BAYONET fame,
Who loves publicity, and girls and fudge,
And if his heart's not blacker than his name
He's bound to make a wise and lenient judge.

Here bringing up the rear (not strange for him),
Comes now Dutch Langdon, all the name implies.
He's not a student, has not wit nor vim,
But he'll sure find a home up in the skies.



CHI SIGMA ICHI FRATERNITY

THE BAYONNET

A FLAT TIRE.

A monotonous, sickly drizzle had beset London for several days, and the faint spark of the street lamps was barely discernible thru the heavy curtain of fog that hung over the street. The yelling of taximeters, noise of automobile horns and the sound of the crowd as it jostled and pushed its way along, filled the air. The very atmosphere was oppressive; the rain dropped from the eaves in a half-hearted fashion. The crowd itself was disagreeable, the hack horses in the streets steamed as they pulled their heavy burdens here and there, motors without chains were in constant danger of skidding, and the creak of those with chains and the continuous shifting of gears could be heard above the bustle of the street.

From his apartment in his club John Beckwith looked out gloomily upon the scene of struggling humanity before him. His man had just lighted the lights and left him looking out thru the rain-streaked window. The muffled noise as it came up to him from below disgusted him; I say disgusted him because he loathed it, and then he said to himself: "I've never seen anything to equal it. Why do I stay here? Nothing to keep me. I might as well be seeing the world, if for no other purpose than being away from this detestable mob. I'll wait and seize the first opportunity to get away."

Beckwith, as we see by his words, was entirely independent. His father had left him with more than enough. He had always been sick, his family

before him had been rich, and he was at ease with his fortune. There was nothing in him of the "nouveau riche." He was at ease in any company of men, but his (we cannot say) dislike, rather ignorance of women, gives us a theme on which to write. He had never known many women. His mother had died when he was very young, and an old aunt, his father's sister, was his only woman acquaintance.

He picked up the evening paper, turned from the window and started to read. Presently Kelly, his man, entered.

"Mr. Wells, sir."

"Show him in, Kelly."

"Yes, sir."

Wells was an American; we may say more, he was from New York and a very intimate friend of Beckwith. He had met him when, he had come to England with his crew to row against Oxford, and since then they had been warm friends.

"Virgil, I'm so sick of this city that I don't know what to do. Can you help me out?"

"Indeed I can. The *Mauretania* sails Saturday. Today is Tuesday. You have never been in the United States. Come, now, make me a visit. I've asked you often enough. Now accept my invitation."

"Sail Saturday? Why, my dear boy."

"Yes, Saturday. You people over here are horribly slow. You have lots of time. Get Americanized. See if you can do it."

"Just tell Briggs, your lawyer, to straighten things out and I'll see about the passage today. Now don't say so."

"I'll try, but four days is n't much time. Just before you came up I swore that I'd seize the first opportunity to break away from this—pointing out of the window—and I'll go with you Saturday."

"Good work. I must be off, and I'll have everything ready."

After Wells left Beckwith telephoned Briggs, and made an appointment within the hour.

He slipped on his sizer and made his way out into the detested crowd. He walked along briskly and soon came to the building in which his lawyer's office was located. He opened the door that led to the left and a woman passed out before him. As she passed he noticed her drop a small black purse. He picked it up and handed it to her. He was struck by her appearance. Tall, dressed in black, and a heavy veil dropped from the little hat that fitted over her jet black hair, and beneath it he noticed two pink little ears snugly tucked under the wealth of hair. She raised the veil, thanked him and disappeared as if by magic. The fog had completely obliterated her, and for the first time in his life a panic seized him; but she had gone. Could anything be more maddesting? He turned slowly, entered the corridor and made his way to the left.

He tried to straighten out his affairs. "Now, Briggs, you do this I do n't feel very well, and I'm awfully busy. Straighten this out be-

fore I go, will you?"

"Yes, sir; but I am just settling up the estate of Samuel Sheldon. Poor fellow. Well fixed once; came over here from the United States and lost it all but a farm in Massachusetts and a few dollars. He left a wife and one daughter, a very attractive girl."

"You, too bad; but Briggs, try, will you, to fix these things up? I don't know how long I shall be away."

"Yes sir, and good bye."

"Good bye, Briggs."

"And good luck to you, sir."

"The same to you, Briggs."

He went home cursing the city with its fog; and, think of it, the first woman that had really attracted his attention.

"Kelly, have my things packed. I must run out to see my aunt before I leave for the United States, and I will go out tomorrow and return Thursday. You may stay here and arrange things. I'll not need you."

That night he left for his aunt's, and stayed there Thursday. Just before he left his aunt said:

"Oh, John, why don't you marry? You ought to settle down. Why, boy, you are getting old. The day you came there were some Americans here in the morning. They were here to settle up the estate of a man by the name of Sheldon. His daughter was along, and you should have seen her. She was, indeed, very attractive."

"I should like very much to see this person. Briggs, my lawyer, is settling up her affairs. I understand her father died penniless."

"So he did. They were stopping

with the Farnsworths and just stopped for a minute to say: "Well, good bye, my boy."

"Good bye, Aunt Martha, and I'll keep my eye open for the Sheldon girl. She is very well recommended, but she might have a worth, too."

"Never mind about that, John, my boy."

"Good bye."

Two days later saw Beckwith at the pier ready to disembark. Wells had not yet come. Soon he drove up and his man brought up his baggage.

"A little late, John. Was just saying good bye to some old friends from the United States, the Sheldons; mighty fine people."

"Oh, yes! Is there a beautiful daughter of an unfortunate speculator? If so, I've heard of her before."

"Yes, that's the one. How did you know? She sails for America in a month."

"Well, I would certainly like to see her. I've heard of her so many times in the past week."

The Maritania had a very uneventful crossing, and Beckwith had nothing to do but think of the girl in the fog. Upon landing, however, he was so taken up with the sights of wonderful New York that he scarcely had time to think of anything else. Wells was an ideal host and did everything in his power to show his guest a good time.

One day he (Wells) suggested that they motor to his country place and see a little of rural America. The next day was set for the start, and at 7 o'clock the motor drove up to the door, and in a few minutes they

were gliding in and out among the vehicles in the crowded streets. After a while the houses became fewer, and truck gardens and patches of cabbage here and there told them they were nearing the city limits.

Over the smooth pike the machine gathered momentum, and under the skillful hand of Wells spun along at a great clip.

Through villages, up and down hills, thru fields of grain the road led; and the pretty little houses, with their well-kept lawns and outbuildings, told Beckwith that there was country life in America, that all was not noise and bustle.

He had been in the city over a month, and, although New York was different than London, he wanted to be away from cities, and the country was a relief.

They had just passed a picturesque little stone house, way back from the road, with a flagstone walk leading up to it. Along the walk ran a well-trimmed box-wood hedge, and near the white fence old flowers could be seen growing in profusion. The place attracted him, and he thought he would like to live in such a house, plain, simple and comfortable. Just then a report rang out and Wells let out his clutch and coasted to the side of the road.

"Flat tire, Beckwith."

"So I hear."

"Well, we can stop here and eat the lunch in that basket and fix the tire and move on. We are only about five miles from my place, and we are in no hurry. I'll fix it and you can run up to that house and see if you

can get some water."

"All right."

Beckwith made his way up the flag-stone walk admiring at every step the flowers in the yard and the beautiful simplicity of it all.

He knocked at the front door, but hearing no one went to the back of the house. Wonder of wonders, what a garden; everything that could be grown. He noticed some one in the garden and that was all. Seeing no one else around he walked down the path, and as he came closer he saw a girl with her back toward him, a sun-bonnet on her head. She wore a blue gingham dress, and a basket lay beside her on the walk. As he approached she turned; he raised his hat and—could it be possible? Were his eyes deceiving him? He managed to stammer:

"Beg pardon, but I would like to have some water."

Just then they both turned to see Wells coming up the path.

"Well, for the love of Mike, Miss Sheldon, where did you come from?"

"Why, Mr. Wells, how do you do? I landed just two weeks ago."

"But how did you ever come to be here?"

"Mother and I are living here. You know my father died, Mr. Wells, practically penniless."

All this time Beckwith had been making frantic gestures to Wells, and finally had attracted his attention. This relieved the embarrassment of the situation when Wells said: "Oh, allow me, Miss Sheldon, Mr. Beckwith, I had quite forgotten you, Johnny, in the excitement of the ma-

ment. I just ran in to say that Roberts is out there with his car and will take us up to my place."

"Not a bit of it," joined in Miss Sheldon; "you will stay here for lunch, now won't you?"

"Why, thank you; we would be delighted," exploded Beckwith before Wells had an opportunity to refuse.

"All right; I'll go tell Roberts," and Wells went off on his errand.

"I'm sure I have seen you before, Mr. Beckwith."

"Indeed you, Miss Sheldon; two months ago, I shall never forget it, on the first floor of the building Briggs is in."

"Yes, you gave me my purse; I remember I dropped it."

Just then Wells returned and they were interrupted.

After lunch, before they left, Miss Sheldon said:

"How long will you be in this country, Mr. Beckwith?"

"He is making an indefinite visit and he may stay for good," said Wells.

"Well, at any rate, I'll see you all again."

"If that is an invitation, thank you; you shall see us often."

The hero and heroine are at last together. What more can be said? It is true the lovers' way is not always the smoothest; at least that's what they say. Let us leave them where they are and let them be married eventually and live happy ever after.



MARTIN'S GAME.

Three days before the big football game between Liberty High and East Auburn Academy, Nelson, the star fullback of Auburn, had been accused of stealing examination papers. The papers had been found in his room by one of the faculty while inspecting, and, as a result, Nelson had been withdrawn from the team and placed under arrest until a complete investigation could be made at the faculty meeting on the following Monday evening. As the game was on Saturday there was no chance for him to play. To be sure the best players on the team pleaded for him and the coach nearly went crazy looking for a good man to take his place. The result of the coach's search was Martin, a player with a reputation which had been exploded on account of his yellowness in the game. With Liberty the year before, Nelson had beaten Martin out at the beginning of the year, and there had been a small feud between the two ever since. Martin, however, was the only one who could fill the place now.

The next few days seemed ages to Nelson. He argued, argued, argued with the Headmaster, but to no avail. The evidence was too strong against him. He knew that he was innocent, but he could find no way to prove it. During practice he would sit in his window overlooking the campus grounds and the athletic field and brood over his luck.

Saturday afternoon rolled around. Autos, decked with pennants and banners; girls, with school colors and

fellows; and boys, with umbrellas and hatbands with their colors on them, surrounded the field. He saw the kickoff from his window, and he saw the team from Liberty tear through the line time after time for great gains. There he sat, in his football togs, which he had donned from force of habit, hoping against hope that he might be able to play.

At the end of the first half the score stood 6-0 in favor of Liberty. But just then a strange thing happened. His old enemy, Martin, burst into the room exclaiming: "They want you down there, Nelson, and it's up to you to pull that team through. I've explained all to the Professor," he went on. "I took the papers and tried to beat you out of your position, but I've failed; for the quarter on Liberty slipped through me for a goal. I guess I was yellow, for they hissed me off the field. I saw the Professor, so it's all right. Go!"

Five minutes later Nelson stood in his old place at full waiting for Liberty to kick off. At the kick, the ball came whirling into his arms, and, in a heap of players, he was downed thirty yards forward. The next down, Hackett, the captain, carried the ball through the line for a five-yard gain. The next play, somebody broke through the line and tackled Auburn for a three-yard loss.

Both teams lined up for a punt, and, as Nelson signaled for the ball, everybody expected a punt on account of the third down. But, taking both teams by surprise, he tore around and

with only four men between him and the goal. The first two were straight-armed, the third dodged, and now, on the ten-yard line, he is tackled by the last. Onward he struggled, to drop just over the line with the precious ball. The goal was kicked, and the score tied. The rest of the game was uneventful, neither side scoring. Nelson, however, was the hero of the day, for he had tied the score on a nearly sure defeat.

Now about Martin: He had taken the papers and placed them in Nelson's room, and Nelson had, of course, got the blame. So, when the fellows reached the top of the hill, they swarmed into Martin's room, only to find it empty. That worthy was never seen around the old school again. But then, when you think it over, it took quite a little nerve on his part to own up to his failure.



THE BAYONET STAFF

THE BAYONET.

VOL. V.

GERMANTOWN, OHIO, JUNE, 1912.

No. 8.

THE BAYONET is published monthly during the school year in the interests of Miami Military Institute, by a board chosen from the Cadet corps.

Articles for publication are solicited from all members and friends of the school.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Alumni Editor, CAPT. ERNEST M. BROWN.

FRANKLIN S. MORRIS.
WILLIAM S. CRANE
Military Editor, JAMES NELSON BLACK.
Exchange Editor, ROBERT FOX.



At last it is all over and the class of 1912 makes its exit. The years put in profitably have been hard ones, but will always be looked back upon with pleasure. Our companions in toil will always have a tender spot in our hearts, the friendships made will doubtless be lasting.

Just one thing is to be asked in closing the 5th volume. Support the Bayonet staff next year, the Bayonet is a school paper. You don't realize how unpleasant it is to be eternally begging for material. Take an interest in it, the paper is yours, you should give your best to it, it will afterward be a pleasure to look back on your school days and feel that you were not a dead one. When something was to be done, you were there to do it. If fear of public criticism hinders you, then you are a

coward; if lack of interest keeps you from it, you are a drug on the market; if lack of energy stands in your way, then you had better leave the company of gentlemen and forget that you ever existed. The plea for the support of the school paper cannot be made too strong. It is not just to ask anyone to edit your paper and then fail to give them your unstinting support.

We have no spoilsites to make. We realize that under the circumstances the paper has been as good as it possibly could be. Think of it, two contributions from sources outside of the staff, during the year. Can you blame us for laying down our pens with professed sighs of relief?

For the first in years it has not been necessary to be continually writing on

school spirit, it has been fine. The attitude of the corps toward their work has been admirable. No better example of it could have been shown than in the inspection; it showed that the fellows have the right kind of stuff in them."

The Bayonet staff wishes to extend its sincere thanks to Captains

Russell and Beckerman. Their co-operation has made the Bayonet possible and we surely appreciate their spirit.

The Alumni has been suggested. As a source of contributions, probably a more complete alumni department would encourage the old men to contribute.

THE DAYTON TRIP.

On Monday evening, May 20th, the cadet corps journeyed to Dayton to escort President Taft to the Memorial Hall, and incidentally to see him for the last time in his official capacity as the chosen head of our great and glorious Republic. It was the day of inspection; and, even though the cadets were somewhat fatigued from their hard day's labor, there was a considerable show of political spirit among members of the corps. The loyal and enthusiastic supporters of our President were furnished by the Colonel (not Colonel R.) with banners bearing the inscription, "No Third term!" and, when the crowd landed in Dayton, it was a pretty happy bunch.

After meeting Major Street and the Heter cadets, who had gone on an earlier car, the corps was formed, and, to the martial music of the M. M. I. band, they marched to Eike-Kunzler's, where they anxiously awaited the arrival of the President in his big Oklawaha. After a wait of about forty-five minutes the President put in his appearance, and was greeted by cheers from the crowd that had assembled to meet him, and by

music from our band, which was promptly drowned out by the "Hail to the Chief" of the official Republican band.

After he had delivered a short address to the firm and loyal supporters of the Government, for the people, of the people and by a representative party of the people, he proceeded, escorted by the corps, to the Memorial Hall. Here he briefly outlined his administration, and spoke for a short time on his future term of office. He went inside the hall, and the cadet corps marched back to the traction office. They arrived at school at 11 o'clock, and were truly thankful for the 7 o'clock novella and the omitted drills the next day.

Any one who heard the President in front of the Memorial Hall could not fail to notice the large yellow banner bearing the inscription, "Votes for Women." May their cause live and prosper, and may they not meet the fate of their sister suffragettes on the other side of the big pond.

Coming down on the car the writer found a sporting sheet which announced the sad fact that the Reds had lost to the Greens—5-0.



Commencement season is looked upon by most students, I presume, as the time when they leave the shelter of academic halls and go forth to fight in the great battlefield of life. At least if we can judge of most of the commencement essays, that is the usual view. And they go forth, these brave young warriors, with colors gay and with a flourish of trumpets and hearts undaunted to win victories. Some of them have acquired in school days the equipment that will undoubtedly attain their desire. In the armor of others, there is many a weak link, that very likely will fail to stand the strain. The Children's Crusade is the most pathetic thing in history. The passing from academic halls of poorly prepared students is also a pathetic thing, and the fact that it is usually the student's own fault does not make it any less pathetic. The realization of swashting is but the

harder when it comes.

Commencement should also be a time of retrospection and introspection. A look backward to see if there are not mistakes in the past that experience should teach us to avoid in the future is a good thing. No question about the value of the education received in the school of experience. It is even said that a certain quite numerous class of people can learn in no other institution.

A look within is also an excellent preparation for life. It is a good thing to know if the ideals are right, if the purpose is true, if the aim is fixed. If selfishness and egotism have usurped the throne of the soul and cast out therefrom justice and philanthropy (I mean this last word in its true Attic sense) it may not yet be too late to restore the exiles.

Such are a few thoughts suggested by the commencement season. The academic editor wishes you all a very pleasant summer vacation.



HESS GALL CAMP PERRY



In reviewing the military department for 1911-'12, the most striking thing is the successful use of the merit system. This system has been in use in many of the large military schools of the East and has been very successful wherever used. In M. M. I. it has certainly been an unequalled success and Major Street deserves great credit for its successful application in this school.

Another branch of work heretofore unappreciated here is the Field Problem. These problems put into practical application in the theoretical studies of the school and lecture room. We have had several of these problems assigned to the various officers, and the fact that the inspector was satisfied with our Field Problems, proved the excellent manner in which they have been performed.

Colonel Brown purchased a few stereopticons, which has been widely used in the military lectures. These lectures have been on various subjects and have shown us in a forcible way the more important principles of

field work and target practice.

Altogether the year for the military department has been a most successful one and we hope that next year will be even more successful.

Camp Weybrecht.

The cadet corps, under command of Major Cruise, left the barracks on Friday morning, May 31 at 8:40. The day was perfect and the trip from Germantown to Camp Perry was made in record time.

On the arrival at Camp Perry much to our surprise, we found all the wall tents pitched and the conical tents were left to the cadets. In a little more than half an hour the camp was ship-shape. The coats, blankets, etc., were given out by Captain Derick, acting quartermaster, and the beds were made up for the night.

A number of good scores were made on the two hundred yard range and the general average was far above that of last year. Quite a number of the cadets have qualified in the prose

position for the medals of the National Rifle Association.

Due to the foresight of Colonel Canow, the work in camp was greatly lightened and it is needless to say that we surely appreciated the interest he took in our welfare. It might be well to mention that the Colonel made a record of 318 out of a possible 300 at 15 yards with a .45 caliber pistol.

The officers club had its usual list of attractive visitors: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crane, of Middletown; Mr.

and Mrs. Cushman, of Syracuse; Mrs. Noterman, of Covington, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Vages and Miss Voges, of Canton; Mr. and Miss Specht, of Cleveland; Mrs. Herr, of Springfield; Mrs. Darling, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and many others.

The lake was exceptionally calm and in spite of the late spring, the water was warm and the fellows were in bathing mood of the time during recreation hours.



ALPHA CHI SIGMA FRATERNITY

THE INSPECTION.

The annual inspection, an event, or rather a test, for which we have been a long time preparing, came at last on May 20, and was without doubt the most successful we have had yet.

The new form of military work necessitated a change in the manner of the inspection. Heretofore the main points have been the close order and skirmish drill, but now, when most emphasis is laid on the practical field work in the form of a field problem, the inspection is somewhat different.

Captain Harrison Hall, a Princeton and West Point graduate, and member of the General Staff, having been detailed by the Secretary of War to make these inspections, arrived in Germantown on the nine o'clock car, and went straight to the Institute, where the inspection was immediately begun.

Ceremonies in full dress, with white duck trousers, occupied almost the entire morning. It started off with Dress Parade, in which the cadets showed up well on their manual and company front marching. Next came the Review and Inspection, which was a very critical one. Almost every cadet was asked some question on military science, and it is very gratifying to hear from those who accompanied the inspector, that a large percentage of these questions were correctly answered.

After the inspection came Guard Mount and a cursory inspection of the quarters. This was followed by short drills in the different branches

of military service, hospital, artillery, signal corps, engineering, etc., and they were all satisfactorily, if not excellently, performed. After these drills was a short platoon, company and battalion drill, in both close and extended order. Dinner and a short rest followed this, and then we were ready for more.

The afternoon was entirely occupied by military field problems, three in number, namely: Advance guard, rear guard and outpost. All of the officers taking part in this were thoroughly questioned concerning the work, and the way that most of the questions were answered was a credit to the cadet and to the school. As it was necessary for Captain Hall to leave at 3:10 p. m., our drills were cut short; but every one went down town until 5 o'clock, rejoicing that he had passed the test.

At the request of the few surviving members of the Grand Army of the Republic stationed in Germantown, the cadet corps acted as escort in their annual Memorial Day services. The band, of course, went along and showed up well in comparison with the professional band present. The battalion was in command of Major Cross and the volley firing which was done as part of the services, was fine. With practically no drill at all with blanks, the corps did very well and deserves to be complimented on its excellent showing.



DELTA SIGMA NU FRATERNITY

ATHLETIC



DEPARTMENT

We played our second game with Steele High School, of Dayton, and our boys tasted the bitter drops of defeat for the first time this season.

A very heavy rain fell in the morning, and for some time we thought it would be impossible to play. But by 10 o'clock the sun beat down and at 3:30 the team was lined up for battle.

Noterman opened the game for us and pitched a good game until the eighth, when he retired to give "Red" Weston a chance. The field was heavy around second, short and third, and this made it very hard for

our boys to field the ball in "old-time form."

Johnson was on the "slab" for Steele, and pitched a good game all the way through. Steele showed up better in the pitching department, but the hitting was about even. Steele's hits came when his men ran, and ours were the reverse.

The game was very interesting and the count was 3-0 against us until the ninth, when, with the aid of two hits, an error and a sacrifice fly, Steele pushed four runs over the pan. There was no more scoring, for Steele had the game on ice.



M. W. I. FOOTBALL TEAM



Mercersburgh "Literary Magazine." Are you certain that all of your stories are original?

"On Bonds," Montclair Academy. Better than the preceding issues, but why not get those leads in with the advertising section?

"Mercury," Milwaukee. Your paper is a steady ground gainer and your cuts are excellent.

"Glean," Walnut Hills. The stories by Reese and Fox during the past year are all good, and we wish to congratulate these writers.

"Mirror," Lima. Your last number was a marked improvement over your former ones.

"The Eagle," Mexico City. Don't lose interest on the final issues, but keep plugging.

The Bayonnet submits its final issue to its brother exchanges, hoping it may be above criticism, which is, of course, impossible. We thank our many exchanges for their kind advice, which has raised our standard during the last year, and hope that we may meet again in the fall.

Mull: You stepped on my feet.

Dehl: Well don't it say Walk-Over.

Smith: Where did you get those twenty-five cent pieces?

Vogel: Why those are the servants' quarters.



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