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## Constant.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

I SAW the fire-light in her eyes,  
Her childish brow was paled,  
I looked at her in still surprise,  
My very lisplings failed.

The embers leadened on the grate,  
The room dropped from my sight,  
Still in her eyes as there she sate  
The golden fire flamed bright.

## Shakespeare's Lyrics.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09.



GREAT many people accept without question the idea that poetry is a narrow art, bounded by certain fixed limitations and governed by a few rules relative to metre and rhyme. They can find no added tribute to Shakespeare's greatness in the knowledge that he was a lyricist as well as a dramatic poet; to their mind a poet must necessarily be proficient in every branch of his art, much the same as a man must be able to make a wagon-tire as well as to shoe a horse, if he would be called a blacksmith. They cannot see that poetry is a vast garden wherein each artist tills a part, and that the area Shakespeare cultivated was greater than that of any other. His hundred-fifty sonnets alone, if nothing else, attest his ability as a lyrical poet no less than do his dramatic works prove him to be the playwright of all times.

To span the depth between dramatic and

lyric versification requires an extraordinary amount of genius, more than does the step from one feat of the mechanic to the other, and few of our early dramatists were able to bridge the chasm. Peele, Green, Nash, Kyd, Marlowe, all attempted to widen their scope, but never realized perfect ease and fluency in both forms as Shakespeare does; Beaumont and Fletcher only in part, their songs were too artful. It remained for one alone among the pioneer dramatists to run the gamut from the height of lyricism to the philosophic deductions of later life, and yet to hold mastery throughout. We are reluctant to believe that the same mind which in a garrulous mood put its rhapsody of joy into the laughing spring-song of Ver-

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then on every tree  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
"Cuckoo,"—

could declare with stoical dogmatism:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

We know that Shakespeare levied freely upon the works of his predecessors and contemporaries for many of his songs, yet he used them with such effective appositeness that, were it not for documentary proof, the reader could not separate those which were original from the borrowed ones. Let us take the "swan song" of Desdemona, for example; how pathetic and appropriate it is:

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
     Sing willow, willow, willow,  
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;  
     Sing willow, willow, willow."

It fits the character and her mood so exactly that one would be convinced as to its authenticity, were it not for the fact that the original is found among Percy's "Reliques." The same holds true of Iago's drinking song in the second act of the same play. "Then Let Me the Canakin Clink," is an old tap-room ditty, very popular through the south and east of England in Shakespeare's time.

The greater number of the songs are woven into the earlier love plots, a few—six to be accurate—ramble through the tragedies; and in the last period of the bard's productive life we find eight, written in part and appropriated. It is to be expected that the springtime of life would see the height of Shakespeare's lyrical genius, and so it was. The spirit of song is more in harmony with ardent Romeo, fickle Venus and the sentiment of the sonnets than it is with melancholy Hamlet, crafty Brutus or fiendish Iago, and the artistic soul is prone to follow whither Fancy leads—a man's work is the outward expression of his feelings.

The days of frolic passed away, and with them went the gilded aspect of life. The analytical stage of the tragedies followed the period of "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." But that, too, had its passing, and toward the later part of Shakespeare's life came a reaction. The smouldering fires of enthusiasm glowed brightly again, bursting forth with the song of Antolycus in the "Winter's Tale."

When daffodils begin to peer,  
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

But the carol is only an echo of his former self. It wants the energetic ardor of the youthful mind, which mingled into fantastic beauty the classic legend and mediæval fairy-land into the "Midsummer Night's Dream," that purely poetic fancy of boyhood.

The ousel cock so black of hue,  
 With orange-tawny bill,  
 The throstle with his note so true,  
 The wren with little quill,  
 The finch, the sparrow and the lark;  
 The plain-song cuckoo grey,  
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
 And dares not answer nay.

This, the very essence of lyricism, could never have been written when only the aftermath of youthful vigor was there to tint the vision. The songs of a "Winter's Tale," of "Cymbeline" and of the "Tempest," all alike seem to imply a more conscious effort or a less spontaneous outburst of that pure lyrical quality so characteristic of his earlier years. The saddest thing to man is the knowledge of passing greatness, and Shakespeare was not unaware that his genius was slipping away. He had tasted the sweets of conscious ability, and, knowing they would never return, sank into silence with a last song, the song he had couched apparently in a moment of cynicism:

Some there be that shadows kiss;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.

### Woman Suffrage.

GEORGE FINNIGAN, '10.

I'VE lived here, it's nigh twenty years, Pat,  
 In this beautiful home of the free,  
 But now I'll be packing for Ireland:  
 This land is no longer for me.

The States now are going to the bad, Pat,  
 So I think I shall take the first boat;  
 The country'll soon bust and fall into the dust,  
 For the women's beginning to vote.

I didn't at all mind the cars, Pat,  
 That run all alone down the street,  
 And at last I got used to them bicycle wheels  
 Where you balance yourself with your feet.  
 The automobiles didn't hurt me, Pat,  
 Nor them telephones, now of such note;  
 Be these as they may, I'll not stay here a day,  
 If the women are now going to vote.

For you know when I see the cruel women, Pat,  
 A-leaving their children so sweet  
 And a-coming down to the polls to vote  
 When they ought to keep off of the street,  
 I believe that the Government's crazy, Pat,  
 And I think that the time's not remote  
 When the country will shrivel and go to the divil,  
 If the women continue to vote.

And so I am going o'er the sea, Pat,  
 Though I leave with a pain in my breast,  
 For after old Erin's fair country,  
 Sure, America skins all the rest.  
 But, say, when the country gets sense, Pat,  
 And on that fair day I shall dote,  
 I'll come back once more to the land I adore,  
 When the women no longer can vote.

## The Outwitted Deputy.

ALOYSIUS A. WEISBECKER, '08.

Albanil Reformatory, covering an area of a square mile, surrounded by a masonry wall twelve feet in height, strengthened by high stone towers, loomed up in the distance like a fortified city of old. Within its borders about a thousand inmates rendered servile obedience to a stringent discipline. About six miles to the west, beside a deep and extensive lake, stood a building which served as a pumping-station for the prison's water supply. Here several trustworthy prisoners "did their time" under a lenient guard.

Within the penitentiary two notable convicts, associates in crime, were plotting their escape. Meese, a young man, fully twelve years the junior of his accomplice, Joel Wilders, by his winning manner, his knowledge and tact in financial matters won the favor of the warden and some officials. The warden, the large, indulgent, jovial Mr. Boan, employed Meese in the office, sent him on errands throughout the prison, and often took him as his coachman when driving in the city. Two years of this friendly contact, endeared the young convict to the unsuspecting warden. A year later Meese took sick. His illness did not confine him to the infirmary but disabled him for the daily routine. The physician ordered rest, fresh-water baths daily, and outdoor exercise. Warden Boan sympathizing with Meese, befriended him, by requiring him to live at the waterworks, there to observe the doctor's instructions until fully relieved of his indisposition. As the prisoners were bound to continual daily silence, Meese asked the favor from his benefactor to chat awhile privately with his friend Wilders. Warden Boan gladly assented.

"Say, Joel, you know I am sick and have to live at the pumping-station to get well. This destroys only our plan of escape, which we were cautious enough recently, to discuss when our guard had his attention elsewhere. Well, Joel, it's my fault that we are here; keep up courage, old boy, and we'll get out of here. Others have gotten away safely, why can't we? The first best

opportunity coming along take it. Go South for all that's in you. We are lucky having grey uniforms, because of good behaviour, instead of "stripes." You know the long line of Yegua ruins, the cellar at the end, we spoke of it before, you understand what to do. I'll be suspected of knowing something about you. Take my word, Wilders, remain in the cellar at least two days, I'll come to you and we two shall be free. No twenty years for us on these grounds. I hate that Deputy Small, I swear I'll slip from his grasp some day. Trust me, Joel, and mind the first best chance."

A few months later, at dusk one August evening, the blasts of the prison whistles were repeatedly heard, while thirty mounted guards scoured the country within a radius of twenty miles—Joel Wilders, a life-man, had escaped. His absence did not become known until eight hours had elapsed. The next morning the pursuers returned from a fruitless chase. Posters were printed and distributed, telegrams sent far and wide, announcing a five thousand dollar reward for the person, dead or alive, of Joel Wilders. At noon, the Deputy and the Warden consulted about the affair.

"See here, Warden Boan," said the suspicious and stern Deputy Small, "I am sure I can capture our fugitive. I never liked your kindness toward that young Meese, whom you sent to the pumping-house. He is the intimate friend and ally in crime of Wilders. Frequently I found the two together intruding on our prison régime, but he always held he had your permission. That little fellow is a deceiver; he knows his friend's plans and whereabouts. I'll see him to-day and threaten him with torture to tell me all. It would mar our term of office if we could not recapture that man."

"All right Mr. Small, carry out your plans, the five may be yours."

That afternoon found Deputy Small at the water-station examining convict Meese.

"Well! that's news to me," said Meese forcibly startled, "he might have known he would be caught. Bless us! five thousand! If two find him, they share it. Now Mr. Small, Wilders spoke to me of the Spanish town La Bonidad. He said if he were pardoned he would hire himself to a certain house there. I met him at that

place; there we were influenced to crime, and began the career which brought us hither. Have two good travelling horses saddled, one for me, the other for you, and in three days, I assure you, we'll have the guilty one or know where he is. The trip may be a strain on my health, but I don't care as I am sure of success."

Deputy Small stood perplexed at this frank stipulation. It seemed tempting but equally perilous. He dismissed Meese and the next hour paced to and fro seeking what to do. "The man may die in torture rather than tell us a word. He certainly knows something of the deserter's intentions. I'll take him along. I'll chain his horse to mine. I'll not allow him a weapon, still I'll treat him kindly. In the meantime I'll send guards disguised to meet us at the entrance to the city, so I'll not be alone when I have the two prisoners. If Meese is a trickster, I'll be more clever." Calling Meese, he said abruptly: "Be ready in the morning. Take a good night's rest, for three days in the saddle may be hard on you."

In the morning Small and Meese, dressed as ranchmen, spurred off on two hardy, high-spirited broncos chained together by the bits of their bridles. The first day Meese skilfully evading all queries about Wilders interested the deputy with stories and thrilling events of the country through which they were riding. Spending a good night in sleep in the open air, they set out early the next day, Meese, apparently cheered by the thought that the coveted five had drawn a day nearer. During the afternoon they entered a desert waste of land, where the sun beat hot upon them. Toward nightfall Meese pretended illness. The deputy in spite of himself felt for him, leaving nothing undone to strengthen him for his last day's ride. Meese awoke much relieved and declared himself able for the final day's pursuit. With their morning meal, their provisions ran out, making it necessary to hasten to their journey's end. The deputy cheered and encouraged, all went well for several hours. A keen thirst which only a draught of fresh water could allay, seized Meese. His laments and groans made Small believe that he really suffered. Meese suggested turning aside into the ruined and depopulated city of La Paz, "only a mile

out of our way, and La Bonidad can be reached just as early on the same road."

Small feeling his own lips becoming parched, his tongue cleaving to his palate, yearned for a drink himself. Formerly, La Paz ranked as a prosperous town at the end of the desert. Because of the arid soil, dry, sultry air, and frequent cyclones it soon became deserted and fell into scattered masses of ruins. Small and his man found a pool, but the meagre amount of water in it proved uninviting to the heated broncos. Riding through the city they came to a long heap of rocks and broken walls. Two frame structures stood at a distance in a barren field back of it. Meese halted and stated he could go no farther. He dismounted and lay down evidently exhausted and in pain. He pathetically besought Small to see if the frameworks did not cover a well or spring. Small tied the horses, clambered over the pile of shattered masonry in of search water.

"My," said he as he left the first well which had dried out and trudged to the other, "this field is larger than I took it to be." The second woodwork surrounded a spring issuing sparkling mineral water. Small slaked his thirst with the salty liquid and filled the bottle for his distressed companion. While returning quickly to him a rattlesnake crossed his track. He grasped for his pistol and regretted that he had left it in the saddle pocket. Climbing back over the stone and *débris* he saw where he had left his man and horses. Turning his gaze down the road, a distant cross-road took Meese, another man and the two broncos at full speed from his view.

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#### On a Bust of Perseus.

Beneath a wingèd helm of steel behold  
A youthful face in stern decision set,  
Time's endless march its beauty did not fret,  
Although decay has seized the heart of gold.  
That wrought this marvel in the days of old  
When noble aspiration lingered yet  
In hearts that beauty snared with silken net  
And left them burning where it found them cold.

The flight of ages hast thee buried deep,  
Untroubled by an empire's rise and fall  
From heights of glory to the lowest steep  
Oblivion has guarded thee her thrall  
In darkness 'neath a crumbled palace heap  
To bear the Hellene's message to us all. H. L.

## Varsity Verse.

## THE SONG AND DANCE OF HIAWATHA.

## CANTO I.

HEARKEN unto me, my children,  
 Hearken unto what I tell you,  
 What I truly speak, not falsely,  
 Quaint and marvelous, though it be, yet  
 Still 'tis true, the more's the pity.  
 So I summon you to listen  
 To the strange and moral story,  
 Story of great Hiawatha,  
 Of its birth and early struggles,  
 Of its struggles for existence;  
 How it lasted for a short time  
 For a short time—till it played out,  
 Literally played out; so it  
 Perished prematurely—puffed up,  
 Doubtless by its great successes.  
 Mourn the death of Hiawatha,  
 Tragic death of Hiawatha,  
 Pray that yours may not be like it,  
 Not be like it, O young poets.

## CANTO II.

*(Interjectional and explanatory.)*

Hiawatha was a mellow  
 Melody—a song and dance tune,  
 Very mellow song or dance tune,  
 Written by a colored person  
 ("Coon or nigger," you might call him,  
 But I solve the difficulty.  
 Strike the yellow mean, as it were,  
 Colored person's what I call him  
 Some indeed have called him worse names  
 As they encored Hiawatha.)

## CANTO III.

Hiawatha wasn't ragtime,  
 Wasn't ragtime, so it lasted,  
 Lasted longer than it would have  
 Had its notes been syncopated,  
 Cut up, ragged, syncopated.  
 Hiawatha lived and flourished  
 For a year or more, and all were  
 Crazy (so to speak) to hear it;  
 Couldn't get enough it seemed to  
 Satisfy their rhythmic cravings  
 For that masterpiece of music,  
 Hiawatha, peer of dance tunes.  
 Graphophones and music-boxes,  
 Street-pianos, pianolas,  
 Amateurs of more or less skill,

Banged and thumped and scraped and tooted  
 Hiawatha, Hiawatha,  
 Nothing else but Hiawatha.

## CANTO IV.

But when people grew disgusted;  
 Tired and sick of Hiawatha,  
 Sick of hearing it at all times,  
 Night and day and late and early,  
 Hiawatha's goose was roasted,—  
 Metaphorically speaking,—  
 Hiawatha saw its finish.  
 So forever and forever  
 Vanished catchy Hiawatha,  
 To the land of the hereafter  
 Vanished catchy Hiawatha.

FRANCIS DERRICK.

\* \*

## RECOLLECTIONS.

I remember, I remember,  
 Twas in the early May,  
 I took her to the theatre  
 To see a little play;  
 We didn't leave the opera-house  
 Till night was nearly gone,  
 Oh, how I wish I let the girl  
 Go home that night alone.  
 I remember, I remember,  
 I came back to her house,  
 Each word she whispered silently  
 As quiet as a mouse;  
 When all at once a bed-spring shook,  
 We heard an awful cough,  
 I took my hat and coat in hand  
 Knowing the dream was off.

I remember, I remember,  
 Her father's voice was stout,  
 "If you don't shut that light right off  
 I'll up and put it out;"  
 Then in a somewhat sterner voice  
 Her dear, good father cried,  
 "And I'll put out that midnight tramp  
 That's sitting by your side."

I remember, I remember,  
 I started for the door,  
 Fell over the piano stool  
 And rolled across the floor.  
 Until that night I never knew  
 That love could be so blind;  
 But what on earth has happened  
 To the girl I left behind?

T. E. B.

## May-Day Carols and Customs.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

"A bursting into greenness, a waking as from sleep,  
A twitter and a warble that make the pulses leap."

From earliest times the practice of celebrating the return of new life to earth was everywhere observed. The Romans had their goddess, Flora, whom they worshipped as the goddess of spring and flowers. Ovid, in one of his pastoral poems, gives a beautiful description of the return of new vigor to nature: "The ice being broken up, winter at last yields, and the snow melts away conquered by the sun's gentle warmth; the leaves come back to the trees that were stripped by the cold; the sap-filled bud swells with the tender twig, and the fertile grass, that long lay unseen, breaks through the mold and uplifts itself in the air. Now is the field fruitful, now is the time of the birth of cattle, now the bird prepares its house and home in the bough."

However varied the manner of giving expression to the sentiment aroused by the return of this new glory to earth, its origin lay always in the desire to establish a closer tie between the heart of man and the great heart of nature. The wondrous spring feeling communicates itself to every creature. This outburst of nature into new life and beauty instinctively awakes in us feelings of gladness and delight. Our first impulse is to seize some portion of the profusion of blossom and verdure that spreads around us, to set it up in decorative fashion, and to pay it a sort of homage. Small wonder is it that this jubilant feeling which spring imparts should find expression in song and music, in rite and ceremony. The birth of new joy calls forth these utterances expressive of the almost ecstatic delight with which men hail the spring.

In merry old England it was the ancient custom on the eve of May for the young folks to go into the woods where they remained all night gathering green branches for decoration in the village. The maidens were wont to bathe their faces in the dew of the early May morning in order to procure a beautiful complexion. Not only

the common people, but even the court itself took part in the ceremony on the first May morning of "bringing home the May." There is an account of Henry VIII. and his queen going to take part in a famous "Maiyinge" at Shooter's Hill. Spenser has left us a delightful picture of the going out for and bringing home of "the May."

Siker this morning no longer ago  
I saw a shole of shepherds outgo  
With singing and shouting, and jolly cheer:  
Before them rode a lusty Tabrere  
That to them many a hornpipe played,  
Whereto they dancen each one with his maid.  
To see these folks make such jouissance  
Made my heart after the pipe to dance.  
Then to the greenwood they speeded them all  
To fetchen home May with their musical;  
And home they bring him in a royal throne  
Crowned as king; and his queen alone  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fair flock of fairies and a fresh bend  
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there  
To helpen the ladies their May-bush to bear!

Chaucer sings in a similar strain of the journey to the woods and the gathering of flowers and green branches:

And furth goth all the courte, bothe moste and leste,  
To feche the flourés fressh, and braunche and blome;  
And namly hawthorn brought bothe page and grome,  
With fressh garlantis, partie blewe and white  
And hem rejoysen in her grete delite.

When all was in readiness the Mayers formed in procession, and then began a triumphant march to the village. The Maypole, which was sometimes a hundred feet in height, was placed on a gaily decorated wagon, drawn by twenty or thirty oxen each having a bouquet of flowers tied to his horns, and borne in triumph at the head of the procession. The streets were soon transformed into leafy lanes and the lawns into woodland bowers. What a gay scene it must have been to see the doors and windows of the houses all decked with flowering branches and every hat wearing its wreath of hawthorn and wild rose?

The most conspicuous of all the May-day proceedings was the erection and adorning of the Maypole. On it were suspended each May morning wreaths of flowers, and around it the youths and maidens danced in festive glee. At its base was erected a throne for the May Queen. The fairest maid of the village was chosen queen of



the May, and to her as to a goddess was paid sportive veneration.

Dancing was one of the principal features of the May-day festivities. Not only were the houses decorated but the doors were left wide ajar and the merry dancers tripped on the light fantastic toe through every house, into the garden, and out again into the street, singing and playing all the while. The residents of any house considered themselves slighted if this honor was not accorded to their home. If the Mayers had any fault to find or had any grievance against some villager, the offender would find attached to her knocker on May morning a large bunch of nettles—a terrible disgrace—instead of the accustomed “bunch of May,” symbolic of friendship and good will.

May morning was especially the lover's morning. It was customary for the lover on May morning to serenade his sweetheart and to leave at her door a special bunch of May. Happy he if she took it in, thereby signifying that she accepted his addresses. But woe betide that luckless wight whose bunch of May was left to wither. The following lines were sung by the lovers on their rounds:

Awake, awake, ye pretty maids,  
And take the May-bush in,  
Or 'twill be gone ere to-morrow morn  
And you'll have none within.

Here are two stanzas of a song that the Lancashire lads were accustomed to sing in honor of their lady loves:

Come, lads, with your bills,  
To the wood we'll away;  
We'll gather the boughs  
And we'll celebrate May.

We'll bring our load home  
As we've oft done before,  
And leave a green bough  
At each pretty maid's door.

Without dance and carol, May-day had not half its charm. Of English carols sung at May-day festivities, unfortunately few remain. Would that man's heart had not grown cold toward these cheery customs, and that nature might find a more responsive chord in his breast. Shakespeare thus rebukes our folly:

The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay wast our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

### Advertisement.

'Twas of a sultry afternoon—  
On earth 'twas May,  
But on the moon,  
Where I abode this day,  
'Twas rosy June, I'll say.  
This countyside, though 'tis of gold,  
Has for its atmosphere  
An airy substance rather cold.  
And daylights void of cheer.  
Only through the night  
The gold grows bright  
And moon-men walk and wake.  
But, as I say,  
'Twas day  
And what I saw  
Was therefore  
But a dream  
Which real did seem.  
Anon, around did soar  
Great globes of gold,  
Methinks all told  
A Motly score.  
And now behold  
Toward me rolled  
One of these bubbles bold:  
“Do let me roam  
With joy at home.”  
“Don't bother,”  
Said another,  
“Stay with me  
I'll laugh with thee.”  
And page for page  
This golden sage  
His sparkling jokes did spill.  
Another golden hill  
Anon did wobble near  
And thrust aside  
With anxious pride  
His friend of senior year.  
“Behold, I've come  
To give you some  
Serious senior matter;  
For liveth the bone  
From fancy alone?  
No, only the least of the latter.”  
I left sweet Wit  
Persevering a bit  
On pages of heavy gray-matter.  
“Oh, why dost thou batter  
Thy cortex? when pictures  
Can beat all figurative mixtures!  
Here, thyself, and there, 'tis put  
In charming half-tone cut,  
And in these colored sections  
Such charming recollections!”  
Alas,—my smile, half-born  
Was murdered and torn  
Asunder anon,  
When a comely son  
Of the Muses won  
My heart and tender emotions

With toasts and poetical potions.  
 Then as I was vexed  
 And very perplexed,  
 Not knowing whom to choose or lose,  
 They spake: "We're one,  
 Hope you're won;  
 We're *The Dome*,  
 Take us home."  
 And they smiled and beguiled,—  
 O *Alma Mater* moon!  
 So soon  
 Must that bell tell  
 My reveries' knell  
 And dispel  
 The fairies sent  
 With seniors' comment  
 To sing how vacation  
 Sans *Dome* in frustration!

DESDICHADO.

Forbes-Robertson.

A MODERN HAMLET.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.

Since those Elizabethan days when Richard Burbage first portrayed the character of the melancholy Danish prince at the Blackfriar's theatre in London, there have been Hamlets and Hamlets. Indeed it is recorded in the annals of stage history that every actor who has ever donned the buskins has cherished in his heart the secret desire to play this trying part and has been possessed of the confidence that perhaps he would be "the" Hamlet—the Hamlet who would come up to the standard looked for by the critics, the Hamlet of Shakespeare's own conception. But alas, how short of their goal have these men fallen, and how brutally has this beautiful conception of the master bard been butchered by historians, ranging from the school boy amateur to the ranting tragedian who backs his art by every fussy mechanical device known to the stage carpenter; devices which serve only to cheapen a performance rather than add to it any degree of effectiveness or realism.

Once, it is true, a Hamlet was created and was proclaimed as ideal by critics of the sternest school, and we of America are proud of the fact that the creator was one of our own countrymen—the beloved Edwin Booth.

This wonderful man, an artist to the very

bone, found the keynote of the correct interpretation, and struck it loud and strong. But that was nearly three decades ago, and many of us of the present generation have been compelled to satisfy our longings for a real Hamlet by listening to the echo of that keynote which has been reverberating from ocean to ocean—almost from pole to pole.

At last it seems that our hopes are realized and that no longer will we have to depend upon the uncertainty of that echo. Far across the sea in historic England, in fact not far from Shakespeare's own Stratford-on-Avon, that echo has been heard and heeded by one who has long labored in the field of artistic endeavor both as painter and player. He has reverently and lovingly taken upon his shoulders the sombre mantle of Denmark's youthful prince, and as a consequence we have a real Hamlet of our own—Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

This artist (the present writer hesitates to apply the much-abused title of actor to one who does not seem to act, but who lives and breathes the character he portrays) is now touring America, producing a small repertoire, of which his Hamlet is undoubtedly the most pretentious effort.

Of slightly moulded form and finely chiseled features, whose mobility reflect every light and shade of a sensitive nature, and a soul artistic in the extreme, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is physically the ideal Hamlet whom Shakespeare has endowed with a puzzling, many-sided character, at once a weakling and a giant, a wit and a sage, an affectionate son and friend and a brooding, desolate madman.

All these traits of character Mr. Forbes-Robertson seems to fully comprehend, and he interprets them not so much by acting and stage business as by wonderful facial play and long silences, a thing, by the way, which is extremely dangerous unless the actor has full confidence in the grasp he has upon his auditors.

In the first act, when Hamlet is confronted by the ghost of his dead father, Mr. Forbes-Robertson does not permit himself to follow any ordinary theatricalism, or to represent the surprise and terror of the situation by any perceptible shaking of the limbs or a choking voice. He falls back gracefully,



intently watching the apparition, while slowly in an audible whisper he repeats the line: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us." Then his face begins to relax, the first change being noted in the eyes, which take on a look—not of staring surprise, but rather of fear. The lines from the nose seem to erase themselves completely, and there is a parting of the lips and a drooping of the mouth which seem to reflect a thousand emotions arising from a brain which is on the point of giving way to abject madness.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has permitted no glint of electric light to mar the effectiveness of this midnight scene. The stage is shrouded almost in darkness, and over it there hangs a white pall which gives the effect of fog, cold, damp and depressing. The actors move about like shadowy forms, their faces alone being plainly discernible. The spotlight was conspicuous by its absence throughout the entire play, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson is indeed to be commended on the fact that he does not permit himself to fall into that temptation (which so few actors escape) of being thrown into the white light of the calcium in places where a heightened effect is desired.

In his second meeting with the ghost, which takes place in a "remote part of the platform," Mr. Forbes-Robertson stands in the darkened shelter of a cliff, while the apparition is above.

When the ghost recites the awful tale of its foul murder, Mr. Forbes-Robertson falls apparently in a swoon. The silence is intense for almost an entire minute. Then the actor moves one arm, a convulsion of the body follows, and a stifled sob breaks the silence. Slowly, staggering as one dazed, he rises to his feet and drawing his sword kisses its hilt and swears to be avenged of the murder of his father.

It is then that Hamlet shakes off the boy and assumes the man. Cunningly, almost craftily, the prince lays the plot of his revenge. The madness he feigns merely as the cloak to hide his real purpose; for while in company with those closely attendant upon the king he answers questions ambiguously, and makes statements that are the very essence of insanity. When in the company of his own intimates all this is changed, and he is again the deep-thinking,

sound-minded Hamlet, affectionate, kind and tender.

In the second scene of Act III. where the players give the dumb show before the court, Mr. Forbes-Robertson emphasizes to a marked degree the soundness of Hamlet's mind. Not entirely content with the story recited by the ghost, Hamlet decides to lay a plot of his own whereby he hopes to trap the king and queen by confronting them with a scene similar to the murder in which they have been the chief conspirators. To that end he has caused the players to enact the murder scene from a drama into which he has injected some fitting lines.

The courtiers take their places, Hamlet reclining at the feet of Ophelia. At one time in the midst of his conversation he so allows himself to relax into ease and enjoyment that he lies prone upon his back. But when the players begin the murder scene his eyes are not upon them, but upon the king and queen. As the scene progresses he rises half way to his feet, and seeming lost in the contemplation of the countenances of the royal pair he creeps towards them across the floor.

At last unable to endure more of the play, the king stands erect, calls for lights and makes a hurried exit. Hamlet remains, looks after the departing assemblage, and suddenly it seems to dawn upon him that his trap has not been set in vain. A kind of joy seems to come over him, and embracing his friend Horatio he bursts into a rhyme, evidently gloating over his discovery.

The Ophelia of Miss Gertrude Elliott, who in private life is the wife of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, was a most excellent bit of work. She recited her lines rather than spoke them, in a kind of crooning cadence that emphasized the weak fragility of the fair young girl. The present writer feels that it would be impertinent presumption for him to attempt an analysis of this character, "for," says an eminent critic, "eloquence is mute before her." "Like a strain of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense—it charms, like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, May 4, 1907.

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—The Dome management has given the names of the alumni who have so far subscribed to the year book. Letters are coming in every day, and although but a week has elapsed since the first subscription blanks were sent out many have responded already. This spirit of the alumni is encouraging and shows the real spirit of the true Notre Dame man. And the Dome management takes this opportunity of thanking the alumni who have so promptly responded. But there are many others, readers of the SCHOLASTIC, whom we would like to interest in this year's year book; and we take this opportunity to say to old graduates as well as to present students: "You should have a Dome." This week the book comes from the publishers, and we believe there is a happy surprise in store for all who get a Dome. Once more we recommend all students and alumni to send in their subscriptions. As has been said before in these columns there are few college year books that can compare with the Dome; none we believe can excel the '07 book.

—The number of deaths caused by accidents on our railways is simply appalling. The Union loss at the battle of Gettysburg was 23,000. For the three years ending June 30, 1900, 21,847 persons were killed on American railways. The South African war caused the loss of only 22,000 British soldiers, including deaths from disease. On our railroads during the year 1905 alone 10,000 were killed and 86,000 injured. In England during the eighteen months preceding March 31, 1902, not a single passenger was killed. For 1903 in the United Kingdom twenty were injured out of every thousand; trainmen employed in the United States for the same year, ninety-seven. The evil is evident, but what is the cause of such disaster? We are told that it is overwork on the part of the trainmen. Recent evidence makes it doubtless that this is one cause, and the La Follette bill just passed strikes at this evil.

We are told again that the prolific source of accidents is the negligence of railway men, and that the introduction of the block signal-systems should be made compulsory. English experience and American experience, as far as it goes, recommends such action, and the terrible accident of last December, in the very shadow of the capital, should hasten such action. But our radical weakness is this: we do not know, and have no authoritative means of finding out, just who is responsible for this wanton waste of human life. Owing to the notorious inefficiency of so many of State Railroad Commissions, Frank Haigh Dixon, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, urges that a federal board of inspection be established and given plenary powers to investigate the causes of accidents on all inter-state railroads. These facts gathered by unprejudiced and competent investigators should be given the utmost publicity. Given a federal board made up of men of wide knowledge and undoubted integrity, and in all probability its recommendations would be adopted by the railroads; but if not, our law-makers knowing the responsible party could legislate accordingly. As Mr. Dixon remarks, "Shiftless methods that endanger life and property can not long persist in the light of a merciless publicity."

## Notes from the Colleges

We clip the following from the *Minnesota Daily*, more for its appearance than for its news value. It is the standing of the interfraternity baseball league:

Theta Delta Chi, 17; Delta Epsilon, 2; Chi Psi, 11; Psi Upsilon, 5; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, 22; Phil Delta Theta, 1; Zeta Psi, 5; Alpha Tau Omega, 4; Kappa Sigma, 8; Phi Psi, 1; Alpha Delta Phi, 23; Beta Theta Pi, 3.

Now, what do you think "Bub Hick's" pa would make out of this?

O. H. Luck, football coach at DePauw, is to sail for Japan this summer, where he expects to find Japanese recruits for a football team. When he has them sufficiently drilled in the points of the game he intends to bring them to this country and play our American college elevens. This may appear to the California legislature as an invasion of State rights.

Stanford University has in Fred Lanagan a record breaker in the pole vault. At an exhibition trial he cleared the standard at 12 feet 4 inches.

It is rumored among college circles, that the "Big Nine" is on the verge of disruption, and that in the near future a "Big Three" will be formed, consisting of Chicago, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

After showing manifest pleasure in our victory over Illinois, the *Purdue Exponent* winds up by saying: "It shows also that the Irish are ball-players and is only a hint as to the warmth of the struggle yet to come for State honors."

Vanderbilt has a new athletic field 25 acres in extent and worth \$25,000.

The faculty at Minnesota have drawn a material distinction between the word "passed" and the better word in examina-

tions "good." Henceforth at Minnesota a student will not receive his bachelor's degree on his "passing" the examination, but must show a record of "good" in over fifty per cent of his work during the four years, in order to entitle him to his Sheepskin.

Illinois has a grandstand at their baseball front which will seat 16,000 people. It is fitted with chairs and boxes throughout. The total cost of the structure when completely finished will be about \$2000.

John D. Rockefeller has made another gift to the Chicago University in land which is valued at \$2,000,000.

Isaac Stephenson, a Marinette lumberman in the woods of Wisconsin, seems to have a slumbering spark of college spirit in him yet, for he has donated \$100 to be used in buying the Badger's boat crew a new set of oars to be used in the Poughkeepsie race.

Yale University has announced that the Yale Divinity School, which has always been a congregational institution, is now non-sectarian.

The Wisconsin legislature passed a bill the other day consolidating Marquette College and the Milwaukee Medical College under the name of the Milwaukee University.

There is a university in France at which there are no frats, no athletics, no societies, and at which there is no commencement exercises. We wonder how they "tell" a college man in France?

We wish to correct Northwestern impressions that we are to invade the East with our baseball team. We find too much pleasure in conquering the West to leave our field of conquest. And then too we believe in that old historical saying, that "Westward the course of Empire takes its sway."

P. M. M.

## Athletic Notes.

## NOTRE DAME, 3; KNOX, 1.

The Varsity is still winning; last Saturday they defeated the fast KNOX College team by the score of 3 to 1. The visitors were about the best thing that has been around here in years and put up one of the prettiest games that has ever been seen on Cartier Field.

"Bill" Perce was on the hill for the Varsity and allowed but four hits, and Bacon of Knox was right behind him giving five. "Short" Kuepping put up a great game in the field and accepted nine chances out of ten. Farabaugh was the big sticker and slammed out three hits, one of which was good for three bases. Bonnan made the real grand-stand catch of the game, picking a line drive off the foul-line.

Knox looked like a winner for four innings. Howell scored a run in the second inning, reaching first on Kuepping's only error, going to second on Richardson's out, and scoring on Essick's hit. In the fourth, Dubuc reached first on Richardson's error, went to second on a wild pitch, to third on Kuepping's hit, which was too short to permit him to score; Kuepping stole second. Perce hit one to Richardson who booted, and Dubuc scored easily. On the same play Kuepping started sliding about three feet this side of third base and slid in under Hilding's legs and was safe. In the seventh, McKee hit for a base, stole second, and scored on Farabaugh's hit. Perce pulled out of a bad hole in the fifth; Conrad hit for a base; Orcutt attempted to lay one down and did, beating out the throw. Bacon came along with another sacrifice, advancing both men. Sapp hit to Kuepping who caught Conrad at the plate. Ellis flew out to McKee, and the danger was over.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McKee, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	0	0	2	1
Farabaugh, 1 b.	0	3	12	0	0
Curtis, c.	0	0	3	2	0
Dubuc, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	1	1	5	4	1
Perce, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Boyle, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	3	5	27	14	2

Knox	R	H	P	A	E
Sapp, 1b.	0	0	4	0	0
Ellis, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Hilding, c.	0	0	4	0	1
Howell, 3b.	1	0	1	2	0
Richardson, ss.	0	0	1	1	2
Essick, 2b.	0	1	0	3	0
Conrad, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Orcutt, l. f.	0	2	3	0	0
Bacon, p.	0	0	0	3	0

Totals 1 4 24 9 2

Three base hit—Farabaugh. Struck out—By Bacon, 4; by Perce, 1. Bases on balls—Off Perce, 1. Wild Pitch—Bacon; Umpire—Tyndill.

\*  
\* \*

Tuesday, April 30, the Varsity defeated Knox by the score of 9 to 4. "Dreams" Scanlan did the heavy work and got away in grand style. His one attempt as a humorist lost him a chance to score a shut out. In the eighth inning, he made an attempt to spear one that Brogan or Kuepping would have had easily, and the attempt cost him four runs. Aside from that "Dreamy" pitched a good game and allowed Knox but three hits in the first seven innings.

All the men were stars. Curtis caught a great game; Farabaugh slammed the ball all over the lot; Bonnan picked a line drive off the foul-line; Brogan tore the cover off the ball twice and everybody was good for two wallops apiece. The Varsity was all the way scoring in the first inning and in everyone but three. In the seventh they touched Bacon, who by the way was almost unhittable when Knox was down to Notre Dame, for six hits and five runs. The field was fierce, mud and water all over it and the going was heavy. McMillan, the "Umps" never had a decision questioned.

## THE SCORE:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	2	2	2	1	1
McKee, c. f.	3	2	1	1	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	2	3	3	0
Farabaugh, 1b.	0	2	12	0	0
Curtis, c.	1	2	5	1	0
Dubuc, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	0	1	0	0	0
Boyle, 2b.	1	2	3	1	0
Scanlan p.	1	1	0	5	1
Totals	9	16	27	12	2
Sapp, 1b.	0	1	15	0	0
Ellis, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Hilding, c.	1	2	4	0	1
Howell, 3b.	0	1	2	1	0
Richardson, ss.	0	0	0	0	0
Essick, 2b.	1	1	2	5	0
Conrad, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Orcutt, l. f.	0	1	2	2	1
Bacon, p.	0	0	0	9	0
Totals	4	7	27	18	1

Two base hits—Brogan, Farabaugh. Struck out—By Scanlan, 6; by Bacon, 1. Bases on balls—Off Scanlan, 4; off Bacon, 2. Hit by pitcher—Orcutt. Umpire—McMillan.

\* \*

NOTRE DAME, 2; MONMOUTH, 0.

The Varsity struck a tarter down in Monmouth, but in the last inning Farabaugh won the game with a clean drive over second, scoring Brogan and McKee. McMillan, who umpired the Knox game, was in the box at Monmouth and pitched a great game, allowing six scattered hits, two of them going to Curtis. Capt. Waldorf gave three lonely drives and struck out ten men. Dubuc made a great catch in the field, pulling down a hard line drive.

The game was played in one hour and five minutes. Save in two innings there never werè more than three men at bat, but the Varsity were able to stand the pace, and Monmouth wasn't, hence the score 2 to 0.

THE SCORE:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
McKee, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Bryan, 3b.	1	0	2	1	0
Farabaugh, 1b.	0	1	1	1	0
Curtis, c.	0	2	9	1	0
Dubuc, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	0	1	1	4	0
Boyle, 2b.	0	0	2	3	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Total	2	5	27	11	0
Monmouth	R	H	P	A	E
Nash, ss.	0	0	1	1	0
Hamilton, 3b.	0	1	1	3	1
McMillan, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Kilpatrick, c.	0	1	8	3	0
Pickens, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Nixon, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
J. Pickens, 1b.	0	1	1	4	0
Turnbull, 2b.	0	0	2	0	0
McCoy, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Total	0	3	27	14	1

Notre Dame:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2=2

Monmouth:—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0

R. L. B.

\* \*

BROWNSON, 13; SPIROS, 4.

On Sunday afternoon members of Brownson Hall saw their team beat the strong Spiro team of South Bend on Cartier field by the score of 13 to 4. The excellent fielding of the Brownson team was mainly responsible for the victory. Fritz Eggeman, Brownson's mainstay behind the bat, came in for his share of the glory; he succeeded in throwing out seven men who tried to steal

second. Captain Jack Lenertz fielded well and was "there" with his little stick getting three hi's out of four times at bat. Willie Rice, playing short-stop, came in for his share of bumps, getting hit twice with rather slow balls (?). Ask Rice about it. Taken as a whole, the team showed up exceedingly well, and it is the firm conviction of every loyal Brownsonite that the team which will represent Brownson Hall this year, will retain the Inter-hall Championship which she easily won last year for the season of '07. Next Sunday Brownson again meets the Spiro team and another interesting game is expected.

\* \*

Thursday, Corby downed St. Joe by the score of 11 to 4. Corby's hitting was a feature, Burns being hammered for a total of eleven hits. Murphy securing three out of four times up. Corby, however, was weak in the field, making five errors. Werder was at his best, having many strike-outs to his credit.

\* \*

The Indiana Inter-Scholastic track meet will be pulled off at Cartier field next Saturday. This promises to be a contest of keen competition and will be well worth the twenty-five cent admission fee.

Personals.

—Miss Marion Abercrombie of Chicago, daughter of Colonel J. J. Abercrombie who delivered the Memorial Address at Notre Dame in 1906, was a welcome visitor during the week.

—Paul R. Martin, '09, and a former member of the SCHOLASTIC board is about to join the staff of the Richard Carle Amusement Co. in New York for the summer season. Since leaving Notre Dame, Mr. Martin has been acting as dramatic editor of the *News-Tribune* at Marion, Indiana. Students and friends will be glad to hear of Mr. Martin's success in his chosen line of work, and the SCHOLASTIC sends best wishes to our old comrade. We clip "Forbes-Robertson" in this issue from the *Marion News-Tribune*.

## A Page's Notes

The House convened at 1:30 p. m. as usual with Speaker Reno in the chair. Clerk McParttan was absent for some reason or other and Kanaley was appointed to act in his stead. The minutes of last meeting were read. Mr. O'Schmid didn't seem to think that they were quite right, so he moved a correction which was carried.

At the previous meeting the Speaker appointed Messrs. Hebert and Saley to each prepare a bill providing for a block signal system on the railroads throughout the United States. Mr. Hebert presented his bill to the House, but it was not acted upon. The Speaker then called on Saley for his bill. He replied that he had drawn up no such bill, and did not intend to draw up any, since such a movement on his part would be directly opposed to the interests of the corporations he represented. Just think of a man coming right out before the House and owning up to the fact that his actions were controlled by corporations. Well, there is a whole lot more money in legislating for corporations than there is in legislating for the people. I guess Saley recognizes that fact.

Mr. Fox offered a rather lengthy resolution which provided for the impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt. Fox seemed to think that the President has been taking upon himself to do things that are entirely out of his constitutional powers. Deiner seconded the resolution.

Kennedy, Edward, tried to pass some kind of amendment to the resolution but it failed. Ziuk, Deiner, McElroy, Saley and McKenna all spoke on the resolution. Deiner talked so many different times that some of the gentlemen from the West asked the speaker how many times a man could speak on one bill. The speaker said that it was not customary for a man to speak more than once on the same question, but that Deiner was a kind of privileged character. Saley tried to lay the resolution on the table but he couldn't quite "cut her."

The previous question was moved, and the resolution was carried by a vote of 24 to 14. Fox, Parrish, Saley, McKenna and Deiner were appointed as the committee to proceed with the impeachment.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

## THE PEOPLE V. HARRISON.

The facts in this case were published some time ago in the SCHOLASTIC. For causes deemed sufficient, however, a continuance was granted and the trial deferred until the last session of the Moot Court. The attorneys who appeared respectively for the State and the defence are Ralph Feig, Paul McGannon, Patrick Malloy and Walter Joyce. Those who served on the jury are E. P. Carville, J. A. Lenertz, W. Duncan, P. O. Beeson, W. W. Rice and L. G. Christian. Judge Hoynes presided, and J. V. Cunningham acted as clerk. The case is analogous in its facts to that of *Vaiden v. Commonwealth*, 12 Gratt. 717. (Va.)

In the original case it appears that the deceased was at Vaiden's house on a visit one evening and that both host and guest engaged in a game of cards. They drank freely, and in the course of an hour or two the guest began to betray the effects of his potations. He charged his host with cheating and this led to a violent quarrel.

Mrs. Vaiden, the host's wife, interposed as a peacemaker and told the deceased that he had promised, when sober early in the evening not to create a disturbance. "That is true," he answered, "and I will now say 'good night' and go home."

He left the house, but loitered in the yard. There he appeared to become greatly enraged and swore repeatedly in a loud, harsh and angry tone of voice.

The disturbance thus created greatly annoyed and exasperated Vaiden, who seized a gun and started for the door. His wife, however, placed herself in his way and prevailed upon him not to go out.

At the same time the noisy profanity of the deceased in the yard subsided and he made his way back to an open window of the sitting-room and called for his gun, which had been forgotten. Mrs. Vaiden found and handed it to him.

Thereupon he started to leave the premises, accompanied by two neighbors and Vaiden's son, who went with them to the fence to let down the bars. As they stood on the outside, talking with one another, Vaiden



came toward them from the house, carrying his gun in a conspicuous manner. When he came into view the deceased sprang over the fence and advanced toward him. He, too, had his gun in hand, but held it with the muzzle toward himself, as though he intended to use it as a club or "big stick." Then Vaiden spoke out sharply, saying, "Come no nearer; if you do I'll shoot." The deceased did not appear to heed the admonition and continued to advance. Thereupon the defendant retreated a few steps and then aimed and fired. The deceased managed, however, to approach sufficiently near, although mortally wounded, to deliver a couple of ineffectual blows with the butt of the gun. He then staggered backward a few feet and fell helpless and unconscious in his tracks. Soon afterward he died.

The plea of self-defence was set up in behalf of his slayer. It did not prove effectual, however, the court holding the latter to be responsible for the altercation that immediately preceded his victim's death. There had been ample time for his anger to cool, and had he not left the house with his gun and followed the deceased to the fence the shooting would not have taken place. To follow his victim with a loaded gun after the disturbance had subsided indicated a purpose to renew the quarrel and in the course of it to take the life of his guest. He had given the latter the liquor that rendered him so quarrelsome and should have borne in patience the results of his own deliberate act. In view of these facts he was found guilty of murder in the trial court, and the judgment was affirmed on appeal to the court of last resort.

As tried in the Moot Court on a like state of facts the jury found the defendant guilty of murder in the second degree.

As a rule, a prisoner or accused person who pleads self-defence must be without fault in bringing upon himself the necessity for killing another.—*State v. Decklotts*, 19 Iowa, 446; *Stoncipher's Case*, 6 Cal. 407.

\* \*

To refer to lawyers or law students as "Disciples of Blackstone" is decidedly a misnomer. Those who have read Justinian's Institutes, Coke upon Littleton, etc., know

that Blackstone borrowed very largely from others the form and substance of his famous Commentaries. His graceful and elegant diction is his chief merit. He was an indifferent lawyer, and about two-thirds of what he wrote is not law at present. It is but little better than a somewhat biased history for the average lawyer and student.

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### The May King.

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The May Queen coronation ceremonies that will take place on the other side of "the water" is at hand. But that is not all; for the word is passed and on authority that there will be royal "doings" on this side before the May day wanes.

In very truth, we are to have a May King; one to bow down before and kiss his hand, of noble blood and nobler purpose. A crown bedecked with priceless jewels we will set upon his fair brow, and having placed him on his throne we'll swear to honor him.

But who he'll be, what day or hour we'll crown him, we know not. We only know that envoys, dignitaries, and the rabble, from the lands of Sorin and Corby, from St. Joseph and Brownson will gather on the green some evening in the twilight of May. And then shall you know that the May King of Notre Dame lives. Await the occasion. The day is fast coming on. All hail, our noble Leige of May!

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### Local Items.

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—Some Brownsonite said "only 1104 more hours." For shame on you, Brownson boy! But then why? It's a way they have in Brownson.

—1st Senior Law man: "What a (k)nobby head he has?"

2d Senior Law: "Who?"

1st Senior Law man: "Why, Phillip with his locks shaved away."

—At 7:30 to-night the Electrical Society will have the pleasure to hear Mr. Charles de Lunden lecture on the slide rule. The professors, students of the civil and mechanical course and anyone interested are cordially invited.

—WANTED:—A janitor on the third flat Sorin. Only a good steady man need apply

Must have all the earmarks of one who would be eligible to enter in the race for the Pierce Underwood Diamond Medal. (This to the prospectus janitor) Come anyway, my man, if you only know how to wield the broom.

—Sack's colts of Brownson Hall got a bad drubbing from the Holy Cross Juniors on the latter's campus Thursday afternoon; score 27 to 3. Dolan pitched a great game for Brownson—striking out ten men—but ragged support and fourteen errors gave Holy Cross an easy victory. Captain Delahanty starred in the box for the juniors, giving only a few scattered hits and no passes, and the whole team backed him up like leaguers. Tracy and Schubert did the stick-work for the locals.

—The senior History and Economics men were taken upon a tour of inspection of the South Bend Woollen Mills last Thursday morning by Dean O'Hara. The men are deeply indebted to their Dean for his kindness, and also to the proprietors of the mills, who made a thorough investigation of the *Modus Operandi* possible. It is rumored that the tour of inspection has only begun, and that many of the other large factories of which South Bend boasts, will, if the owners are willing, be inspected before June.

—When Kanaley brought the good news that we had won everyone was waiting. There was instantly a tumultuous roar in Sorin: Rubio yelled, Neado smiled and jumped around for the first time in four years, while one ran against the wall, some one shot six successive blanks at Ponce, making the boy dance magnificently and drop the cigarette in his terror. In Corby too there was much jollity, and fire-crackers alternated with big 40's, while a little later the weather-man responded to the call and sent a complete new line of heaven breakers. Then it poured.

—The inter-hall debates will take place May 10 and 11; Brownson vs. St. Joseph on the former, and Corby vs. Holy Cross on the latter date. All of the teams are somewhat changed in their personnel, that of Brownson Hall being wholly new. The debaters who compose the inter-hall teams have shown a splendid spirit in sacrificing a goodly portion of their time to prepare for these debates. The student body should show its appreciation of their efforts, especially by attending the contests. The debates will begin at 8 p. m., and will be held in Brownson reading-room.

—The Knights of Columbus, one of the most active organizations in this country, and without doubt the most widely known Catholic order in any land, have accepted over 30 Notre Dame students as candidates

for admission, to be installed the fifth of this month. The K. C. craze has been prevalent everywhere for many years; but it seems to have reached Notre Dame but recently. The coming class is by far the largest that has ever turned out from Notre Dame, and great things are expected from some of the men. Patrick M. Malloy, President of the Senior Law class, will give a toast in behalf of his fellow candidates at the banquet which will be held after the initiation. His subject is "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and judging from his past record as a speaker at Notre Dame, he promises to be the attraction of the evening.

—Sunday, April the 28th, nineteen new members joined the Corby Literary and Debating Society. The new men were questioned as to their knowledge concerning literary matters, and all acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. There was no business transacted except that the constitution was re-read for the benefit of the new members. Preparations are being made for an excellent programme on Saturday evening, May 4th. The Corby Hall orchestra, which has been practising faithfully, will render two selections and Elton Crepeau will sing Frederick Ball's beautiful ballad entitled "Love me and the World is Mine." Among the others who will appear are: Edmund Bucher, W. Hutchins, and the ever-popular Dr. Delaunay. A good time is assured, and all the members are expected to be present. A new piano has replaced the old one, and it will be a strong factor in the furnishing of amusement. The debating team continues to improve daily, and Corby will pull hard for them to win.

—On account of the examinations the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its meeting Sunday evening, April 29. The name of Mr. Harry Curtis was presented for consideration. A committee was appointed to look into the advisability of having a banquet. The debate which was scheduled for the evening was postponed on account of the absence of the participants. Mr. J. Coggeshall told how tobacco is raised, and also gave a very amusing account of the County Fair. James O'Leary continued the discussion on tobacco. Messrs. James Keefe and Collier were guests of the evening. The former spoke at length on the interest that should be manifested toward the Varsity athletic teams, and advocated more strenuous rooting at the various athletic contests; he also spoke on the benefits to be derived from public speaking in actual life. Mr. Collier recited Mr. Kipling's poem, "Gungadine," which was highly appreciated by his auditors. Mr. Depew gave a short talk in which he sustained Mr. Keefe's argument, after which the meeting adjourned.