

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 7, 1913.

No. 35.

Nightfall.

FRANK MOONEY, '13.

THE red sun sinks upon departing day,
One instant rests at the horizon's rim,
And casts a crimson haze afar, till dim,
Still shadows creep from out the woodlands gray
And swallow up in gloom each fading ray.
Soft breezes rustle through the forests grim,
While far and near the cricket's evening hymn
Is heard, and sounds of childish laughter gay.
Above, the crescent moon a pale light throws
Upon a silent world. The modest stars
Now blossom thick as daisies in the fields
When through the woods the breath of springtime blows.
The peaceful scene no trace of discord mars,
The weary world to heavy slumber yields.

The Ghost in "Hamlet."

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.



HE ghost in "Hamlet" is the one great unifying and centralizing force. In considering the ghost the most comprehensive view of the whole play may be obtained, and should we pursue our study sufficiently, the answer might finally be made to those disputed questions which have puzzled the minds of critics and brought forth so many conflicting opinions about the drama and its hero. For in the ghost is represented those ideas which are the very seed of the tragedy—Hamlet himself being but the fallow ground on which those seeds fall and grow into the mightiest tragedy that has been conceived by human genius. The ghost stands sponsor for the dramatic idea of the work—Revenge. But

what does the author wish us to understand by the ghost—since for the most part great literature is symbolic? What does the ghost represent? What effect does it and its message have on the character of Hamlet? A true answer to these questions would be a beginning of the solution of what has been called the "Riddle of Hamlet."

In Act I. the ghost appears in the first, fourth, and fifth scenes. It appears only once again, and briefly, in the closet scene of Act III. where Hamlet, during the interview with his mother, kills Polonius—mistaking him for King Claudius.

As to the apparition of dead King Hamlet in the first act, critics are generally agreed that it is an objective ghost and no fantasy proceeding from a "heat-oppressed brain." For the watchmen and Horatio see the apparition as plainly as does Prince Hamlet, and all give concurrent testimony. Though in several instances Shakespeare uses the "machinery" of supernatural beings in altogether a figurative sense, as the witches in "Macbeth," in this instance it is most probable that he meant the play ghost to be considered real. And from his works it may be readily surmised that Shakespeare believed in ghosts as have many of the best thinkers of the world. Indeed to make the ghost seem more real, such words as these are put in the mouth of the firm of thought and steady of nerve Horatio.

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The opening scene of the play is a fitting suggestion of what is to follow. It is a platform before the castle Elsinore, where shivering in the nipping midnight air, the watchmen go their round and fearfully question each other as to the appearance of "this thing." Then the ghost appears. Horatio encounters

it, speaks to it, but for him it has no message. Yet he knows that when the troubled ghost of Denmark's buried majesty walks abroad, there is something "rotten" somewhere. Ay and it will speak to Hamlet, for it is the ghost of his father.

Though the ghost has no direct message for them, it is significant that it is first seen by these watchmen before the castle. From an artistic standpoint they suggest the chorus ever present in the Grecian tragedy to witness from the orchestra what transpired on the stage before them and to comment thereon. But more important still they typify the masses, the people, ever directly concerned in the affairs of state, among whom the disorders of their time are first felt and to whom kings and courts are primarily responsible. They may gossip about the public affairs and feel how things ought to be, but it takes a Hamlet to be the coherent voice of their sentiments.

Hamlet, too, feels in his soul that there is disorder somewhere before he hears of the apparition. He broods on the untimely death of his father and the marriage of his mother to his uncle whom he already dislikes. Hamlet suspects where the trouble lies and has his soul attuned for receiving the call from the other world when, keeping watch with the guards, he beholds his father's spirit and knows that it has work for him to do. "My fate cries out," are his words as the vision beckons him aside. Then it unfolds the horror of the awful wrong:

The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears the crown.

Hamlet is charged to right this wrong that has cried to heaven for vengeance. It is quite natural that the message from the ghost should alter the whole course of Hamlet's life. His discoveries are horrible: his father murdered, Denmark rankly abused, and his mother, whom he has honored as the noblest creature of earth, is tainted with the crime. This latter fact leads him even to doubt Ophelia whom he loves. He must abandon all the lighter pleasures of life and be about his father's business. The prince, with such weighty matters on his mind, naturally appears melancholy to all those about him. To relieve his pent-up heart he displays an exceeding amount of grim humor. Thus he is considered mad by those who do not suspect the ghost's appearance. But why should the audience or reader who has

shared the ghost scene with Hamlet think him mad? Hamlet would have been truly abnormal had he pursued "the even tenor of his way" after such an experience.

But the prince doubts himself and the ghost, or rather persuades himself to take this attitude of mind as an excuse for his tardiness in working vengeance. For he is no man of action. His mind is essentially poetic. He is swayed from his purpose by every emotion. Even after the play scene in which King Claudius displays conclusive proof of guilt and Hamlet no longer questions the honesty of the ghost, he restrains himself from killing the king, when he finds him at prayer, with the excuse that Claudius slain at prayer might not get the due punishment for his crimes. But in reality it was because cowardice was the controlling emotion in his mind at that time. And in the closet scene he slays old Polonius, rashly taking him for the king hiding behind the arras. The ghost had not enjoined personal revenge upon Hamlet whom it expressly commanded: "Taint not thy mind!" Hamlet was intended to be only the instrument of that vengeance which belongs to the other world. Claudius had defiled the majesty of Denmark. He had put himself in the way of virtue and justice. As former king and sponsor for the State and as a messenger from the throne of justice, the ghost had returned to effect the restoration of right, though it involved the death of a king. But Hamlet allows so much hate and personal grudge to hedge him in that the ghost returns again in the closet scene "to whet his almost blunted purpose."

Though most critics think that it is a subjective ghost that appears in the closet scene, there is here no more ground for such a supposition than in the first act. That it is no fantasy of an over-wrought brain may be seen from the fact that Hamlet never reasons better than at this time.

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And make as healthful music,

he responds to the queen, who accuses him of ecstasy. Though Queen Gertrude does not see the ghost, that is no argument that it is not there. What message could the spirit of dead King Hamlet have for her who had been false to his memory? Having eyes and seeing not, having ears and hearing not, she is like to the idolatrous generation that would not believe in miracles.

But all the discussion in the world concerning the objectivity of the ghost and the exterior facts and consistencies of "Hamlet" in general will amount to little, unless we try to understand the deeper meaning of the play which has made it a great tragedy that belongs to all the world. For instance, when Hamlet departs for England and then effects his return in such an improbable manner, it seems like mere dramatic "claptrap" until we consider one of the threads of thought that extends throughout the play and is so well suggested in the line:

There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

So does the ghost signify that eternal watch that an unseen Providence keeps over the affairs of men, that follows wrong throughout its many deviations and complications, and distributes justice with an unerring hand when the final balance is made. The spirit of Hamlet's father manifesting itself to point out the wrongs that are to be set aright suggests the mission that every man receives in life. For as the majesty of Denmark was usurped by Claudius, so evil seemingly masters the earth, and every man like Hamlet is sent to champion truth and combat evil. The message of the ghost is the call of the other world.

All great works of art are mirrors in which many phases of life are reflected, for they are pictures of life itself. Dante's Divine Comedy has been given various interpretations; and so may "Hamlet." In the light of his special calling from the ghost, Hamlet is the man of great destiny. His communion with the ghost is like the voices heard by Joan of Arc. He is a Columbus who sees beyond those minds

about him, because of which the children used to point at their heads with a laugh as the explorer passed by. He must forego the common joys of the world and surrender self in the performance of an extraordinary work. Viewed in this light, Hamlet is the man who ascends the lonely heights of greatness. Because the prince was weak and vacillating in fulfilling the will of the ghost, he has been called a kind of mock-hero who, losing his life, was a failure. But this feature rather makes him more like the great characters of history who go down in personal defeat though their cause triumphs. Joan of Arc for a moment mistrusts her voices, wavers, and is burnt at the stake. Columbus dies in chains. Socrates drinks hemlock. Prophets are stoned. Real kings are killed.

But greater still, Hamlet is essentially human. That is why the world feels the relationship and is thrilled. It is human to doubt the voice that speaks to one's better self, to allow personal feeling and petty hate to enter into our deeds, to permit evil to circumvent us in the work that we are called to do. But through it all we are instruments in the hands of Justice, and Truth is triumphant regardless of what course we pursue. We must take some part in the conflict between good and evil which is going on all around us, and in which we eventually surrender life. Death finally marks all life with the brand of tragedy, but that is not necessarily failure, if a man dies true to the call of the other world and keeps himself within hearing distance of its voice. Happy is he if one true soul is left to speak amid the silence of the grave, as did Horatio:

May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

May Time.

WHEN the birds are northward flying,
And the timid buds appear;
When the bee his trade is plying,
And the little lake is clear;

When the lazy wind is creeping
Through the leaves at morning tide;
When the hawk is swiftly sweeping
O'er the fields in circles wide;

When the thrush is gaily swinging
From the bough that hides his nest;
When the hills with song are ringing
And the fields in green are dressed;

When all nature is a gleaming,
In the splendors of new birth,
Then we know sweet "May" is beaming
On this cold and sullen earth.

B. A.

Over the Klickitats.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Jim pulled up the big roan on the rim of the Klickitat Hills, and turning in his saddle, scanned carefully the way along which he had come. Apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, he again turned his face westward and resumed his journey into the valley below. The long, hot, dusty road unwound its twisting length before his tired eyes as it dodged behind embankments, down gullies, and between occasional wheat fields that nestled in patches on the rock-scarred landscape, until far away, a mere thread, it crept by a ranch house that was almost hidden in a cluster of trees, and at last lost itself completely in the perspective. Fifteen miles distant, the Columbia River, like a lake, gleamed in the noonday sun where it came into view through a gap in the hills above, then flowed for a mile-wide space to disappear behind an erratic, craggy spur of the Cascade Range. On the distant Oregon shore, a cone of smoke evidenced where a train crawled at a snail's pace, hugging the cliffs. Further to the west, he could see a town nestling among the hills and pines, and beyond, miles back, wreathed by a thin, wavering line of clouds, Mount Hood showed its eternal snows.

All through the sultry afternoon the big roan kept up the untiring "single-foot" as he travelled down the Klickitats' gradual slope. All through the heat of it, Jim lounged in the saddle, his face cracked and burned by exposure, his lips parched by the dust and heat. Occasionally he would turn and look intently back along the road, back as far as he could see, until it was no longer visible in the blue-vistad hills.

Toward sundown he drew near to the ranch-house, and the roan raised his ears and put new life into his step as he approached the spot where, directly beside the road, a tall, wooden-towered windmill poked its idle fan above the tops of the trees. A trough stood in the shade, brimful, and the horse breathed deep content as he buried his muzzle in the water. The rider dismounted and, going to the pump, he drank, cleansed his face of the accumulated dust, and remounted, but, loath to leave the friendly shade, sat idly dreaming while the roan played in the water and shook the dripping bridle-

reins against his dusty neck. Down from the barn the rancher hurried. "Hi!" he shouted, "Huntin' work?" and Jim roused himself with a start.

From the house a girl came running. "Daddy" she called, "Daddy, may I go to town with you?" Then seeing the stranger she walked shyly to the side of her father who put an affectionate arm about her.

"Huntin' work?" the rancher again inquired. And the horseman, looking down at the slim, brown-haired girl standing by, and glancing once more up the road toward the blue, blue Klickitats, nodded assent and slowly got down from his horse. The girl gazed earnestly at the gray eyes and blond hair of the tall, spare stranger and did not ask again to go to the little city across on the Oregon shore.

Late next morning, a group of horsemen stopped beside the wooden-towered windmill, watered their horses at the brimming trough and went hurriedly on toward the ferry which was belching its smoke into the lazy summer air. And that autumn the big roan tugged at a plow while his master walked in the furrow.

In the West there is no sharply defined line of demarcation between the man who hires and the hired man. "As you are today, yesterday I was, and as I am today tomorrow you may be," is an adapted quotation that holds good. Proverbially, the West is a country of opportunity, and the wealthy ranch owners themselves are frequently but graduated hirelings who purchased their holdings on their nerve, while hard labor and lucky rains did the rest. As for different steps in the social scale—there are none. You of the haughty East listen aghast to the news of a millionaire's daughter marrying the chauffeur. Out there no surprise at all is occasioned when the daughter of a cattle-king weds one of her father's "cow punchers." And why should it be? "A mon's a mon." Prove yourself one, and other credentials are not required. So do we justify—in the West it would need no justification—the intimacy which grew up between the stranger Jim and the slim, brown-haired girl. Only the inevitable had happened, as was foretold at the moment of their meeting, for she was young and shyly winsome and he was not too old. The summer waned.

In autumn the Western sunsets over the edge of Mount Hood are rarely beautiful. The crickets sing through the long twilights

and the stars are very bright. Often in the evening he and she sat together overlooking the broad river with its ripples silver-tipped by the lights that blinked from the town on the Oregon shore. He talked to her, and in the language of books told her of many things she knew not of—of other countries he had visited and of peoples he had seen, of dangers undergone and of strange adventures, of the gayety in the big cities which draws and draws but is not good. And most of all he spoke of the beauties of the things everywhere about them, and of books and poetry, but no intimate details of his own life nor ever a word of love.

On winter evenings the family gathered into the big sitting room of the ranch-house, and the old organ in the corner gave out wondrous music at his touch. When the snow was on the ground and the road packed hard, the cutter was dragged out from beneath its shed and the big roan rejoiced in his jingling bells. Spring came and with it more lingering twilights, more cricket songs, more talks by the river. Spring grew old, merging at last into the hot, dry days of summer. Nor yet had he told her of his inner life, nor ever breathed a word of love, though when he looked at her his eyes grew soft, and when he spoke there was in his voice a gentle, carressing tenderness. Thus passed the year away.

One day after the hay was cut and piled in shocks and before the grain was ripe enough for harvesting, Jim drew a portion of his pay and made his first trip across the river to the town. Before nightfall he was back again, slightly nervous, silent, preoccupied. Following a short conference with the rancher, he went slowly to the stable where he rubbed down the roan with especial care and took his saddle from the peg where it had hung for almost a year, looking well to stirrup-leathers and ladigo.

During supper the girl watched him closely divining instinctively that something of grave import had happened. Once she caught his eye and the mingling sorrow, regret, and suffering that she read there sent an answering stab to her own heart. Later in the evening they walked to the river bank and for a long time watched in silence the ripples on the water and the twinkling lights beyond. The moon disc was just appearing above the rim of the Klickitats. He was the first to break the silence.

"I'm going away," he said at last and his voice had an unaccustomed huskiness in it.

"Away," she repeated in sudden astonishment as she pressed a hand to her throat to force down the bigness that had arisen there. "But just for a little while?" she asked hopefully, though the tone of his voice and the quick catch at her heart had somehow told her different.

"For always"—looking fixedly away from her.

"For always," she echoed dully. Then, as though his meaning had just dawned upon her, "No, no, no, not for always," she begged him, clutching his arm fiercely, pleading with him to tell her that it was not so.

He turned and looked down into her eyes, strange with their first tragedy, and gathering her into his arms, he kissed away her anguish. As they walked home through the moonlight, she asked him why he was leaving, but Jim was struggling with a big lump in his throat and a regret infinitely bigger, so he did not answer.

The moon was high in the sky when he led the roan from his stable, and up from the river he could hear the soft lapping of the water in the night's intense stillness. He paused by the tall, wooden-towered windmill while his horse nosed in the trough, and half-reverently he held his hat in his hand. Then up the road they went together, he and the big roan, up the long slope of the Klickitats that showed black against the distant sky-line, and Jim wondered how his horse kept up the brisk "single-foot" beneath a weight so heavy as his master's heart. At sunrise he reached the top, and turning, waved a farewell to the valley as he vanished over the rim.

Before the morning was yet far advanced a group of horsemen rode up from the ferry landing and stopped by the windmill; then one of the party dismounted and tacked to the wooden frame a large placard, printed in heavy type and with a man's picture on it. Then they too started through the increasing heat toward the blue rim of the Klickitats.

The girl in the ranch house door watched the riders until they were lost in the dust and distance. Walking down to the mill tower, she saw the placard with the picture on it and the printing in heavy type, and when she had read she knew why Jim had gone and why—there was no doubt about it—why he would not return.

Varsity Verse.

THE BABY.

EDWARD SHEEHY, '13.

A SHINY-HEADED, wriggly thing,
 With eyes of sparkling, heavenly blue.
 A bundled bunch of woolly clothes,
 An alternating cry and coo.
 It squirms and writhes about and cries,
 Its rounded, pinky face grows red,
 Those sparkling eyes bedimmed with tears
 Close down real tight—he bumped his head!
 Then mother comes and kisses him
 Ah! what a change in that small space—
 The little mouth that once curved down
 Curves up. Behold his beaming face!

TRANSITION.

A bit of dust that now neglected lies,
 What was it once? Perhaps a flower bright;
 Or flitting bird that loved to roam the skies;
 Or butterfly that revelled in the light.

B. A.

A QUIET HOUR IN ENGLISH IV.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

Professor: Tell us Sheehy, what Shakespeare says
 Of crouching lions and sleeping men.

Sheehy: He says that sleeping men,—I mean,—

Professor: Yourself, perhaps. Well now, what then?

Sheehy: That crouching lions will never eat
 A sleeping man, and there's no fear—

Delana (interrupting): Of lions to come into this class
 Because they'd die of hunger here.

Professor: Well now, Delana, is it true,
 Or do you know if lions ne'er eat
 A sleeping man?

Delana: Why yes, 'tis so.

Professor: Well tell us then,—and be discreet.

Delana: Well, how I know a crouching lion
 Will never eat a sleeping "bo"—
 I travelled with a circus once,
 The lion tamer told me so.

Professor: I s'pose you left the circus, though—

Delana (jumping): Ouch! Shorty hit me with a bun!
 (More composed) O sure, I left it long ago,
 In English Four there's twice the fun,

SWEET SUMMER TIME.

Sweet summer time, when zephyrs play
 With winsome buds at close of day;
 When pale-pink apple-blossoms fall
 Like angel troops at mystic call,
 And poets mourn departing May.

But June, bright maiden, strews the way,
 With buds of rose and hawthorne spray,
 And Nature's voices softly call,—
 "Sweet summer time."

Oh, happy hours! You well repay
 Our loss in autumn's sad decay.
 No garden plot or creviced wall
 But summer covers one and all
 With blossoms fair and sunshine ray—
 Sweet summer time.

B. A.

COAL-HOLE TRIOLET.

Smith fell in a hole
 And got black as the devil;
 Where they drop in the coal
 Smith fell in a hole.
 He was out for a stroll
 After eight hours of revel;
 Smith fell in a hole
 And got black as the devil.

B. W.

ILLUSIONS.

Cherished illusions of yesterday,
 Wraiths of the dead desires,
 Rising out of the ashes gray,
 From the embers of long quenched fires.

Luring mirage of happiness,
 Tempting the famished soul
 To hazard the desert in quest of bliss—
 And perish ere gaining the goal.

Haunting ghosts of a hundred hopes,
 Shades that we may not forget.
 Ranging along the twilight slopes
 That border the Land of Regret.

Beautiful dreams of the yesteryear,
 Ah, why must their souls depart?
 Their epitaph but a sigh or a tear
 Engraved on a throbbing heart! G. H. S.

Angelo—Aseptic Barber.

KNUTE ROCKNE, '14.

A blond and his hair are soon parted. It may have been due to his fairness of pigmentation, or it may have been due to the destructive little Dandruff Bacillus, but, at any rate, soon after entering college Frankie Brown began to lose his hair. In a few months the paucity of it became quite noticeable. He tried everything in his attempt to save his hair, but to no avail; he was doomed to baldness. Vacuum treatments, massage, crude oil and other tonics all had their trial. He became resigned to his fate, and resolved to spend no more money on the lost cause.

While in his third year at college Frankie happened to be in Chicago one day on a visit home. Being in need of a haircut he decided to visit Angelo's Aseptic Tonsorial Retreat. Angelo and he had been great friends in the days when Frankie was working in the bank 'round the corner.

As he entered, the usual scent of "Lilac Vegetal," blended with stray odors from various other fragrances, stimulated his sense of smell.

"Hello, keed," Angelo greeted him, beaming from behind his chair.

"Hello, Angelo, how's the boy?" inquired Frankie, taking his favorite seat.

"Fine! W'ere you been for last two year? You looka fat," replied the swarthy one as he put the sheet around his long lost patron and picked up his shears. Then he looked at Frankie's head and stopped in sad wonderment.

"W'at'sa da troub? W'ere's all da hair gone? You looka justa lika da peeecture for Geellette razor."

"Oh, I've been studying too hard of late, I guess. You know I've been away to college the last three years. That's the reason I haven't been in to see you. I look different, do I?"

"Looka deeff? Well I shoul'da say. W'at you want—neck shave?"

"Now, now, don't rub it in. I'll admit my hairs are rather infrequent, but you can cut the few that are left and singe 'em."

It took Angelo about five minutes to perform these trivialities. When he had finished he questioned confidingly.

"Say, Frankie, you lika tonic? I gotta somethin' fine, Ceeceelian Herb."

"No, never mind," said Frankie abruptly, feeling rather ruffled.

"You know my brod, Luitchi?" persisted the suave Neapolitan, "he was justa lika you, only mucha worse. He's a use justa one bo deesa Ceeceelian Herb, and now he's a gotta bunch of hair justa like leader of da band."

"All right," said Frankie reluctantly, "put a little on if you want to. What do you charge for an application of the stuff?"

"Feefty cent."

"Fifty cents? What is it—imported champagne?"

"Ah, it'sa fina stuff. Ten dollar a bot. You ever see Italiana bald? Nota very oft. All usea deesa stuff. You lika shave today, too, Frankie?"

Frankie nodded in the affirmative. Hot towels and lathering followed in quick succession. With a firm grasp of thumb and forefinger on the nose that rose out above the spread of lather like a ridged mountain peak above the snowy plain, Angelo guided the razor around Frankie's face with an expert touch which few barbers seem able to acquire, a deftness of manipulation which was delightful to feel.

"Say, Angelo, you know I never knew how good a barber you were until I went away. If you'd cut out that nose pinching act and not fill one's ears with soap, you'd be the best barber in town."

"Oh stop, Frankie, you maka me blush! But a no kiddin', that's a fine hair tonic I got. You shoul'da buy justa one bot."

"Never mind about that tonic. I'm not buying today."

Having finished shaving, the Italian now took a handy dust-covered towel and rubbed it across Frankie's face.

"Frankie, your face dirty! Lika massage?"

"All right. But, say, clean off the rubber of that machine before you use it. I don't want to develop any archipelago of pimples from some eczema patient you may have used it on."

"Sure, wash 'em off clean." Buzz, buzz went the electric vibrator for five minutes.

"Say, Frankie, you know it'sa beeg shame to see a greata strong fellow lika you, no hair. Ceeceelian Herb feex you up."

"Oh, to Jerico with Ceeceelian Herb! If you were selling it for ten cents a barrel, I wouldn't buy enough for an eye wash."

"All right, Frankie," sighed the "wop" sprinkling some witch-hazel on Frankie's face.

"Ed Pinaud's Quinine and dees Herpicide's a no good, but a Ceeceelian Herb, ah! it's a one greata big supreme tonic."

"Ah, go on. If I had any I'd use it to shine my shoes." Just then some one entered from the bath room.

"There's a my brod Luitchi now!" He swung the chair around a little so Frankie could see him. It was Luitchi all right, but not the Luitchi the man in the chair had known. As Frankie remembered him, he had a head which reminded one of a baseball diamond—the infield skinned and devoid of vegetation, and the outfield like a patch of badly trampled grass. But now, behold a luxuriant head of glossy black hair. Luitchi majestically strutted out on the street.

"Gee, I didn't hardly know your brother."

"No? He's a one swell fellow now, gotta nice girl."

"So? He's lucky. Well, I guess I'll be going now, but say, by the way, wrap me up a bottle of that tonic." Visions of a heavy "crop" of blond locks were in Frankie's mind. How surprised Duncan, Watson, and Bleeskah, and the rest of the Bald-Headed Club at college would be.

"How much?"

"Ten dollar. Thanka you."

"Well, so long Angelo."

"Be good, Frankie."

The Windy City is occasionally true to its name. As Frankie stepped out on the sidewalk on State street, a sudden blast blew his hat away. He ran after it and was just picking it up when another hat hit his leg. There was a wig on the inside of this hat and it fell out as he picked up the roving headpiece. Turning round he gave both hat and wig to the bald-headed man who came running up, much out of breath. The owner was Luitchi.

Polonius.

FRANCIS L. KEHOE, '15.

Polonius is one of the most popular characters of Shakespeare, yet one frequently misinterpreted. Many consider him a buffoon and an old fool. Polonius, however, is not a clown, a mere laughter-provoking puppet, but a character of great importance in the develop-

ment of "Hamlet." It is true that, because of his ridiculous sayings and actions, he causes much merriment, yet he is really the connecting link between Hamlet and the king during the greater part of the play.

The character of Polonius may be viewed under three aspects: as a father, through his relations with Laertes and Ophelia; as a politician, through his schemes against Hamlet; and as a man, by means of his general attitude throughout the play.

As a father Polonius is indeed attached to his children, yet his love is that of a worldly man, lacking all elevating sentiments of morality. He is solicitous for their worldly advantage, but never a word does he give them of religion or goodness. This is especially true of his admonitions to Laertes when the latter is about to depart for France. It is full of worldly maxims:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

.....
Neither a lender nor a borrower be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

These maxims are necessary for successful advance in the world, but no moral instruction enters into them. There is no warning against profligacy and vice, no admonition in regard to religious duties.

The attitude of Polonius towards Ophelia is marked by an unreasonable severity. He is very inquisitive concerning her affairs; and when he learns of the love between her and Hamlet he does consider the possibility of true love. He attributes Hamlet's attitude to a lustful desire, and straightway forbids his daughter further intercourse with the prince. This injustice results in the destruction of Ophelia's happiness and Hamlet's faith in woman.

Polonius makes Ophelia a tool in his dealings with Hamlet, thereby placing her in a very disagreeable light. For she becomes a soulless puppet, lacking all nobility, consenting to play a disgraceful part in the scheme against the man she loves.

In the rôle of a politician Polonius is both cunning and unscrupulous. Indeed it is thought that he owed his high position in the court to the fact that he aided King Claudius to gain the throne. Whether or not this is true, Polonius fawns upon the king, ready to perform his least wish.

When Hamlet began to show signs of insanity—which he did to deceive those about him—Polonius was selected to deal with him. Here is where the old man displays his real character. He shows himself a cunning old rogue, unprincipled, and extremely self-important; yet he has outgrown his wisdom and so becomes a mere toy in the hands of Hamlet.

As a man Polonius never reached a high moral development. He is a shrewd politician; clever at reading the minds of others; he is a master of every deceit and full of self-importance.

Nor is there any idea of right or wrong in the mind of this old courtier. He never questions whether or not his act is morally good, but whether it will accomplish his ends. In his dealings with Hamlet he plays the part of a rogue; finally his own cunning brings death upon himself. Polonius is one of the most interesting characters in "Hamlet." He is clever in speech, long-winded, and euphemistic. As a character he does not win much sympathy because of his underhand ways; and that may account for the fact that he is often considered only as a clown.

Asking Father.

DANIEL C. CURTIS.

Jack and Helen had been sitting in the living-room for about an hour, talking over different things until a lull came in the conversation. The silence was broken by Jack, who looked eagerly at Helen and said, "Really, Helen, what do you think the chances of success are in that greatest of all matters that you and I—or rather I—spoke of to you a few evenings ago?"

"Well, Jack, you have my hearty consent, but what if Father or Mother should object?"

"That is just what is worrying me," replied Jack with a perplexed expression.

"Well, Jack, you know that I will do anything possible to persuade them to give their consent, but you understand how it is," said Helen tenderly, but with an expression on her face somewhat similar to that on Jack's.

Jack nervously ran one hand through his black hair and walked to the window. He stood there for a few minutes gazing out into the street, thinking of how much happiness depended on the answer of "Father and Mother."

Finally he turned slowly around and walked over to a comfortable Morris chair. Seating himself, he looked at Helen and said:

"Yes, I understand how it would be if you attempted to persuade them."

"Yes, Jack, I knew you would see it," she answered with a more satisfied expression.

Jack certainly had been hit hard by the little love god's shaft, and the internal injuries manifested themselves in alternate hopes and fears. Fear evidently had gotten the upperhand and was making his victim writhe mercilessly. Suddenly Jack brightened up with a new plan.

"Helen," he said, "I believe it would be better to talk it over with 'Mother' first, and if she agrees, have her speak in my favor. I am sure it will help matters considerably."

Helen thought for a minute and then replied:

"I believe it would give Father a better opinion of you if you asked him yourself before saying anything to Mother, for you know Mother will agree with Father whichever way he decides, for she thinks he always knows best. Moreover, as Father is very straightforward it would please him to see you come right out with what you have to say instead of 'beating around the bush.'"

"All right, Helen," said Jack, straightening up with resolution. "I've taken your advice before and have always come out the winner, so I'll take it again in this case."

"Oh, Jack! I'm so glad to hear you say that," Helen replied beaming with pleasure because I know that you can get his permission much quicker that way than by any round-about method. If there is any chance at all, you will get your answer,—that is, the one you want,—quicker that way than any other."

A few nights later Helen was sitting in the same room reading a book when Jack entered with a big broad smile on his face and said:

"Well, Helen, I asked 'Father' tonight and gained his consent. It's all settled; Ethel and I will be married some time in June. I am glad that I took your advice. It pleased Father to think that I spoke to him first about the subject. You see, he did not know that I had spoken to you nor did I tell him. I feel as though I had done what a fellow should do and not have his sister or his mother 'break the ice' for him as I wanted to at first."

Brother and sister then sat down to talk over the happy event that would soon take place.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLVI.

JUNE 7, 1913.

No. 35.

Board of Editors.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13	WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13
LOUIS J. KILEY, '13	JOHN F. O'CONNELL, '13
WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13	THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13
FRANK C. STANFORD, '13	JOHN T. BURNS, '13
WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14	JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14	ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15
WALTER CLEMENTS, '14	

—Before the present school year has formally and finally bowed itself out, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to extend the friendly hand and the warm heart to the

Our Splendid Record. debating teams. They worked long and pa-

tiently in the library and in the secrecy of their rooms while the rest of us were enjoying our pipes in the lazy sunshine. They had in mind the high traditions laid upon their shoulders and proved worthy the trust; they were conscious they represented Notre Dame—and that is always inspiring. They proved themselves the kind of men Notre Dame is proud of and remembers with affection: courteous and cordial, high minded and generous, not descending to any littleness of personality or retort, any least evidence of rudeness in speech or conduct. Notre Dame is proud of her record, but prouder still of her sons. On Messrs. Lenihan and Smith, the only survivors of this year's teams, she places her hopes for next year. Not on them alone, however, for there are other eager hearts and bright minds waiting in line ready to leap into the vacant places. To Messrs. Milroy, Twining, Meersman and Stack she says good-bye, giving her blessing, and keeping as her treasure-trove a wealth of memories. They have worked earnestly and conscientiously, showing in every most provoking circumstance a restraint which only

innate refinement can give. Notre Dame can not expect to continue winning debates year after year. Wabash and Indiana will have successful years. But win or lose, one hopes the University will continue to have young men who will put forward the right foot of courtesy, gentleness, forbearance, patience with rudeness and littleness,—all of which are even more important than our twenty-one victories.

—It is right that in the progress of a campaign the life records of men who aspire to offices of public trust should be opened so that nothing which might have **Suggested by Roosevelt.** bearing upon their fitness for office be

concealed. Broad, however, as this principle is, it can not suffice for justification of the malicious crusades of slander and vilification in which American newspapers so frequently engage. A man's reputation is his biggest political asset, and the fact that our libel laws make it possible for unscrupulous editors to puncture with so easy nonchalance reputations laboriously acquired through years of faithful public service must be regarded as condemnatory of that part of our legal system. Not every man is able to fight back as Roosevelt fought. Not every man has a regiment of influential friends ready to defend him against his slanderers. Many a man of high and patriotic purpose does not wish to expose his reputation to the venomous arrows of partisan animosities, and therefore holds himself aloof from public life, while the state suffers from lack of the gifts he had to offer.

In justice to men who honestly seek to serve the state; in justice to the state itself, which needs such men in her employ, we must cultivate to new life the consciences now atrophying in the inner courts of editorial brains. Freedom is good when freedom is not license. We do not want a censored press; but we do want editors who are honorable and impersonal, and we do need more stringent libel laws to hold the unscrupulous of the fold within the bounds of propriety and truth.

Archbishop Riordan Ill.

The venerable Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco is at Mercy Hospital in Chicago recovering from an attack of illness. He had intended

to visit the University when the indisposition first made itself felt and interfered with his plans. Immediately on his recovery he will start for his home in the West.

Archbishop Riordan, "Notre Dame's most distinguished living alumnus," is tenderly loved by old and young at the University. We remember the affectionate and enthusiastic talks he gives us on each visit, and we deeply regret he will not be able to come to us this year. However, we shall pray all the more for the preservation of his health and the lengthening into patriarchal years of his noble life.

Sermon by Father Lennartz.

Father Lennartz delivered an eloquent sermon last Sunday on The Virtue of Faith, choosing for his text the words of St. Luke: *Lord, increase our faith.* Of all the superabundant gifts of God to man, none is so efficacious as the virtue of faith. The Gospels are filled with examples wherein Christ lavished His gifts on His followers according to their faith. The lives of the saints are demonstrative of the power of faith in time of persecution. Let us then, complying with Father Lennartz's exhortation, recall the glory of the martyrs, cherish our faith as our most precious gift from God, and not permit the mad chase after temporal goods to lead us astray from it and its rewards.

Notice to Members of the Battalion.

The War Department extends an invitation to all members of the battalion to join in a summer camp at Gettysburg National Park, Pennsylvania, or at the Presidio of Monterey, California.

The camp will extend over a period of five weeks. Full particulars may be had from Captain Stogsdall or Sergeant Campbell.

Elocution Contest.

The final contest for the Barry Medal for elocution was held in Washington hall last Monday evening. Seven survivors of the preliminary meeting contested, and their work was characterized by a high order of excellence both in the choice and interpretation of the

selections. Mr. John Hynes was awarded first place and the medal for his reading, "The Human Word." Mr. Hynes essayed a very difficult selection, but his work was characterized by such talent, nicety of technique, and evidence of careful preparation that the decision of the judges was anticipated by all who heard him. William Meuser, for his excellent interpretation of "The Clock's Story" was awarded second place. Mr. Walter Clements took third honors with his reading, "The Dukite Snake." Other contestants and their selections were, Emmett Lenihan, "King Robert of Sicily," Stanislaus Milanowski, "A Soldier of France," Raymond Sieber, "Laska," and Joseph Ciprian, "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

The contest was very close, and each of the participants is deserving of the highest commendation for his efforts where uniform excellence made the task of the judges extremely difficult.

High praise is due to Professor Charlemagne Koehler, whose tireless coaching of our young orators and elocutionists has won the enthusiastic approval of faculty and students.

The judges were Mr. William A. Bryne, LL. D., '95, Prof. William L. Benitz, and Prof. Edward J. Maurus. During the course of the evening several selections were rendered by the University quartet, as well as a pleasing vocal solo by Mr. Ward Perrott.

Notre Dame-St. Viator's Debate.

The debate between Notre Dame and St. Viator's College, held in Washington hall last Thursday evening, on the question, Resolved, that equal suffrage should be given to the women of the United States, resulted in a two-to-one decision for the visitors. St. Viator's, represented by Messrs. Timothy A. Rowan, Edward J. Unruh, and John A. O'Brien, supported the affirmative; on the negative was our old trio, Messrs. Milroy, Twining, and Meersman. The judges of the debate were Mr. Perry Turner and Judge Harmon of Elkhart, and Mr. Marvin Campbell of South Bend. Our team did splendid work in every respect, and will long be remembered as one of the finest that Notre Dame has produced. All three of them will join the professionals in a few days, and we trust that their life work will be as genuine as has been their achievement at Notre Dame.

Important K. of C. Meeting.

The local council of Knights of Columbus will have their closing meeting of the year on Tuesday evening, May 10th. All the members are strongly urged to be present for important business is up for settlement, especially the formation of plans for the building fund campaign which will be begun and vigorously prosecuted during the coming Commencement days.

Electrical Engineers on a Test.

The Senior Electrical Engineers of the University were active participants in the operation test of the new hydro-electric plant of the Indiana and Michigan Electrical Company at Elkhart during the past week. Through its South Bend officials the Company extended the invitation to the class and provided transportation and expenses for the trip. Coming so near the conclusion of their course, the experience was in the nature of a professional lecture to the seniors, inasmuch as they actually made the first running test of the machinery of this most modern power plant. Three days were consumed in the work. The students feel deeply obliged to Mr. Andrus and the other members of the company, as well as to Professor Green, who made it possible for them to attend the test.

Obituary.

A life of devoted and distinguished service to the Church and to his order left nothing unprepared about the sudden death of the Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P. on the 30th. ult. As editor of the *Rosary Magazine* Father Reinhart long served the cause of Catholic journalism and letters. And when infirmity precluded other duties, he set himself the great task of translating into English his confrère's monumental work, "Luther und Luthertum." Father Reinhart was a noted missionary, and in days not remote gave a memorable students' retreat at Notre Dame. Our assurance of prayers go to his bereaved friends and relatives, and our special sympathy to his nephew, Mr. Louis Eick, of Sorin hall.

Wallace K. Melchior, of Chicago, a student

here four years ago, died last Monday at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Chicago, from injuries received in a motor-cycle accident.

Wallace had made many friends during his residence at Notre Dame, and they will mourn for the loss of their friend and sympathize deeply in the grief of his parents.

Personals.

—Robert Ohmer, of Dayton, Ohio, a student at Notre Dame in '07-'08, spent Wednesday with old friends in Corby hall.

—"Bob" Shenk (M. E.) and John Tully, (E. E.) of the boys of '11, enjoyed the past week end with old time friends at Notre Dame. Both are located in Chicago, where John is auditor of the General Electric Company, and "Bob" is an engineer for the Automatic Sprinklers Company.

—Dwight Cusick (Ph. B. '12) of Crooksville, Ohio, called at the University last Sunday. Dwight says it's good to be with the old boys even for a day.

—The Hon. Nicholas J. Sinnott, A. B., '92, of The Dalles, Oregon, State Representative in Congress, is quite a prominent figure in the present debates on the tariff revision. This is Mr. Sinnott's first term in the House.

—One of the brightest of June weddings will be that of our Frank J. Loughran (LL. B. '05) and Miss Mary Carroll, on June 8th. The happy event is to take place in St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Illinois. Congratulations!

—Fred G. Wirthman (Ph. C. '11) of Kansas City, Missouri, is head of the Wirthman Laboratories of Kansas City. Chemical analysis and manufacturing are carried on under the skilful direction of our old friend Fred.

—Leo A. Garrity of Chatsworth, Illinois, is now General Manager of the Chatsworth Electric Company. Leo is making good in his managerial position, and looks forward to a visit with the old boys before Commencement.

—Walter McGuire (M. E. '12) of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is with the Griffith Wheel Company, in San Francisco, California. Walter has a very responsible position with the Griffith firm and is rapidly forging to the front.

—Marcellus Oshe (LL. B. '12) of Zanesville, Ohio, while in South Bend on business, visited Notre Dame Sunday afternoon. Marcellus ex-

pects to find time to be on hand for the Alumni gathering.

—Mr. William A. Byrne (LL. D. '95) of Covington, Kentucky, who officiated as a judge in the Barry Medal contest of Monday evening, has been for the past week the guest of his stepson, the Rev. George McNamara of Walsh hall.

—"Del" Howard (A. B. '12) writing from Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, says of himself and "Pat" Barry: "We are holding up Notre Dame's scholastic, loquastic, and other qualities." Glad to hear it, "Del!" Keep up the boosting!

—L. P. Schubert, a short course man of a few years ago, is making his way to the front very rapidly. He was recently appointed Manager of the C. K. Sencebaugh Company, Architects and Constructing Engineers, at Laporte, Indiana.

Calendar.

Sunday, June 8—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.
Walsh vs. Sorin in baseball.

Corby vs. Brownson in baseball.

Monday—Senior Examinations.

Tuesday—Senior Examinations.

Wednesday—Senior Examinations.

Preparatory Examinations.

Preparatory Commencement, Washington Hall.

Thursday—Walsh vs. St. Joseph in baseball.

Sorin vs. Brownson in baseball.

Preparatory Examinations.

Commencement Exercises.

Preparatory School.

JUNE 11, 1913.

Selection University Orchestra

"Call to Arms!" Thomas McHugh Laughlin

Selection University Quartet

"Child Labor" Joseph S. Kobrynski

Vocal Solo. Mr. Ward Perrott

"The Human Word" John Hynes

Selection University Orchestra

Awarding of Honors and Diplomas.

Address James O'Shaughnessy, Chicago, Illinois

Local News.

—There will be class next Thursday in the Colleges. Saturday's classes will be held on Thursday.

—The Walsh hall "Grave-diggers" consider the Carroll nine as their first big killing. Carroll recently went down in defeat to them by the score of eight to ten. It was the deciding game

of a series of three and of course was hotly contested. The "Grave-diggers" interred their victim with due ceremonies, and the Pine Tree Quartet sang the requiem.

—The Seniors have already submitted their theses and are now busy sending invitations to their relatives and friends to witness their Commencement.

Lost—Between Notre Dame and St. Mary's, one half dozen cabinet photographs of a young lady. Return to Mr. Frank Rextrew, care of Y. M. C. A., South Bend, or leave at Student's Office.

—It is said that among those eagerly looking forward to the end of the school year and the beginning of vacation are the conductors on the Hill St. car line. They, too, need the rest and are looking forward to two months of easy work.

—Next Monday and Tuesday will be the last days on which Father Oswald's Greek and Latin classes will hold session. On the following Thursday Father Oswald will sail for Europe, where he intends to spend the vacation with his people in the Vaterland.

—The Sorin hall tennis court is still in a sad state of incompleteness, but the Sorin tennis enthusiasts console themselves with the fact that they have begun the good work of erecting a court which can be finished next year or some other time by the generations that succeed the pioneers.

—The Holy Cross baseball team has won for itself fully as much credit as was anticipated, when in these columns it was announced that some interesting games would be played on their diamond. They have recently won a victory from the Corby first team and now they are clamoring for a game with the other hall teams.

—Speaking of tonsorial artists what is the matter with Dominic? The manner in which he shaves the grass off the lawn with such ease and regularity should be a course of instruction for the most skilful barber. He is the human lawn-mower. With his long, crooked scythe, never making a misstroke, but always busy, he presents a decided resemblance to old "Father Time."

—Several noted societies have recently presented to the University library numerous volumes published under their auspices. The Dante Society has donated all the works published by it in the last thirty years. A like

could do with his offerings. Only six hits were made off Sturgess, the Wabash pitcher, but his liberality with passes helped considerably.

In the first inning, Notre Dame began a spurt that for a time looked like a winner. Two passes and a single filled the bases with only one out, but close play at the plate, on Granfield's drive to short, and a high fly by Duggan closed the inning with no score. In the third, two hits and a base on balls made the locals' chances look bright again, but nothing came of it.

Something, however, was bound to drop after all these starts, and in the fourth inning the game was won. A pass to Newning, and a pair of singles by the battery, put the home team in the lead. Then O'Connell was hit, filling the bases again. Regan came forward with a roller to second, which could not be fielded in time to catch Kenny at the plate. A moment later, Regan was forced out at second on Farrell's drive to the centre station. The latter was caught at first, and run down, but Kelly crossed the plate in the meanwhile with the final tally. The game was called in the sixth to permit the visitors to get their train.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	0	2	0	1
Regan, lf.	0	2	2	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	4	0	0
Mills, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	1	0	0	1
Duggan, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Newning, 2b.	1	0	2	1	0
Kenny, c.	1	1	8	0	0
Kelly, p.	0	1	0	1	1
Totals	3	6	18	2	3
WABASH	R	H	P	A	E
Pfohl, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Williams, 3b.	0	1	3	0	0
Wall, c.	0	1	5	0	0
Sweet, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Nichol, ss.	0	0	1	2	0
Lambert, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0
Eglin, rf.	0	0	0	1	0
Howard, 1b.	0	0	4	0	0
Sturgess, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	0	2	17*	7	0

*Game called at 3:30 by agreement when two men were out.

Notre Dame 0 0 0 3 0 0—3
Wabash 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Stolen bases—O'Connell, Granfield. Two base hits—Regan. Struck out—by Kelly, 7; by Sturgess, 3. Bases on balls—Off Sturgess, 5. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 7; Wabash, 4. Time of game—1:00 by agreement. Umpire—Girard.

ERRORS DEFEAT VARSITY.

In an exhibition of ball playing that was in sad contrast to the Wabash games, the Varsity lost its first home game of the season last Tuesday by a score of 7 to 5. Their fielding bore but a faint resemblance to their usual clever work; not less than fourteen misplays were marked up against them. Sheehan pitched a fairly good game; the only reason why it was not better was the poor support given him by his mates.

The Varsity's runs were secured early in the game on clean hitting, but the Lake Forest twirler tightened up later on when his team had secured a lead. The visitors played a good game, but they would have been no match for Williams' men under ordinary circumstances. The locals presented a somewhat patched-up appearance, with O'Connell at third in place of Granfield who has now signed up with Cincinnati, while Carmody filled in at short.

FIVE SORINITES WIN OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Father Quinlan's track team of five men easily defeated the representatives of the other halls in the annual meet for the big cup. LeBlanc was high point winner, gathering in all twenty-two points; Voelkers and Dolan were next in order on the Sorin team with eight apiece, while O'Connell and Regan each got four points. Sorin took nine points in the 100-yard dash, Dolan winning the event in 10 2-5. The summary follows:

- 100-yard dash—Won by Dolan, Sorin; O'Connell Sorin, second; Regan, Sorin, third. Time, 10 2-5.
- Shot-put—Won by LeBlanc, Sorin; Keefe, Corby, second; Fitzgerald, Corby, third. Distance, 36 feet, 10 inches.
- 440-yard run—Won by Voelkers, Sorin; Dundon, Brownson, second; Welsh, Corby, third. Time, 54 2-5
- High jump—Won by Lush, Brownson; LeBlanc, Sorin, and Mills, Walsh, tied for second. Height, 6 feet 6 inches.
- Mile run—Won by Costello, Corby; Elward, Brownson, second; Meehan, Brownson, third. Time, 5:09.
- Discus throw—Won by LeBlanc, Sorin; Jones, Corby, second; Kitzgerald, Corby, third. Distance, 106 feet 5 inches.
- 220-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Corby; Dolan, Sorin, second; O'Connell, Sorin, third. Time, 23 3-5.
- Pole vault—Won by Lynch, Brownson; Lush, Brownson, Dorais, Corby, and Mattingly, Corby, tied for second. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.
- 120-yard high hurdles—Won by Dorais, Corby; Pliska, Corby, second; Larkin, Corby, third. Time, 18 4-5.
- Broad jump—Won by LeBlanc, Sorin; Regan, Sorin, second; Lush, Brownson, third. Distance, 20 feet 1 inch.

Hammer throw—Won by LeBlanc, Sorin; Nigro, Corby, second; Kelleher, Corby, third. Distance, 117 feet 4 inches.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Pliska, Corby; Joyce, Walsh, second; Larkin, Corby, third. Time, :28.

Total points—Sorin, 46; Corby, 40 2-3; Brownson, 25 1-3; Walsh, 5.

CORBY TAKES LEAD.*

Corby took the lead in the interhall series Thursday by again defeating Walsh—this time 7 to 1. Corby got next to Hayes in the first few innings and piled up enough runs to win. Cauty replaced Hayes and stopped the run getting, but his mates could not touch Fitzgerald enough to overcome the big lead. Corby now has five victories and one defeat, while Walsh has won four and lost two.

Brownson and St. Joseph played a game in the morning, which ended either in a 7 to 7 tie or in an 8 to 7 victory for the Saints as the Faculty Board will decide later. St. Joseph played in better form than at any other time this season.

Safety Valve.

The K. of C. are talking about getting a circus for Commencement. We suggest they get the German class next door here as an attraction.

In a little while every day will be Thursday.

Without breakfast at seven.

THE MEN WHO ARE.

Being Series III.

RALPH HAVLIN.

When Mr. Ralph Havlin is not here he is in Mishawaka or worrying about his thesis. He just came last year, but we feel we have known him always. Almost everybody feels that way too. He has reminded us of Hamlet when he made us mad—which is often—and of Macbeth when we felt like killing him. Mr. Havlin himself resembles Romeo before he died. At other times he calls to mind Mark Antony. Mr. Havlin's big card is writing theses. He can do two a day when he's in training. You probably have read "Courage in the Student," which appeared in our Sober Weekly Output. Perhaps a better title would have been, "Nerve in the Student." It is, however, as a poet that our hero holds the position of right side-head and claims "firsts" in *omnibus rebus*. He produced one poem which one felt was worthy of Tennyson. One felt right too. Another time his muse ran wild over the good old Corby fighting spirit, and on that occasion one didn't note any resemblance in his work to any other living or dead poet—except possibly Mr. William Case.

Besides all this Mr. Havlin is the official scorer for Corby hall. Of course should social duties or

thesis writing or composing poetry interfere with his score-keeping, Mr. Havlin may be obliged to resign his position in the national pastime and forego an occasional permission *ad urbem*.

As you will admit, the subject of this eulogium is not perfect. Nothing is in this world—except the 1913 *Dome* before it comes out. He has been known to miss a class of an afternoon, but usually there was a pressing engagement elsewhere. For Mr. Havlin has a pleasing address and impresses the gentler sex.

We feel that what has been said is vastly inadequate to the manifold parts and interesting personality of our promising young friend. But, as Clovis Smith declared when winding up his debate, "Gentlemen, we could add more statistics, but this is enough and I thank you." Mr. Havlin is 21 and has finished growing, writes with his left hand, and is crazy about Shakespeare as well as other people. He asks a stranger to pay his car-fare with all the *abandon* of a Walt Whitman, and confidentially told us that she has loved him ever since January.

Behold also the Pacific Coast man who on any slightest provocation speaks of his section as "God's own country."

With characteristic enterprise the bookeyes of Sorin started a tennis court and left it in statu quo where it is even to this day. Cui bono?

With 75 pennants copped from old St. Joe, certainly M. G. 'tis a wicked world says dear brotherflo.

BOOK NOTICE

Father Hennepin on the Banks of the Kankakee by Jesse James Herr, Ph. B. (?) A notably erudite work by a notably erudite writer sums up our estimate of this original piece of history by Jesse James Herr. Mr. Herr follows the footsteps of his distinguished pioneer all along the Kankakee river from Fort Dodge, Iowa, to Independence, Kansas—the home of Frank Stanford. Father Walsh is so delighted with the findings that the faculty of history contemplate conferring a Ph. D. on Mr. Herr—in case he doesn't get a Ph. B. The introduction to the work consists of a notable poem written by Salvatore Paul Fanelli for which he got 2 in Eng. IV. John Richard Dundon contributed an Appendix which later on was removed and the operation was a Great Success—as the doctors always say. Valuable notes are scattered about promiscuously* by Mr. Thos. O'Neil, also a good photograph of Tom smoking a good 5 ct. cigar† The work is profusely illustrated by Jake Geiger, the man who will make next year's *Dome* famous. There is a life-size picture of the Kankakee river. The work is published by the Press Club and sold by S. E. Twining, at the usual hold-up prices.

If you have any doubts about your real estate being real, ask Johnnie Hearne. He's been in the business ever since he was three years of age.

*Promiscuously [fr. DYER'S OKLAHOMO DIALECT] meaning *very much*, as, The bed is leaning promiscuously.]

†Wolverine Girl (adv.)