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## The Vintager.

THY shining feet, I see the way they go  
At daybreak, Vintager Divine!  
To east the dawning hills with purple flow  
Where Bosra's grapes are trod to wine.

S.

## The Moral Aspect of Cymbeline.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

**A**LTHOUGH quite definitely characterized as a typical Shakespearian masterpiece, Cymbeline steadily remains comparatively obscure and unknown. Practically only the intense lovers of Elizabethan drama,—those who have thoroughly studied it,—possess any great or adequate knowledge of the play's existence, and even a fewer number profess to cherish any respect for it. Indeed some individuals of more pronounced prosaic tendencies even promulgate the rather radical presumptive propaganda that Cymbeline merits scrupulous and consistent shunning, and should be avoided with avidity, in so far as the plot is morally unelevating and uninspiring, and is, in truth, distinctly degenerating, repugnant, and unsavory. In a word, it is deemed too suggestive for general or promiscuous reading, too questionable and shady for ordinary perusal. And since its essential structure defies possible purgation, it is heartily and emphatically black-listed as one of the many works unsuited and unfitted for the home or the school-room.

A stringent censorship exercised over all literature is naturally sane and praiseworthy. But unbiased reason must dictate the rules of censorship, and not prejudice or prudery. Such literary creations as are morally unsound deserve the most rigorous exclusion from respectable society. But each creation must

be carefully and deliberately analyzed before it is irrevocably termed undesirable. It is obviously true that a bad book, a filthy poem, or an obscene drama is not to be tolerated any more than a lewd, unchaste individual. Scandalous literature has undeniably proven as efficient in the promotion of vice and crime as the most ribald of companions. And scandalous drama is probably the meanest type of such trash, because vice is capable of being presented much more attractively and vividly on the stage than on the printed page. A sin successfully visualized in the glare of the footlights becomes immediately and eminently alluring to the weaklings in the audience. Hence there is no quarrel with honest efforts to eradicate and stamp out ugly writing, but the principal difficulty rests mainly in the judging of what *is* ugly writing and what is only apparently obnoxious or awkwardly coarse. There exists no arbitrary or certain rule by which to readily classify a book, a poem, or a play, as good or bad. Probably it is more easy to recognize goodness than it is to detect evil, and for this benighted reason, some evidently jump at the conclusion that because a thing doesn't appear all right, it is all wrong. This anarchic theory of division has become a common fad. And it is only this unreliable system that condemns Cymbeline.

True, unrestrained sensation, vicious ideals, lecherous sex subjects, lascivious problem plays, illicit social relations, and wickedness generally, is as unpardonable on the stage as in the drawing-room. Lurid delineations of the animal side of human life hold no qualities or virtues to recommend themselves to our notice, and should be as completely ignored in the drama as in the convent. Vice can never be honestly attractive. Sin is never beautiful. True Art is never impure. Yet it is in the sacred name of "Beauty" and for the sake of "Art" that many of the vilest dramatic productions are perpetrated. The truth, it is claimed, about

bestial passions and sinful appetites will be a check-rein to future excesses and a warning to the unsophisticated. But truth in such cases is too often a spur to the imagination, a goad to unlawful ambition, a match to the combustible fury of desire, a delightful revelation of a swift road to the deepest depths of depravity. And this is exactly what Cymbeline is declared to be.

Almost any great play of ancient or modern times offers unlimited opportunities to the prudish and the scrupulous to interpret wrong derivatives, to concoct abominable meanings, and to sketch depraved sides to every scene or action, when, in fact, the writer perhaps had only the highest and purest of motives in mind. When vice is present, it is usually not there for its own sake, but merely to make the play a play. It would be difficult to name a drama which is absolutely devoid of an immoral element morally used. Yet many self-styled respectable people are always critically alert to misconstrue and misconceive every possible point, and are seemingly most pleasantly shocked and delightfully horrified when they succeed in drawing a very reprehensible conclusion from the most innocent of principles and the most pure of sentiments. The old axiom of the immoral mind considering everything, outside of itself, as bad, is here accurately and aptly illustrated. Because they can put a bad meaning into it is proof positive to them that the entire composition is to be strictly tabooed. Hence, Cymbeline, dealing as it does with mere mortals, affords unlimited advantages and numerous seizable opportunities to the dramatic puritan to twist and distort the really good into a semblance of evil.

Cymbeline, however, is not openly vicious. Neither is it inherently vicious. Nor is it even suggestively vicious to the healthy minded person. It is perhaps extraordinary, rather original, and exceedingly human. But these are indeed the very qualities and attributes which distinguish it from the morally bad production. It is a fact that the theme is delicate and is delicately handled by Shakespeare. The text is rather plain and unvarnished in places, and certain lines may indeed sound coarse and vulgar. But we must not condemn the play on account of these minor faults. We must constantly recollect the moral atmosphere in which Cymbeline was written and the generally loose manner in which the

Elizabethans treated ethical questions. That which attracts undue attention now because of its indelicacy may in Shakespeare's time have been in common, if not in good usage. Likewise, many moral defects conscientiously avoided then are at present tolerated. Not that ethics or moral law is mutable, but our knowledge of the law and our interpretation of it is constantly evolving. Hence that which may have been thought almost proper yesterday may be seen to be radically improper now, while what we find little thought of to-day, may be more strongly condemned to-morrow. Men's knowledge of the law is ever perfecting itself, and this fact is responsible for the delusive and apparently changing code of ethics. To note a homely example: We would ridicule as preposterous any effort to try a criminal to-day under the now obscure laws and statutes of 1609,—then how can we rationally and with justice condemn a work of three hundred years ago because it doesn't coincide with our modern sense of propriety?

Most intelligent readers and reviewers declare that Cymbeline is one of Shakespeare's most beautiful works. Although it was written in that period when the great author's genius seemed deteriorating, it is quite sublime and exquisite. And Cymbeline is beautiful because it is morally correct and proper. If it was decadent it would not be so universally proclaimed by great minds as a thing of beauty or sublimity. The more earnestly we study the play the more we realize the truth of this statement. In Cymbeline the beauty is incessant, twinkling like a sparkling stream of pure crystal through a valley of laughter, sighs, and tears. The character of Imogen is as pure and as wholesome as any saintly character ever delineated by human pen. She is a heroine of sterling worth. How can our heroines of modern drama compare with her? As gutter-sparrows to a bird of paradise. This has long been recognized, and has resulted in more eulogistic writing and merited praise being showered upon her than upon any other of Shakespeare's women. Her bravery has been extolled, her sweetness has been commended, her loyalty applauded, her naivete praised, her virtue glorified,—her whole being has been repeatedly lauded wherever drama has been read or enacted. Such a widely honored character cannot be immoral, nor can the action in which such a lovely creature is the heroine

be immoral, for Imogen is essentially the play, making it good by her very presence. Only the mentally unbalanced and the profoundly ignorant could fail to grasp the significance of such a truism.

Perhaps the plot isn't the finest sort possible—it may be a delicate theme skilfully handled,—but it is human, and it ends in the exultant triumph of virtue and not of vice. Such a termination leaves no bitter after-taste, no shocking principles for meditation. Can the same be avouched of the up-to-date play? Not to any noticeable degree or appreciable extent. There may be some freedom of speech in *Cymbeline*, but if it is so it is merely a matter of manners, and does not contaminate the real character of the play. The unclean language of our present time cannot be so excused; it is more a matter of ill-conceived wit or cheap brazenness,—inserted to tickle the palates of the coarser members of the audience, who come to see and hear foulness—rather than current manners. If *Posthumus* is a trifle indiscreet, we need not utterly brand him as a dissolute savage, or judge the whole play profane. He may err morally without alarming us needlessly. We may be amused at his violation of the law and yet be fully conscious of retaining our respect for it. The mere fact that we may smile at a shady incident or accident doesn't necessarily lessen our esteem for virtue.

It appears rather evident, therefore, that because of a few uncouth details, *Cymbeline* must not be classified as immoral. Shakespeare has the reputation of being one of the cleanest of Elizabethan dramatists, and at all events, we must concede *Cymbeline* a modest play. Modest from whatever angle one may take it; modest in comparison with other seventeenth century productions modest in comparison with twentieth century productions, and certainly modest in itself. It aims to amuse and elevate, and unlike some of our modern godless dramas, it does not try to teach a lesson in sexuality or scurrility. It is unalloyed beauty, and can not justly be dragged in the dust by even the most radical of play reformers. If *Cymbeline* honestly does convey a sullied meaning to them, it is only because their minds are rancid, and not because the play is tainted or immoral,—for the most righteous of virtues assume evil proportions in the eyes of the depraved and degraded.

## Varsity Verse.

## CRAVINGS.

Oh! for the wealth of a Midas Rex  
May the wish be e'er so bold;  
To stretch my hand out o'er the land  
And shower my serfs with gold.

Oh! for the grace of a Tennyson,  
To breathe in burning sighs  
The thoughts of art which my poor heart  
To one fair maiden cries.

Oh! for the might of a Hercules,  
To feel beneath my strength  
The dormant will to spare or kill,  
Throughout my bodies length.

Oh! for the power of a Bonaparte;  
May kings before me bow,  
That I may deal both woe and weal  
To those who scorn me now.

D. J. E.

A crafty young man found a board,  
So he tied on four wheels with a cord,  
Then he nailed on some tin,  
Put an engine within  
And called his concoction a Ford.

R. H. S.

## FAITHFUL.

If I were the rain in the deep dark cloud  
And you were a rosebud fair,  
I'd cool your brow in the burning noon  
And a song of love I'd softly croon  
As I soared on my wings of air,  
And earth would seem another heaven  
Because you lingered there.

R. G.

## INSINCERE.

Doubt of sincerity is a thing,  
That pains the heart with awful sting,  
Yet 'round my ear I hear its roar  
Each day, more loud than the day before.

J. U. R.

## THE USUAL WAY.

Now our dog had a bark that was pleasant to hear,  
It was sweet and exceedingly mellow;  
But old Mabel, the cook, made the music seem drear  
By the teasing she did to the cello.

But when winter approached and our dog became  
hoarse,

We grew tired of the playing of Mabel;  
So we got a new cook, as a matter of course,  
And we tied our bull pup in the stable. W. McN.

## Yellow Conley.

BY J. P. FOGARTY.

"It ain't that I'm jealous of the guy the papers claim is the greatest second baseman that ever wore a glove, that I'm tellin' this story, for I know as well as the rest of 'em that, as a player, I'm through—I had my day—and I guess I wasn't so rotten before my legs gave out. There wasn't many that could beat my peg to first, and as I led this old league in cloutin' four times, I'm satisfied—but far be it from me to brag. Besides, this story is about a "right now" and not a "has been," and as I played alongside this kid—when he got his start, and managed the club from which he receives more "filthy lucre" each year than do half of the others put together, I guess I gotta right to make my little spiel.

"We trained at Tampa that spring and had been working out for about two weeks before this kid showed up. It ain't often that a "rookie" ever reports late at the camp, for most of the youngsters are so bloomin' anxious to beat some of the old guard out of their bread and butter that they are runnin' their legs off before the regulars show up.

"But Conley was different, and he looked it the minute we saw him. We—I mean some of us regulars, for recruits generally kept to themselves until we were blame good and ready to tolerate their existence—were sitting in the lobby of our hotel one night talking over the day's practice, when in strolled this kid. We were over in one corner facing the clerk's office, and so couldn't help but notice him. He was a person you would look at the second time anyway. Not because he was a good looker and a swell dresser—although he was both—but he had a breezy sort of cock sureness that made you feel that he knew he was just as big a pebble on the beach as you were. And so when this "Society Brand" model strutted up to the desk, lugging a couple of suit cases with stickers of a certain college pasted all over them, we looked again. "Oh, I say, the college chap," said Long "Larry" Lane, the center fielder, affecting an alto warble. "A bit of a chee-ah fo' Ha'vad, boys."

"Well I knew the kid was in for some tall kidding, and I was right. We heard him tell the clerk, "I want to register with the

"Panthers," please. I'm Conley,—J. Robert Conley from Vernon University." The clerk must have taken a dislike to the kid right away, for he sent the fresh one over to us after he had registered. The clerk was accommodating all right—in the eyes of the kid—but the kid was green as a shamrock and the clerk, who had seen many a "rookie" in his day, knew how glad we "vets" were to see them—go. Well this "Mister" Conley person came straight over to where we were smoking our stogies, with the freshness oozing out all over him. Never did a lamb come more innocently to the slaughter."

"The clerk says you fellows are with the team," he begins. "Well, we might as well get acquainted, I'm Conley from Vernon—the new second baseman. Suppose I'm a little late, but couldn't get away from school till after exam—but I'll be in shape in a day or so.

"None of us said a word, for we were all taking the count after the awful blow. However, the silence didn't seem to embarrass him a bit, for instead of going while the going was good he pulled off his second "Merkle" by drawing up a chair as if he intended to sign up for the evening.

"Poor kid, I sort of felt sorry for him for I knew what was coming. We always gave fresh rookies the "freeze-out" and when I saw "Pudge" Doyle give "Bud" E. Vardon the high-sign, I knew the youngster was in for it."

"As I was sayin' before, the cabbage was served," said "Pudge," leaning back in his big leather chair as if he had been talking for hours. "Bees knees were generally given to the goats for breakfast and supper, while they gave them leaves from the ham tree for dinner. Now according to that, those bonds ought to net quite a sum." Of course there wasn't a bit of sense in what "Pudge" was raving about, but it was the first degree and it certainly "took," although the "rah-rah" boy didn't seem to get wise that he was being kidded. Every once in a while he would butt in with a question, but no one ever paid any attention to him and he might just as well have been conversing with the Sphinx. An ordinary mortal would have got wise to himself in an hour, but not so "Mister" Conley. He was as fresh when we had used up all our "salve" as he was when we started. And when he excused himself by saying he had a trunk

to unpack and wished us "Good-night" we were beaten men.

"Well, I'll be—" ventured Bill Malloy the utility infielder, "our new second sacker, J. Robert Conley—bless his heart. Wonder if he is good to his folks? It's me for the bushes."

Well, as far as popularity went with the veteran players, Conley didn't bat .067, and on the field next day he didn't get away much better. He didn't get out in the field with the rest of the youngsters, for he told "Big Tim" Mullane that he didn't want to take a chance on working up a "charley horse." Think of that! A "rookie" tellin' a manager what he wanted to do. Well that was "J. Robert" all the way through, and the worst of it was he got away with it.

The "Bruins," you remember, were lucky enough to beat us out of the pennant the fall before, because "Ducky" Parnell, our star-second-baseman broke an ankle the last week of play and "Bill" Malloy never was the "sticker" that "Ducky" proved.

"With the exception of a second baseman, all of us regulars were at Tampa, and it didn't seem likely that any of us would have to show much to keep the "rookies" in the bushes, for, outside of one or two, the "crop" that season wasn't worth much. I said outside of one or two—well I can narrow that down to one, for this fresh guy, Conley, was the fastest thing that I ever saw. He had Bill Malloy beaten out for second base by a mile till one day something happened that nearly put the brakes to him.

"It was the third and last Sunday at Tampa, for early in the morning we were to leave for our first stop-over on the way back north. We were to have a long ride ahead of us, and so "Big Tim" gave us the afternoon off.

"Some of the fellows went over to the beach to see the races, some went up the river fishing and a couple went swimming. Conley was one of the latter. He didn't go with any of the players, for he hadn't made a pile of friends among them. The regulars didn't like his freshness, while the recruits were mostly jealous of the kid.

"If Conley didn't make friends with the men, he sure did get away great with the women, for when it came to feeding the soft stuff, dancing, and the like, the kid batted a thousand. He had been hanging around quite a bit

with a little brunette, who, the clerk told me, was a banker's daughter from New York. She was sure there on looks, and when the two of 'em were together—as they were most of the time—they made a classy lookin' team.

"Well," as I was sayin', "Conley went swimming this Sunday afternoon, and Miss 'Million Bucks' went with him. Larry Lane and I were sitting out on the veranda overlooking the ocean when they passed out toward the bath house. Even though we didn't like him we had to hand it to him when it came to a classy make up, and Larry growled: 'If he wasn't as fresh as a huckster's wagon, and hated himself a bit more, I could stand him at least'

"After a while we saw the two of 'em, all togged out in nifty looking bathing suits, come out of the bath house. Conley sure did look like one of them posters you see advertising men's clothes in the summer time. Broad shoulders, a wrestler's chest and all—and as I had seen him going swimming quite a few mornings before practice, I figured that the kid was probably a whale at swimming.

"Although the day was just right for bathin' I noticed that there were only a handful of people in the water. The races, I suppose, were a lot more exciting for the gang that generally hung around Tampa all winter than swimming. Anyway, besides Conley and his girl, there were only a couple more people "in."

"Larry and I havin' nothin' in particular to do, just sat and watched the bathers. We saw Conley and the girl wade out to the raft and Larry and I expected to see some fancy divin' and the like, but we were "all wrong," for they just sat there dangling their feet in the water like two school kids. That wasn't very exciting for us, so Larry picked up a magazine and I must have dozed off to sleep, for the next thing I knew Larry was shakin' me and pointing toward the water.

"What I saw made me feel sort o' sick. Conley was running like a crazy man toward the beach and yelling for "Help" at the top of his voice. We looked out where the raft was anchored, but couldn't see a sign of the girl.

"Before Conley got to dry sand, I, being somewhat quicker than Larry, had my coat off and jumping over the rail of the veranda covered that distance to the water in nothin'. Conley was a crying "For God's sake, Ted,

save her! She's out the other side of the raft!" But I was out beyond the life lines before he got through blubbering and by the splashing behind me I knew that Larry was with me.

"I was so bloomin' mad and disgusted at the fresh guy's yellowness that I swam faster than I ever did in the old "hole" at home, and even as I saw a bit of swimmin' cap come to the surface and then disappear out about fifteen feet from the raft I remembered that Conley had called me "Ted." He was fresh even if he was yellow.

"Well we got her out all right, that is, Larry and I did, for Conley only splashed around in the water near the life lines and didn't even swim out to where we fished her out. I never saw a man so scared in all my life. When we got her in shallow water, Conley came splashing out to meet us and made as if he wanted to take the girl from us, but Larry almost knocked the poor kid down and told him to get the "hellouta" there.

"You know how hard it is to stir up excitement at a winter resort—well about the time they had fetched a couple of doctors and a pulmotor there were about "steen" million people crowdin' around and doing no good but a shuttin' out the air.

"They had an awful time bringin' her to, and if it hadn't been for the pulmotor she'd sure been a goner. Well, she came around finally and so they got a stretcher and carried her to the hotel, while Larry and I sneaked off and went in a side way.

"By supper time the news had spread all over the place, so Larry and I had to stand for a lot of that hero stuff when we came down to eat.

"Conley didn't show up for supper and when "Big Tim" went up to the kid's room about ten o'clock he found the lad sittin' on the bed with his head in his hands and with a couple of suit cases all ready packed.

"Well, "Big Tim," argued with the kid for a couple of hours and finally made him promise to stick out the trip north at least, though at the time, "Big Tim" had as much contempt for the coward as the rest of us.

"It was a pretty tough two weeks that the youngster spent on that trip north. For if he had been disliked before on account of his freshness, he was despised now as a coward. All the players believed as Larry would say: "He's got a streak of yellow in him a mile wide." The kid kept pretty much to himself.

He never opened his face at meals and no one spoke to him. But before we arrived at Chicago for the opening game, all of the players were calling him "Yellow Conley." It was "Stand up to the plate, "Yellow" or "shoot it "Yellow" and the like. But Conley never answered back nor even got sore and that made the men hate him worse than ever.

"Big Tim" knew that the men would not work their mightiest with Conley at the key-stone bag, so he started "Bill" Malloy and as "Bill" was a good fielder, though a pretty weak hitter he got "by" until about the middle of August when something happened that put "Bill" on the bench for keeps.

"We were starting our last home series, and the "Bruins" who stood only a game behind us for first place were fighting us tooth and nail. In the club house after the first game which we lost because "Bill" Malloy struck out with two down and the bases full in the last half of the ninth, we were all feelin' a bit peevish. We knew that every game meant a point nearer to, or farther away from a world's series pot o' coin, and every man was apt to have his nerves upset.

"Bill Malloy who never was of a very agreeable disposition was as mean as a hornet, and when he started to take his spite out on Conley, I went on dressing, feeling sort o' sorry for the kid.

"Did you see her, fellows," he bellowed, "the chicken that our little rah-rah hero deserted in the briny deep, she was out to the—"

"Malloy never finished, for I never saw a man get a crack in the jaw, like the one Conley dished out to Bill, who fell over a bench and hit the floor like a ton of lead. Bill's pal, "Dutch" Engle, then jumped up and made a pass at Conley, but the kid did the neatest bit of side-stepping you'd ever want to see and then swung his right full into the pit of the Dutchman's stomach, and before Dutch could even double up he stopped the madman's left with the greater part of his face. Say, I never saw anything done so quick in all my life, and when the kid backed up against the lockers and taunted us with "I'll take the whole gang of you, one at a time"—we either were too surprised or else had too much love for the folks at home to take him up.

"And, what's more, the one that mentions the word 'Yellow' again," said Conley, "will get what they got."

As I looked I saw what "they got" was a pretty badly battered face and a free ride to dreamland. Right there I made up my mind that it was too much trouble to back up an assertion that yellow was yellow while the kid was around.

"The next day Conley played second-base. Bill Malloy didn't even show up in a suit. But the way that new-born pug played, our whole gang could have been home in bed and the crowd wouldn't have missed us.

"Conley besides getting two triples and a homer, stole three bases and fielded like a "fool." We all supposed that he would be a bit chesty after his sudden jump into the spot-light, but he was just as glum as he was before the fight and didn't say a word to anyone. I tried to talk to him, but he didn't seem to feel very highly elated over having a "regular" soften a little, so I shut up.

"The third game was the deciding game of the series, and also of the race for the rag. The whole bloomin' town must have been out to the grounds that day; they packed the stands, the bleachers and about a thousand stood up in the out-field. And Gee! what a game. It was a row of goose eggs for both teams until the sixth when the "Bruins" pushed a run across. We had a chance to tie up in the same round but lost because Conley got a wallop on the side of the head that sort o' made him groggy. It happened this way: Big "Swede" Christianson was pitching for the "Bruins," and believe me he was pitching. The only one of us who could see his stuff at all was Conley and he rapped out a single the first time up. Well, in the sixth, with Conley at the bat, Eddie Butcher, the "Bruins" third sacker tried to worry the kid by yelling to the "Swede" to "bean" Conley, "because Bobbie was scared to death of being hit." Well, I guess the "Swede" only meant to scare the kid a bit, but his control was bad and before Conley could duck, one of Christianson's fast ones caught the kid just above the ear. Conley went down in a heap but came "to" in a minute or two, and insisted that he could run for himself. Although he looked pretty pale, "Big Tim" let the kid run, and when "Long Larry" rapped out a long double Conley fell down after turning second and couldn't get up. Well, that spoiled what chance we had of scoring that inning, and the way things were

going, it didn't look like we would score either.

"Doc" Watson fixed Conley up a bit and the kid took his place at second again.

"We were still one run behind when we took out bat in the last half of the ninth. Griggs struck out, Barry went out short to first, and just as every one got up to go, Splawn cracked out a loud single to left. Conley was next up. The kid still looked pretty white and I had noted that he held his head in his hands all the time he was in the coop, and I thought he was a bit unsteady when he sauntered to the plate and a hit might mean a run.

"I knew that the "Swede" would try to get the kid's goat by shooting 'em close to his head. And sure enough the first ball pitched, Conley had to drop like a shot to keep from getting beaned again. The next one was also close in and high and would have caught Conley on the ear if the kid hadn't out-guessed the "Swede" and stepped back swatting the old ball right on the nose. Well, I guess they never did find the ball, the last I saw of it the thing looked like a pea going over the high score board in center field.

"They took the kid to the hospital that night and found he had concussion of the brain. The whole gang of us went up to see him that night, but the nurse wouldn't let us in the room. "Mr. Conley is quite delirious," she told us "and keeps mumbling about never learning to swim. I can't make out what he says, but he keeps saying that he "isn't a coward, and he will show the boys he isn't."

"That was enough for us, we didn't say a word to each other, for we knew that if Conley had a yellow streak, we liked the color scheme.

"About a week later Larry and myself called at the hospital to bid him good-bye. Larry lived out in California and I was going to spend the winter with him. So we were leaving next day.

It was the same nurse who admitted us. "Mr. Conley has company, but he's been expecting you and said I should bring you gentlemen in."

"I didn't like the idea of company anyway, but when the nurse opened the door I almost died in the harness. There was the girl and Conley. He was sitting in a big soft chair and by the way she jumped when we came in I knew she liked the soft chair too. "Bobbie" she called him—and so now we call him "Bobbie," the gamest player in the league.

## The Catholicity of Shakespeare.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

"A man who does not know an author whom he has read," declares Walter Bagehot "would not know an author whom he had seen."

The truth of that statement is manifest. Who has read the magnificent ballads of Scott and not felt the martial ecstasy that actuated their author? Who has laughed and cried over the books of Dickens and not realized the powerful love of fellowman that inspired them? We may say not only that an author may be known from his works, but also that he may be understood better from them than from mere knowledge of his peculiar personality. His actions, speech, or conduct of life, may be misunderstood by those who know him personally, but for his reader there can be no such misunderstanding. Tennyson, to all appearances, was cold and austere, almost to the point of boorishness, yet produced some of the most beautiful love poems of the language. Oliver Goldsmith was regarded as a half-wit, even by his closest friends, but composed "The Deserted Village," with all its wonderful philosophy and noble thought. A man's personality may often belie his true feeling; his work, never.

Of the life, character and religion of William Shakespeare, critics would have us believe, we know nothing. Some authorities would make him out an atheist. The words of Friar Lawrence from the pen of an atheist! It would be as logical to say that the noble sentences of the Gettysburg Address were the deluded words of a mere politician. If we may judge the character of Lincoln from his noblest thought, so, too, may we believe that the true religion of the songster of Avon is to be found in his most sublime achievement. We do not take our impression of Lincoln from his speeches in the law. No more should we judge Shakespeare by his early, immoral poems, but by the nobler and more mature work of his later years.

Throughout Shakespeare's life, it was held in England that to be a Catholic was to be a traitor. A Protestant Tudor was on the throne of England, and the Recusancy Laws and Oath of Supremacy were in vogue. Everywhere—at court, in the streets, on the stage—Catholics and Catholic practices were made the butt

of ridicule of the lowest order. English audiences could not be surfeited with low puns and jokes on rosaries, images; and other articles of devotion, which the majority of English playwrights of the time were nothing loath to give them. Where, in the entire works of Shakespeare, may be found one scurrilous statement against the Catholic Church? The noblest characters he depicted were Catholics, the lesser, Protestant, or, like Malvolio, purloined from the Puritan ranks. He spoke of priests, nuns, mass, relics, and the sign of the cross, with a reverence and understanding far above his contemporaries, and at a time when these things were beheld with horror by the majority of his countrymen. The daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn was his Queen and patron, yet, in his drama bearing the name of that misguided king, do we not find him sympathizing with the deposed Catherine? The monasteries had been pillaged years before the poet's birth by the same Henry and in Shakespeare's time were still spoken of with abhorrence, yet in "The Merchant of Venice," produced in Elizabeth's reign, we find Portia saying:

I have toward heaven breathed a sacred vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation.  
There is a monastery not two miles off,  
And there will we abide.

This to an anti-Catholic audience crying for ridicule of the old faith! Later, in the same play, it is not the Catholic party that he decries but rather those of the Protestant persuasion, when Bassanio says:

In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

Why did Shakespeare here not condemn the "ornaments" or ceremonies of the Catholic Church, like his brother-playwrights, rather than the Protestant text-expounder?

In Hamlet we find:

I am thy father's spirit,  
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purged away.

—the Catholic doctrines of purgatory, in all reverence, without one deprecatory remark.

Upon the subject of the religion of Shakespeare himself, history is almost mute, but the faith of his parents has been well established. The county of Warwickshire, in which Strat-



ford, the poet's birthplace, is located, was one of the strongest Catholic centers in England down to the middle of the sixteenth century. When the Reformation came, in 1537, to Warwickshire, the county split into Catholic and Protestant factions. William Lucy, famous for the deer-stalking episode, was of the Protestant persuasion, but the Ardens, from which family came Mary, the poet's mother, were of the staunch old Catholic stock. Long afterward (1583) when the sycophantic Leicester, at the Queen's command, was hounding Catholics throughout England, his wrath descended upon the wealthy and influential Ardens who remained true to the old faith until they were exterminated at Leicester's orders. Shakespeare was close kinsman to the Ardens, and Sir Thomas Lucy was the Puritan tool of Leicester who, as sheriff, had twice summoned the poet's own father, John Shakespeare, to appear before him to answer charges of recusancy. Is it not possible that there was a desire for revenge behind the prank of Shakespeare?

"Mrs. John Shakespeare," says Simpson, "was undoubtedly a Catholic, nor is there any proof that she ever changed her religion, though Mr. Carter pictures her as a strict puritan, teaching her son William the Holy Scriptures from the Genevan bible."

All historians admit that John Shakespeare, the poet's father, for years burgess of the village of Stratford, was a staunch Catholic during the reign of Mary. Protestant authorities claim that he must necessarily have changed his religion under Elizabeth, because all magistrates or officers of any description were compelled to take the Oath of Supremacy or forfeit their positions. The Catholic historian Simpson has proven that this oath was never taken by hundreds of officers throughout England and that Robert Middlemore, then Sheriff of Warwickshire, was himself a Catholic recusant. Moreover, up to 1579, fifteen years after Shakespeare's death, one third of the magistrates of Warwickshire were Catholics who had never taken the oath. It is not at all probable that Middlemore, himself a Catholic, would have compelled Shakespeare's father to take an oath to which he himself refused to subscribe. The fortunes of the poet's father began to decline with Elizabeth's rigid enforcement of the laws against Catholics. Before his death almost every penny of his fortune had been swept away and he had been twice sum-

moned before the Sheriff (Thomas Lucy), for refusing to attend the services of the Established Church. Certainly it is a safe assumption to say that his poverty was the result of the fines against Catholics, and that he persisted to the end in the faith of his fathers. His will, the authenticity of which has been firmly established, begins in this fashion:—"In the name of God, the Blessed Virgin, the Archangels, Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Saints, and Martyrs, I, John Shakespeare, an unworthy member of the Holy Catholic religion, freely make this spiritual testament."

Certainly that is sufficient proof of the Catholicity of the poet's father. Whether or not the son persisted in that religion is a much debated question. Protestant authorities point to the fact that his two daughters were members of the Established Church, and remind us that he is buried in the chancel, the place of honor in the church at Stratford, an honor that could not possibly have been shown to a "Papist" at the time. In answer to the first argument we may say that Shakespeare may have neglected his faith on account of the rigid persecution of it, and that his daughters could not be lawfully raised in that faith. A man in his prominent position could not at the time, openly profess Catholicity. As for being buried in the chancel, that would have been possible for a Catholic who bore the high position in the village that he did. Shakespeare was head of the Corporation of Stratford, and ex-officio lay-rector of the township church. The Corporation, not the Vicar or congregation, owned the church, so it is very possible that its chief-magistrate, even though suspected of Catholic leanings, could be buried there. Moreover, Catholics and Protestants lie side by side in many village chancels in England.

The only written statement concerning the poet's religion is found in the writings of the Rev. Richard Davies, a Gloucestershire clergyman who wrote in 1688: "Shakespeare has a monument in Stratford in which he lays a heavy curse on anyone who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist."

Any conscientious student of his works must admit their strongly Catholic tenor. The things he would have us scorn were the things of his own regime, while he speaks reverently and with unconcealed yearning of the old days—the old religion—that he undoubtedly learned to love at his mother's knee.

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—A very pertinent expression of the vicious bigotry wave now sweeping over this country can be found in the introduction of the notorious

### Convent

### Inspection.

“Convent Inspection” bill into the legislatures of our various states. This drastic measure is universally obnoxious. It provides for the frequent, unannounced inspection of all religious communities within the state. It legally swings open the door of the monastery and the convent, the novitiate and the seminary, to the prying officiousness of the scoffer and the agnostic. Ostensibly merely a sanitary and moral inspection measure, it is in reality a direct insult to the Catholic Church. A committee, or a board, appointed by the governor in most cases, is given the right to enter any institution, civil or religious, especially the latter, at any time, day or night, and *minutely* inspect the premises,—thus effectively violating the privacy of men and women who have consecrated their lives to God. If this isn't the meanest attack of A. P. A.-ism that has been perpetrated in recent years, it is by all odds the vilest.

This ridiculous measure has just been introduced in the legislature of the state of Oregon and has not yet been passed upon. Arkansas recently passed its “Convent Inspection” bill, with apparently slight opposition from a dormant Catholic laity. Other southern and western states are now on the verge of doing likewise. Although introduced in the Colorado state legislature by a virulent anti-Catholic

faction, the measure was killed by the efforts of Catholic legislators, who united, regardless of party lines, for the defense of the Church. All these kindred bills are evidently links in a nation-wide chain to annoy and calumniate the Catholic Church. These concerted assaults by bigots in the law chambers of our states offer but partial evidence of the extremely tense feeling now existing in this country on religious matters. The unrestrained ranting of such publications as the *Menace* and the *Liberator* have seemingly accomplished their end in stirring up religious persecution and prejudice; and although we within the precincts of the University do not feel the full force of these blasts, it rather behooves us to prepare now in matters of faith and morals for the inevitable struggle we will have to face when we do step into the world. We must be ready and able to stem the tide of bigotry and defend our faith when called upon to do so.

### With the Journalists.

Whether the average student knows it or not, Notre Dame has added to its equipment a live publicity bureau, through whose efforts the University is receiving as much newspaper mention as any institution of its size in the United States.

To believe this assertion one need only visit the Journalism room on the third floor of the Main Building. Here is the sanctum sanctorum of the budding editors who are helping to put Notre Dame before the eyes of newspaper readers all the way from Boston to the Pacific Coast.

Before entering this interesting apartment, a word might be said of the correspondence system, which is maintained as a feature of the four-year college course in journalism, and which gives the finest kind of training that can be received by students of that profession. In March, as an illustration, the University names its Laetare Medalist for the current year. This year a Washington lady happened to receive the distinction. The moment the selection was given out for publication, the head of the department detailed one of his men to get the news to the Washington press. Both wire and mail were utilized to insure the item reaching the different offices, and the next morning the full account appeared in the papers of the national capital.

Again, one of the commencement speakers is announced to be a prominent attorney and educator of Los Angeles. The wheels are set in motion, and the story is mailed to the Angel City papers. News notes culled from Notre Dame happenings appear almost every day in the Chicago and Indianapolis papers, besides frequently in other metropolitan papers of the Middle West.

But the correspondence carried on with the Catholic weeklies throughout the country should not be overlooked. This part of the work is done by the Freshmen journalists, each member being assigned to a different paper, from a chain extending from Denver, Colo., to Hartford, Conn. Each week the student prepares a news letter and mails it to his weekly.

Being acquainted with the work of the publicity department, we can appreciate the interesting character of the work-shop, which is situated in Room 327, of the aforesaid M. B. The room overlooks one of the campus lakes, and whenever the man at the typewriter cannot get an idea for a feature story he has but to gaze out of the window. His gaze meets the picturesque body of water below, and at once he is ready to write a column upon the history of the Notre Dame lakes, their probable depth, their manifold uses, and their impending disappearance from the landscape, "due, it is said," to the new water works system installed by the neighboring city of South Bend, which threatens to drain the lakes of all their water, despite the efforts of some hundreds of gushing springs located on the lake bottom."

An arsenal of typewriters is at the disposal of the correspondents. Some fifty daily and weekly newspapers are on file for perusal by every member of the department, and there is a large bookcase crammed with excellent reading for the student of the newspaper. As a further convenience, late news "tips" are posted on the bulletin board, while athletic schedules, notices of various university events, and even a war map of Europe are at hand for ready use.

In order to appreciate just how much Notre Dame's journalism rooms partake of the atmosphere of a real newspaper office, you should visit it in the early afternoon. Then the men are getting "their stuff out," after having had an office consultation to gather the day's news. An air of business prevails. Typewriters are thumping, and queries are shot periodically from desk to desk. Only one feature mars the

news office effect, and that is the effort of the director to keep the room looking orderly. Newspaper offices, from the time Marc Antony's funeral oration was featured in the afternoon edition of the *Roma Tribuna*, have been strewn with papers, clippings and scraps, and brave would be the man who would try to make one a thing of beauty. But in every other way, the Notre Dame publicity factory is just like a "regular" office, and one needs only to step inside it to realize the truth of this statement:

H. P.

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### Personals.

—The marriage of Miss Serena Katharine Murphy to Mr. John Bell Moran (old student) took place on Saturday, the 17th of April, in Detroit, Michigan. We wish the young couple long years of happiness.

—Mr. William Hake, a pioneer of Grand Rapids, Michigan, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on March 11th of this year and was visited by many of the leading citizens. Mr. Hake has twelve children, five of whom attended the University in years past.

—On Wednesday, April 14th, Miss Emma C. Wernham and Mr. Francis A. McCarthy (LL. B., '06) were united in marriage at Marengo, Ill. Frank was a popular student during his years at the University and will be remembered by many of the present students. We extend to this happy couple our sincere congratulations.

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### The Senior Ball.

The Class of 1915 entertained last Wednesday evening with a formal dancing party in the Oliver Hotel. This was one of the most successful senior balls ever given. Robert L. Roach, president of the class, with Miss Margaret Williams of South Bend, led the grand march, which was followed by a program of twenty-one dances played by Messick's orchestra. The only decorations were pink roses in the Turkish parlors and in the Tapestry ball-room. The programs were artistically done in brown with a cover of etched copper and the pages contained apt quotations for the occasion. The committee of seniors in charge of the ball included Mark L. Duncan, chairman, Albert A. Kuhle, Robert L. Roach, James E. Sanford, and Thomas J. Shaughnessy. Patrons and

patronesses were Judge and Mrs. T. E. Howard, Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Judge and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Captain and Mrs. R. R. Stogsdall, Professor and Mrs. K. B. Smith, and Coach and Mrs. J. C. Harper. The out-of-town guests were: Miss Frances Kelly and Miss Florence Irwin of Rochester, N. Y., Miss Angela Connors of Kalamazoo, Miss Marguerite Farrelly, Miss Catherine Shaughnessy, Miss Anna Pliska, and Miss Marie McGuinn of Chicago, Miss Marie Ritchey of Dowagiac, Miss Christine Pray of Three Rivers, Michigan., Miss Julietta Lang of Fort Wayne, Miss Kathleen Daly of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Dorothy Darrow of LaPorte, Miss Irma Hootman of Greencastle and Miss Marie McMahon of Toledo.

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### Society Notes.

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#### HOLY CROSS-BROWNSON DEBATE.

The Holy Cross debating team upheld the superiority of Holy Cross, as shown in past years, over the Brownson Literary and Debating Society by defeating the latter's team in Washington Hall, Sunday evening, April 19, the decision of the judges being 2 to 1. The question debated was: "Resolved: that employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration (constitutionality waived)." The Holy Cross team that upheld the negative side of this question were: James H. McDonald, Cornelius W. Palmer, and Thomas F. Butler. The Brownson team debating on the affirmative were: John P. Doyle, Francis Jennings Vurpillat, and Edward J. Dundon. The debate was very close and was lost to Brownson on account of team work rather than the material of the debate. The Reverend William A. Bolger, C. S. C., Michael Quinlan, C. S. C., and Joseph Maguire, C. S. C., were the judges. There will be another debate in which the Holy Cross team will take the affirmative and the Brownson team the negative of the same question.

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### Local News.

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—Myron Parrot has been called home on account of the illness of his father.

—Oh, the irony of Fate!—the first batch of spring onions on the night of the Senior Ball!

—The Michigan Baseball Team, assisted by the Notre Dame Band, defeated us 4-3 last Monday.

—The thunderous applause from the grand stand also helped Michigan out of several tight places.

—The magnolias in front of the Main Building are once more in bloom. It will soon be time for our annual cactus Local.

—And many a proud young lady that night told her escort that she loved him because he was so big, brave and STRONG.

—The costumes for "The Girl of the Golden West" arrived last Wednesday night. Vince Mooney immediately donned his Zapata uniform and announced his candidacy for the presidency of the third flat, Sorin.

—"Prep" Wells pitched a mighty fine game against Michigan so that the visitors were unable to get an earned run, but they got one too many unearned runs. We also believe that Mr. Sisler is some ball player—we like his style.

—The preliminary meeting of the Junior Class, for the purpose of discussing the DOME elections for next year, was held in Sorin Law Room last Monday night. On account of the small attendance, no definite plan was decided upon. The elections will be held sometime next week, probably next Monday night. Every Junior watch the bulletin-board and be on deck!

—We wanna play them, we wanna play them  
We wanna play them just once more,  
Here at Notre Dame, when old Sisler's arm  
is sore.

We miss the booster, when Murray uster  
Bat us far away from harm,  
Oh, how we wish again that we could face  
Michigan,

Back on our farm!

—The Easter exchanges from the Catholic colleges and universities were particularly handsome this year. *The Redwood*, of Santa Clara College, California, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Georgetown Journal*, the Catholic University *Symposium*, the Boston *Stylus*, and the *Fleur de Lis* of St. Louis University, were all clothed in tasteful covers and replete with interesting reading.

—Our idea of a loyal student is one who goes out to cheer his team on to victory and spends his time stealing the balls that are

knocked into foul territory. A fellow who will steal a ball from his own team and dodge in and out among the automobiles like a regular thief, to avoid detection, ought to be proud of himself indeed. We don't like to mention names, but there are a few fellows in 246 Sorin who should ask their friends to take them out behind the hall and kick them for the manly traits they exhibited in Monday's game. We also believe their friends would be willing and anxious to do it.

—Many of the young ladies who had come to attend the Senior Ball were present the next day at the Bethany-Notre Dame game. As the regular grounds were too wet to be used the game was played on the Brownson campus and chairs for the visitors were placed some distance back of the catcher. It was an exceedingly dangerous place on account of the many foul tips but there were no small number of students who offered their services and destroyed their good fingers in an endeavor to stop the fouls.

#### XI.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

JAMES E. SANFORD, PH. B.

(Enter Notre Dame band doing its infernal list, followed by angel-faced minims strewing perfumed rose-petals. Next approach Lenihan with a full-grown hot-air geyser, succeeded by Schuster with a most oderiferous odeur. Then bring on the hero.) Alas, that we cannot treat the idol of our story thus, that we must usher him in through the print of the proletariat. We present to you Jim Sanford, prefect-in-waiting to St. Joseph Hall.

Four years ago Jim was a Freshman—one whose heart was thronged with variegated affections for and leanings toward a score of delectable replicas of Venus and Mona Lisa. Tripping a bantam-weight fantastic, flirting gently and consistently, and going to the Orpheum were the blissful duties of our earliest class-president. Jim's ignorance of Parliamentary Law and the efficient way in which he toasted at the Freshie feed, induced the Sophs to re-elect him with loud cheers and majority.

It was in this year that it happened. James looked about him and saw that he was growing old. There was no use disguising it—he was twenty-two, knew only one piece of poetry by heart and had not yet read David Copper-

field. Accordingly he betook himself to the study of Tom Moore and the *St. Mary's Chimes*. The result was so horrible that even Brother Poetry was considered by those who know to be an attenuated reflection of our Sandusky hero. We must admit, however, that Jim has never read David Copperfield, owing doubtless to the circumstance that it is quite hard to memorize.

Jim is a K. C. and a prefect. Even Brother Flo will admit this much. Accordingly it was not much wondered at that he became very profound in his respect for morals. Like another Savonarola he holds forth with unequalled eloquence upon the moral decadence of our moving-pictures, table-talk, and respect for authority. He has seen fit to agree with Rickaby rather frequently ever since his famous decision in the case of Bartholomew *vs.* the Cow. Jim sees in everything a moral lesson, although it is rumored that a close microscopic examination of Col. Clement's conversation has as yet revealed nothing.

James has many accomplishments. First of all he is a pedestrian of such remarkable endurance that he was brought home last June in a wheel-barrow after a perambulation to Bertrand. To Jim's dismay a fair young lassie insisted that he was a minister and that he must tell her just exactly how Jonah swallowed the whale. (Jim is now writing his thesis on this subject.) Again our hero is different from the rest of men because he comes from the city—same being Charlevoix—as he has often proudly affirmed. Lastly, and this is a noble quality, he has an elegant elocutionary method of putting down the mob.

After all this has been said, gentle reader, you may wish to know what we think of Jamie apart from his achievements and official dignity. Now believe us when we tell you that when every other specimen of humanity has stabbed you in the dorsal fin you may still entrust your last ten cents to Sanford. Why, when the time comes for another deluge, Jim will have the monopoly on naval construction. No matter how many idiosyncracies we could chalk up against him, he would remain forever a good sport.

Jim's hair is turning grey, his teeth are falling out and he is suffering rheumatic pains. All this is pathetic, very pathetic. But did you see him at the Senior Ball? Maybe he has the drop on us after all.

## Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 13; LAKE FOREST, 1.

Look at the box score! What further explanation necessary?

Never since Cartoonist Packard was signed up to appear before us, have so many errors been collected at one time. We doubt if they practiced with a regulation ball before they came here. The box score became so confused at the end of the sixth inning that Professor Capro was sent for to figure it out.

The only redeeming feature of the game was the pitching of the N. D. men, Boland, Cassidy and Walsh, who let the Foresters down with two hits. Boland started the game, and for the four innings he pitched allowed but one hit. The visitors did not have even a chance to score while he was in the box.

Cassidy succeeded Boland to the mound with the score 3 to 0 in the Varsity's favor, but after he had pitched one innning, the Lake Forest men got tired throwing the ball, and the last of the 5th and 6th innings resembled a game of soccer. Franzen and Hall seemed about equally proficient as football players, but Franzen finally won out by kicking one more than his rival. Dean in center field deserves mention, for although he kicked only two, both of them were "drops."

In the first of the sixth the Varsity eased up and let the invaders count one. A walk issued to Hall started the Lake Forest second baseman around with their lone tally. Bergman made an error on Stoke's grounder and Hall stopped at second. Both runners advanced on Dean's out, Bergman to Mills and Hall scored when Thorpe went out by the same route. Only one hit was made off Cassidy who showed prospects of becoming a valuable man with a little more experience in Varsity games.

"Slim" Walsh pitched the last two innings, but the Lake Forest batters could not see his fast one at all, so no hits were registered against him. Our three new pitchers showed up so well we would like to see them against a better team.

Knigge, the Lake Forest first baseman, was the only redeeming light of the team. He handled himself well and seemed to be at home at the first station. Barto and Stokes might have gotten away better with good fielding behind them, for in the first part of the game

Barto held the local batters fairly well.

Capt. Duggan led the Varsity in hitting with three blows, and Bergman, Kenny and Kline followed, each gathering a pair.

The Varsity also showed up their smaller opponents by the way they ran bases. In all, eleven sacks were swiped, "Mike" Carmody leading the thieves with three pilfers and Duggan and Mills following with two each. The Varsity fielded well, especially the infielders, who had an exceptionally busy day.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	LAKE FOREST	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss	6	1	2	1	6	1	Dean, cf.	4	0	0	3	0	2
Duggan, cf.	5	1	3	2	0	0	Franzen, ss	2	0	0	0	2	4
Lathrop, 2b	4	1	0	5	3	1	Thorpe, 2b.	2	0	0	1	2	0
Mills, 1b.	4	3	0	13	3	0	McFerren, 3b.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Klein, 3b.	3	2	2	0	1	1	Dunsmore, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kenny, c.	5	2	2	6	0	0	Krueger, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Motts, c.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Knigge, 1b.	2	0	0	10	1	0
Pliska, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	Eklon, c.	2	0	0	6	1	0
Mooney, rf.	3	1	1	0	0	0	Hall, 2b., ss.	2	1	0	1	0	3
Elward, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0	Barto, p.	1	0	0	0	2	1
M. Carm'dy, lf	3	1	1	0	0	0	Stokes, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Boland, p.	1	1	0	0	0	0							
*Rowan	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Cassidy, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0							
Walsli, p.	1	0	0	0	3	0							
Totals	41	13	11	27	17	3		28	1	2	24	10	11

\*Batted for. Boland in fourth.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Lake Forest	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—	1	2	11
Notre Dame	0	0	1	2	5	4	1	0	*	—	13	11	3

## SUMMARY

Sacrifice hits—Mills, Knigge. Stolen bases—Carmody, 3; Duggan, 2; Mills, 2; Bergman, Lathrop, Mooney, Rowan, Cassidy, Dean, Eklon. Strike outs—by Boland, 3; by Cassidy, 1; by Walsh, 2; by Barto, 2. Bases on balls—Off Barto, 3; off Stokes, 3; off Cassidy, 1; off Walsh, 1. Hits—Off Barto, 7 in 4 1-3 innings; off Stokes, 4 in 3 2-3 innings; off Boland, 1 in 4 innings; off Cassidy, 1 in 3 innings; off Walsh, none in 2 innings. Hit by pitcher—By Cassidy, Eklon. Double play—Knigge to Eklon. Umpire—Anderson.

## MICHIGAN WINS GREAT GAME.

The Varsity dropped a hard-fought ten-inning game to the Michigan nine last Monday afternoon before one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds that has ever attended a baseball game on Cartier Field. No excuse for the defeat can be offered; Michigan won because she played a steadier and more consistent game at the bat, Michigan showed up better than our own men. The Wolverines made twelve hits and no errors; Notre Dame made but three hits and was charged with five errors. But Michigan's victory was not won so easily as the box score would indicate. The Varsity came back strong after the visitors had secured an early lead and it seemed that Notre Dame had more than even chance to win. Then Coach Lundgren trotted out his one best, Sisler, and after that, it was simply a question of how long Wells could hold the visitors.

Wells pitched a wonderful game, much better than the box score indicates. With the same brand of support which the team usually gives our pitchers, "Prep" would have scored a shutout. However, it seemed that none of our men, with possibly one or two exceptions, were at their best. There can be no doubt that the Varsity is capable of a better game than they put up on Monday. It was extremely unfortunate that so many of the breaks had to go against our men in one game. However, we hope for better things in the two remaining games of the Michigan series.

Michigan had just returned from a Southern trip and was naturally in better shape than Notre Dame. Indeed the local lineup was problematical up to the day of the game, and it was the first appearance of the team under fire. Considering these circumstances, the playing of the men is to be praised rather than criticised.

Michigan put over a score in the first inning. Sheehy was first up. He lifted a foul off the first base line, but Kenny failed to reach it after a hard try. Then Sheehy singled to left center. One of "Prep's" curves got away from Kenny and Sheehy took second. Then the Notre Dame men seemingly got crossed on their signals, for Wells pitched while Bergman was covering second. Labadie proceeded to drive a ground ball through short and Sheehy scored on the hit. The side was retired without further damage. The first three Notre Dame batters went out in order, although Maltby got Duggan's drive on a lucky bounce.

After two Michigan men had been retired in the first, Kline dropped a tall fly off Waltz's bat. Then Davidson drove a sharp hit to left. Elward booted the ball and Waltz scored before it was recovered. Sheehy was soon retired for the third out. Mills beat out a bunt in our half of the second, but the following batters could not bring him around.

The third was Notre Dame's best inning. The Wolverines were retired without a run. Pliska was hit by a pitched ball to start the half. Elward walked. Wells bunted in front of the plate and Pliska was thrown out at third. Then "Dutch" Bergman hit one on the nose and it was good for two bases. Elward and Wells came home on the blow, tying the score. Duggan and Lathrop could not bring Bergman in.

Michigan's third run came in the fourth.

Kenny dropped a third strike on Benton and the latter took first when Kenny threw wild to Mills. Maltby sacrificed Benton to second and he scored on Waltz's single. Notre Dame made a strong bid for runs in this inning when Mills reached third with one down only to be doubled off the sack when Kenny drove a line drive into the hands of Waltz. Waltz did not move an inch to get the ball, and if it had gone a foot on either side it would have been a clean hit.

Notre Dame tied the score in the sixth when Mills walked, stole second and third and scored on a fielder's choice. This ended the scoring for Notre Dame as Sisler went into the box in the seventh inning. In this inning, he struck out three men on ten pitched balls. The Michigan star had wonderful curves and speed, and looked like a "big-leaguer." He was on the mound for four innings and in this time struck out nine men. "Mike" Carmody was the only man who got anything that looked like a hit. "Mike" drove a hot one past Sisler but McQueen robbed the local man when he speared the ball back of second and whipped it to first ahead of the runner.

Sisler practically won his own game in the tenth. He was the first man up in this inning, and after two strikes had been called on him, he drove a double to right center, and by clever base-running the visiting pitcher stretched the drive into a three-sacker. He won a hair-line decision by sliding under Kline at third. Sisler was held on third, while Kline threw out Brandell. Then Benton poked a bouncer just inside the first base line. Mills decided to take a chance on the ball rolling foul and let it go. The break went against us again, for the ball stayed inside and Sisler scored the winning run. The "Michigan Wonder" then proceeded to strike out three men in the last of the tenth.

NOTRE DAME					MICHIGAN					
AB	R	H	PO	A E	AB	R	H	PO	A E	
Bergman, ss	5	0	1	1 2	0	Sheehy, cf.	5	1	1	1 0 0
Duggan, cf.	4	0	0	0 0	0	Labadie, lf, rf	4	0	0	2 0 0
Lathrop, 2b	3	0	0	5 3	1	McQueen, 2b.	4	0	2	0 2 0
Mills, 1b.	3	1	1	13 1	0	Sisler, lf, p.	5	1	2	0 0 0
Klein, 3b.	4	0	1	3 3	2	Brandell, ss.	5	0	0	0 1 0
Kenny, c.	3	0	0	3 1	1	Benton, c.	5	1	2	15 2 0
Pliska, rf.	1	0	0	2 0	0	Maltby, 1b.	4	0	2	8 0 0
M. Carm'dy, rf.	2	0	0	0 0	0	Waltz, 3b.	5	1	1	4 0 0
Elward, lf.	2	1	0	2 0	1	Davidson, p.	3	0	2	0 0 0
Corcoran,*	1	0	0	0 0	0	Caswell, rf.	1	0	0	0 0 0
Wells, p.	1	1	0	1 4	0					
Rowan,**	1	0	0	0 0	0					
Totals	32	3	3	30 14	5		41	4	12	30 5 0

\*Batted for Elward in tenth.

\*\*Batted for Wells in tenth.

		SCORE BY INNINGS.											
NOTRE DAME	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	3	5
MICHIGAN	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	12	0

## SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Labadie, Maltby. Stolen bases—Sheehy, Sisler, Bergman, Lathrop, Mills. Two base hits—McQueen, Bergman. Three base hit—Sisler. Double plays—Waltz, unassisted; Bergman to Lathrop to Mills. Strike outs—By Sisler, 9; by Davidson, 4; by Wells, 4. Bases on balls—Off Davidson, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Sheehy by Wells. Hits—Off Davidson, 3 in 6 innings; off Sisler, none in 4 innings. Umpire—Wainwright of Chicago.

## Safety Valve.

Professor:—"What's the reason, Mr. Ellis, that you come ten minutes late for this class?"

Student:—"Well, professor, you kept us ten minutes overtime yesterday and you got me off schedule."

\*\*\*

Have you noticed the blue kimona John Boyle wears to drill?

\*\*\*

DEAR EDITOR:—

I am a Sorin Hall boy and am known on the campus by the name of Joe. Until a few years ago I was very popular with young ladies, but I notice that I am losing much of my popularity. The reason for it, I think, is the fact that my high forehead is beginning to go down my back—that is, there isn't any hair on my head so as to mark off where my forehead stops. Would you be kind enough to suggest a remedy that would bring curly hair on my head and make me popular again.

JOE.

JOE:—You have no doubt heard about the seed that fell upon stony ground and withered away because it had no root. If this be the case, nothing can be done. If, however, the soil is fertile, you might try covering your head at night with Shredded Wheat. Shredded Wheat must have been created for something, and no one thus far has discovered its use.

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## AT DRILL.

Officer:—"Hey, there! Your gun's on the wrong shoulder."

Soldier:—"That's all right—I'm left handed."

\*\*\*

"You know me, Al. I'm the guy that could have caught the ball that all the other players muffed."

\*\*\*

If the hot spell continues we know some Sorin Hallers who will be "pinched" for moping on their way to class.

\*\*\*

St. Joseph's lake has gone down six or seven feet, and it is said the horses drowned therein a few winters ago are able to be seen.

\*\*\*

And now that the Senior Hop is over many a poor simp will hold the funeral services over his four bucks.

\*\*\*

Some one has written to us asking what, in our opinion, will cure stuttering. Ans.: Use a typewriter.

\*\*\*

And now another student writes to us wanting to know what's good for bow-legs. We can't understand why he wants to be good to them, they certainly don't deserve it. We would suggest that this student wear a bath robe all the time.

Oh, the Senior Ball is over  
But my watch is still in pawn,  
And I lost the four-leaf clover  
That I picked up on the lawn.

For this morning in the sunshine  
My poor spirit pined and sorrowed  
When they asked real silver dollars  
For the evening suit I borrowed.

Yes, the Senior Prom is over—  
And the girl was mighty sweet—  
But I haven't got a nickel  
And it's time for me to eat.

\*\*\*

DEAR EDITOR:—

Last Sunday I was refused permission to go to town and took it upon myself to skive down. I had not been in the city more than ten minutes when I ran into the rector of my hall. As this skive puts my demerits over the three hundred mark, I am anxious to know what to do. Please advise. T. W.

Use the regular method. Go to the rector and tell him you never left your room last Sunday. If necessary, bring in three others to swear to it. Of course, the rector will think himself crazy, or decide he must have been dreaming and beg your pardon. It never fails to work.

\*\*\*

He put his necktie into bed  
And slept upon a rope,  
Because he had no oyster fork  
To eat his Ivory Soap.

The cook found ice tea in the soup  
Her earrings went insane,  
She ate the paper off the wall,  
Remembering the Main.

The servant maid became enraged  
And shouted "a la carte!"  
And as she swooned we saw her clasp  
The bath tub to her heart.

Then sneaking in upon his nose  
Came Ted, the youngest kid,  
And crying, "Mother, mother dear!"  
He kissed the ice box lid.

The oldest daughter mad with love  
Wept like a cedar grove  
And called a preacher in to wed  
Her to the kitchen stove.

But that was all, for night came on,  
And as I walked about,  
I heard a drowning man shout "help!"  
I'm in the Sauer Kraut."

Hick O. Ree.

\*\*\*

Student:—"Give me a dozen copies of last week's SCHOLASTIC, please."

Clerk at Book Store:—"Huh! another one of these guys with some of their 'stuff' in."