

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 15, 1915,

No. 31.

Inconstant.

A PALE star in the purple sky
Looks down upon a blushing rose,
Piercing with rays of whitest love
The flower's sweet repose.

And as the red rose ope's its eyes,
In the first blushing of the dawn,
To greet its lover with a smile,
Behold the star is gone.

R. F. D.

Lord and Lady Macbeth.

BY EDWARD N. MARCUS.

TO understand well the theme of "Macbeth," to realize to the fullest extent that reckless ambition is shrouded with dire consequences, one must study together the two leading characters, Lord and Lady Macbeth. Considered apart they present the theme but haltingly. If Macbeth had possessed a stronger will, and Lady Macbeth the usual weaknesses that characterize her sex, ambition would never have moved them; but she possessed those qualities he lacked; man and wife were in perfect balance, she supplying his evil shortcomings, so that both may be treated as one person.

Macbeth's great conflict is with himself. The civil war in Scotland has been suppressed, but it is transferred to the soul of Macbeth in the very act of suppression. On the prophecy of the witches hinges the course of all his actions. Saluting him as thane of Glamis and of Cawdor they promise that he shall be king, while to Banquo they promise that he shall be the father of kings though he will not be king himself. Even though Banquo had been superstitious enough to believe the witches, he would have leaped in the coils of destiny, for the prophecy had strangled any personal ambition he might

have cherished. But such is not the case with Macbeth. The promise of the witches meets sudden confirmation when a messenger salutes him as thane of Cawdor, a title just conferred on him by the king. He nurses the thought of kingship: "the greatest is behind." At this point his wife, whom he has made acquainted with the prophecy and his new title through a letter, is introduced, and she immediately betrays her intentions.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised.

Here too she gives a rare insight into her husband's character:

Yet do I fear thy nature.

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great:
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it.

Nor does she underestimate her own power when she says:

Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise thee with the valor of my tongue.

To have thee crowned withal.

She calls on the spirits to unsex her, and exhibits a monstrosity of nature that would be appalling even in a man. Conscienceless, pitiless, the thought of queenly position spurs her on; yet withal she is poetically imaginative. Macbeth, too, is gifted with a particularly active imagination and his fancies fly into action. It is in will power, however, that he is lacking. The deeds that will pave his way to the kingship have been planned, but he lacks the moral courage to carry them out. In numerous soliloquies he airs his fears of retribution, of discovery and of punishment. To allay these fears is the function of Lady Macbeth; to drive out of him by her spirit and her tongue the impediment now restraining him from the crown. She knows it is not the world to come he fears, but it is the cowardly fear of personal ill that possesses him, and she induces him to do the evil deeds necessary to gain the coveted

crown by ridiculing his cowardice. One can feel Macbeth slowly giving way to her arguments in his question, "If we should fail?" the fear of punishment again causing him a momentary shudder, but she urges him on:

Screw your courage to the sticking point
And we'll not fail.

Lady Macbeth is momentarily victorious; Duncan is killed, his sons flee and Macbeth is proclaimed king, his ambition and that of his wife has been realized. But he still soliloquizes, he still fears failure, and, moreover, the treacherous pair cannot retrace their bloody path but must by fresh assassinations clinch their positions. Through the long ordeal Lady Macbeth has crushed the imagination of her husband by her colossal strength of will, but her body cannot stand the terrible strain, and in her sleep-walking scene we can detect her awakened conscience. As the physician says: "Her ailment is not bodily but spiritual, and she succumbs."

It is ridiculous to make love the mainspring of Lady Macbeth's actions, and to see in her most horrible crimes the expression of a loyal, devoted wife. She abjured womanhood, nor did she care for wifedom—that she had already—but to be queen,—therein lay her highest ambition. Love was not the leading principle in her character, and indeed, for all we are able to determine, she may have despised her husband except as an instrument for the attainment of the queenly position.

When the great cataclysm comes we find Macbeth no longer swayed by his imagination; remorse has killed it. He bewails the loss of his friends and former adherents, but chiefly the loss of his wife, nevertheless he still relies on the second prophecy of the witches, that he shall not be harmed by one of woman born, and the element of physical courage remains when all else is gone. Macbeth dies fighting bravely, for Macduff, his slayer, is of strange birth and the witches prophecy proved true.

Of the two characters, Macbeth is the more real. He is essentially the man of action; all his impulses and emotions have a tendency to rush into performance, but he lacks that fine inner control which is such a prime requisite in the man of high position. His fears are well founded, for retribution comes full upon him and is found principally in his mental distress. The play, in fact, may aptly be styled, as one critic calls it—the Tragedy of the Imagination.

My Brother Bill.

BY L. P. HARL.

I had met her five years before when I first entered the university. Then the jaunty grace of my youth, a witty word, and a laugh clear and mellow as a bell, could, I thought, turn the head of any woman. But now,—oh no wonder she did not know me—me with my quiet ways and my bookish middle-aged manners. No wonder she did not recognize in this rather pale, rather backward man, the boy—the gay, idle, lighthearted boy she had known. They were different.

But she had not changed at all. Only her soft, rich brown hair was softer and richer; only her bright, deep brown eyes were brighter and deeper. That little lock of hair that strayed so prettily over her brow was still there; that fugitive sunbeam of a smile still stole into her eyes like the dawn into still water. She filled you with a sort of happy consciousness, so that looking at her and listening to her and breathing the fragrance that went with her, the world of a sudden took on a glorious aspect, the air was filled with the music of running waters and song birds and laden with the perfume of flowers. No man could turn away from her sight unmoved; not even I who having wasted the best of my youth on enjoyment and song had surfeited and sickened of them from the very excess; I who knew nothing of the great, noble and holy things of life, until I saw them from the horizontal of my almost sick bed, from which I arose another man, aged by half a score of years, rather pale, rather backward, given to quiet ways and silent thoughtfulness, and knowing no longer the value of things feminine.

Yes, I was changed, so changed that I let myself be introduced: "Mr. Bowman," and when I saw she did not know me, from indifference or a natural aversion to making an embarrassing situation, I made no show of recognizing her.

"I knew a Mr. Bowman who was at the university a few years ago. Perhaps you are related?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes," I replied without a falter, "he was my brother Bill. I have heard him speak of you."

We were together that evening and often

during the next six months. She was as interesting and delightful as ever with her clever way of saying things, her droll humor and her droller expressions and actions. She puzzled you, one moment serious, another gay, another mocking. Sometimes she was like a child; sometimes she was a queen,—that was when she would frown and toss her pretty head and bite her pretty lips; but always she was a woman with the vivacity and coquettishness that goes with a pretty woman. Men fell madly in love with her, not through any fault of hers but attracted by the spirit and gayety that seemed to permeate her whole being. She was more alive than any woman I have ever met. The more I saw her the more I grew to like her. But although, as I said, we were often together, it was not because she found any particular attraction in me, for I had lost the art of pleasing women, but because I knew Bill in whom she seemed to have an especial and keen interest. I was surprised at this because I had never thought she cared so much for me.

When we met, the first and last word—in fact, the whole conversation—was often of Bill. I was of consequence only inasmuch as I knew and would talk of Bill. It was: "When did you hear from Bill? Why doesn't he write to me, I told you to tell him to." Or: "You are so different from Bill. I liked Bill, but I know I will never like you very much. You are as dead as an Egyptian mummy—cannot talk interestingly on any subject, only a lot of dry rot about books and business and politics and things. Why, man, you don't know what happened in sports or society since the year one. Bill was not that way! But still you have the eyes and hair like Bill's, and maybe if you try hard to improve and get some of that serious nonsense knocked out of your head, I'll come to like you just a teense-weense bit too, on account of your being Bill's brother," all the time shaking her finger in my face with her eyes laughing mischievously, a saucy smile hovering about the corners of her pretty mouth.

Such as this I bore patiently, silently, cursing Bill and myself the while; or perhaps muttering something about Bill's being damned and myself being interested in a much more interesting subject called herself—which remarks she completely ignored.

At last I grew desperate and told her I had heard from Bill and that he was married. "A very, very beautiful western belle," accord-

ing to the letter. This only made matters worse. She must write him her congratulations. She must have their picture. She must send them a wedding present, until I was put to my wits' end to contrive ways and means. Matters grew no better, and I decided that once and for all Bill must die.

So after about two months of married bliss Bill fell sick, desperately sick. Despite several very beautiful letters of condolence from her he grew rapidly worse and at last I had the satisfaction of breaking to her the sad news of poor Bill's demise.

"Bill is dead," I told her, and although tears stood in my eyes and my face was sorrowful, my soul was light. This came very near being my undoing, however, for so great was her sorrow that for several days she shut herself up and would not be comforted. This would never do. After vainly trying to console her, even hinting that I might be able to take my brother's place in her affections now that he was gone, I realized that if ever I was to enjoy her company again I must find some way of making my news false and bringing Bill to life again.

At last I went to her prepared to break the glad tidings, although it almost killed me. She welcomed me with a sad, wan smile. I had never seen her, I thought, so pale before or so lovely. With tears in her eyes and her soft pretty lips atremble and with the tender sweet words a woman so well can use, she consoled me upon the loss of my brother and with downcast head and blushing cheeks confided to me the secret that she loved Bill. "What," I cried, "O what a fool I am. I am Bill; it is I you loved. I never had a brother Bill. It was I who knew you five years ago!"

For a moment her eyes seemed big with wonderment, but of a sudden she burst out laughing—a long and hearty laugh that was good for me to hear.

"I knew it all the time," she cried.

"Then you meant what you said?" I questioned eagerly.

"No, no!" she cried as she fled away, but there was a mischievous look in her eyes and a sauciness about the corners of her pretty mouth,—and I knew.

No words are more elevated, and none more intelligible to the multitude than the language of the Four Gospels.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Varsity Verse.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

As I lie here to-night by the camp-fire,
 And think of the dear old home,
 Of the orchards and gardens around it,
 Of its fields that I loved to roam;
 As I think of the dear ones that graced it,
 Of brother and sister fair,
 Of the mother and father that loved me,
 And gave me their tender care;
 As I lie here-a-dream by the camp-fire,
 And long for the peaceful day,
 In the depths of my heart I am pining,
 For home, and those far away.
 Now my visions and longings are scattered,
 The bugler has called me away,
 But I'm fighting for God and my country,
 And I'll enter stout-hearted the fray.

B. W.

ONLY YOU.

There are some maids whose lips are sweet
 And hands are sweet, but only you
 Are fragrant from head to feet,
 All sweetness through and through.
 And some there are whose eyes are kind
 And arms are fond, but only one
 Within whose eyes and arms I find
 The stars and moon and sun.

H. C. H.

WHEN FIRST I CAME.

When first I came to Notre Dame
 I dreamt of medals, honor, fame,
 But now they're faded from my sight,
 My future seems as dark as night.
 The dinkey list I made first week
 And next I failed in Math. and Greek.
 One night to town I begged to go,
 But all the prefects answered No.
 I thought myself a skiving shark,
 So off I set just after dark,
 And up the street and down the lane—
 I did not care about the rain.
 Cost what it would, I'd not be late
 To meet that girl at ten to eight,
 And when the lights before me blazed,
 My soul to heaven seemed almost raised.
 But while I waited as lovers ought
 A prefect passed and I was caught,
 And while we stood where cars go by
 I saw her with another guy.

W. B. H.

A-1 Archie.

BY RAY HUMPHREYS.

Perched amidships of a raw-boned cayuse,
 A-1 Archie savagely surveyed the surrounding
 country. Off to his left stretched the dull
 gray western prairie lands; to his right, the
 rugged alpine peaks of the Rockies were shimmering in the golden glamour of a dying day,
 while back of him squatted old Mount Massive
 and the Snowy Range. Somewhere back of
 that Range, Archie recollected, his partners
 were busily branding calves and waiting for
 his return to start for the winter pastures.
 He looked back over the rough trail he had
 come, then turned and glanced down the
 mountain side in front of him. There, a good
 two miles off, lay Slats,—the impoverished
 frontier town that linked the wilds to the
 outskirts of civilization. It was on Slats that
 Archie's narrowed eyes rested.

It was the old story. Archie was a rider for
 the Bar C outfit,—a broncho buster, a gunman,
 and, last of all, a disappointed lover. Mary
 Cole, daughter of the proprietress of Slats'
 one boarding emporium, had been his promised
 bride. She waited on table while Archie rode
 the range and endeavored to save up enough
 to buy an outfit of his own. Then Curtis had
 come, Curtis, an embryo medic, straight from
 the hallowed precincts of an eastern university.
 In a few days the college chap had mesmerized
 the simple mountaineers, and among them,
 Mary Cole. A week after his arrival he married
 her at the Presbyterian manse. A few days
 later the news reached Eagle Canyon, and
 A-1 Archie had hastily saddled up and started
 for Slats and vengeance. Now, after thirty
 hours of merciless riding he paused to look
 down upon his destination. He was almost
 there. His informant had assured him in
 broken English that the Doc had an office
 next to the post-office. Archie fingered his
 holster, then jamming his spurs into his mount,
 man and horse lurched down the rocky slope.

Twenty minutes later he dismounted in
 front of the shack next to the post-office, and
 grunted with satisfaction at the brand new
 doctor's sign over the arched gate. Then
 throwing the reins over his horse's head, he
 walked unsteadily up the gravel path and
 knocked sharply on the whitewashed door.

The door was hastily flung wide by a flashily dressed individual, who invited him in.

"Be you the Doc?" asked Archie hoarsely.

"Yes," replied the other.

Archie hesitated, then he smiled slowly, slowly: "My pard is hurt out in the hills," he muttered glibly, "an' we want you to come out an' fix him up—will ya?"

"What happened?" asked the doctor.

"Throwed," explained Archie.

"Where?"

"This side o' Turkey creek," began Archie.

"I'll come," said the other.

Archie strode back to his horse. In a few moments Curtis rode out the driveway, and at a lope the two riders started off. So far none had seen them, Archie contentedly reflected, and prospects were fine to get away unseen. Down by the corrall, past the saloon, and past the boarding emporium they rode, both silent,—although both had glanced at the boarding house in passing, one openly, the other with narrowed eyes and set jaws.

After an hour's steady riding, the doctor swung in his saddle.

"How far?" he enquired.

Archie roused himself. "Over the next crest lay Mesa Verde, and beyond that was Bear Canyon, that would be far enough. "Three miles yet," he shouted, and the doctor had resumed his lead.

Up the zigzag trail the horses labored, then down the slope and across the pleasant Mesa,—ahead was the frowning entrance to Bear. No path was visible among the rocks, for here no rider ever went. Archie drew rein. "Leave the hosses," he directed, "we gotta walk the last quarter." The doctor carefully climbed down and taking his little black case from the saddle horn, followed the cowboy into the chasm.

Three minutes later and Archie had swung himself carefully down into a sandy hollow. The doctor painfully did likewise and paused to shift his instrument case to the other hand. At that instant Archie's control gave way, and with an oath he jerked his gun. Curtis crouched back against the rock with starting eyes. Slowly and surely the cow-puncher brought his weapon up to the level of the other's head, then he grinned. "So yer th' new Doc, eh, what's been causin' such a stampepe down to Slats, eh? Wal, son, I've got you, an' you might as well say bye-bye to the sun

right now, f'r I'm goin' to shoot you down like I would any other varmint,—I'm A-1 Archie!"

"Crazy, most assuredly," challenged the cringing doctor, "what have you got against me?"

"Never hear of me?" asked Archie angrily, unbelievably.

"Never!"

For a moment the gun wavered, then with a snarl the weapon was brought back to aim, and the cowboy stammered: "I was to marry Mary Cole—she said so herself. Then you come sneakin' in and bust things up with yer tenderfoot clothes and yer smilin' ways. 'So I'm goin' to kill you, shoot you as a cur, f'r that you are,—hear me?"

The doctor shuddered,—"I hear you," he replied softly, "but you don't mean it. You're no coward,—you wouldn't shoot a fellow down without giving him a chance, would you? I didn't know you an' Mary were engaged,—she never told me,—now, for God's sake put up that gun!"

"I'm goin' to kill you," replied Archie doggedly, "I've made up my mind to clean the varmint out of these hills, an' yore the first victim."

"Then fight fair like a man," roared the doctor, "put down that dirty gun, and fight with your hands. I'll give you a fair fight, an' you can kill me straight an' square. If you shoot, you're a damn coward, are—"

Very carefully Archie placed his weapon on a boulder, then tightening his belt, he rushed madly at the doctor, who dropped his case and waited the attack. For a moment the shock of the impact stunned the lighter man, and the cow-puncher flung him back against the cliff, then the two clinched, and back and forth they swayed. Neither could shake the other off. The cowboy had one arm tight around the other's neck, while with his left hand he clutched the doctor's shoulder, and tried to push him towards the brink of the creek. But the doctor was as agile as his opponent. His left arm was wedged fast beneath the cowboys' arm, but with his right he pushed the cow-puncher's head back at a dangerous angle. For a time neither gained, then suddenly the cowboy felt the hand beneath his jaw slip, and with a yell, he turned his head and clasped the doctor in a tighter embrace, only to yell again and leap back against the rock,—for quivering in the doctor's right hand was a revolver, and the

doctor's trembling finger was pressed dangerously hard against the trigger.

Then it was Curtis' time to grin.

"Now, you drunken imbecile," he cried, "I've got you, and I'm going to shoot you instead of you shooting me. I've tricked you neatly, you fool. You thought I didn't have enough brains to carry a gun, eh? Well, get ready, here goes," and the doctor raised his revolver quickly.

"Stop!" cried the cowboy, springing forward, but the gun cracked, and he spun around, lurched a few steps, and fell heavily among the rocks. The doctor stood with the smoking pistol in his hand and laughed. The cowpuncher lay motionless. "Right through the heart, I think," commented Curtis, then whistling, he turned, picked up his little black case, and retraced his steps towards the horses.

Slowly, very slowly, A-I Archie stirred, crawled cautiously to the boulder where his revolver rested and picked it up. Deliberately he took aim at the retreating doctor. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he lowered his gun, "he ain't worth killing," muttered Archie, "an' besides, I—I play fair," and resting his head back against the boulder, A-I Archie closed his weary eyes. His partners back of the Snowy Range would wait in vain.

The Elizabethan Stage.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

For the person who does not know history the stage has always been the stage of the present. He can imagine nothing of the crudity of the drama in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Tracing back the drama to its beginning we find the old Miracle Plays and Moralities. But often in these old plays the writer would dare to step away from strict Biblical history and enliven the scenes with some witticisms of his own creation. Such an independent play became known as an Interlude. Eventually the ancient farce emanated from these plays, and we find Heywood's "Four PP" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle." Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gerboduc" showed a fuller development by having acts and scenes, and also obeying largely the requirements of the three unities.

But these plays mentioned were only introductory to the real Elizabethan drama which came with the productions of Lyly, Peele,

Greene, Lodge, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, the last two standing for the best of the plays up to that time. Lyly's euphuism is the best known characteristic of his works, all of them being excessively well phrased. Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay" and Peele's "David and Bethsabe" are notable works. Touches of the romantic set apart the work of these authors from the more serious plays of the past.

To Marlowe we must give more attention than to the less important writers already mentioned. Marlowe had back of him a spirit and fiery soul which permeated his work. In fact some critics have gone so far as to attribute a portion of Shakespeare's plays to the pen of Christopher Marlowe. He, along with Surrey and Shakespeare, helped to shape the heroic blank verse, giving freedom to all parts of his plays.

Some description of the Elizabethan period is a good fundamental knowledge for the further study of the stage of that day. The Elizabethan age, extending from 1558 to 1625, does not coincide exactly with Elizabeth's reign which covered the years between 1558 and 1603, but her greatest influence extended from about 1575 to 1625. The age became one of versatility, the Queen, herself, enjoying Greek, the modern languages, study, music, dancing, and forms of gaiety. It was an age when almost any man might find favor with the queen if he could but do something worthy. Not only were men incited to write plays, but also verse and prose. The great dramatists wrote contemporary with Spenser, Sidney, Hooker and Bacon.

There was a great show of dress among the nobility and it began to creep into the lives of the people of the lower classes. Liberties in speech were most common in the days of Elizabeth, and expressions of men and women were especially unguarded in the plays. Shakespeare, however, although resorting on numerous occasions to indiscreet remarks, is, compared to other writers of the days, one of the most virtuous. All this is seen notwithstanding the fact that this was an age of so-called culture and refinement.

As time developed and the plays first mentioned in this essay were produced, the need for something besides a mere playground for the players was felt. A platform of some sort was deemed necessary and it was erected after

a crude fashion. The stage was built in an enclosed yard outside the city, for playhouses of no kind were allowed within the corporate limits of the city. The best playhouses were built high, and either circular or octagonal in shape. In the central pit, or arena, the spectators who paid the lowest price of admission were compelled to stand. They were called "groundlings," to distinguish them from the other patrons who were provided with seats (*sedilia*). Those who paid highest were privileged to sit upon the stage. The orchestra occupied a balcony at one side of the stage. The rude, bare stage rose from the pit on supports, and only the rear portion, which was immediately in front of the actor's gallery, was covered. A roof (*tectum*) covered also the gallery (*porticus*) and the balconies below it. From the lodge at the very top, above the stage's balcony, a trumpeter announced with a flourish the beginning of the play. The balcony above the platform might be used for an upper-chamber if such was necessary.

A change of scene was usually indicated by a displayed placard, and the barrenness of the stage, as compared with a modern one, can hardly be imagined. The players, however, dressed in the richest costumes, regardless of the appropriateness to character or time. At first all the female rôles were enacted by men and boys, but later women began to play parts, as they were doing in Spain. More than half of what is presented to the modern audience was left to its imagination in the days of Elizabeth. No criticisms were offered because it was taken for granted that what was produced for amusement should be considered merely from that standpoint.

To William Shakespeare, however, is attributed the real making of the Elizabethan drama. In the events in his life Shakespeare was not a man of great importance, for his activities differed from those of other men who at first became connected with the theatre in only a mean capacity and gradually developed into actors and playwrights. Lines of demarcation might be drawn between his various plays, those of the first group being "*Romeo and Juliet*," and "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*Richard III*," with several of the English chronicle plays can be included in this group. All these show his earlier instincts as a playwright. The second group shows chiefly, romantic comedies like "*As You Like It*"

and "*The Merchant of Venice*." Then come the most mature plays, written in the early part of the seventeenth century, and "*Julius Caesar*," "*Macbeth*," "*Hamlet*" and "*Antony and Cleopatra*" may be classed here. Lastly came his plays of a free, easy, and natural art, and we have "*Cymbeline*" and "*The Tempest*."

The great difference between the plays of the Greek and French dramatists of the old period and those of Shakespeare lay in the matter of real life being actually depicted—not the mere reading of lines by the characters. Shakespeare attempted to depict in his plays what was the life of the period wherein the action lay. He had soldiers arrayed in true military fashion, processions, beating of drums, wine-cellars, graveyards,—in fact nothing was omitted that might add to the background of the play. Most of the background shows the feudal or renaissance Europe when there were family feuds and national wars.

The readers of Shakespeare can be satisfied that he was on the lookout for every detail that played a part in human life. His observation must have been acute and his faculty of remembering phenomenal. Between the frames of mind of his characters he draws very narrow distinctions, and nothing is so minute as to escape his notice. Some of the things ordinarily looked upon as unworthy are made rather vital parts of his plays. Many playwrights give their characters such studied attention that when they are brought before the audience, they are quite like mechanical beings, and not at all human. They are merely obedient to the will of the writer, and cannot be appreciated by anyone else.

Many critics have cited instances to prove that Shakespeare was ignorant of facts that any man of ordinary learning should know. Schlegel, in his "*Lectures on Dramatic Art*," speaks of these, some of them being Shakespeare's reference to a ship going to Bohemia, lions and shepherdesses being placed in the forests of Ardennes, and Hamlet receiving his education in the University of Wittenberg. But Shakespeare was not ignorant of these things, for verifications of his learning run throughout his plays and are absolute evidence. What he was striving to do was to give in the most effective manner what he deemed his art to be.

"He had not to do with a hair-splitting,

hypercritical age like our own, his audience entered the theatre, not to learn true chronology, geography, and natural history, but to witness a vivid exhibition."

In his comic characterizations Shakespeare used care and discretion in his words. He knew just how much of the comic to put into a play in order that the seriousness of it might not be destroyed. It was said that those who played the clowns or buffoons were especially urged, according to Hamlet's directions to the players, not to put in more words or buffoonery than called for in the part. Shakespeare lived just before the period when the court-fool was abolished, and he makes him a decidedly interesting character.

With Shakespeare as an intellectual writer, he puts intellect into the mouths of the fools and made them on a probably higher plane than they might be supposed, although it is said that the fools in those days often told their princes truths about themselves that the princes of the present never learn. But in all his characters, Shakespeare defined them according to their actual mode of living. It is most interesting to observe the multitude, how they are swayed by sympathy and persuasive speech. He seemed to enjoy playing with the unsophisticated mass. But Shakespeare's dominating powers alone did not make the Elizabethan stage the force it was.

Ben Johnson stood next to Shakespeare in importance, although he never equalled the great master in the ability to set forth character. His satire of the follies of the day made him popular at the time, but it created a popularity that soon ceased to be fully appreciated. Nevertheless, his two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Cataline" have an importance that must not be underestimated. His comedies, like "The Silent Woman" and "The Alchemist," pleased the London theatre goers because of his depiction of the manners and the working out of such interesting and vivid plots.

Perhaps the most popular of all the plays produced during the Elizabethan period were those of Beaumont and Fletcher, usually collaborated. They lacked the manner's element of the plays of Jonson and, most noticeably, the morality of Shakespeare's. Vice was luminous in their productions, and was made all the more glaring because its natural evil consequences did not follow. John Moster, on the other hand, has everybody suffer the consequences of what

he supposes to be the evil of living. His plays, like "The Duchess of Malfé" and "The White Devil" are highly tragic, and horrify the reader. But Webster's power of depicting scenes was intense, and hardly surpassed by the marvelous works of Shakespeare.

Thus we have seen the Elizabethan drama rise from the old Miracle Plays and Moralities, the Interludes and the farces. It was not a spontaneous outburst, but rather a gradual growth up until the time when the chief influence of Queen Elizabeth's reign was felt. Then there was a perceptible quickening in the whole of the literary side,—in poetry, in prose, and, greatest of all, in the drama.

Along Came Ruth.

BY RUSSELL H. DOWNEY.

"Graft!" sneered Crawford, the young city editor of the *Tribune*. He had just finished the reading of the craftily worded franchise proposition submitted by the publicity men for the Twin City Traction Co. "Brazenest piece of graft I have seen! Do you suppose," he asked himself, "that the old skin flint intends to sell his daughter for \$50,000?"

With a contemptuous shrug he tossed aside the document the publicity men had submitted for his approval and publication. His editorial mind had grasped at once, the insolent though skilfully veiled attempt of the Twin City Traction Co. to obtain an extension of right-of-way without giving the city a penny in return. As city editor of the *Tribune* it was his duty to expose the scheme. Such an expose surely would be an excellent scoop for the *Tribune*, and, besides, his paper had always been fearless and had given the news to its readers just as it occurred. Never before had this fearless and aggressive organ of the people been quitted for the sake of love or money. Now both were concerned in this stage of the *Tribune* progress. Here was the chance for young Crawford to do his duty, but even duty is not without its complications. Henry Gross owned the controlling stock in the T. C. T. C. and, besides being a traction magnate and a power in politics, was the father of the dearest girl in the world.

A few minutes later Gross himself entered the *Tribune* office and glanced at Crawford with a pair of shrewd and inscrutable eyes.

"Well, young man, have you placed your O. K. on that franchise?"

Crawford did not answer but kicked a chair toward him and Gross sat down.

"See you have been reading the franchise document," continued Gross. "Well, young man, you are in a position to make or break it. If you print the story my publicity men have offered you and give us a favorable editorial the proposition will get by with the people. The franchise means big things for the city, municipal wealth and progress. You have got a chance to make a name for yourself. Come, my boy, what do you say?"

"This franchise business is brazen thievery, it's graft, pure graft; and, if you think that I do not see through it, you are in the wrong. If you were not Ruth's father I would kick you out of the office."

Gross chuckled: "So this is your stand, is it? Well I may be a crook, but let me say right here, once for all, that this franchise business is a test of your worth for my daughter's hand. It is a test for your capacity of judgment and action. I will not try to influence you further, son. I think we understand each other." Gross started for the door, paused midway to see that his words had been effective, and then slammed the door of the outer office.

Crawford, groaning with the fierceness of the struggle, sat limp and pale at his desk. He reached for the document. If he rang for the copy boy and handed him the T. C. T. C. story with orders to take it to the composing room it would mean that to-morrow's *Tribune* would contain the story and that Ruth's hand would be won. But at what a cost! His mind wandered back to his boyhood days—the yesterdays. The world was at his feet, and power and conquest slumbered in his rugged arms and care-free heart. In those yesterdays he had set his heart and ambition on fame, wealth and power. If he published this story, would he not secure all of these? And then he wondered if honesty would not be supporting his ambition more adequately. Yes, for he decided that there is something better and grander than wealth and, besides, he knew honesty to be the one sterling quality in a young man's make-up that enables him to rise above less scrupulous fellow-men as steadily and as surely as the sun climbs above the mountains. A minute later he tossed the document aside and decided to uphold the

dignity of his paper by fighting the Twin City Traction Co. to a finish. For two hours young Crawford labored over his desk and when he had finished he sent a two-column story to the linotypes exposing the entire scheme of Gross and his associates to secure a fraudulent franchise from the city.

When Crawford returned to the *Tribune* office in the morning he tried to work, but he could not. He was unable to keep his mind off of the events of the night before. He wondered what old Gross was thinking of. Whatever "stunt" the craft traction magnate might be planning he had a suspicion it would descend upon his head with the force of an avalanche. And just then an office boy laid a sealed envelope on his desk. Crawford recognized the bristling handwriting of old Gross, and tore it open.

The blow had fallen! But Crawford was not yet certain as to the nature of the blow. It seemed mysterious. What could it mean? And again he read the brief note.

DEAR SIR:—Your test for capacity of judgment and action has cost me \$50,000. The messenger who brings this note has full authority to decide your future relations with my daughter.

HENRY W. GROSS.

Crawford steeled himself for a struggle and ordered the messenger conducted into his office. As the messenger entered, the mystery deepened by several fathoms for this official was none other than Ruth.

After the staid and decorous walls of the city editor's private office frowned upon the frivolity of the lovers for fully twenty minutes, the telephone bell rang. Crawford tore himself away, and answered it and received the parental blessing of the Gross family. Old man Gross concluded his message by barking over the wires: "Your damphool honesty has cost me \$50,000, but you couldn't have had Ruth without it."

Maytime.

Sing me a song of the Maytime
Of the blossoms pink and white;
Sing of the moon, a golden barge,
That cleaves the blue of night.

Sing of the glorious morning
That tints the gardens gay,
Sing of a maiden crowned with stars—
The Queen of all the May. S. R. F.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLVIII.

MAY 15, 1915.

NO. 31

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—There exists in the neighboring hamlet of South Bend a moving-picture theatre remarkable for its neatness, its comfort, and the generally artistic quality of its plays. We need not remark that Notre Dame students resort thither in considerable numbers: this is well known, and the management has even used it for advertising purposes. It appears, therefore, that we have more than a passing right to engage in criticism, if we find it necessary. Now what we object to is this: upon various occasions gaudy placards have been set up outside announcing to the supposedly chimpanzee-brained pedestrian that "children under sixteen are not admitted," and that, therefore, the price of admission will be doubled. Recently Edward Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," as presented a la movie by William Fox, underwent the above-described treatment. The result was that every lewd and bawdy person in the vicinity planked down the price of admission and proceeded to fill the house. Now there was nothing at all in the film to prove offensive to children save the mere fact that they might have found it uninteresting. On the other hand many a person acquainted with the play was forced to pay an unreasonable price to see it, and there were many who, because of the principle of injustice involved, refused to enter. We should like to ask why it is necessary for a motion-picture house to descend to such pitiable and low trickery.

Time and time again we have beheld the house filled to the doors with clean and wholesome pictures on the screen. We feel reasonably assured that such would also have been the case with "The Nigger." It seems certain, therefore, that the placard and the advance in price were designed merely for the sake of advertising and illicit gain. If the condition of South Bend's populace were really so vulgar, there might be excuse for such action. But, as a matter of fact, the theatre-goers are just as moral and intelligent as those of any other city. They should join with us, then, in decrying a practice which is not only a slur upon them, but a reflection upon artistic moving-pictures, and in the long run a sure detriment to the interests of the theatre itself. Such procedure is disgusting, cheap, and unworthy of a management which has demonstrated its efficiency.

—The military maneuvers held last Tuesday on Cartier Field were a revelation in their wonderful completeness and excellence. Undoubtedly they were far the best ever witnessed at Notre Dame, and were of a caliber to compare favorably with the efforts of regular troops. Encouraged by a fine day and with the keenest of rivalry, the competition served to bring out the best that was in every man. They looked and acted the part of well-trained soldiers to perfection. Had every university and college in this country such well-organized battalions, the United States would at least have started the training of her young men for the active service they might at any moment be called upon to render, for it is the men who drilled Tuesday, and others like them, who must form the backbone of our volunteer armies in case of trouble.

Although all the companies showed up to advantage, the greatest praise must go to the winner of the competition, Company C of Walsh Hall, and its able leader, Captain Vincent Mooney. The drilling of this company was superb, and it looked the winner from the moment it reached the field to the time it disbanded. The men seemed to thoroughly understand and appreciate what was expected of them, and they carried out the various commands of their officers with surprising readiness and ability. All the more praise is merited when it is remembered that Company C is made up practically of inexperienced men,

who had never before faced a government inspector or partaken in any competitive drill. If this company is as successful in its place of honor in the Memorial Day parade as it was last Tuesday on Cartier Field, it will not only be an honor to itself and its captain, but an honor to the University as well.

Ascension Thursday.

The mystic beauty of Ascension Thursday was again enhanced for us by the services of First Communion and Confirmation. Forty minims, prepared during many weeks of instruction and prayer, approached the table of the Master for the first time. No matter how callous the heart of the onlooker may have become, a display of such blissful innocence and spiritual glow is always an occasion of grace. Thus at least it seemed to the assembled student body, who, after forming procession on the campus, conducted his Lordship, the venerable Bishop of Fort Wayne, to the chapel. There High Mass was sung by the Vice-President, Father Walsh, assisted by Father Davis as deacon and Father Hagerty as subdeacon. Father Connor performed his usual duties as master of ceremonies. After the Mass and Communion, His Lordship addressed a few thoughtful words to those who were about to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, whereupon the recipients, forty-five in number, knelt before the altar, made a solemn profession of faith, and were anointed with the unction of the Holy Spirit. A solemn chant of St. Ambrose's wonderful hymn closed the services.

Personals.

—Daniel C. Dillon (A. B., '04), attorney-at-law, announces the removal of his office to 1408-9-10 Park Building, Pittsburgh, Penn.

—Mr. Lucius B. Andrews, general manager of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Co., addressed a large meeting of engineering students last Tuesday night, taking as his theme: "The New Responsibilities of the Engineer." The idea was extensively and elaborately developed, and evidenced long and careful preparation on the speaker's part. He brought out the necessity of commercial rather than mechanical efficiency, in the light of the requirements of laws of to-day regarding public service corporations. The talk was the first

of a series of three Mr. Andrews is to deliver to the engineers here, the others to be on topics of a kindred nature. The dates of these lectures will be announced later.

—"Bill" Cotter (LL. B., '13) is doing things as secretary-treasurer of the Actors' Guild. We copy the following interesting item from a New York paper:

A Catholic Dramatic Exchange will shortly be opened under the management of William E. Cotter, secretary-treasurer of the Catholic Actors' Guild of 505 Fifth Avenue. The growing importance of safeguarding our people from the poisonous influences of current amusements must inevitably develop many departments of reconstructive dramatic work, under the supervision of the Church. Such an exchange will quickly demonstrate its usefulness and prove an aid in allowing development to many branches of work that are seeking a local foothold.

The existence of a central headquarters would greatly advance adherence to the tenets of the Catholic Theatre Movement if its latest advices in regard to current plays could be kept on record for the constant use of the theatre-goer. Charitable associations may here find theatres and plays for a benefit without advertising ill-chosen performances. A bureau of registration for Catholic professional artists, whose services may be obtained on short notice, reading and criticism of plays, will bring actor, manager and play in close touch. Lecturers can be obtained to develop any subject, and high-class entertainment furnished for parochial needs. Such an exchange will greatly stimulate and concentrate all branches of Catholic dramatic endeavor, and restrain by supervision work that does not promise to develop acceptably, if on lines representing the Church.

Obituary.

JOHN J. DARMODY.

John J. Darmody (old student) died at the home of his sister in South Bend after a stroke of paralysis. John was considered the finest accountant in Marion, and was known to the younger generation as the man who made the first triple play in baseball unassisted. *R. I. P.*

MR. HORACE MANN.

The sympathy of the University is extended to Eddie of the Chemistry Department on the death of his cousin who went down with the Lusitania last week. Mr. Mann, with 18 others, was to open at the Comedy Theatre, London, in Charles Frohman's new play, "The Panorama of Youth." It is just a year ago this month since Eddie Mann lost his father and only sister, the latter a Discalced Carmelite, in Dublin. *R. I. P.*

The N. D. Rifle Club.

The Notre Dame Rifle Club of the National Rifle Association of America was organized in the Autumn of 1914. Membership is open to all students of the University whether enrolled with cadet organizations or not.

During the gallery season of 1914 nine college matches were fired with the following: Penn State, University of Illinois, Oregon Agricultural College, University of Pennsylvania, University of Missouri, Kansas State, University of Arizona, University of Louisiana, and Worcester Polytechnic. Of these matches, Notre Dame won seven and lost two. Our average per cent being 91.6 resulting in promotion from Class "C" to Class "B."

Derrick was high gun with an average of 185 1-9, Sullivan was second with 184 1-3 and Brown third with 182—the possible being 200.

At the beginning of the 1915 season Frank Mayr & Son, jewelers of South Bend, offered gold, silver and bronze medals to the three men who should prove most useful to the team in the college matches. Adler Bros. of South Bend offered a gold medal to the man who should make the highest total—standing and prone—in any college match.

During the 1915 season the team won four college matches and lost five. The average team per cent for the season being 92.46.

Of the good shots in the 1914 team we lost Derrick and Robbins by graduation and Brown and Cavanaugh did not return. Ray J. Sullivan won the gold medal given by Frank Mayr & Son, with an average of 189 8-9, Leo J. Vogel the silver medal with an average of 183 1-8, and John M. Miller the bronze medal with an average of 182 2-3—possible 200. Ray Sullivan also won the Adler Bros. gold medal with the high score of 194 out of 200 possible.

In order to increase our scores in future matches it will be necessary to give attention to the matter of special sights and rifle barrels.

The University has constructed a fine rifle gallery which not only affords every opportunity for good shooting, but in every way meets the requirements of suitable club quarters.

For outdoor shooting we have hitherto been granted the courtesy of the National Guard rifle range. The lease on their range has expired, but it is expected that another range, more conveniently located, will be available soon.

N. D. Alumni Banquet at Minneapolis.

The Notre Dame Alumni of St. Paul and Minneapolis met in the commercial room of the Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis, Tuesday evening, May 4, and celebrated the club's annual reunion with great cheer. There was a goodly number present, including Louis P. Chute, president of the alumni and one of the leading business men of Minneapolis, an A. B. of 1890., LL. B., 1892., also Judge Brady of 1857. The Judge was most "reminiscent." He portrayed very graphically the incidents of his day. An exceptional speaker, he kept his hearers enthused.

Father O'Connor of St. Thomas' College, a most enthusiastic alumnus, was present, and outdid himself in a display of interest for the old school. All of last year's officers were re-elected.

The alumni of the Twin Cities are exceedingly loyal. William Murphy, editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and his brother Fred, Vincent Morrison, Leo Hammerski, Professor Jamieson, Dr. Hilger, and a large number of others, are enthusiastic boosters for N. D. The University is more than successfully represented by her alumni in the Northwest

Local News.

—Gimme a cone, Tone.

—At a meeting of the Junior lawyers, Vincent Mooney, of Pittsburgh, Penn., was elected Business Manager of the 1916 DOME.

—Come to think of it, there's a revolution going on in Mexico, and Canada is in the grand meleé. If the Kaiser gets fresh, where *can* a fellow go?

—Grover Miller, staff photographer for the 1916 DOME, has already begun to snap everything in and off the campus that looks like possible DOME material.

—There will be a little rest for the Military organizations, and then preparation for the last and biggest event of the year—the escort of Secretary Daniels from the Bend on Decoration Day.

—It is rumored that Captain Stogsdall is desirous of securing a "B" rating for the Battalions at the War Department, so that the school may add several pieces of light artillery to our military equipment.

—From a Texas paper we cull the following:

Jas. V. Robins (LL. B., '14), son of County Treasurer Robins, has just passed his Texas bar examination with a rating 93 per cent and the highest rating in pleading and practice ever recorded in the El Paso examination records.

—“Pete” Vaughan, famous fullback of the '09 squad which defeated Michigan, witnessed the track meet with Michigan on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon. On account of the women and children present, the Michigan competitors were kept in ignorance of the fact until the meet was over.

—The Oratorical Contests will take place in Washington Hall on the following days:

Freshman, May 25; Sophomore, May 26; Junior, May 27; Preparatory, May 28.

The Elocution Contests for the Collegiate students will be held June 1, for the Preparatory students, June 2. Anyone entering either of these contests should hand his name to Professor Drury at once.

—Both debating teams representing the University this year were victorious in the intercollegiate debates. One upheld the affirmative of the question—“Resolved, that employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted Boards of Arbitration”—against St. Viator's College and were given an unanimous decision by the Judges; the other upheld the negative of the same question against the University of Detroit and obtained a two-to-one decision. A full account of the debates will be given next week.

—The Notre Dame Battalion was inspected Tuesday morning, May 11, by Captain James P. Robinson, U. S. A., who is delegated by the General Staff to inspect the military organizations of the schools in the middle west. First place in competitive drill was awarded Co. C of Walsh Hall, Captain E. V. Mooney. The members of this company will be awarded medals which will be presented by Secretary-of-the-Navy Josephus Daniels during the course of his visit here, the last of the month. While the military organization at Notre Dame was complimented very highly and made a good showing, nevertheless, Captain Stogsdall is anxious for it to attain a state of perfection where no qualifications will be offered by the inspector. This can be acquired only through strict conformity to rules and steadiness of the men in the ranks.

Athletic Notes.

THANKS MR. LET.

The Chinese University center fielder, Let, dropped a fly that lost the game for his team and probably saved us from a long-drawn-out battle. The Chinamen did not show many prospects of winning, however, for the longer “Slim” pitched, the better he got. Only one hit was made after the first inning, so if the game had gone into the overtime, we would most likely have won it anyway.

The Varsity banged out eleven hits off Kau, but he tightened up in the pinches, and, aided by good fielding, kept the men from coming in. The Chinamen were very fast and seemed to be able to throw in any position, but their speed was not in evidence on the base-lines, as they seemed too cautious and afraid to take chances. In the field they worked well, picking up grounders cleanly and making their throws accurate. They looked like good hitters in the first inning, but after that they didn't show up so well—thanks to “Slim.”

The Varsity played good ball. The fielding was marred by only one error which was made by Corcoran on a funny roller which he couldn't pick up. Most of the outs came by flies and strike-outs and there were but five assists made. Carmody didn't have any and Bergman had but one. There were a lot of good catches in the outfield by all the men and most of them were at critical moments which made the catches look still better.

The line-up was changed at the opening of the game with Corcoran instead of Klein at third. “Corc” certainly showed he was anxious to land the job as a regular by coming across with three hits and a long outfield fly in four times up. Two of his hits were as clean as hits could be, one of them a slashing single over second and the other a terrible smash between the third baseman and the foul line, which, although inside by three or four feet was too fast for the third baseman to even attempt to get near. His third hit was an infield grounder which, although fielded cleanly, he beat out. His fielding was good due to his wonderful whip which will get a man if there is half a chance.

The “Chinks” started the game by driving in two runs with a single, triple and double with one out, but “Slim” tightened up and fanned Yim, and Lee hit an easy roller.

The Varsity was unable to count until the third when Lathrop's drive sent in the first run. Walsh singled to right. Bergman fanned. Duggan singled and "Slim" stopped at second. Lathrop singled scoring Walsh; Duggan going to third. Zipper ran for second on the throw to the plate and when Mark threw to catch him, Duggan tried to score but was caught between the bases. Mills singled, sending Lathrop to third, but Let gathered in Kenny's fly and the rally was over.

In the fifth, Notre Dame tied the score, due again to Lathrop's timely hit. Bergman singled and stole second. Duggan fanned but "Dutch" scored on Lathrop's hit.

The winning run came in the seventh. Bergman singled and went to second when Yap fumbled Duggan's bunt. Lathrop and Mills went out and Kenny hit a fly to center which Let dropped, Bergman scoring. Carmody ended the inning with a fly to Let which he squeezed.

The feature of the game was the pitching of Walsh who held the Chinamen to four hits, three of which came in the first inning. He struck out eleven and issued but two bases on balls which is a record to be envied.

Corcoran led the Varsity in hitting getting three out of four times up, Bergman followed with two out of four, and then came Lathrop with two out of five, but Zipper's hits each sent a run across, and were worth more.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	CHINESE	U.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss.	4	2	2	1	1	0	Ayau, ss.		3	0	0	2	1	0
Duggan, cf.	3	0	1	2	0	0	Laitin, 3b.		4	1	1	1	5	0
Lathrop, lf.	5	0	2	3	0	0	J. Chin, 2b.		4	1	1	4	3	0
Mills, 1b.	3	0	1	6	0	0	Mark, c.		4	0	1	5	2	0
Kenny, c.	4	0	1	11	0	0	Yim, rf.		4	0	1	1	0	0
M. Carm'dy, 2b.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Lee, lf.		3	0	0	1	0	0
Elward, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Yap, 1b.		4	0	0	8	0	1
Corcoran, 3b.	4	0	3	1	2	1	Let, cf.		3	0	0	2	0	1
Walsh, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0	Kau, p.		3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	34	3	11	27	5	1			32	2	4	24	12	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Chinese	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	2
Notre Dame	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	*	—	3

SUMMARY.

Stolen bases—Laitin, Ayau, Bergman. Sacrifice hits—M. Carmody. Two-base hits—Mark. Three-base hit—J. Chin. Strike outs—By Walsh, 11; by Kau, 5. Bases on balls—Off Kau, 4; off Walsh, 2. Passed balls—Kenny, 1. Umpire—Gerard of Warsaw.

Varsity Wins From Cornell.

The best account of the Cornell-Notre Dame game that we have been able to obtain is given in the *Cornell Daily Sun*; from which paper we copy the following:

Captain Duggan's throw from center field that caught Clary at the plate attempting to score from second on Burpee's single with two down in the tenth, robbed

Cornell of a victory over Notre Dame on Percy Field yesterday afternoon, in one of the best games of the season. After Johnson had held the Westerners at his mercy for ten innings, they found him for four singles in their half of the eleventh, and with the aid of the Varsity twirler's own miscues, secured four runs and won the game. Cornell's rally in its half of the eleventh netted but one run. The final score was 5 to 2. It was Notre Dame's fourteenth straight victory.

Errors Gave First Run.

For ten innings Johnson was invincible. The first run of the visitors, in the fourth, resulted from a triple by Mills that followed Keating's booting of an easy grounder by Duggan. Until the eleventh, Notre Dame had hit the Varsity twirler only twice, while he had forced eleven out by the strike-out route and had only walked one. But Cornell's first run was also due to an error. It was scored in the first inning after Gordon had popped out to Bergman. Donovan singled to left center, and was out at second when Mellen hit to Carmody. Bills walked. While Clary was up Wells tried to catch Mellen napping off second, but threw into center field, and he scored. Duggan relayed the ball home through Carmody, and Bills was caught going to the plate.

Visitors Have Great Lineup.

Notre Dame presented the most formidable lineup seen on Percy Field this season. Although both teams erred twice, the game was replete with sensational stops and clever general team work. Bergman, at shortstop, accepted ten chances for the Indiana collegians without an error, and with Duggan, Bills and Donovan, shared in the feature plays of the afternoon. Duggan's excellent throwing from center field stopped two Cornell runs, including the one that would have decided the game in the tenth. In this inning Clary started what looked like the deciding rally by singling to right. Cornell's chances grew dimmer, however, when Keating fanned and Sutterby went out on a feeble grounder to the pitcher. Burpee then hit a pretty single to center and the game appeared won, but Clary was nipped off at the plate on Duggan's throw to Kenny.

Notre Dame's Winning Rally.

Johnson's own error started Notre Dame's winning rally in its half of the eleventh. Corcoran bunted to him. The Varsity pitcher threw wild to Keating and Corcoran went to second. Wells bunted and Johnson failed to field the ball in time to get the visiting pitcher at first, Corcoran going to third in the meantime. Johnson then uncorked a wild pitch and Corcoran scored, Wells going to second. Bergman moved Wells up to third with a bunt and was out, Johnson to Keating. Duggan singled to left and Wells scored. Lathrop followed with a single to right and Mills scored both men with a single to center. Kenny forced Mills out at second on his grounder to Bills. Thinking three men were out he moved off first base and proceeded to the bench. Umpire Flynn called him out and the inning ended.

Varsity Has Chance to Win.

Cornell threatened to win the game in the eleventh. Strebel, batting for Johnson, was poked. Whitney

singled to left, Donovan flied out to Duggan. Mellen singled to right and the bases were filled. At this juncture Wells was taken out of the box and Walsh replaced him. Bills hit to Carmody and Mellen scored on his out at first. Walsh hit Clary and the bases were again filled. Keating ended the inning by grounding to Bergman who caught Clary at second.

The box score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	CORNELL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss.	2	0	0	5	6	0	Gordon, cf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Duggan, cf.	5	2	1	1	2	0	Ludwig, cf.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Lathrop, lf.	5	1	1	0	0	0	Whitney, cf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Mills, 1b.	5	0	2	8	2	1	Donovan, 2b.	5	0	2	3	2	0
Kenny, c.	5	0	0	12	1	0	Mellen, 3b.	5	1	2	1	2	0
Carmody, 2b.	4	0	1	5	5	0	Bills, ss.	3	0	0	0	5	0
Elward, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Clary, c.	4	0	1	12	1	0
Corcoran, 3b.	4	1	0	0	4	0	Keating, 1b.	5	0	1	12	0	1
Wells, p.	4	1	1	0	4	1	Sutterby, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Walsh, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Burpee, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
							Johnson, p.	3	0	1	0	4	1
							xStrebel	0	1	0	0	0	0
Total	38	5	6	32	24	2		37	2	10	32	14	2

x Batted for Johnson in eleventh.

* Kenny out for leaving first and going to bench.

SCORE BY INNINGS.													
Notre Dame	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	—	5	
Cornell	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	2

SUMMARY.

Three base hit—Mills. Sacrifice hits—Bills, Sutterby, Bergman. Double plays—Wells to Mills to Carmody to Kenny; Bergman to Carmody to Mills. Struck out—By Johnson, 11; by Wells, 8. Bases on balls—Off Johnson, 2; off Wells, 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Wells, Strebel; Walsh, Clary. Left on bases—Cornell, 7; Notre Dame, 3. Wild pitch—Johnson. Hits—Off Wells, 10 in ten and one-third innings; off Walsh, none in two-thirds innings. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes. Umpire—Flynn, of Buffalo.

MICHIGAN WINS MEET.

Although Michigan gave us a trouncing in the out-door track meet last Saturday there were a number of pleasant surprises which brightened up the rainy day. The track was too heavy for any record-breaking time and the weather also interfered with the pole vault and the jumps. Bachman threw the discus and hammer as if it were the best kind of a day, but the shot put went to Michigan at 41 feet, 9 inches, which is far below Bachman's average.

The heavy track proved the undoing of the smaller men and Hardy lost both the 100 yard dash and the 220 yard dash. This kind of a day was just what Welsh liked for his strength and endurance enabled him to show up his weaker opponents. He deserves much credit for his head work as well; for he let the Wolverine start out ahead and let him sprint on the back stretch to a lead which seemed impossible to overcome. Then as the men swung into the home stretch facing the strong wind, the Michigan man weakened and "Bucky" let out the strength he had saved. He soon shortened the distance between himself and Huntington and finally hurled himself over the tape with his last ounce of power, winning the 440 by a narrow margin.

In the hurdles, Kirkland had bad luck. He was leading in the low hurdles by a com-

fortable margin but tripped over the last one and fell, losing the race to Crumpacker who, it is said, has won four races this year by his opponents falling over the last hurdle.

Burns in the two mile sprung the surprise of the meet by his great fight with Donnelly. Burns ran right behind Kuivinen, with Donnelly running third until the last lap. Donnelly started to forge ahead on the last quarter, but Burns stuck with him and both left Kuivinen far behind. Burns kept the lead until the final stretch where Donnelly passed him and won by a few feet. This was Burns' first meet, and Coach Rockne believes he will develop into a phenomenal distance man.

The Varsity came in strong in the high and broad jumps and the weights, but Michigan had too big a lead to be overcome.

Mills took the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 5 inches, which was low because of the terrible weather. In this same event, Miller tied with Waterbury and Perschbacher for second.

Miller then copped the broad jump with 20 feet 8 inches. Martin came out second. This event gave Miller a total of 6 1-3 points.

Bachman of course took the discus and hammer events and second in the shot put, making him the individual star of the meet. Smith and Carroll each netted 10 points, the former taking the dashes (100 yards and 220 yards) and the latter winning the mile and the half.

In winning the half Carroll overcame a big lead which Unfer and McDonough had on him on the last stretch, and won out by the smallest kind of a margin.

The final score of the meet was 75 2-3 to 50 1-3, Michigan winning out on the track and the Varsity making most of their points in the field events. The Wolverines took first and second in the 100 yard dash, the mile, the 220 low hurdles, and the half mile, but our only big event was the broad jump in which we made 8 points.

Michigan made 6 points in the high hurdles, two mile, the 220 yard dash and the pole vault.

The Varsity made 6 in the discus and 6 1-3 in the high jump.

Michigan took 9 firsts and the Varsity 5.

100 yard dash—Smith, Michigan, first; O'Brien, Michigan, second; Hardy, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10 3-5.

120 yard high hurdles—Corbin, Michigan, first;

Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Catlett, Michigan, third. Time, 17 2-5.

Mile run—Carroll, Michigan, first; Fox, Michigan, second; Bartholomew, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:41 2-5.

440 yard dash—Welsh, Notre Dame, first; Huntington, Michigan, second; Fontana, Michigan, third; Time, 53 4-5.

Two mile run—Donnelly, Michigan, first; Burns, Notre Dame, second; Kuivinen, Michigan, third. Time, 10:30 3-5.

220 yard low hurdles—Crumpacker, Michigan, first; Catlett, Michigan, second; Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, third. Time 28.

880 yard run—Carroll, Michigan, first; Ufer, Michigan, second; McDonough, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:02 3-5.

Shot put—Cross, Michigan, first; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Keefe, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 41 feet, 9 inches.

Pole vault—Wilson, Michigan, first; Yeager, Notre Dame, second; Cross, Michigan, third. Height, 10 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—Mills, Notre Dame, first; Miller, Notre Dame, Waterbury, Michigan, and Perschacker, Michigan, tied for second. Height, 5 feet, 5 inches.

Hammer throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; De Gowin, Michigan, second; Bastian, Michigan, third. Distance, 140 feet, 5 inches.

Broad jump—Miller, Notre Dame, first; Martin, Notre Dame, second; Ferris, Michigan, third. Distance, 20 feet, 8 inches.

Discus throw—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Cross, Michigan, second; Keefe, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 130 feet, 11 inches.

SORIN vs. CORBY.

On Sunday morning, May 2nd, Sorin followed up her first victory by wishing a second defeat on the luckless Corbyites. However, the losing team managed to keep the final score within more respectable bounds than they did in the Brownson game, the result being 7 to 3. Walsh and O'Donnell again worked for Sorin, while Murphy and Myers were the principal cogs in the Corby machine. The game was called in the seventh inning.

SORIN vs. BROWNSON.

Last Thursday Father Burke led out his gleeful and expectant battlers to the diamond. Just about two hours later those same battlers retired, minus glee, sans triumph. Said glee had moved into the Sorin camp.

In this contest the Sorinites were fortunate enough to obtain an early lead which the valiant efforts of the Brownson Hallers could not overcome.

Lockard started on the mound for the Main Building representatives. He first

attempted to disable the respective members of the opposing team. Failing in that, he made a bid for their good will by presenting them with a number of runs. Captain Yeager then decided to try his hand at checking the dashing Senior outfit, and succeeded in holding them to one additional run.

"Sam" Finegan's pitching was good as a whole, and he delighted the fans several times by striking out the "big league stuff." Spalding and Jones played their consistently good game, the former having a triple and a double to his credit. The real features of the game, however, were "Vince" Mooney's repartee, and "Marty" Henihan's pants.

Sorin	3	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—9	4	2
Brownson	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	—5	4	2

Batteries: Lockard, Yeager, and Keenan.

Finegan and McLaughlin. Umpire—Bergman.

ST. JOSEPH HALL vs. BROWNSON.

The Dormitory men had decidedly the better of last Sunday's argument with the Garçons. St. Joseph Hall displayed periodical dashes of strength, but was never able to annex more than one run at a time.

Lynch, a second "Slim" Walsh, pitched good ball for Brownson up to the seventh inning, when he was replaced by Lockard. "Abie" was not able to duplicate the one-hit record he set for himself in the Corby game, and allowed 3 bingles in his three innings.

In the second frame, "Tommie" Glynn, the hard hitter of the day, knocked a three-bagger, and then came in on a passed ball for the first run of the game. The following inning Spalding and Keenan both singled, both appropriated second, and both reached home on Glynn's two-sacker. In the fifth Brownson added two more points to their score, and in the 8th, by a combination of bases on balls, errors and hits, brought the total up to eleven runs.

Deener and Andres of St. Joseph battled hardest to save their Hall from defeat.

St. Joseph	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	—4	7	8
Brownson	0	1	2	0	2	0	0	6	*	—11	11	5

Batteries: Lynch, Lockard and Keenan.

Fries and Andres. Umpire—Mooney and Bergman.

CORBY vs. MISHAWAKA.

Mishawaka sent their invading High School team into Notre Dame territory last Wednesday. That team found out that baseball is not a lost art at our University. Corby indelibly imprinted the fact on their memory with an 8-0 brand.