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## A May Day.

BY. T. T.

THE tall trees of the woods  
Have grassy walks between.  
Bright beds of yellow blooms  
Are gold against the green.

The flowers fair, the bush and grass,  
The maple trees in bark and bud.  
And every growing plant and vine  
Now feels the sap's slow mounting flood.

The butterfly with wings of gold  
Is flying swift before the bird.  
The south-wind blows across meadows  
And rolls above the grass, unheard.

## Women in Shakespeare.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

SHAKESPEARE undoubtedly was a great admirer of true femininity. It is impossible to find, in all his works, a woman to correspond with the present-day club-woman or suffragette. There are many bad women, like Lady Macbeth, wily women, like Cleopatra, and disgusting women like Goneril and Regan, but the good women, the women he chose for his heroines, are all of the quiet and home-loving type. Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," who impersonates a doctor of laws to free her husband, is probably the closest approach to the resourceful and business-like woman of to-day. Portia is certainly not his favorite feminine character. Her speech on mercy is a very fine one, one of the finest in the poet's great list of plays, but it is a little masculine to be placed in the mouth of a woman. Portia, clothed in her maidenly attire and speaking as a woman should, is far more impressive and

appealing than Portia in the garb of a civil doctor, speaking wise saws and clever sayings. When it came to re-making a woman into the form of a man, Shakespeare evidently rebelled. His mind was too full of the gentleness of Imogen and the true womanliness of Desdemona and Cordelia, ever to depict a woman in the form of a man. So, when Portia appears in court to fight for her husband's life, she is still a woman to the eye of the keen observer. She wears her lawyers garb in much the same manner that Imogen wears the uniform of a page. She is clever, but not too clever to reveal the womanliness that lies beneath her masculine disguise. Like Imogen, she becomes bold for the moment only, to fight for her husband in his need. After the scene in the court-room she is a woman again, and all her masculine cleverness is forgotten by the reader.

To quote William Hazlitt: "It is the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare's heroines that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others." The truth of this statement is very evident. All the women in his plays live for the love of their husbands, as do Imogen and Desdemona, or for the love of their sons, as Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus. To show this love they often lay aside their womanly raiment, and, to quote Hazlitt again: "They forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it," but usually, we are never allowed to forget for an instant that they are women. No one ever understood the perfection of womanhood better than Shakespeare and no one else has ever presented it so effectively. In reading his works, we are always conscious of the weakness of a wife or mother putting all her trust and affection in the hands of a strong husband or son. The affection of these women is true, sincere and undisguised, and when put to the test, their timidity vanishes and they fight with all their strength for their loved ones. It is only when those loved ones are in danger that his heroines become clever, resourceful,

and sometimes a trifle masculine. They are never clever for themselves, only for others.

The women of Shakespeare's own times were home-loving women. They were not allowed to take part in the performance of public plays because it was thought to be unbecoming for a woman to appear in such prominence in public. It was these Elizabethan women on which the poet based all the heroines of his plays, never failing to laud them for their devotion to the home and family.

Of all Shakespeare's women, probably Imogen is the most appealing. Her tenderness and artlessness win our admiration immediately. Her true character is summed up in her words to Pisanio who has been delegated by her own husband to kill her, but loses courage at the last moment.

..... Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

Never, throughout the play of "Cymbeline" does Imogen rely on her feminine charms or her beauty to win back the love of her husband. The only allusion which she makes to personal charms is a very womanly, very natural one. She is afraid that another woman has stolen the affection of her husband.

Some jay of Italy  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him;  
Poor I am, stale; a garment out of fashion.

Soon after, the gentle Imogen becomes the bold Imogen and, donning boy's clothing, sets out to win back the love of her Posthumous. After winning it, she is the modest woman again.

Shakespeare could never allow a female character to be altogether bad. Lady Macbeth, more of a man than a woman, harsh and cruel to the extreme, is swerved from her murderous course at the last moment because the sleeping Duncan resembles her father. It is the woman in her that asserts itself and saves her from becoming a murderess. Cleopatra is voluptuous, tyrannical and fickle, but at the end her love for Antony is paramount and she is glad to die because she has lost him. Her death redeems her wayward life. Shakespeare's ideal of womanhood was such a high one that he never allowed even a bad woman to die unshriven. The womanly weakness of Lady Macbeth and the honest affection shown by Cleopatra at the end, make us pity them, and pitying, we forgive.

The beautiful and soulless heroine of present-day fiction has no foundation in the plays of Shakespeare. In all cases a few short words suffice for the description of the charms of one of his heroines—the description of their character and goodness fills the play. The gentle Desdemona in "Othello," we are told at the start, is beautiful, and we are never reminded of it again. Her great charm lies in the devotion which she displays toward her husband. She lives for Othello as Imogen lives for Posthumous. She is never concerned with her beauty and is ever ready to prove her affection for her husband, no matter what the cost. Here again the woman lives only in her affection for another.

In the sad play of "Lear" we find the most perfect of Shakespeare's heroines—the lovely, dutiful Cordelia. She is the nearest approach to the perfect woman that any author ever conceived. In what does this perfection consist? Is she wise, talented and clever? None of these things, but merely the affectionate daughter of an aged, foolish parent who disowns her because she cannot insincerely flatter him. The clever woman is depicted in the wily Goneril and scheming Regan. These women are clever and bad. Cordelia is modest and retiring and is thoroughly good. Regan and Goneril profit by their cleverness and deceit, and Cordelia perishes for her sincerity; but in the fashioning of her character Shakespeare employed all the skill he had to overwhelm us with sympathy for her. It was a labor of love. Cordelia was the poet's ideal woman, and, naturally, the ideal of the master artist would be a paragon of all the womanly virtues—virtues which he himself admired. Shakespeare could not sing Portia as he sang Cordelia. Portia was brought forward to please the audience of the day. "The Merchant of Venice" is comparatively easy of being acted, compared with the difficult characters of "Lear." Of all the characters of Shakespeare, Cordelia is the most difficult for an actress to depict, because of her perfection. In this character, Shakespeare exhausted his art to make us love as we have loved no other woman in the history of literature.

In the plays of the Master Poet we find the extremes of womankind. He has painted the ugliest portraits of women as well as the most beautiful. He created wily women of the Cleopatra type, clever women of the Portia type, but last and best, ideal women of

the type of Imogen and Cordelia. It is easy to find the true heroines in his works because in describing them, his heart overflowed with admiration and sympathy for them. The wonderful speeches of Portia seem tame and unwomanly when compared with the simple language of Lear's daughter.

Thus it is clear that the modern feminist movement must be traced to some other source than Shakespeare. The loving mother, devoted wife and dutiful daughter are the true heroines of his plays; the others are merely characters. The domestic woman of his own day was his ideal, and it is this ideal that always compels our admiration in the reading of those plays. His heroines are Catholic, always. The memory of his own Catholic mother, no doubt, guided and inspired the pen that drew the most beautiful portraits of women in the literature of the whole world.

### The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT.

At this time, when the world is celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, it is interesting to look back to the time of this greatest of all dramatists and consider the theatres for which he wrote. In 1590, when Shakespeare emerged as an experimenter in playwriting, the drama had but two regularly equipped homes, The Theatre and The Curtain. Dramatic companies, however, had been organized on a more orderly basis, and the business of playwriting was looked upon as an art, not a mere haphazard experimentation. During the decade of years between 1590 and 1600, great developments were made in the class number and management of the theatres, and in the science of producing plays.

In times somewhat earlier, plays were given in church and inn yards. In the inn yards of the times it was the custom to have a balcony running all the way around the court. A temporary stage would be erected at one end of the yard directly under this balcony, which allowed the use of two stages, upper and lower. On this balcony, or upper stage, the persons of the play who were supposed to be looking out of a window, or standing on the walls of a city, might appear. When the actors were given their own homes, especially equipped, they kept this upper stage. The inn yard was

the pit, where people stood or sat on stools hired for the purpose.

One of the first theatres to be built during this decade of advancement in the drama was the Blackfriars (1596-1597). It was a plain, ugly structure, made over from a house that had been originally one of the priory buildings of the Blackfriars' Monastery. This theatre was known as a private play-house, that is, one that was roofed in, gave performances by candle-light, and charged higher prices than the other theatres that were known as public play-houses. Such theatres grew from the private and court performances, as the public theatres developed from the performances given in the inn yards.

In Golden Lane, not very far from the Blackfriars, the Fortune Theatre was opened in July, 1601. It belonged to the Lord Admirals Company; Edward Alleyn was the leading actor, and Philip Henslowe was the manager. Up to this time buildings in which plays were acted were circular inside and out, but—according to the contract for building the Fortune Theatre—this new play-house was to be "as nearly as possible like the Globe Theatre (a nearby rival) except that it is to be square inside instead of circular." In 1631 the Fortune Theatre was burned and the building that replaced it was square both inside and out.

To the left of Golden Lane was the office of the Master of Revels, whose consent was necessary before any play could be given. He received a fee, or license, for every production—in the same manner as the theatres of to-day are required to pay a license. Nearby stood Red Bull Theatre, patronized by the unfashionable. From the print that we have of the interior of the Red Bull, it is evident that this play-house was less fully equipped than the other theatres of the time. It was also circular in shape, which causes us to wonder why the circular building was for so long a time used for theatrical productions. The reason becomes apparent when we consider that in the earlier part of the Elizabethan period, plays were not given nightly for any length of time. There was not that long chain of many-night runs that are common to the London and New York theatres to-day. When no plays were acted, the theatres were used for athletic contests, prize-fights, and bear baiting. Thus, the amphitheatres best served the purpose.

In December, 1598, Richard Burbadge had a dispute with Giles Allen over a new lease on

The Theatre of which he was manager. So, in the following year, he connived with his brother, Cuthbert, carried the wood of the theatre to the Bankside, and there erected a new play-house, The Globe, "on or near the sight of an old bull-baiting ring." The Globe, like all the earlier theatres, was circular instead of square or octagonal. Its roof was thatched, not tiled as were the later buildings when companies learned to their sorrow the inflammability of thatched roofs. A flag pole arose from the center of the enclosure, and a flag was used as a signal to inform the people of the starting time of the plays. On June 29, 1613, the Globe was destroyed; some lighted paper used in one of the plays had set fire to the thatched roof and in an hour the theatre was burned to the ground. The Globe was rebuilt as speedily as possible, and stood until 1644 when it was pulled down.

The Hope Theatre, erected rapidly to catch the custom lost to the Globe by its fire, started out very successfully and for a time was the leading theatre of London. But the theatrical problems of the Elizabethan period were not very different from those that have confronted Broadway in the last ten years. The theatrical center, after 1620, shifted to the region between Ludgate and Drury Lane, and the Globe was used but for prize fights and athletic contests.

It is interesting to note that so many managers of companies were former inn-keepers. It has always been difficult to see just what advantage the old inn-keepers derived from having the plays given in their inn yards, for often the players left them in debt for lodging and food. Consequently, many inn-keepers took, as payment for these debts, a share in the theatrical company. We know, for instance, that the father of the great Elizabethan actor, Edward Alleyn, was an inn-keeper in Bishopsgate, and that it was in this way that he became interested in one of the traveling companies of the time. Choir boys acted many of the plays during this period. Indeed such exceeding skill was portrayed by the boys of Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral that the men actors were very jealous of them.

While there was no star-system existing during this period as there exists to-day, managers recognized the ability and drawing power of certain actors. This is shown by the "Iron Clad" contracts that these actors were obliged to sign. Competition among the different companies for

the services of especially gifted actors was very keen and the danger of losing any star was provided for by this contract, binding them on salary, and stipulating that the actor could not perform except in certain theatres.

During this period, the supply of plays was large because the production of them was rapid. Conditions at the time were different from the conditions of our day, and the life of a play's run was not long. Dramatists wrote a play in five or six weeks. We find Daborne, a dramatist of considerable repute in his own time, agreeing to write a play between the twenty-fourth of December and the tenth of February. And this haste cannot be explained by saying that the dramatist had thought for some time over his plot and the construction of his play, because the rewards offered him would not allow it. Around 1600 the price for a play seems to have been between six and eight pounds. However, D'Avenant alleges that the author was allowed the proceeds of the second day. Unless the dramatist had some patron to aid him, or some other vocation to follow besides writing plays, he must write at top speed. Just here, the readiness of the Elizabethan audience to hear a good story retold must have been a great aid to the struggling dramatist who depended on play-writing for his daily bread.

Performances at the theatres began at two or three o'clock—except the plays given by the choir boys at St. Paul's which began at four. The choir boys were not allowed to act until after prayers and they had to finish by six o'clock. This meant that the performance could last but two hours. In the other theatres, performances lasted between two and two and a half hours.

There is much confusion as to the prices charged, but it can safely be said that the prices varied at different theatres and that they were raised for first night performances. Admission to the pit at various times and places in the first half of the seventeenth century, ranged from a penny to sixpence. The contract for the Fortune Theatre called "for gentlemen's roomes, and two pennie roomes." Gallants were allowed to sit on the stage during the performance and for this privilege paid from sixpence to a shilling.

Whether or not there were stools in the pits of public theatres is a mooted question. It was the custom to have them at such private

theatres as the Blackfriars, and it is supposed that this custom was in practice at public theatres, at least on certain occasions. The seating capacity of Elizabethan theatres is also in doubt; but recognized authorities have estimated that the seating capacity of the different theatres ranged from three hundred to twelve hundred. Coburn, in a recent investigation, has asserted that some of the theatres of the times seated as many as three thousand people, but this cannot be believed, since the returns from the performance of a successful play were very small—between ten and twenty pounds.

Books have been written to decide whether or not scenery and curtains were used in the productions of this period. The answer has not yet been found. But it seems unlikely that a period which produced such brilliant dramatists and actors should fail to develop the art of preparing a background for the story of the play. Some kind of scenery was used and to this all critics agree. However, the play was the thing. During these years of the great development of the drama, the people wished to be instructed and entertained. A story well told was what they wanted.

In short, the conditions of the Shakespearian stage were ideal for the dramatist. There was an intimate relation between actor and audience that our large modern theatres do not allow. Everything in the performance tended to make the play the thing; there was no lavish scenery to distract the attention due the play, there were no stars, and both the actor and the audience gave himself up to the author. The play was the thing. Indeed, the conditions of the Elizabethan theatres were, for Shakespeare, more nearly ideal than the present intricate, highly commercialized conditions are for our own great dramatists.

### An Oriole's Nest.

BY CHARLES W. JONES.

While through the May woods I walked this morn,  
A family of birds around me played,  
Their chatter I could not understand,  
But their every move my sorrow stayed.

And as I looked, there swung in the wind,  
Rocked by the gentle breeze,  
An oriole's nest on the topmost bough  
Of one of the tall oak trees.

### His Last Case.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER.

Jack Ward stopped pacing the apartment which he occupied with his college friend, Harry Kelly. He lit a fresh cigar and settled down in a large easy chair near the window looking out over the busy boulevard.

Ward had not spoken for an hour, but had wandered up and down the room, muttering now and then, and occasionally smiling broadly. Kelly knew that the young lawyer was thinking and planning,—his actions told him that; but he had long ago learned the lesson of asking no questions and of waiting for Ward to speak, when he was in one of these moods. Presently Ward blew a volume of smoke into the air, turned in his chair, and began to talk.

"Kelly, I'm going to leave you again," he said. "I may be gone a week this time, maybe two weeks, or perhaps even a month."

"What is it—more of this detective business?" asked his roommate, an element of disgust plainly evident in the question.

"Yes, old pal, but it's the last time. It is the biggest job the boss has ever given me and after it's over, I settle down to regular law work."

"When do you leave?"

"In the morning."

Kelly asked no further questions; Ward's tone indicated that he would give no information as to the nature of his quest.

"Good night, old man. Good luck to you, and I will see you when you get back." With these words, Kelly arose and walked into his bedroom.

For an hour, Ward sat at the window, thinking over his past, dreaming of his future. Six months before he had been graduated from the law school of a leading western university. Through good fortune, he had secured a position in the office of John V. Brady, prosecuting attorney for the metropolis in which he now lived. Brady liked Ward and saw in him a future leader of the profession.

"From the bottom up" was the policy which the prosecuting attorney had adopted. No matter how promising, how brilliant the young lawyer might be, he must begin at the lowest rung. The lowest rung in Brady's office was the position of assistant investigator and evidence collector. The task was sometimes thrilling, often hazardous, but it was a field of

work with which a successful criminal attorney must be familiar, Brady declared.

Jack Ward had started from the bottom. Through his conscientious, clever work much valuable evidence to aid the prosecution in various cases had been collected. On the bottom rung, he had proved successful, and Brady was ready to move him up when a new case came up.

On the morning of the day on which Ward had told his friend that he was about to leave on another case, Brady had called him into his private office.

"Jack, my boy, I've got to call on you again," he said. "I had intended taking you off of the detective work this week, but I've got to ask you to handle one more case. Despite our big clean-up of three months ago and despite the efforts of the police, gambling has again broken out in the city. Somewhere down in the East End, a new joint has sprung up. The detectives have been unable to find it. Nevertheless, it is in operation, and many of the wealthiest people in the city are visiting it nightly. You are not so well-known as the older detectives, Jack, and I want you to make a try at it. It will be risky, and you will have to be well armed and careful; but it's the last time I will call on you for this kind of work. Are you willing to try it?"

"To be sure," replied Ward. "When do you want me to get started?"

"To-morrow. Come down early. I shall have to provide you with a large sum of money; it may be necessary for you to gamble in order to collect the evidence."

On the following morning, Ward went to his employer's office, received final instructions, and departed on his mission. Two nights later, Jack stood on a dark corner out in the East End. He watched closely as two well-dressed men alighted from a taxi, bade the chauffeur meet them again at eleven o'clock, and walked down the street. Stealthily he followed them. They turned several corners, hurried down an alleyway and finally disappeared in the entrance to a basement. Jack ran after them when he saw them descend into the basement, and, by good fortune, he was able to keep track of them. Finally, after passing through what appeared to be a tunnel, connecting two buildings, they suddenly came into a brilliantly lighted room.

Ward succeeded in following the two men without their knowing that he was doing so. When he reached the doorway, the door-

keeper paid no attention to him. Jack was dressed in evening clothes and apparently was familiar with conditions, so the keeper let him pass without question.

After giving his coat and hat to a maid, Ward took in his surroundings. The room was large and elegantly furnished. Brilliant lights of various colors made the place even more beautiful than the ballrooms of high society folk. All about the room were card tables and roulette wheels. Men and women, in evening dress, were gathered around the tables, all absorbed in the various games. Large rolls of money covered the tables. The constant rattle of poker chips and the click of the roulette wheels mingled with the clink of wine glasses, the bits of conversation and the music of an orchestra produced a peculiar medley of noises.

Ward walked from one table to another. Here, some happy winner would blow rings of smoke from a big cigar, as he drew in his "pot;" there some unhappy loser, not yet broken in spirit, would borrow and lose, only to borrow and lose more.

For two weeks, Jack visited the gambling place nightly. He collected sufficient evidence to convict the proprietor on the first night, but it was his desire to get more thorough information concerning the system which was used, and, for this reason, he kept up the work. Not once was the young representative of the prosecuting attorney suspected. The others were there to win and, naturally, they supposed he was too. He played enough to avoid suspicion; but, for the most part, he looked on.

On the evening of his second visit to the gambling house, Jack's attention had been attracted to a beautiful young woman playing at a nearby table. She was nervous and there was that something in her playing which indicated that she was not used to the game. Yet to all appearances, she was eager to win and entered the game with all her heart.

As the evening wore on, she became considerably agitated, and suddenly, as Jack was walking by her table, she fell back in a dead faint. Ward picked her up in his arms and hurried with her to an ante-room. The gamblers were startled for the moment, but soon recovered their composure and resumed their games.

When the young woman came out of her faint, Jack was sitting by her side. She smiled faintly and then sank back upon the lounge.

"Can't I take you home?" he asked.



"Well, really, I think I can get along," she replied.

Jack finally convinced her, however, that he should accompany her to her apartments.

Nightly thereafter, he found pleasure in the young woman's company and she enjoyed his. She played less at the tables and he was content to walk about the room and talk with her. At last, however, Ward began to realize that, even though he had known the girl only a short time, he had something more than mere friendship for her. Still there was a barrier and a broad one, for she was a gambler and he the representative of the prosecuting attorney; she a breaker of the law, he an enforcer of it.

Several times, Jack barely caught himself before divulging secrets to her during an earnest conversation. Neither mentioned cards. She was a college graduate; he held a university diploma. These facts seemed to draw them closer together. Ward noticed on three or four occasions that she was about to tell him something, but that, when on the verge of doing so, she would recover herself, blush slightly and change the subject.

"I wonder if she suspects me," he mused. "Gee, I wish she were square. I really believe I love her. But I've got to do something. If I tip her off, so that she can escape, why she's liable to queer the whole game. I guess I'll just have to forget her."

At the end of two weeks, Ward decided that he had collected enough evidence. He communicated with the police department, gave them the details of the ways in which the officers could surround the place, told them his plans and arranged a set of signals. On the following night, Jack entered the gambling hall at about nine o'clock and, as usual, his young lady friend—Miss Helen Blake, she said she was—was waiting for him with a happy smile. He sat in a window seat talking with her until ten o'clock. Then there was a slight tapping at the window behind him. The girl didn't hear it; he did.

"Excuse me a moment," Ward said to her.

Arising he pulled a chair up and placed it on a table. Then he mounted to the chair. "Everybody!" he cried.

Every person in the hall turned in amazement. Ward was standing facing the assemblage with a shiny revolver in each hand.

"Hand's up! The first person to move gets a bullet," he shouted.

He had no more than uttered the words, when he heard the voice of the girl behind him.

"So you're a thief too," she said angrily.

Jack did not answer, but whistled. In a moment, the room was filled with policemen. When all of the people in the place had been piled into automobiles and hurried to the station, Jack made ready to go. As he turned about, he saw Miss Blake sitting in a corner of the room. She was smiling.

"So they missed you," Ward said eagerly. "I'm really glad because I like you."

"No, they didn't miss me. I'm no gambler. My name is Mary Burns and I'm an investigator for the Social Service League, and now I know who you are. You're Ward from Blake's office."

"Why, I thought you were a gambler," replied Ward in amazement.

"And, I thought the same of you," she replied.

"You had me worried. I thought you suspected me."

"I was afraid that you would know who I was any minute."

For a few moments, neither Jack nor Mary spoke. His eyes roved about the room as if he were envying its luxuries. When he turned toward his companion, he found her gazing steadily at him. She blushed as he looked about and bowed her head.

"Mary,—if I may call you that,—" Jack began, "I told you that I liked you. Well, I want to repeat it now. I'd hate to think that I couldn't see you any more. Of course I'm only a kid in the law game, but I become second assistant to Mr. Blake this week, and I might be successful. Do you think you would care to let me call on you once in a while?"

The girl toed a poker chip which lay on the floor nearby, while Jack addressed her. When he had finished she raised her head slowly, until her gaze met his. She hesitated a moment, then smiled sweetly, and replied, "Most certainly."

One night, a year later, Jack paced his apartment, but Kelly wouldn't be held in.

"Say, you Jack. I haven't seen you do that for a year. What's up, going on another case?"

Jack turned toward him and a wide grin spread over his face.

"Kelly, I'm going to leave you again, never to return as your roommate."

"You don't mean that you're going to get married?"

"That's it."

"To the girl you spoke of?"

"Exactly."

Kelly whistled softly. Then he said:

"Say, Jack, that case was sure a whopper, wasn't it? You started out on your last case then, but I guess you've got one that's going to last you for life."

"But, really, 'Kel', she's the sweetest—"

"Enough!" commanded Kelly, as he raised a book in a threatening manner.

"All right," laughed Ward settling down in the easy-chair.

Kelly walked slowly toward his bedroom. As he reached the door, he turned:

"So long, old pal," he said. "Good luck to you, and I'll see you at the club—perhaps once a year."

### Shakespeare's Plots.

BY LOUIS F. KEIFER.

The genius of Shakespeare is shown in few places better than in his plots. Even to-day his plots are used to show what ought to be in the way of plot-making; for his plays are perfect examples of the embodiment of the rules we have before us in the text-books of to-day. His works show the practical working out of the rise, climax, fall, suspense, and the catastrophe rules. In every play one may find the carrying out of the principles which go to make a play a masterpiece from every viewpoint. In every play the action rises up to the climax and then declines. Incidents are added in the falling action which keep the interest of the hearer from waning; these incidents seem to be staying the fall. There are no better means of keeping up the suspense until the final curtain than are to be found in the works of this famous man, and consequently we find the plays of other good writers worked out according to his methods. Sub-plots are also perfectly handled by Shakespeare. Frequently even in recognized author's works, a sub-plot is introduced which has nothing to do with the main plot; but in "the master's" plays every minor thread is connected to the major thread; and at the end of the play one may clearly see the connection of all the parts. In all his plays this is true; for although he has written more master-

pieces than any other man, he also holds the distinction of having never written a play which was not a masterpiece.

Many people have tried to detract from Shakespeare's ability to construct plots by pointing out that only one or two of his plots were original. In a measure this statement is true; but from another viewpoint it is false, for although the great writer took the bare outline of his plots from other sources than his own brain, he improved them until they were practically his own. In the first place, it was the writer's ethics of the time that a man could take another man's plot, work it over, and produce it as his own. However, Shakespeare not only worked other plots over, he took old ones and by the aid of his genius as a writer, a poet, and a portrayer of character, practically made new ones out of the old ones. To many of the plays he added characters and incidents, to others he substituted better ones, and in many cases he discarded large parts of the original. Out of plays and stories, many of which were forgotten even in his own time, he made plays which will always live. He had the ability to see the dramatic possibilities in the facts of history and to make works of literary art out of them. Could a reasonable man call this copying?

An examination of some twenty of his plays shows that although he procured the rough parts of most of his plays from others, he made the play himself; and it was not the parts he took from others that made the play a success. Let us first take some of the plays he took from Plutarch's Lives. Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra were taken almost entirely from this historical work. Whole passages, speeches, and much of the setting of the plays come from Plutarch, making the play of historical value as well as of literary value; yet Plutarch was not a playwright and he did not have the poetry in his book that Shakespeare put into the plays. Shakespeare only dramatized the facts of history and stuck closely to them; but no one can say that he does not deserve the credit for the play. He arranged the facts and portrayed the characters, so he may be said to have formed the plot.

Another source of his plots was Hollinshed's History. From this historian he took parts of many of his plays, among them Macbeth, Richard III., King Lear, Henry V., Richard II., and Cymbeline. In these plays only the rough



outline of the plot was taken from the history, but Shakespeare did adhere to the facts of history, and for this reason many take it for granted that he did no work on the plot himself. In *Macbeth*, for instance, he had only a hint that the wife of *Macbeth* was the instigator of the crime; and from this small hint he developed one of his strongest characters. *King Richard III.* was taken more directly from a story by *Thomas Moore*, but he took his facts from *Hall and Hollinshed*. *King Lear* was also taken from old stories of *Lear* and *Gloucester* as well as from history; but the stories were crude and very old, so that practically all he could use of these stories were the facts. *Henry V.* was taken from a play just before it, as well as from history, but the old play was greatly improved by Shakespeare. *Richard II.* was taken completely from *Hollinshed*, but in this work the facts were in a rough form and it took much work on the part of the playwright to put them into good form for production. *Cymbeline* was practically original; for although Shakespeare took the historical facts from history, it is nearly certain that the character of *Imogen* was originated by him. As this character is the one about whom the whole play is written, it can be said that if the character of this woman was originated by him, the play is absolutely his own. The only reason we have to doubt that the character is his own, is the fact that he took most of his other characters from other authors, and many people believe that the story, book, or play from which he took the character of *Imogen*, has been lost or destroyed; though there is nothing to prove the existence of such a work.

Other plays which were taken whole or in part from previous plays are: *Othello*, *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *A Winter's Tale*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*. *Othello* was taken from an Italian novel which had been forgotten by the time of Shakespeare, and *Twelfth Night* was taken from an adaptation of an Italian novel. The *Merchant of Venice* was taken from three stories and two old ballads which the writer put together and made into one good play.

For *Mid-Summer Night's Dream* he was indebted to others, but unless he took the play from a story or play that has since been lost, his play is practically original in plot. As *You*

*Like It* and the *Taming of the Shrew* were taken from old novels and follow them rather closely. *King John* was also taken from an old novel and not from history, and *A Winter's Tale* was copied from a crude novel so closely that some of the crudeness of the old novel appears in the play. *King Henry IV.* was taken from other stories and partly from history, but it is believed that the humor in it is original. The plot of the *Tempest* is original; but this is a play of pure mystery and one which did not need great genius to construct. From these explanations it should be evident that Shakespeare deserves none of the criticism aimed at him for getting his plots outside of his own mind. He did no more than the writers of to-day are doing; for although they do not use the same names as he did, they copy after each other's writings. They must do this to a certain extent, for it is said that there are but twelve original plots. Shakespeare, however, took facts from outsiders and made the greatest plays of all time out of them, using the plays of others for groundwork, but giving of his own genius to make them lasting. An able critic has said, "To appreciate Shakespeare fully, one should read some of the crude novels and plays from which he procured his material."

### Spring Memories.

BY T. J. TIERNEY.

I know a home serene

Where the tulip lifts her cup,

And the hyacinth his spear

To drink the sunshine up.

Where softly the golden sunlight

Upon thickening leaves is falling.

O'erhead the birds are speeding north,

And mate to mate is calling.

The woods are sweet with clover incense,

The meadows that riverward sweep

Are tuneful with bells and drowsy

With bleating of full-fed sheep.

Drunken with nature's sweets

The roses climb to the eaves.

The south-wind croons itself

To sleep in the maple leaves.

Oh green are the hills, dear mother,

They are dreaming of dawn and thee

And the tall pines sleep, in the stillness deep.

None watch but the stars and me.

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Board of Editors.

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—We beg to offer most cordial felicitations to the President and Faculty of St. Joseph's, Rensselaer, on the Silver Jubilee of that excellent college. Twenty-five

**A Silver Jubilee.** years is a modest space in the history of an institution of learning, but St. Joseph's has made rapid headway since its foundation a quarter of a century ago and has already established itself in the affections of its students, the confidence of its patrons and the earnest respect of educators throughout the State. The Congregation of the Most Precious Blood took up this work with characteristic energy and zeal, and their fellow workers in the field of Catholic education salute them on their day of jubilee, congratulate them on the glory of the past twenty-five years, and augur even greater success for the future. *Ad multos annos!*

—It is inevitable that every institution of learning should be afflicted with a few of the pseudo students whose ambition is to slip through the course with just

**The Fellow who** as little work as possible.

**Fritters Time.** There are those who boast that they miss classes half a dozen times in a week. It is something, apparently, to be jubilant over. So the fellow who misses class tells his friends, and they, because they are of the type that coalesce about Nature's misfits and incompetents, rejoice in his clever ability to "get away with it" and perchance strive to emulate him. The class skiver is close

kin to the artistic "bluffer" who asserts that he never opens a book outside of class hours, who boasts that he handed in a duty that received a mark last year, and that the fellow next to him has carried him through in the exams. If they have accumulated many demerits, it is one more point in their favor, as their own circle chooses to regard it. Looking back over the school year drawing to a close, we wonder just what has been the substance and significance of these class skivers' accomplishments. There doesn't appear, upon close scrutiny, to be anything particularly brilliant about their records. Most of them have flunked dismally. The fellows who "ride" on classmates' knowledge may have passed, but their class mark is a mockery. And another year has pushed its way through the reckoning turnstile of time. A year wherein they might have broadened in knowledge, culture and intellectual development, has been lost. They can come back next year, no doubt, to repeat the performance. But of what avail is that? The little fellows in prep classes and the younger men in college classes pass them by, and go on to meritorious record and achievement. And they stay, if parental tolerance has not frayed, until their age and bulk make them ashamed of the ignorance they display before younger and abler students. Then the class skiver drops out. Folks in the world do not know what the term "skive" means, but they do know what a failure is. And the "skiver" and "bluffer" is looked over with a critical eye, and after a sharp scrutiny is labelled an "also ran." Some one may triumphantly return that So-and-So is a notable exception to the rule. What if he is? How about the innumerable So-and-So's who have run true to form and faded into oblivion? It is not likely that the failure in all other pursuits, will ever be any very striking success in life. And he has cheated not only himself, not only the school he claims as Alma Mater, but the folks who have striven to obtain the funds to keep him in school. Many a fellow has loafed away the golden hours of college days upon money wrung from incessant toil and deprivation. His folks must have been proud of his investment. And he looking back upon other days—now that his fellow fritters have faded out of his life, now that their idiotic approval is no longer vouchsafed—must feel peculiarly elated himself. How about your own case? Are you one

of the few idlers at N. D.? If so, save what hours you can of the vanishing year, and come back in September firmly resolved to make life's golden moments count. You don't have to spend four years and three thousand dollars to be a failure. You can do that at home, with greater economy. And don't steal money from your folks, and years from your ultimate career as an ash-man, if you do not want to work while in school.

### Engineers Take Trip.

A delegation of electrical and chemical engineers made an extremely interesting and instructive trip last week through some of the big industrial plants located in Chicago and the vicinity. The experience gained was indeed well worth the time and trouble necessary, and the members of the party were more than satisfied with the results.

They left at 6:10 A. M. on Thursday morning, and immediately upon arrival in Gary, Indiana, visited the enormous steel mills of the Illinois Steel Co. located there. The entire morning was spent in viewing the numerous open-hearth ovens, the blast furnaces, the power plants—where the waste gas from the furnaces is used to drive huge gas-engines and develop all the power necessary for the entire plant—the ore pits and unloading devices, the testing laboratory and the highly interesting process of casting the molten steel into ingots and then rolling these ingots into plates, slabs or rails, as the case may be.

The afternoon was spent in South Chicago, visiting another plant of the same corporation. Here the huge Bessemer converters belching white-hot flames fifty feet into the air, proved to be of great interest to the members of the party; and an electric furnace used for purifying the molten steel was also quite an attraction, being the largest-furnace used for that purpose in the country. After leaving here the party went on into Chicago.

The following morning the travelers assembled at the Kaiserhof Hotel at 8:00 o'clock and set out for the Quarry St. station of the Commonwealth Edison Co., where some of the electrical energy used by the city of Chicago is generated. Here were seen the six huge turbine-driven vertical generators, developing about 4000 h. p. each; and the 24,420 h. p. battery of boilers used to drive these turbines; and then just

across the river, at the Fiske St. station, a later type of horizontal turbine-generator was inspected, together with the array of switches and various controls for handling the output of the two stations.

After leaving there the party went back downtown and viewed an underground sub-station, where some of the alternating current is changed into direct for use in the Loop district. Six rotary converters were the principal objects of interest at this point.

On Friday afternoon the Automatic Telephone Company was visited. Here are made the well-known automatics, together with the complex switchboards and other accessories for such a system. The employees of this company proved extremely courteous to the visitors and explained every process and machine to them in detail.

The last place inspected was the Madison St. sub-station of the Commonwealth, which was mainly a transforming station, supplying the outer west side with current at the required voltage.

The trip ended Friday night, and the tired but willing "inspectors" boarded the 11:45 train for South Bend and N. D., well satisfied indeed with the results of their two-days' jaunt and, the undergraduates at least, hoping some day to repeat their pleasant experiences.

### Personals.

—The University Glee Club wish to return thanks to Mr. Samuel Perrott, who rendered signal services in connection with the concert in Indianapolis; and also to Mr. Paul Martin, of the *Indiana Catholic*, whose skill and experience secured for the concert quite unusual publicity in the Indianapolis press.

—On Easter Monday Miss Josephine De Lancey was united in marriage to Mr. James Leo Fish (Litt. B., '11) in St. Michael's Church in Montreal, Canada. Jim Shea, a former Notre Dame student, acted as best man, and Father M. McGarry, C. S. C., assistant Superior-General of Holy Cross Congregation, was present at the ceremony. Jim was a popular student in his day and is remembered by many of the older boys at N. D.

—Charles Sumner Crosman of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D. C., gave an excellent lecture on "Manufacturing

and Circulating a Magazine," Saturday night, May 20th. Mr. Crosman described the publishing process, from the time the printers' letters are molded till we find the magazine on the news-stand. The talk was illustrated with colored views and motion pictures of the Curtis Publishing Co., publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post* and other popular periodicals.

—The mother of John Bell, a popular student at the University a few years ago, who was killed by accidentally touching a live wire, gives a beautiful example of generosity in connection with the fund for Old Students' Hall. This excellent woman sent some pictures, the product of her own artistic skill, to one of the Sisters at St. Mary's, asking that the pictures be sold and the price turned over to the fund for Old Students' Hall.

—George Cutshaw, the Varsity second-sacker of some six or seven years ago, has been playing good baseball in the National League ever since leaving college. The following account of a home run made by George against the Phillies is taken from the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*:

George Cutshaw of the Dodgers exuded a circuit clout against the Phillies a week or so ago which will romp down through the vales of history as the most remarkable since the game was born.

It was a drive that Cutshaw made in an accidental way to start with: a swat that sent the ball in a zigzag course to the fence, and a tally that was flukey in the extreme, because after the ball hit the bottom of the fence it practically crawled up to top, fluttered there a second or so—and then dropped over. Cutshaw's ludicrous actions while the ball was deciding what it should do form the humorous chapter in the story.

The score was tied in the eleventh when Cutshaw went to bat, facing Mayer. The Phillie pitcher heaved a slow one at the Dodger second-sacker. Cutshaw started a swing, went half way and then "tumbled" to the fact that the ball was a floater. He "pulled" his stroke, but just as he stopped he noticed that the ball was curving in, whereupon he made another swipe at it and through some freak caught it on the end of the mace.

#### BALL ZIGZAGS ALONG.

The ball shot through the air about ten feet above the ground. It sailed just inside the right field foul line, turning and twisting as it went. To the spectators watching the ball zipping along, it looked like a succession of inshoots. As it neared the fence, it started to descend. It struck a board which was nailed to the bottom of the fence, but which jutted out about three feet.

As the ball hit that board just where the top of this board and the fence meet, it seemed to hesitate for a fraction of a second. Then, to the utter amaze-

ment of the crowd, it climbed the 12 foot wall as though it had legs. Slowly but surely it moved upward. Finally it reached the top of the fence. Defying the laws of gravity, it remained stationary for the barest fraction of a moment, and while the 25,000 crowd stood spellbound, the ball rested for a second on the top of the wall and then rolled out into the street.

#### CUTSHAW BEWILDERED.

But in the meantime Cutshaw was performing antics that almost were as strange as those of the ball. When he rounded first, the Dodger second-baseman saw that the ball was headed for the bottom of the fence—a normal two-base hit, if a player hustles. And Cutshaw hustled. He turned under full head of steam, and slid into second in whirlwind fashion. He jumped to his feet a second later and began looking around for orders from the coaches.

Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Dodgers, was signaling something in a frantic way. Cutshaw figured that Robinson was ordering him to try for third. Cutshaw started, but when he got no sign from the other coacher, who, by the way, was too busy watching the climbing ball, he figured he had misinterpreted Robinson's signals; so Cutshaw whirled around, ran back toward second and swept into the bag in a cloud of dust.

Then Cutshaw jumped to his feet again, and while he brushed his togs he began looking for orders—and also for the ball. But he couldn't see one or hear the other. The park was a bedlam. Robinson was yelling something to Cutshaw, but it was lost in the tumult. And Robinson was waving his arms in a frenzied way.

But did "Robby" mean that Cutshaw should stay at second or go to third? Cutshaw pondered and at last decided to try the advance. Cutshaw raced for it. Halfway along on his journey the third-base coacher, taking advantage of the temporary lull in the cheering, shouted:

"You hit a homer, George—a homer—slow down."

And then the amazing truth dawned upon Cutshaw and he walked the rest of the way to the home plate, while the huge crowd went into another frenzy of madness at this unexpected eleventh-inning victory.

#### Local News.

—Have you told the contractor how to build the new library yet?

—Walsh Hall is holding a tennis tournament of its own, and has offered prizes to the winners.

—Jim Phelan was called last Saturday to his home at Portland, Oregon, where his father is dangerously ill.

—The University band gave the first of its spring concerts Tuesday evening. The band will perform twice a week until college closes.

—First Communion and Confirmation exercises will be held at Notre Dame on Ascension Thursday, June 1st. Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois, will officiate.

—A large number of Notre Dame students attended the Northern Indiana High School Track Meet on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon.

—Notre Dame athletes and coaches officiated at the track and field meets of the ward schools of South Bend which was held at Notre Dame on Friday, May 19.

—Examinations in the colleges will be held this year on Tuesday and Wednesday after Commencement, June 13 and 14. The "preps" will finish up on June 9.

—Edward Marcus was chosen to write and deliver the Decoration Day ode in Washington Hall Tuesday morning. Leonard Carroll will read Lincoln's Gettysburgh Address.

—The Junior Prom will be held at the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday evening, June 7th. The class of 1917 is planning to make this dance one of the best social events of the school year.

—In the "Republican Convention," held by the members of the Freshman elocution class this week, Col. Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the office of President of the United States.

—The Monogram Club will gather round the banquet table on Baccalaureate Sunday. President Hugh O'Donnell, although handicapped by his injury of ten days ago, is directing preparations for the function.

—Mr. Lucius B. Andres, superintendent of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company addressed the Electrical Engineering Club on Tuesday evening, May 23rd. The subject of his lecture was "Some Economic Aspects of Operation."

—For the convenience of the students of Walsh Hall desiring to attend Mass frequently, two new altars were erected in the Chapel of that hall. The beautiful statues, crucifixes and candlesticks on the new altars are the gifts of A. McNichols, A. Berchem, D. Smith and J. Callan of Walsh Hall.

—Professor Lenihan is applying the finishing touches to his production of "Twelfth Night," which will be staged at Washington Hall next Wednesday afternoon. In connection with this notice John Eckel wished to deny that he will carry a spear in the play. There are no spears in "Twelfth Night."

—Sixty-four tennis enthusiasts responded to the call of the tennis tournament committee

for 1916. Games of the first round were begun on Wednesday afternoon. The doubles tournament will follow the consolation meet and the singles tournament. Silver cups will be awarded to the respective winners in these three meets.

—The first annual banquet of the Glee Club will take place at the Oliver Hotel next Wednesday evening. Louis Keifer and Harry Scott, who are in charge of the affair, are said to have made elaborate preparations for entertaining the gleemen. The governing board of the club will announce at the banquet its nominations of next year's officers.

—Fifty couples attended the Junior Law Dance at the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening. The men who were in a great way responsible for the success of the dance are L. D. James, Stanley Cofall, and Frank Kirkland. The guests of honor were: Hon. and Mrs. E. T. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Prof. and Mrs. John Tiernan, and Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz. The officers of the 1917 lawyers are Stanley Cofall, president; Vernon R. Helmen, vice-president; Frank Kirkland, treasurer; Vincent Vaughan, secretary; Joseph Dorais, sergeant-at-arms.

—The *London Notes and Queries* of August 11, 1906, gives the following facts and figures concerning Shakespeare's plays: Number of plays, 37; the plays contain 106,007 lines, 814,780 words, 3,307,656 letters. The longest, "Hamlet," contains 3,930 lines; the shortest, "Comedy of Errors," 1,777 lines. The play containing the greatest number of scenes is "Antony and Cleopatra," with 42, and the plays containing the least number are "Love's Labor's Lost" and "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," which contain 9 each. The longest part is that of Hamlet.

—The Preparatory Elocution contest will be held in Washington Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, June third. On Saturday evening, at 7:30 the College Elocution contest will be held at the same place. The Freshmen Oratorical contest will be held on Monday afternoon, June fifth. The Sophomore Oratorical contest will be held on Tuesday afternoon, June sixth. The Junior Oratorical contest will be held on Wednesday afternoon, June seventh. All of the afternoon contests will be held at 3:40. Any student desiring to enter any of these contests should hand his name and the subject of his selection to the Professor of Elocution.

## Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to May 27, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

John P. Lauth, '68	\$1000.00
John F. O'Connor, '72	100.00
T. P. O'Sullivan, '02	100.00
G. M. Kerndt, '82	100.00
Rev. John P. Quinn, '83	50.00
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Cecil E. Birder, '14	50.00
Max Adler, '89	25.00
John G. Mott, '95	25.00
Frank Niedecken, '09	10.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
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F. A. Kaul, '97	200.00

Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
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Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Frederick Williams, '13	25.00
Rev. Joseph Toth, '11	25.00
Joseph M. Walsh, '14	25.00
Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Arthur Pino, '06	20.00
Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00
Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00



### Niagara Defeated in Best Game of the Season.

Niagara University went down to defeat before the Varsity baseball team last Wednesday afternoon in one of the greatest games ever played on Cartier Field. The visitors presented an exceptionally strong line-up. Their fielding was high class, their battery was almost invincible, and they fought every inch of the way. The battle was so close that it could have been won by either side in almost every inning. But at that Notre Dame deserved to win for she displayed a superiority in hitting, in fielding and in pitching.

The game quickly developed into a pitcher's battle, and it was early evident that one run would be enough to win for either side. "Slim" Walsh was selected for mound duty by Coach Harper and the tall flinger pitched the game of his career. Walsh has displayed remarkable effectiveness during the last three weeks as he has allowed but one run in the last 27 innings that he has pitched and that single run was an unearned one. His opponents have been strong—Kalamazoo, Normal, Wisconsin and Niagara—but he has held everyone of them under control. In Wednesday's game Slim pitched hitless ball for seven innings; in the eighth a short fly, just out of Lathrop's reach, went for the first hit. This hit was quickly followed by another, and it seemed for a moment that Walsh was slipping. But he looked even better in the pinch than he had when pitching hitless ball. With two on and only one out, he struck out Hartery and retired Carroll by a neat stop of a hard hit grounder. Again in the ninth Niagara threatened to score. Fitzgerald beat out a roller to Spalding to start the inning. Ryan laid down a bunt which was fielded by Walsh. Walsh threw to second in time to catch Fitzgerald, but Wolfe let the throw go through him. Fitzgerald tried to take third on the play, but a quick throw from Elward and some neat blocking by Kline killed him off. Ryan went to second on the play. Bengough singled to right. Jones shot the ball to the plate, but Walsh, seeing that Ryan had stopped at third, intercepted the throw and shot the ball to second in time to catch Bengough. The play showed quick thinking and clever execution on the part of Walsh and really turned the tide of the game. Then just to show that he had not lost his grip "Slim" whiffed Cassidy.

Notre Dame had men on bases in almost

every inning, but the local hitters were helpless before Ondoychak in the pinches. The visitors backed up their twirler well and played like a veteran machine when there were men on bases. "Jerry" Jones and "Louie" Wolfe were the only men who could hit with any consistency. Once Jones lined out a triple with only one gone, but he was cut down at the plate a moment later when Hartery made a fine stop of Wolfe's drive. At another time the bases were filled with but one out, but Walsh and Keenan failed in the pinch. Both "Chief" Meyers and Wolfe drove out doubles but the necessary hit was not forthcoming. Notre Dame looked like a sure winner in the ninth. Mooney was sent in to bat for Walsh who was first up. "Vince" justified the selection by getting hit by a pitched ball and trotting down to first. Keenan laid down a perfect bunt and Mooney went to second. Elward's best offering was a grounder to short which advanced the runner to third. Lathrop then struck out, and the game went into extra innings.

Murphy went into the box in the tenth and easily disposed of the visitors. With two gone he walked a man, but the next batter whiffed. The end of the game came most unexpectedly. Meyers and Kline went out and the fans began to think that darkness might end the combat without a score. But Jones had his batting eye with him and drove out a nice single. Wolfe followed with a long drive for right center. Ryan made a desperate effort to catch the ball and succeeded in getting his hands on it but it slipped out of his fingers and Jones came home with the winning run.

### St. Viators Played Also.

The Varsity ran away with another game here when they overwhelmed St. Viators by the score of 17 to 2. The Varsity collected 16 hits in all and piled up so many runs that the game was a farce from beginning to end. The Gold and Blue men ran the bases as they pleased, seemed to be able to hit whenever they felt like it, and easily held the runs of the visitors down to almost nothing. Murphy had the men from Illinois just where he wanted them during the whole game, and although he eased up on them they could not do much with him. Their 8 hits were scattered as Murph tightened up when they had men on the bases and kept their scoring down.

St. Viators, however, were the first to push a man around the bases. In the second inning Sullivan got on and was driven around for the first run of the game; and up to the last of the third, the St. Viator's men were leading. In that frame though, the fireworks started, and the Varsity piled up a big lead. Three runs were made in the third, four more were added in the fourth making the score seven to one. St. Viators came back feebly with one in the sixth; and this made the Varsity men stir, so they made five more in the same inning. No more runs were made until the eighth. As a parting shot at the visitors, the Varsity collected another group of five runs ending the misery with a total of 17 to St. Viator's 2.

Conroy, the St. Viator's man, who played right field and also pitched, led the hitting of the day with a perfect average, getting two hits in as many trips to the plate. Lathrop was next with two bingles out of three times at bat and seven other men of the two teams had two each. It was indeed a fine day for batting averages. The only extra base clouts were made by the Varsity, Meyers getting a homer and Mal Elward getting a double.

Murphy led the scoring honors with enough runs to beat the other team. The rest of the runs were about equally divided. The Varsity man who deserves much notice for this game is Slim Walsh who tied for the batting honors of the day by hitting a thousand, getting one hit in one time at bat. Walsh was sent in to hit for Meyers in the eighth inning; for it was feared that if Chief batted again, the game would be delayed another hour finding the ball. Walsh was sent in to end things up but he acted like a real pinch-hitter and singled. In the last inning he played first base and grabbed them from all sides, showing who will play first if anything ever happens to Chief.

#### Safety Valve.

##### A ONE-ACT DRAMA ENTITLED:

"WILL YOU LOVE ME, FREDDIE DARLING, WHEN I'VE LOST MY MOLAR TEETH?"

The scene is on a country farm  
That's just chock-full of rural charm;  
The time is in the early spring;  
The grass is green as anything;  
And as the sun sinks in the West  
And all the birdies go to rest,  
A farmer lad comes down the lane:  
It's clear to see his mind's in pain.  
"Gee Whiz!" he murmurs soft and low,

"This country life is far too slow,  
This little, dinky, one-horse town  
Can never hold me safely down.  
Why, Holy Smokes! it's plain as day  
I wasn't meant for pitching hay,  
Or milking cows or hoeing corn,  
Or getting up at four each morn;  
It's city life for mine, I see,  
Ah! yes, the city's calling me;  
It calls! It calls! I hear it now,  
It says, 'Oh! how can you allow  
Your sweetness to be wasted there,  
Upon that bleak and desert air?  
Come forth! for we have need for you,  
We've many deeds for you to do.'"  
And so, sweet, husky youth is bent  
On being our next president.  
Or he may be the boss of Schwab,  
Or get old Bryan's long lost job.  
And after seven years has past,  
Since he has seen the old farm last;  
He finds himself, like all his clan,  
A real and full-fledged motorman.

MORAL: We can have only one president at a time. \*\*\* B. J. A.

##### THE HOOKWORM CONSCIENCE.

"I surely do wish vacation would come—not that I would do any less work, but that I might reconcile my conscience for what I am doing now."

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##### MOST MARVELLOUS!

We are informed by the Lafayette paper that the reason Purdue failed to win the Notre Dame game was that their players could not get to the ball quickly enough to enable them to throw it to first base in time to get the runner out.

\*\*\*

Where are the resolutions made  
Way back in cold September?  
Have I fulfilled them as I said—  
I really don't remember.

Where are the hours I resolved  
To spend on math and history?  
Where are the many themes I wrote—  
Where are they? That's a mystery.

Where are the 90's I received  
In Latin class and Greek?  
Where are my credits for the year?  
Hush! little voice, don't speak.

For I'm about to enter life  
To seek for high positions,  
This year I passed in two exams;  
And have but nine conditions.

\*\*\*

##### A WONDERFUL TONIC.

Now that the Government has decided to pay students who take military drill we surmise that some of the dear boys whose constitutions were too weak to stand the strain of drill will suddenly become hardy and strong.

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It's less than four months till the opening of school in September.