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When a Hush Falls o'er the Sea.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WHEN the stars grow dimmer, dying,
And the last grey shades are hying,
When the soft night winds are sighing
In a gentle melody,
Then the wavelets as they glisten
Seem to pause awhile and listen
For the warning
Of the morning,
When a hush falls o'er the sea.

When night winds play low, enthralling,
Gently charming, softly calling,
When the shades of eve are falling
And the sunlight turns to flee,
Then it seems a sigh of sadness
Mingles with a note of gladness,
In the motion
Of the ocean,
When a hush falls o'er the sea.

Yet whene'er my walk I'm taking,
Though the early eve be waking,
Though the dawn of morn be breaking,
By the law of God's decree,
Still I hear that silent measure,
Half of pain and half of pleasure,
Frolic keeping,
Sadly weeping,
When a hush falls o'er the sea.

World Federation.*

JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.



CENTURIES of carnage and slaughter have taught man a costly lesson. After fifteen billion lives have been sacrificed upon the battlefield, after strife and conquest have weighed down the peoples of earth with stupendous national debts, war is denounced as "the

most futile and ferocious of human follies;" and the world is ready now to welcome the substitution of reason for force.

No longer do nations claim that war is preferable to arbitration. The forty-five independent powers, represented at the Second Hague Conference, were one in declaring that "Peace is the normal, and War the abnormal condition of civilized nations; that the relations of sovereign states are properly based on principles of justice, not upon force; that disputes between governments should be settled, as far as possible, by judicial methods, not by war." The powers disagreed only as to the application of that principle. Thirty-five states ready to accept a treaty of obligatory arbitration were opposed by a handful of nations that accepted the principle of arbitration, but hesitated as to the method of application. America, France, Great Britain and thirty-two other powers, representing progress and advancement, boldly demanded compulsory arbitration; while Germany, supported by Austria, Turkey, Greece and a few smaller nations, was unwilling to vote hastily upon so important a matter. But that very opposition strengthened the cause of arbitration. Mr. Choate, voicing the sentiments of the majority, declared: "We are thirty-five, and you? I could count your numbers on a single hand." Think of it! Over three-fourths of the nations of the world have voted for obligatory arbitration. Clearly, then, it is unnecessary to discuss the relative merits of war and arbitration. The nations recognize the crying need of substituting reason for force; and it only

* Competitive oration in the Peace Oratorical Contest held at Notre Dame on March 24th for selecting a representative to the State Contest.

remains to be pointed out that there is a practicable solution to the war question—that universal peace is possible.

In trying to solve this question we need not rack the imagination in a vain endeavor to search out some plausible theory; rather let us turn to the pages of American history. As originally framed, our Constitution deprived each sovereign state of many rights. A state was not only forbidden to maintain either an army or a navy, but also lost its right to declare war against another state or against the nation. All disputes among the several states were to be submitted to a board of arbitration, the Supreme Court of the United States. Those thirteen infant republics of the Western Hemisphere gave up more of their autonomy than is now asked from the nations of the world. The Supreme Court, which was established here on this soil over one hundred years ago, had wider jurisdiction than the Hague Tribunal will ever demand. And if such a plan was practicable and has stood the test of time, there is ground for believing that we have discovered a scheme which will prevent many of the world's wars. But, it may be asked, has the plan stood the test of time? For eighty years everything moved smoothly; disputes arose and were settled without bloodshed. But a cloud of trouble loomed up in 1861. Lincoln had just been elected to the Presidency. The pro-slavery party, thinking their interest insecure under his administration, seceded from the Union before his inauguration. Ignoring law, ignoring the Constitution, they established a new confederacy, and seized the forts and public property within their limits. Every hope of peace vanished; and with Lincoln's call "To arms!" the bloodiest war in history began. I might tell you of the horrors of war; I might plead for arbitration from an ethical or from an economic standpoint, and prove conclusively, what all the nations have admitted, that universal peace is most desirable; but the fact would still remain that constitutionalism failed to prevent our Civil War. The paramount consideration no longer rests in the desirability of arbitration, but in its practicability.

Constitutionalism, as it existed in the United States when our Civil War began

and as it exists to-day, is the one scheme best calculated to insure international peace; for only once in the history of our country have states, in violation of their pledge, carried arms against states, and never has a state, alone and single-handed, resorted to arms to vindicate its private claims. Our Civil War broke out, not because our government rested on a poor foundation, but because the Union's strength was equally divided on an issue affecting vitally the interests of all; because the slave-holding states, geographically a unit, realized that secession and war alone could prevent the abolition of domestic slavery; and because, in their excitement, states forgot that they had forfeited their right of secession and their right of making war. The peculiar conditions which plunged our country into the struggle of '61—conditions that may never again exist in America—were such as would be almost inconceivable, if all the nations of the world should be bound together by a constitution similar to our own. Who can imagine the strength of the united nations of the world to be equally divided on an issue affecting the vital interests of all? Who can reasonably suppose that the party of the opposition would be a geographical unit as was the South in '61? Who presumes to say that the thirty-five powers that have already voted for obligatory arbitration would not, with the aid of the remaining ten, be able to preserve peace among themselves by means of a constitutional agreement?

Gentlemen, our own states formed a union for the common good. Union meant strength and commercial progress. Union meant peace until the sad hour when their forces became equally divided, and union meant peace more certain than ever when those forces were reunited. World Federation will, likewise, work good to all. Periodic wars will no longer stop the wheels of industry; nations will no longer drain the resources of nations; brothers, no more slay brothers. The peoples of the earth realize the futility and cruelty of war; they are eager for the reign of peace; and peace can be best established and preserved through World Federation.

Nor is World Federation a novel idea. It would mean the international develop-

ment of an idea fundamental to our own government, the merging into an international court of arbitration part of the sovereignty of the nations subscribing to such a court; just as here in the United States a part of the sovereignty of the individual states has been merged into a central government. Of course, wise statesmen must determine to what extent sovereignty shall be merged into this focus of power. One thing alone is necessary,—nations must be deprived of their independent war-making power; for so long as they possess the right of declaring war, so long will war continue. Under the shadow of the Hague Tribunal itself war has been resorted to for the settlement of difficulties between nations that are advocates of arbitration. Some of them fought because they felt that the court would not uphold their cause; others fought because they chose to rely on brute force rather than upon reason; all of them fought because war is tolerated among nations. Except, therefore, in cases which clearly concern the independence or vital interests of a people, war must be prohibited by constitutional agreement of the United Nations of the World; and under such conditions it would be as impossible to conceive of frequent wars and human slaughter as to conceive of our own nation once more divided and disrupted as it was in '61.

Will this cherished ideal ever blossom into realization? Some will regard it a dream of fancy, a golden hope, forgetting that it is founded on the virtue of charity, and that it must be nourished with the virtue of faith. The nations have faith in the idea, and have shown how that faith is developing, as may be seen in the case of Germany which is now espousing the cause to which it was opposed ten years ago. Our own Constitution was not formed in a week or a month, without hesitation or without bitter words; nor was it established firmly until sealed with America's best blood. World Federation may not come in a year or half a century; it may not come until the god of war receives again and yet again the bloody homage of the nations; and once established, it may have to withstand the test of a world-war. But come it must at last—a more perfect fulfillment of the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill."

The Humble One.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

CHIEF, He lived a subject's life,
Striving onward slowly;
Prince, He bore the daily strife,
Meek and mild and lowly.

King, He bore His subjects' hates
And their malediction;
God, He opened heaven's gates
By His crucifixion.

For an Old Friend.

TIMOTHY P. HAGERTY, '11.

Robert Walton awoke with a start. His sleep had been rather restless, his head ached and he felt depressed in general. But there was no use in complaining; he had an important appointment at the office at eight o'clock, and he must be there. It was in no very pleasant mood, therefore, that the young attorney made his way to town and opened his office for the day. Going to his desk he found a sealed letter, which he remembered he had intended to bring home with him to read the previous evening. He had opened it, and was just about half through it when there was a tap on the door, and in response to his "Come in," delivered somewhat gruffly, his client friend, Jim Morris, walked in. Contrary to his usual custom, Jim did not sit down for a chat and a smoke, but proceeded at once to make known his business. The fact that the attorney was looking gloomy and all out of sorts did not disturb him any, for he had seen him in this mood many times before.

"Bob," he says, "I've got a new case for you. Out here in Oakwood I have a mortgage on the Brinkmann Farm, which must be foreclosed. The time was up yesterday."

The Brinkmann Farm! Wasn't that the estate adjoining his own homestead, where he was born and raised? Yes, it was the farm of the man whom he had loved when a boy, but had despised and neglected after the two of them had grown into manhood. Walton, however, was a business man, a lawyer, and had no time for senti-

mentality. He accepted the case, telling Morris that he would prosecute it at the first opportunity. After a few more remarks the client departed, leaving the lawyer to attend to other callers. The morning was a busy one for Walton. One client had no sooner gone than another came, and thus it was until the clock announced noon.

Robert went to dinner, chatted with a few friends, and returned to the office about an hour later. Seating himself at his desk he was about to begin writing a letter, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door. With a more agreeable "Come in" than he had uttered in the morning, he bade the caller enter, but perceiving who his visitor was his brow lowered and a disagreeable light shone in his eye. Louis Brinkmann, a tall, shabbily-clad man stood before him. A painful silence ensued; the visitor's cheeks were pale, while a deep flush mounted to the face of the attorney.

"Bob, old friend, don't look so," said Brinkmann, "I know I'm trespassing up here, but really I can't help it. I'm in trouble, Bob, and I've come to you for assistance. You know my farm in Oakwood, near your old home, well, it's mortgaged heavily and I must either pay it off at once, or else give it up and leave the home where I was born and have lived all my life. For the sake of old friendship, when you and I were boys together on the old grounds, I come to you now to ask the loan of just enough to pay off the mortgage, and I'll never rest until I've paid you every cent. Bob, don't refuse this favor; you can't realize how much it means to me." With these words the client finished stating his case, at the same time glancing timidly at the lawyer. All this time, Walton, lawyer, financier and millionaire, looked like one in a dream. At first he was surprised at the audacity, as he considered it, of the man, and then the hot flush of anger mounted to his cheek as he listened to the words of the other, but still he said not a word. An embarrassing silence ensued until at length the lawyer was able to control himself, and then he said:

"Mr. Brinkmann, I can't help you; show me your security and I'll lend you the money. Business is business; others have appealed to me for money under the same circumstances as you do and I have always

'lost out.' This is all nonsense talking about boyhood friendships, anyhow. So if you have no further business I'll bid you good day." With an angry, determined look he turned to his desk and begun writing the letter, which he had left off when Brinkmann entered. The other, having no alternative, slowly walked out of the office. His heart was heavier than it had been for many a day, for he had just been insulted and deserted by a man who at one time had been his bosom friend.

Meanwhile, the lawyer, having finished his letter, and listened to the complaints of two more clients, leaned back in his luxurious chair, and thought of the events of the day. His thoughts were pleasant as, smoking a good cigar, he lazily watched the wreaths of smoke slowly ascend and then gradually dissipate. Musing in this way was something unusual to him, but to-day for some reason or other he felt like taking things easy. There was only one matter to disturb him; every once in a while the thought of Louis Brinkmann entered his mind, and then he would be carried back unconsciously to his boyhood days. Try as he would he could not banish the farmer from his mind.

"Confound the fellow! Why did he have to cross my path, anyhow," murmured Walton. His ill humor grew worse; his cigar became bitter. He arose and stretched himself in an effort to recover his usual, cheerful frame of mind.

"Yes, I'll prosecute the case to-morrow; the mortgage shall be foreclosed," he said to himself, but even in the very act of saying it, the form of Louis Brinkmann loomed up in his imagination and said to him: "Will you then permit the ruin of your old friend?"

Walton was visibly confused; he was, indeed, between "two fires"—Morris, a wealthy client and friend on the one hand, and Brinkmann, a poor but respected boyhood friend, on the other. The former wanted the mortgage on the farm closed immediately, the latter wanted the loan of money in order to pay the mortgage, and thus save the farm. But Brinkmann had no security, and if he did get the loan of the money, who could say whether he would ever be able to pay it back? Of course, Walton could easily secure the transfer of the mortgage to himself; but he did not care to be bothered

with it. The more Walton thought the more dissatisfied he became. Gradually he began to look at the case in another light, and was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. It is true, he was under no obligations to Brinkmann, but still he detested himself for the cold manner in which he treated an old friend, who had confided his trouble to him.

"Something must be done," he said to himself, but then he suddenly remembered that he had not asked the farmer where he was staying, neither did he ask him to call again.

"I must see him at all events," and with this resolve, Walton arose, put on his coat, and was soon in the street in search of the man whom he had driven away early in the day. He inquired at the court-house; he asked several friends, but none had seen Brinkmann within the last two hours.

Hot, impatient and wholly miserable Walton walked back to the office. His quest had been in vain. The day was drawing to a close and in the twilight he sat thinking deeply. He had resolved that on the morrow he would see the man no matter how much trouble it might cost him. Suddenly he was roused from his reverie by the opening of the door. In the gathering twilight he could not see who it was, but when the visitor approached, Walton arose with a bound and shook the man's hand. Louis Brinkmann and Robert Walton were friends once more.

"Before I go home, I came up to give you this letter," said Louis, "your uncle asked me to give it to you when I came to town."

With these words as an explanation of why he had come to the office, Louis prepared to go. But Walton detained him, and told him not to worry about the mortgage as he himself would pay it, and see that it was all right. Then they left the office together, the lawyer promising to pay a visit to the farm at the very first opportunity.

Smile.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

Give the smile and the happy hello
That lighten the burdens and strife.
For the smile is as blessed as light
That dispels the darkness of life.

Simon of Cyrene.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

WHEN Christ, betrayed by Judas,
Was bitterly scourged and driven,
And made to carry His Cross,
The grace sublime was given
To Simon of Cyrene.

He bore his cross, the Saviour's Cross,
And so should we with glad acclaim
Bear ours, and watch, for grace oft comes
In hidden form, as once it came
To Simon of Cyrene.

Thomas William Robertson.

ALBERT F. GUSHURST, '10.

At the present time, in this country, we hear very little of Thomas William Robertson, dramatist. His plays, once so popular, have a comparatively small vogue nowadays. "David Garrick," however, the play that first brought Robertson's name prominently before the public, and the success of which changed his life, his mode of living, and, it may almost be said, his character, is still seen occasionally on the American stage and is rather well known to a great portion of the people both young and old. "Caste," another of his plays, is also seen now and then. These two plays are as appropriate for the present time as they were when written, and if the name and works of Robertson are to be preserved it will be in consequence of these two plays, especially the latter.

The close relation existing between England and the United States owing to the fact that the United States was once a colony of England, and in consequence of similarity of tastes, customs and sameness of language in the two countries, accounts for the fact that plays successful in England are usually successful in America also. It is natural, however, that a play written by an Englishman for an English audience should have a greater success in England than in America. Thus it was with Robertson's plays. So great was their popularity in England that scarcely a week passed during the years between 1870 and

1890 that one or more of his plays was not produced in some portion of the country. When Robertson's productions first appeared critics were unwilling to admit that any great art or individuality was shown in them, but as time passed and none of his numerous imitators succeeded, it became plain to the critics that these plays, although dealing with ordinary life and written in such a simple style, possessed some exceptional quality.

The life of Robertson was not a very eventful one, nor is there much of interest in it for the ordinary person, except that the early portion of it reminds one so strongly of the commonly pictured life of the obscure poet or painter who is seemingly content to live in a from-hand-to-mouth fashion. Robertson was one of those jolly good fellows, whom everybody likes and calls by the first name. He was brilliant enough, but owing to the fact that he was too content to live by his wits and was too careless of his finances, he and his sister Madge spent many long years as apprentices in a very humble capacity. Robertson belonged to a theatrical family, both his father and grandfather having been actors, and he was himself practically brought up on the stage. But with all the opportunity of becoming a good actor he never succeeded in that line, and it is most probably because of this fact that he led so varied a career. He was at different times an actor, a contributor to newspapers, for a time dramatic critic for the *Morning Chronicle*, an adapter of plays, and a dramatist. Robertson, Tom Robertson, as he was called, was born January 9th, 1829, at Newark-upon-Trent, and was educated at Spalding, Lincolnshire, and in Holland. The early portion of his life was devoted to the profession of actor. As early as 1851 one of his plays, a farcical comedy called "A Night's Adventures," was produced at the Olympic Theatre. This play did not, however, win him fame or fortune, so he was compelled to continue his work as an actor, varied with miscellaneous contributions to newspapers. In 1861 he went to London and attempted to make his living by journalism and light literature. For the next three years he managed to eke out a competence in various ways. In 1864 his play "David Garrick"

was produced at the Haymarket with Southern in the leading rôle. This play, adapted from the French, was a great success; it showed original and striking ability, and marked the turning-point in Robertson's career. Some attribute the success of this play to the remarkable acting of Southern. Undoubtedly, this had much to do with the play's immediate success, but aside from Southern's rendition, the originality and merit of the play, the real cause of its success, was the ability shown by Robertson as a stage-manager.

In 1865 was produced the first of the so-called "teacup-and-saucer" dramas. This was "Society," and it marked the beginning of a new style of dramatic writing, the influence of which has not yet passed away. Robertson had much difficulty in staging this play, as manager after manager refused it—much to their chagrin later on. The play was a new departure in the drama, and required a departure in the histrionic art for a successful interpretation. Finally, however, it was undertaken at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1865 under the management of Sydney Bancroft and Marie Wilton, later Mrs. Bancroft. At first the play was laughed at by critics and spoken of as a "teacup-and-saucer" play, but with all their criticisms they admitted that it was "absurdly realistic." The play proved a great success and made the author famous. Although his health was seriously undermined, Robertson continued to labor assiduously, and one play after another was produced, each one characterized by that bright and clever individuality which seems so simple, but is nevertheless so rare and so difficult of imitation. The principal plays were: "Ours," produced in 1866, "Caste," in 1867, "Play," in 1868, "School," in 1869, and "M. P.," produced in 1870:

Robertson has the honor, not only of having been the most successful and distinguished writer of plays in his generation, but also of being the founder of a distinct school of dramatic style, of which he was the consummate master. "Society," the first of the so-called "teacup-and-saucer" plays, was among his best, but "Ours," which came later and was suggested by Millais' picture, "The Black Brunswicker," is more fully developed and offers a better study of

his method. The best of his productions, however, is "Caste." This play with its simple plot, its dialogue, characterized by brightness and cleverness rather than any striking brilliancy of wit, and its purity, is so human that it appeals to every kindly feeling of our nature. Whether the spectators were of the lowest rank in life or the highest they could not help yielding themselves to the pleasant illusion. In this play indeed are shown all the elements which characterized the Robertsonian method and which accounted for the remarkable success of his plays.

The period of Robertson's triumph was as brief as it was brilliant, his death taking place in 1871. His great success was not due merely to the fact that he was a clever dramatist and invented a new style of plays; an important factor in his success was his ability as a stage-manager and his invention of a new style of acting. Robertson admitted that he was a bad actor, but as a stage-manager he did wonders. By reading his comedies it is hard to understand what there is in the simple dialogue to hold and delight an audience. The secret lay in great part in the method of presentation. Robertson was an observer of manners; he drew his characters from life, picturing distinct and representative personalities, and in producing his plays made them as realistic and devoid of staginess as possible. He is recorded as having declared: "I don't want actors, I want people that will do just what I tell them," and he seemed to possess the power of getting his people to do just as he told them; as a result he infused the soul of his creations into those who impersonated them, thus realizing the illusion he aimed at, and this contributed much to the charm of his plays.

One great defect in Robertson's plays was that his methods were somewhat artificial, and for this reason he has been replaced by the later dramatists whose methods are less artificial and more logical. Robertson worked in a narrow vein which was rich and new, but which was soon exhausted; he succeeded in overthrowing old conventionalities, but his style if persisted in by imitators, would have caused affectations more disagreeable than those he had displaced.

The Old Tramp.

RALPH C. DIMMICK, '12.

The straight track had been reached; the engineer pulled open the throttle and the long train of heavy freight cars were soon thundering along at a terrific rate. The stillness of the night was broken by the rattling of the box-car doors, as the train swayed to and fro, and the chug and roar of the old engine as she tugged at her load.

The brakeman, shivering from the cold, keen breeze, pulled his coat closer about him as he ran over the long train, jumping carefully from one car to another. As he came at length to an empty coal car into which he flashed his lantern, his keen eye detected a dark object huddled up in the other end of the car.

"Ah, ha! I think we have a passenger here," he said to himself, as he approached the object. Sure enough it was a man asleep in one corner of the car. The brakeman stooped over and gave him a couple of taps with his brake-club to arouse him.

As the man looked up the brakeman stood and gazed at him for a moment in silence, for the man was not of the usual type of tramps, but was an old man broken with age, whose hair was snowy white. His face was marked and drawn with suffering and bore an expression that plainly showed there was not a ray of hope left to cheer him on. Dangling at his side was an empty sleeve, which the brakeman noticed with a look of compassion.

"My boy," said the old man, arousing himself wearily, "I want to get to Portland, but I haven't a cent with which to pay my fare, and I have been unable to find work at which I could earn anything."

Upon being questioned by the brakeman as to how he had met with the misfortune of losing his arm, the old man explained that he had served his country during the War of the Rebellion, and that in the Battle of the Wilderness, his arm had been shattered by a rebel bullet. He continued, telling how he and some of his comrades had been picked up by a rebel detachment

and shipped down South to an overcrowded prison at Andersonville. There, in that disease-stricken pen, he lay for four long months, until an exchange of prisoners brought about his release, but not until he had contracted the yellow fever. His sufferings became so intense that the Northern doctors found it necessary to administer cocaine, and thus he formed a habit which took the meagre allowance the government granted him to supply this unnatural craving.

The young man became more and more interested as the old soldier went on with his story, for his father, who had died a few years before, had also been a soldier and had fought in the battle in which the old man was wounded. The brakeman then told the old man that his father had also been in the Battle of the Wilderness, serving in the Twentieth New York Infantry, and that he had often heard him tell of that terrible conflict.

At this, the old man raised his head, till his gaze met that of the brakeman, and looking sharply into his face, he asked: "With what company did your father serve?"

"Company E.," said the young fellow, at which the old man looked surprised for he himself had been a member of the same company.

Upon learning the name of the brakeman's father, the old soldier bowed his head as if in deep meditation and then looking up said:

"Young man, just forty-five years ago to-day, your father and I fought side by side in the engagement at Ball's Bluff."

The train pulled into Portland, was stored away on the side-track by the switchmen, the engine was turned in at the roundhouse and the train crew went to the hotel. After giving the old soldier a good breakfast and securing a place for him to rest during the day, the brakeman went to the pension office in Portland to interview the officer in charge. The result was that the old soldier found himself a few days later on the way to "The Old Soldier's Home," riding in a first-class coach instead of a coal car, as he had done recently, with five new crisp one dollar bills tucked carefully away in his inside pocket.

The Weird Sisters.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

Much of the art of a dramatic poet lies in the portrayal of life in the light of his own times. If in studying the production of any literary genius one should be unfamiliar with the customs and ideas dominant at the time of writing, he could not but fail to appreciate fully the work, and hence would be rather incompetent to judge of its merit with entire justice. Therefore, when we find critics denouncing Shakespeare for elements that smack more or less of superstition, of belief in witchcraft, fairies, etc., we are inclined to believe them not wholly cognizant of the conditions which account in great part for the use he has made of these elements.

Life in the Elizabethan age had grown out of the confusion of mediævalism. It was an era of change, but of reality. Independence of thought gave rise to various forms of belief,—social, political and religious. Of these creeds the one that stands out with peculiar distinctness and prominence is the belief in the existence of evil spirits in human form. The literature of the Elizabethan epoch abounds in references to such a belief. Sir Thomas Brown tells us that "the existence of such creatures as witches was undoubted, for the Scriptures affirmed it and the wisdom of nations had provided laws against such persons." Whether or not Shakespeare himself actually believed in witches is difficult to determine. We have no more right to say that he did than to say he did not. As a dramatic poet he availed himself of the dramatic material at his disposal. His audience was strongly interested in the preternatural, and as the great author was fully aware of the prevalent belief in these demoniacal beings, it was only natural that he should make use of that belief as a means of mirroring the life of his time.

It is interesting therefore to study Shakespeare's attitude toward these beings. When we find some of our most eminent Shakespearian commentators contradicting one another in their interpretations as to the

character of the "Weird Sisters," one may be curious to know just what Shakespeare actually did represent in these apparently strange beings.

The eminent Gervinus remarks: "In the Witches, Shakespeare has made use of the popular belief in evil geniuses and in adverse persecutors of mankind, and has produced a similar but darker race of beings, just as he made use of the belief in fairies in the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' The poet, in the text of the play itself calls these beings Witches only derogatorily; they call themselves 'Weird Sisters;' the Fates bore this denomination, and these Sisters remind us indeed of the Northern Fates or Valkyries." From this it is evident that the critic does not regard the "Weird Sisters" as witches.

The rest of his criticism is doubtlessly a laudable personal opinion, but it is so unsupported by fact and evidence that we must infer that Gervinus was not altogether a specialist in the science, if we may so call it, of witchcraft, for it can be shown that all the characteristics of the Northern Fates pointed out by him in no way clash with the nature and conduct of witches. Space will not allow of detail, but what do we learn from the text itself? The sudden appearance of the Weird Sisters to Banquo elicits these words of surprise:

What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips; you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

This passage, which has been regarded by many as the strongest proof that the Weird Sisters were not witches, is perhaps the strongest proof that they were so, because the argument that is unassailable, the one that defeats all opinion to the contrary, is the fact that the "Weird Sisters" wore beards. Even granting that Shakespeare might have represented Norns as having "choppy fingers" and "skinny lips," which charge one declines in bringing against so great a poet, it would be wrong to say that he would have represented them as wearing beards. Facts are abundant to show that the one feature that characterized

witches in the Elizabethan age was the beard. In the Second Act, First Scene, of the "Honest Man's Fortune," we read: "The women that come to us for disguises must wear beards, and that's to say a token of a witch." Again in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act IV., Scene II.; line 200), Sir Hugh Evans confirms this argument when he says of the disguised Falstaff:

By yea and no, I think the 'oman is
A witch indeed; I like not when a 'oman has
A great peard; I spy a great peard under
His muffler.

Here is testimony to the fact that a beard was the sign of a witch. Gervinus, however, gives this no consideration, and presumes that Shakespeare unscrupulously degraded the poor Norns to the level of witches by dubbing them with beards.

There are others who contend that the Weird Sisters did not represent witches because witches could not prophesy as the Sisters do. Here again facts contradict the argument. The witch trials of which we have record are filled with prophecies of things that were about to happen. One need but look into the Scotch trials of 1590-'91 for evidence of this. The text itself, however, is sufficient to show the prophetic power of witches: Macbeth, in his letter to his wife, tells her he had "learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge." Obviously the meaning is that the demon's power was made manifest through a kind of prophecy.

But the evil influences which the Weird Sisters exert upon Macbeth show clearly that they were more than prophetic. If they had appeared only as such, the crimes of Macbeth would not have been revealed in all their hideous aspects. Macbeth is introduced in the grasp of preternatural powers. Satan himself seems to control the forces of nature. Already these uncanny beings, in the exercise of their fiendish arts, have summoned a storm—a wild foreboding of the horror which crime and sin are about to accomplish. So great is the influence which they exert upon Macbeth that in every temptation he succumbs to evil. This fact in itself is almost sufficient proof that Shakespeare intended there should be no doubt as to the demoniacal character of the Weird Sisters.

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—In the last report which he will submit to the trustees of the University, President Eliot, of Harvard, again advocates reducing the residence requirement for the bachelor's degree from four to three years. This idea has been propagated by Dr. Eliot for some time, his views being based on the fact that at the larger universities men are doing the work for the degree in a shorter period of time than is stipulated in the college catalogue. President Eliot has demonstrated his ability as an educator, and his views are usually sane and logical, yet we are not willing to concede to his position in regard to the short course. It is true, that many students are making the four-year course in three years, and for some this may be entirely practical; yet, the ordinary boy, going from his preparatory school to college is not sufficiently formed in the habit of study and observation to warrant his eliminating a year from the regular curriculum. By increasing the number of hours of work done each week it would be a comparatively easy matter to cover the same amount of ground in three years as is ordinarily covered in four. Any man of average mind can cram a certain amount of knowledge

into his head and pass creditable examinations in the work he has done. But will this make the educated man? It appeals to us that a college education should consist of more than a stipulated amount of knowledge or of facts compiled and memorized for future reference. It should be above all an evolution of power, and this evolution requires time. As a matter of fact, the average college man is just beginning to develop into a student at the completion of the bachelor's course. If there is to be any change in the courses it would be more advisable to lengthen rather than to shorten them. The three-year-course man will be kept too busy assimilating the required facts to broaden himself by liberal personal study and the exchange of ideas with others. Since the majority of men in the American universities are not advanced in age, and their process of thinking must be developed by a slow and gradual process, it would be exceedingly unwise to attempt an abridgment of the time which has been universally accepted as the proper period required for the bachelor's degree. Dr. Eliot's idea on the subject is of interest to everyone who has the cause of advanced education at heart, but it is doubtful that it will ever be accepted other than as an expedient that can apply only to the few and not to the majority.

—The world has great need of good, pure literature. Man, nowadays, in whatever condition of life he may be looks to the press for instruction and entertainment, and what he gets therefrom is of great consequence as an influence upon his conduct. Especially in the novel, the most popular form of literature, does he find lessons, good or bad, most easily assimilated, because of the reality with which they are brought forth and the attractive manner in which they are presented. The author then that has literary ability has great responsibility, for his influence is indeed far-reaching. That his power is too often abused is well known.

In losing Marion F. Crawford, who died at his home in Italy on Good Friday, April 9, the whole world, and especially America, loses a man who has given ample evidence

that he understood this grave obligation. He strove to give the public a clean, elevating, true picture of life as it is and as it should be. The author was born at the Baths of Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854. His father was a celebrated sculptor. His studies were made at Concord, N. H., Cambridge, England, Heidelberg, the University of Rome, and Harvard. Although living most of his life in Italy, Marion Crawford was distinctly American in feeling. Besides being a great novelist, he was an eminent linguist, having made a special study of Oriental languages. He also enjoyed the distinction of being well versed in social, economic and political questions, and contributed numerous articles on these subjects for the leading periodicals. He was a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, to which he adhered most devoutly from his conversion to his death. Marion Crawford was but fifty-five years of age and just attaining the full height of his powers. Although he is known to America as a man of many parts, it is as novelist that he will be remembered. His works are unique. The style is vigorous and elegant, the characterization strong and noble. His feminine characters are not artificial heroines, but genuine examples of exalted womanhood; his men are not idols, but true, firm, resolute characters. His characteristic novel has a soul, and is marked by animation throughout. His love is of the kind that emanates from manly strength and womanly virtue. He was a true historian, some of his greatest achievements being the accuracy of his philosophical descriptions of social and political conditions at the times in which the scenes of his various novels are laid. At his death he was engaged in writing a History of Rome in the Middle Ages which he had calculated would employ him for twenty years. As Americans and as Catholics we should honor the memory of Marion Crawford, for he was the type of what the Catholic novelist should be, the author of wholesome and inspiring fiction at a time when the world is flooded with literature that is trashy, unwholesome and degrading. We hope that some good author of parts and strength may presently come to the front to succeed Marion Crawford as champion in the cause of good, popular fiction.

"Macbeth."

On the afternoon of Easter Monday, Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was played in Washington Hall. In spite of the cold and rain, there was a large attendance of visitors. Senior Day has come to be the day of the year on which something Shakespearean or at least classical is presented, and this is a custom that should be kept up. It is but proper that a university of the dimensions of Notre Dame should show its appreciation of the truly classical drama by having at least one masterpiece presented each year. "Macbeth" was staged here at the University about seven years ago with Mr. William Wimberg, who died recently, in the leading rôle, and Mr. Louis Wagner as Lady Macbeth, with great success. It is a difficult play, the two leading characters being exceedingly heavy for the best of student-actors.

Claude Sorg, as Macbeth, played well. Sorg has not the voice nor the art of a Wimberg, but his acting is marked by an ease and grace that is very pleasing. This is the first time that he has appeared in tragic drama, and his effort is worthy of commendation. He was at his best in the Banquet Scene.

The choice of Leo McElroy for the part of Lady Macbeth was a very happy one. McElroy was the star of the day, and has proven a valuable find for the feminine rôles in our plays. He has appeared several times before, particularly as Viola in Twelfth Night, but the change from comedy to tragedy has brought out his real capabilities. He was strong throughout, and showed up particularly well in the Murder Scene and the Walking Scene in the last act.

The work of Reps. was marked by naturalness; McAleenan was strong in the emotional parts; Havican played well in the part of the Scotch Doctor. The other players were of about even merit, all performing well considering the weight and difficulty of their respective parts. One of the best features of the play was their blending into the action. The minor characters were not wall-flowers, but were always doing something. The play as a whole went off nicely except that the

action was allowed to drag somewhat by the repeated dropping of the curtain between scenes, which with a little ingenuity could have been run together. The light effects were good, especially in the Witch scenes.

Professor Spiess, under whose direction the presentation was prepared, deserves great credit for the unsparing pains he took in order to make a success of the big undertaking.

The Orchestra as usual contributed its share to the entertainment, and though weakened by the absence of several prominent members, rendered the several numbers in a manner deserving of compliment.

The following was the program of the entertainment:

CASTE OF CHARACTERS.

Duncan, King of Scotland	William C. Cray
Malcom, Son to Duncan	William F. Reps
Macbeth } Generals of Duncan's Army	Claude A. Sorg
Banquo }	Frank J. Holleran
Macduff } Noblemen of Scotland	Howard W. McAleenan
Lennox }	John F. O'Hara
Rosse }	William J. Parish
Fleance, Son to Banquo	Joseph M. Huerkamp
Seyton, Officer attending Macbeth—	Harold Balensiefer
Doctor	Thomas A. Havican
Captain	Francis L. Madden
Servant	Louis A. Dionne
Porter	Thomas A. Havican
Apparitions	Francis L. Madden
First Murderer	Peter M. Meersman
Second Murderer	Edmund B. Shea
Lady Macbeth	Leo C. McElroy
Gentlewoman	Paul Rush
Witches, C. J. Kelly, Ferol J. Donahue, J. C. Goddeyne	
Lords and Soldiers—Francis J. Mein, George H. Hawes	
Bernard A. Gira, Thomas D. Collins	

MUSIC.

Selection—"Top 'o The World"	Klein & Caldwell
Selection—"Algeria"	Victor Hubert
Selection—"Three Twins"	Karl Hashua
Selection—"Stubborn Cinderella"	J. E. Howard
"Medley Overture"	W. F. Peters
"Galapd' Concert"	Wilhelm Gans

It is lamentable that more interest is not taken in dramatics by the upper-classmen. Among so many students there can not but be much talent that with training can be brought out to advantage. There is no reason why we should not turn out a number actors of the Wimberg, Dwan and Wagner type. Let us rise to meet this need, and let Senior Day become and remain a day on which we can expect a well-acted classic of Shakespeare, Lytton, or some one of their class.

G. J. F.

The New Hall.

After several years of expectation, work on Walsh Hall, the new rooming building for students, was begun on Tuesday morning of this week. The new building will accommodate one hundred more students, thus supplying a need that has been urgent for some time. The plans have been drawn and complete architectural arrangements placed in the hands of Mr. William Brinkman, an architect of Chicago. It is estimated that the new hall will cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, no expense being spared to make it one of the most complete and up-to-date college buildings in the country.

Walsh Hall, which will be 230 feet long, will be located 100 feet south of Sorin Hall, facing the quadrangle. A space of 100 feet will be left between the Southern end of the new building and the road. Yellow brick, uniform with that of the other buildings of the University, will be used in its construction, but the hall will differ from the other buildings in that its architectural style will be more elaborate. It will be three stories in height with basement and attic, and the floors throughout will be of mosaic. An auditorium will be located in the basement where the students of the hall can hold convocations.

The rear rooms are to be all single, fitted with stationary wash-bowls and hot and cold water. The front rooms are to be made up of suites of three, consisting of an extra large study-room with a bay window for two boys, and a bed-room on either side. Attached to one of these bed-rooms will be a private bath and toilet. In case any other combination of rooms is desired, it can be arranged by means of inner doors connecting the front rooms in such a way that one may walk the entire length of the hall without stepping out into the corridor. The doors are to be made of fire-proof material and so arranged that when the desired combination is secured there can be no communication between the students occupying the different suites. The purpose of this scheme is to make more rooms to the suite in cases where a number of boys related or from the same city wish to have connected apartments. Through the corridors at intervals will be

arranged fireproof doors that may be closed, thus preventing any possible spread of fire. The entire building will be installed with all appurtenances and labor saving devices calculated to make the residents more comfortable. Sweeping will be done by means of compressed air, and a freight elevator will be installed to convey luggage to the upper floors.

For the past two years the erection of a new building has become more and more imperative, owing to the steadily increasing enrollment of students. This year the registration runs above the thousand mark, while the boarding enrollment is at least nine hundred and fifty. Students have been cramped for room so much that the immediate erection of a new building was more desirable than to continue allowing students to room in the city. The building as an example of modern college architecture will stand high in the ranks of splendid university buildings. It will add greatly to the general appearance of the campus, prolonging the quadrangle effect and adding to the impressive grouping that has always been a distinguishing feature of Notre Dame. It is the intention of the authorities to use this Hall for undergraduate or Freshmen students and still retain Sorin for Sophomore, Junior and Senior collegiate men. Corby Hall will remain practically as it is now, for students free of condition who have not attained Sophomore standing.

The name, Walsh, is given to this Hall to commemorate the work of Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University from 1881 to 1893, a man of superior endowments and a finished scholar. He came to the presidency in his twenty-eight year, and made every effort possible to rank Notre Dame among the greatest universities of the land. During his years St. Edward's Hall, Washington Hall, Science Hall, Chemistry Hall, the Astronomical Observatory, the Infirmary and the wings and refectories of the Main Building were built. These additions must remain monuments to his genius and ability in making and carrying out large plans. But the new Hall is named after him as a tribute from his successors who have recognized the work he did in restoring Notre Dame after the destructive fire of a few years previous. J. M. F.

Senior Ball.

The Senior Ball was held this year, as is customary on Senior Night. Place Hall in South Bend was never more beautifully decorated before than on Easter Monday evening. The orchestra platform had been built in the centre of the dancing floor under a great rosette of gold and blue, which sent streamers in all directions to the walls of the ballroom. Four great palms and a hundred smaller ones, built up around the orchestra, broke the monotonous surface of the polished floor, carrying the suggestion of a tropical conservatory. On two sides of the room large flags, pennants, college blankets, skins and trophies literally hid the chocolate tinted walls. At one end between the two entrances the class numerals, '09, were displayed in an electric design, and along the frieze all the way round the ball-room, a thousand pennants, from nearly as many colleges, in their varied hues added to the gorgeous color setting. In the green parlors were arranged cosy corners, banked with college pillows, and the red room, where punch and later a buffet lunch were served, had a great canopy of gold and blue suspended over another greenery of hothouse plants.

There was probably a larger attendance of alumni and out-of-town visitors than at any previous function of the sort, and from nine-thirty until two o'clock the swish and sparkle and glint of elaborate gowns wove a maze of color with the dignified simplicity of the evening dress of the men.

Much, if not all, the credit for the successful outcome of the ball is due to the class committee, composed of Messrs. John B. Kanaley, chairman; Edward Escher, Leo Hogan, Frank Walker, Albert Mertes, John Diener, Douglas Bonham, Fay Wood and William Gowrie, who had the affair completely in charge.

Professor Petersen, director of the Varsity Orchestra and Glee Club, arranged an excellent program of classic dance music, and his South Bend Symphony Orchestra carried it out most elaborately.

A number of the alumni of Notre Dame and St. Mary's were present. Among the

out-of-town guests were the Misses Nellie Loughy, Momence, Ill.; Cora Costello, Anderson, Ind.; Anna Moriarty, Ashtabula, Ohio; Alice Attley, Chicago; Katherine Ryan, Cleveland, Ohio; Eva O'Hara, Indianapolis; Mazie Egan, Chicago; Ethel Thomas, Lawton, Mich.; Messrs. Samuel McQuaid, Holyoke, Mass.; K. W. Mix, Mishawaka; Richard Wilson, George Wolf, Louis Gaynor and Anthony Stephens, Chicago.

In the College World.

The Crimson, a new literary publication, recently made its initial appearance at Indiana University.

The Cornell Baseball Team is making a long playing-trip through the Southern states.

The Editors of the *Daily Princetonian* and the *Yale News* will play a game of basketball on May 7, at Princeton.

A new chapel was dedicated on April 14, at Arcadia College, Arcadia, Mo., Archbishop Glennon officiating at the exercises.

A new Jesuit college will soon be opened in North Yakima, Washington. The Jesuit college, Portland, Ore., is backing the plan.

The University of Illinois Baseball Team has repeatedly met defeat at the hands of the Milwaukee American Association Team.

Ralph H. Jones, head of athletics at Wabash, will go to Purdue next September. His successor at Wabash has not yet been chosen.

The coming summer session at Indiana University promises to be the most successful in the history of the school. The faculty has been greatly increased.

The Honor System in examinations is to be introduced in all classes at William and Mary College where it has been successfully used in some classes for many years.

The Kansas Legislature has made an appropriation of \$982,159 for the State University, to be used in erecting two new buildings and increasing the salaries.

Rt. Rev. Denis O'Connell, formerly rector of the Catholic University at Washington has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco.

The annual State Inter-Scholastic Meet is to be held at Missouri State University on May 1. In the Illinois Inter-Scholastic Meet seventy-three preparatory schools are scheduled to compete.

A Papal title and decoration have been conferred on Miss Eleanor Colgan, a teacher in the Brooklyn schools, for her work in bettering the conditions of the Italians in Brooklyn's "Little Italy."

The Brown University Baseball Team will take the longest trip ever made by a university team when it goes to Seattle to partake in the intercollegiate tournament at the Pacific-Yukon Exposition.

The endowment fund of Wabash College has lately been increased by \$210,000, making a total of \$700,000. The General Education Board of New York City gave \$50,000, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave an equal amount.

At St. Mary's College, Kansas, a heavy baseball schedule has been announced. The season was opened by games with the Denver and Topeka Teams of the Western League and the Detroit team of the American League. The best college teams of Kansas and neighboring states are on the list. Prospects for a successful season are very bright.

Personals.

—P. W. O'Grady (student 1900-'3) now resides at 32 Eagle Street, Albany, New York.

—Frederick J. Kasper (Ph. B., 1904), now of the firm of Paine, Campbell & Kasper,

Chicago, visited the University last week.

—Joseph J. Sinnott (E. E. 1908), Astoria, Oregon, visited friends at the University last week.

—John T. Kane (student 1907-8) is in the employ of the Pontiac Shoe Manufacturing Company of Pontiac, Ill.

—W. A. Barry, M. D. (student 1897-8), is now practising medicine in Chicago. His address is 7845 Halsted St.

—Arthur E. Steiner (C. E., 1906) was recently elected City Engineer at St. Cloud, Minn. For the past two years Mr. Steiner has been connected with the city engineering department and is assured of success in his present position.

—William F. Flynn (student '94-5) gives as his present address 43 River Street, Chicago. The three brothers, Albert J. ('92-5) Richard ('92-4) and William, are well remembered at Notre Dame. They have recently given fresh evidence of their devotion to *Alma Mater*.

—John C. Shea (student 1895-'8) has organized the Market Savings Bank, Dayton, Ohio, with a capital stock of \$50,000. The high character of Mr. Shea, as well as his conservative tendencies in business, are sure to make the new bank a popular institution.

—Mr. John Young and Mr. Leo Robinson, students in the Minim Department a few years ago, visited the University recently calling upon former teachers and old friends. The former is now in business with his father in Chicago, and the other is a student at Chicago University.

—Mr. Peter McElligott (LL. B. '02) is a member of the committee on Public Education in the assembly of the State of New York. Recently he sent us copies of the Lincoln centenary celebration and the *Arbor Day* annual, issued by the pupils in the schools of the State. Both are worthy of the Empire State.

—William A. Walsh (1894-'5), of the firm of Walsh, Wallin and Beckwith, Yonkers, New York, has recently suffered a double bereavement in the death of his wife, April 1st, and that of his brother four days later. Will was a favorite among the men of his time, and in this hour of his sorrow there will be many to remember him in sympathy and prayer.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 6; Albion, 4.

With a team including only four of last year's men, the Varsity trimmed Albion in great shape last Thursday, and started the season in the regular Notre Dame way, with a victory of six to four. Heyl pitched the greater part of the game and made good by striking out nine men and allowing only two hits. His control was good, and he kept the visitors going from the first trying to connect with his curves, but they proved to be too much for them. The eighth inning closed with six runs for the Varsity and one for Albion.

In the ninth inning Miller reached first on an error by Hamilton. Hudnutt got a hit and Brown reached first safely. Hudnutt arrived on third and scored while Brown was stealing second. Miller was forced out. Ganka came next with a hit and stole second. Brown scored and Ganka also scored on an error. Heyl then gave two passes to first and struck out only one man.

With two men on bases and two out, Burke was substituted for Heyl and closed the game by striking out the next batter. The fielding of the Varsity was almost perfect, there being but three errors, Hamilton 2 and Ruell 1. The score.

Notre Dame	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Connelly, 3b.....	1	0	3	2	0
McKee, cf.....	0	0	0	1	0
Phillips, 1b.....	1	1	8	0	0
Ruell, ss.....	1	1	0	1	1
Kelly, lf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Hamilton, 2b.....	1	1	1	2	2
Ulatowski, rf.....	1	1	0	0	0
R. Scanlon, c.....	0	0	13	3	0
Heyl, p.....	0	1	1	2	0
Burke, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
	6	7	27	11	3

Albion College	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Hudnutt, rf.....	1	1	1	0	0
Brown, lf.....	1	0	5	0	1
Ganka, 3b.....	1	2	0	3	0
Keils, cf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Moffit, 2b.....	1	0	1	2	1
Lee, c.....	0	0	3	3	0
Jennings, 1b.....	0	0	12	0	0
Williams, ss.....	0	0	0	0	2
Miller, p.....	0	0	1	4	1
	4	4	24	12	5

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Corby, 4; Sorin, 3.

The Corby baseball team defeated the representatives of Sorin Thursday in a fast and exciting game, which required ten

innings to settle the difference. The teams were evenly matched, playing steady, consistent ball, and if this is a sample of what is to come, a lively season is promised to the Inter-hall "fans." Attley and Cook constituted the battery for Sorin, and did their work well. Sommers pitched a phenomenal game for Corby, allowing only six hits and striking out ten men, while Fish held up his end with his usual good catching. Attley's batting was one of the features of the game.

With the score standing two and two at the beginning of the tenth inning, Collins of Sorin singled, stole second and was advanced to third, whence in attempting to steal home, he was hard pressed between bases, but reached home safe on Doonan's error. With the score three to two against them, Corby came in for its last turn at bat. Sommers doubled but was called out for cutting first. Then with two men down, Devine started activities by reaching first on a hit and stealing second. Doonan knocked a slow one to third, scoring Devine. Dana, next up, had a single in his stick, which scored Doonan, and won the game for Corby.

Local Items.

—Brownson Hall will give a musical and literary entertainment on the evening of April 19th. These events, always of a high order, are thoroughly enjoyable to all.

—Easter boxes were plentiful and the "eatings" were good. Two box socials were held in Old College and the other halls had their share. Parents and kind friends are duly thanked.

—Science Hall is being improved by a coat of paint applied to the trimmings. This new decoration gives the hall an attractive appearance. It is said that other halls will be similarly treated.

—A plain gold ring was lost some weeks ago on the campus near Chemistry Hall. If the finder would please deliver it to Brother Alphonsus and receive reward, the owner would be very grateful.

—The SCHOLASTIC weather bureau has done its best to secure real spring weather for Notre Dame. However, there has been a large stock of snow and cold wind left over from winter, and this will have to be disposed of before anything definite can be promised.

—Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, editor, author and educator, will deliver a series of lectures before the English department beginning May 1. The series will extend over a month, with several lectures a week. Dr. Smith is well remembered by students who

were here last year, and those interested in English work anticipate with pleasure the impending treat.

—Dr. James J. Walsh, a distinguished author, scholar and lecturer, will appear before the University Sunday evening, April 25. A lecture by Dr. Walsh is a rare treat. It will be enough to say that in the judgment of those who have heard him he is another Monaghan.

—"Keep off the grass"—that is what the sign says, and the students are asked to heed the warning. Brother Philip and his assistants are busily engaged making flower beds and planting shrubbery. As usual, the campus will have the appearance of a well-kept park as soon as Dame Nature decorates the trees.

—The Seminary and Dujarié Choirs are deserving of special mention on account of the splendid singing rendered during the Easter services. This, together with the splendid rendition of the Tenebrae, confirms us in the opinion that at no place in the country is the ritual of the Church observed more carefully than at Notre Dame.

—The inmates of St. Edward's Hall wish to extend hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas J. Nelson, of Chicago, for the large and elegant reading table recently donated by them to the new Society Room of that department. This is but one of the numerous kindnesses by which they have favored the Minims within the last year or two.

—The Senior Class wishes to give public acknowledgment of its thanks to Adler's Clothing House for favors extended to its Senior Ball committee. Max Adler has always proved himself a most loyal friend of Notre Dame and on every occasion makes it his own concern to help out students in whatever they undertake. The help he has given to the Senior Class not only on this occasion but in nearly every enterprise they have carried out during the past two years, merits the gratitude and the right hand of fellowship, which the Class of '09 here take opportunity to offer.

—The junior students of Carroll Hall have been a source of edification to their senior brothers of the University in matters of practical Catholicity several times during this year. Many of these youngsters are weekly communicants and are regular in their attendance at non-obligatory services. During Lent they were always in church for the Stations of the Cross on Friday afternoon. During the Forty Hours' Devotion and on Holy Thursday by taking turns of fifteen minutes each they kept up continual Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Their spirit is most worthy of a pious emulation in other halls.