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Shakespeare To-day.

BY W. C.

THREE hundred years and still your people live
As human now as ere the stirring days
When wilful Bess was on the English throne,
And Drake was ruthless tyrant of the seas.
The world is still a stage, the players act
The selfsame parts. The action and the plots
May faster move. The trappings and the scenes
Are artificial, but the players, ah!
The players are the same you knew and loved
And sang of in a thousand matchless tones
Running the gamut of humanity.
The folks I pass each day upon the street
Bring back to me the music of your lines.
There Romeo goes courting Juliet,
Iago intrigues, Desdemona falls
The victim of a husband's jealousy.
Now comes Jack Falstaff full of fun and drink
And luckless Hamlet passes sad and slow,
Too filled with melancholy thought for deeds.
Macbeth still murders sleep with bloody crime
And doting Lears bewail a progeny
That bring disgrace upon a wintered brow.
Kings quarrel yet, their subjects go to war
And women mourn those who return no more.
Lovers and lunatics, cut-throats and kings,
Shrews, witches, ghosts, fair women, jesting fools,
They all are here. We only need the bard
To search beneath the outward show and voice
Unseen realities of life to-day.
Could we recall from dreamless dust the heart
That beat in unison with nature's pulse,
That took life as 'twas given nor sought more,
That felt all men its kin and loving all,
Forgot its own desires and petty faults;
Then we should have this age interpreted,
This Century would sound with sweetest song.

Three Hundred Years of Shakespeare.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER.

THREE hundred years ago the world-poet William Shakespeare laid aside the magic pen that had wrought his legacy to posterity. For three centuries his legatee, the world, has enjoyed the fruits of his bequest.

Of the present position of the poet in the minds and the hearts of men there can be no variety of opinion. The reverence that his works have inspired is apparent from the whole-heartedness with which the tercentenary is being observed. In every large city of the United States some form of commemoration has been carried out. In New York no less than two thousand celebrations of one kind or another have given expression to the popular feeling toward the great poet. A society of young boys has just given a performance of "Julius Caesar" in his honor, while the public celebration held by school children of the metropolis is further evidence of the general interest in the occasion. A notable event on Easter Sunday was the special service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, at which the eminent actor Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson made the principal address. On the following day another exponent of Shakespeare, Sir Herbert Tree, gave a special performance in which he enacted several scenes from the most popular of the plays.

Shakespeare has come into his own. Fainter and fainter have grown the dissentient voices of the orthodox critics before the ever-growing acclaim of true appreciation. Those whose creed of classicism had led them to hold up their hands in holy horror at the heresies of this supreme literary "barbarian" have long since become converts to his compelling presentation of a new dramatic art. Those who came to scoff at what they called a child of nature's

disregard of Latin and Greek form, learned at length to admire, to marvel at, his creation of a new form.

From his own countrymen Shakespeare has long received full measure of homage. The earliest presentation of the plays drew crowds to boxes, pit, and gallery alike. The people found in the plays perfect commentaries of their own lives and experiences, expressed in language that vitalized the action of the drama and transformed even the plain Elizabethan stage into a forum or a battlefield.

Such splendid expression of the public taste led the critics to overlook the dramatist's departure from the old rules and they began to study him with less and less prejudice. Ben Jonson claimed in 1623 that Shakespeare "wanted art," yet he placed him first among the dramatists of the world. Milton sang of the bard's monument of glory, reared by his own works. John Hales of Eaton, a critic of highest authority among his contemporaries, asserted in 1640 that no poet had treated any subject which could not be found better done in Shakespeare.

The Restoration period, during which the public taste veered back toward the classic model of the drama then in favor in France, was but an interruption of Shakespeare's vogue among his countrymen. Critics emphasized his neglect of the ancient principles of technique and elaborated the view that he lacked the training of the "only authentic school." The scholar Rymer called "Othello" a "bloody farce, without salt or savour." Samuel Pepys, whose famous diary is a faithful chronicle of the spirit and the temper of the times, saw little wit in "The Tempest" and called the "Midsummer Night's Dream" insipid and ridiculous. For "Hamlet," however, he showed much admiration. Dryden, while puzzled at Shakespeare's "inequalities, which make him the very Janus of poets," styled him the largest and most comprehensive soul among men. So all of the greater literary minds that have followed recognize the Elizabethan as the supreme poet.

To the village which gave to England and the world this mighty-minded man due tribute has been accorded by students and actors. As early as 1634 Sir William Dugdale visited Stratford and set on record Shakespeare's association with the town. Early in the eighteenth century the actor Betterton went to

Stratford on a similar mission. In 1769 David Garrick lent his personal supervision to a jubilee celebration. In April, 1864, Stratford was the scene of a twelve days' celebration of the tercentenary of the poet's birth.

Among the great English-speaking actors who have achieved fame in Shakespearean roles, the most notable are, besides Betterton and Garrick, Robert Wilkes, Barton Booth, Edmund Keane, John Maccullough, Lester Mallack, Sir Henry Irving, Lawrence Barrett, and Edwin Booth. The foremost interpreters of female roles are Fanny Davenport, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and Edith Wynne Mattheson. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have just retired from the stage, after a successful career of artistic interpretation.

Turning to France we find that Shakespeare was very slow in receiving recognition. For a long time, during which the great plays were moving to laughter or to tears every class of people in England, their author was wholly unknown south of the Channel. Toward the end of the regime of Louis XIV, however, there began an awakening that was not completed until 1776, when Le Tourneur finished the first complete translation of Shakespeare's works.

Politics was in no way responsible for the tardy appreciation of the English dramatist, for international relations had served to bring the two countries together rather than to estrange them. But during the seventeenth century France was England's creditor in literature, instead of her debtor. English translations had been made of many of the books that the French had written; yet the names of Shakespeare and Milton had never been mentioned by any Gallic writer. The indifference of the Frenchman to the literature of his Anglo-Saxon neighbor is illustrated in the fact that Saint-Evremont, a writer and critic who spent most of his life in exile at London, did not deem it worth his while to learn the English language.

Nor was France under the delusion that the outside world had nothing of literary value to offer. Italian and Spanish influences upon the Parisian writers of that time are very marked. The great obstacle to the entrance of the English works was the failure of the French to realize that the Saxon and the invading Norman had joined in evolving a language endowed with all the strength and the

flexibility, as well as the musical possibilities, required for the creation of a great literature.

The crumbling of the monarchy of Louis XIV, however, and with it the close of an unusually brilliant national period, caused thoughtful men to look at England. At first it was the political and economic conditions of the kingdom that attracted their attention; then English letters, notably the plays of Shakespeare, became a matter of great interest. Chief among the pilgrims northward was Voltaire, whose sojourn in England began with the second quarter of the remarkable eighteenth century, when Shakespeare was regarded more than ever as the national dramatist of the English. The people were literally crowding the London theatres. Voltaire followed the crowds, and in his "Letters Concerning the English People" he made known to the French public the name of Shakespeare. Immediately the interest of the Parisians was aroused.

But Shakespeare cannot be rendered into French effectively, and Laplace, the first translator, confined himself to a few plays. These were well received upon their publication in 1747. Thirty years later Le Tourneur published the complete works. A more skilful translator was Ducis, whose adaptations during the two decades preceding the Revolution were made more successful through the artistic interpretation of the actor Talma.

The French know Shakespeare mostly through reading his works. The production of the plays in France has never been nearly so successful as in Germany. While the French acknowledge Shakespeare supreme in the creation of human characters, they have compared his method of dramatic constructions with their own, and have chosen the latter.

Very different was the reception of Shakespeare by the German people. Even before the year 1600 his plays were being presented in Germany, although the author's name was not associated with them. At first the plays were enacted in the original English; later they were rendered in crude German. But no imperfection of translation could check the enthusiasm of the German people for the dramatic power that the acting of the plays revealed.

In spite of this popular appreciation it is not until 1682, strange to say, that Shakespeare's name is found specifically mentioned in connection with his productions on the German stage. Satisfactory translations were still slower

in coming. In 1741 "Julius Caesar" was poorly translated by Herr Von Borck, who had been Prussia's minister in London. The publication brought out warm disapproval from the leading classicist of the period, Johann Gottsched who denounced the "barbaric lawlessness" of the author. With equal vigor Wilhelm Schlegel commended the play, and the young and brilliant Gotthold Lessing drew to Shakespeare the attention of the educated class. Between the years 1797 and 1810, Schlegel produced metrical versions of thirteen plays, in which he reproduced the spirit of the original with such striking effect as to completely naturalize Shakespeare in Germany. During the last century the renowned Goethe adapted "Romeo and Juliet," and his great contemporary Schiller rendered "Macbeth." The Shakespeare produced in collaboration by Schlegel and the poet Ludwig Tieck is one of the world's greatest translations.

So devoted to Shakespeare have the Germans become that some of them have claimed him to be essentially German, notwithstanding the strange accident of his birth and speech. For more than three centuries Teutonic audiences have been charmed by his plays, and for the last century and a half his recognition in Germany has been almost as complete as in his own country.

Through Italy, Russia, Spain and the northern countries,—over every section of Europe—the works and the name of Shakespeare have spread like an all-conquering host. In Italy, Voltaire's influence delayed for a time the reception of the poet, but since that time the Italians have drawn him to their hearts as a worthy companion to their own great authors.

Although English-speaking people have long appreciated Shakespeare's wonderful contribution to their language and literature, we may yet hope for a wider reading of the poet and for larger audiences when his plays are presented. We need more of Shakespeare. If the present tercentenary celebration creates a greater interest in the bard it will have been doubly worth while.

The Singer.

We ask not where you wrote, nor when, nor how;
It is enough for us to know that you
Gave mankind from the treasure of your heart
All that is beautiful and good and true.

To Shakespeare.

Great Shakespeare, thou didst share the majesty
Of Jupiter, with half his thund'rous brain.
Thou hast Apollo's gift to ascertain
The course of fortune, light, and melody.
Fleet Mercury told thee of land and sea,
And the high art of letters didst explain;
And fair Minerva gave her noble thane
The keys of science, art and mystery.

And thou didst correspond to all this light,
O glorious and mellow sonneteer,
Thy sonnets speak of some devoted friend
Whom thou hast laughed beside and shed a tear.
Thy dramas trumpet thee a noble seer,
Whom fifteen score of years could not transcend.

B. G.

Shakespeare, the Poet.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

A nation, it is easily observed, respects its philosophers but it loves its poets. Another age troops upon the heels of the last. Austere Parmenides, Plato, spellbound before some open day-break, and dignified Lucretius, move one after one into antiquity, but blind old Homer somehow lives on. Maecenas knew well what was doing when he took under his patronage the young soldier, introduced to him by Virgil. Not otherwise has it been in English literature. One generation plunged into the materialism of Francis Bacon; the next "slavishly cringed," as Rosmini put it, "to the word of John Locke": at the present time other thinkers are the academic heroes. But across all the three hundred years of this ebb and flow, the light of Shakespeare has burned steadily.

Yet in no way is this due to any effort of the man himself to be remembered. "Little Latin and Less Greek" would to some seem very insufficient training for one who would rank among the world's greatest poets. The fact that this young man who went up from Stratford to London three hundred years ago,—acquired a competence, and, in doing so, achieved for himself the greatest name in literature, and then went down again to the country, can yet stir the world of ideals to its very centre; that one of the greatest of the modern languages owes it supremacy to his art, is, from

a material viewpoint, quite unexplainable. If it be true that the poet must, immeasurably more than the philosopher, the orator, or the essayist, depend upon inspiration; if mentally his lot compared to the comfortable security of the more purely intellectual artist, is a blessed vagabondage, then Shakespeare surely, with cheerful face and beggar's wallet, fared down the highways of genius.

Thou canst forsake thy word,
wrote Francis Thompson,
speaking to the ordinary mortal, but he added,—

The poet is not lord
Of the next syllable that may come
With the returning pendulum.

In no poet is the splendid rush and color of imagery, the consummate delineation of character, the excellence of a thousand and one details, more perfectly sustained than in Shakespeare. An epic nods, but from the time when amid the playings of lightning and the crashes of thunder in Macbeth, the three witches on the desert heath pronounce their weird incantations, we are ready to cross rivers and mountains to follow to the end.

It is the little things that count in poetry as in life—the little simplicities of beauty that unexpectedly take us off our feet. For example:

Look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;

or

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

How powerful these lines that have branded the memory of Dunsuane upon all time:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death,

or Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

This gift the world received in Shakespeare. Coventry Patmore always said that "genius is nothing but great good sense," and the great measure of truth in this statement explains Shakespeare's saneness, cheerfulness, largeness of spirit. These qualities have always been the inseparable attendants of real genius: where their opposites are found, universality, a true catholicity of feeling, are

invariably missed. "Diversity," wrote Lionel Johnson, "is admirable: perversity is detestable: the distinction may be delicate, but it is decisive and separates according to the judgment of time the cleverness of to-day from the genius that is at home throughout the centuries." Diverse, Shakespeare is without doubt. See how he has given perpetual life to the dead and gone personages of history. With him republican Rome has not passed, nor the calm, majestic empire of Venice crumbled into dust. For the characters he has chosen,—boyish kings, and fair queen; cardinals and knights; *les jongleurs* or *les rois du monde*—he has been able to achieve a true immortality. How delicately the loves of all antiquity are here suggested:

LORENZO:

In such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sighed himself toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA:

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere herself;
And ran dismayed away.

LORENZO:

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Shakespeare is diverse not perverse. In the virile age in which he lived there was no place for the puny naughtiness and *peccata dulcia* which Mr. Joyce Kilmer, addressing the moderns, has so well pilloried:

Who mock and smirk your little while
So mildly delicately vile.

Though at times there is undoubtedly an unworthy lowering of ideals, call to mind that that period saw not alone great vices but greater virtues. Shakespeare was what none of these decadents could be, a manly man who perhaps wavered, but who was right-headed and right-hearted. One likes to think of his outlook on life as being somewhat the same as that of the inimitable Mrs. Battle at her whist, who in life loved nothing better than "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

The genius of this man has illumined, dignified, strengthened English poetry through three centuries. To it England owes her supremacy in letters, and, perhaps, to some extent her wide empire. However this may be, certain

it is, that a whole line of poets, among whom only two of major rank may be mentioned,—Coleridge and Francis Thompson,—have drunk deep at Shakespeare's fountains. How could such lines as

look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou
 behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubin;

or

Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

fail to move even the dullest of us in our dullest moments.

Such is Shakespeare, the poet, viewed only in his dramas. All those years ago, in the rough theatre-life about London, he wrote to a friend:

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
And shalt my fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover.
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen
Reserve them for their love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought;
Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

and not this friend alone, but the whole world has ever since turned to Shakespeare not merely, I think, out of regard for his poetic excellence, but as much out of admiration and love.

Shakespeare.

"With this great key, Shakespeare unlocked his heart,"
So Wordsworth said. What could more fitting be,
Than in like form we should our praise set free,
Of the great master of a noble art.
And musing on our lowly humble part,
Which to this almost worship that we see
Accorded him, a rootlet to a tree
Seems like. A tiny thing, and yet the start
Of life and growth and better things by far.
Of all fair things, most fair, of good the best.
How feeble will most flowery praises sound.
How useless to appreciate a star.
Then let the shining truth be all confessed,
Himself his own praise is the fairest found.

J. A. B.

The Bard of Stratford.

He was a singer and his sweet notes rang
 Not in the ears of men but in their hearts;
 He was a painter and his tints were life
 Which shall endure longer than all the arts.

He was a man who knew our human joy,
 Upon whose cheek a tear of sorrow stood;
 He had been numbed by winter's chilling cold,
 And felt the Spring astir within his blood.

He was a child who prattled at his play
 A rosy youth with eyes as clear as dawn,
 A business man, and one grown feebly old
 Who listened for old voices that were gone.

He gave himself to man, what greater gift
 Can any lowly mortal hope to give?
 His bones are dust, but in the hearts of men
 His hallowed memory will ever live.

L. N. R.

Hamlet, the Enigma.

BY RAY. M. HUMPHREYS.

Seldom in the history of literary disputes has there been any subject which has involved so much study, research, and conjecture as has the subtle discussion of Hamlet's insanity. For practically three hundred years now the argument has waxed hot and heavy between those who believed the Prince really mad and those who hold him merely feigning. A vast deal has been written on the subject, and by a great number of commentators. Innumerable theses, essays galore, and controversies uncounted have presented a mountain of alleged proof for both sides, but no definite proof, nothing to justify our opinion one way or the other. Scholars and students, litterateurs and editors, physicians and actors, have all interpreted Hamlet and haphazardly ventured an opinion relative to his mental status; yet the question remains as baffling as ever. Each and every argument put forth by either side has resulted merely in a flood of refutation and contradiction.

Perhaps the general consensus of opinion is that Hamlet is sane. This concept of the character seems to have been Shakespeare's also when he took care, in the second edition, to minutely revise, modify, and tone down both

Hamlet and the evidences of his disease so as to leave no doubt as to the sanity of the man he was presenting, that is, to avoid giving the impression of genuine madness. In the second edition of the play Ophelia merely doubts Hamlet's sanity instead of actually proclaiming him bereft of reason, and his uncle changes his opinion that "Hamlet hath lost the very heart of all his sense" to simply "Hamlet is put from an understanding of himself." The master dramatist evidently realized that a madness skilfully feigned in such an artful manner as to readily deceive not only those whom it was intended to deceive, but also spectators and readers,—who, as one authority aptly remarks, are always privileged to know more of the action and the real characters in the play than do the personages themselves,—served to make the plot more ingenious and interesting than it would be if the hero's mental aberration were made unmistakably certain. James Russell Lowell declares Hamlet's feigned madness to be one of the few points in which Shakespeare has kept close to the old story on which he founded his play,—“Hystorie of Hamblet,”—in which the second chapter is headed: “How Hamblet counterfeited the madman to escape the tyrannie of his Uncle.” Hence it seems assured that Shakespeare at least intended that Hamlet should be sane.

Other evidences of Hamlet's sanity are not lacking. That he was merely feigning insanity is evidenced in his words of warning to Horatio not to divulge anything of what he knew to others if he “shall think it meet to put an antic disposition on.” Hamlet's actions moreover are too methodical to be mad, as Polonius observes. His cunning device to find out the guilt of the king and his wonderful method of testing the ghost's veracity are two thoughts irreconcilable with lunacy. In the fourth scene of the third act, when Hamlet interviews his mother, there is no trace of unsoundness in his words. He compares, describes, delineates, and reasons with the utmost calmness and logic, all of which is beyond a maniac. On all momentous occasions Hamlet is superbly rational: in his mother's closet, in his talks with Horatio, in his death scene, he is anything but crazy. He rants and raves only at intervals, and when it best suits his purposes. He fails to appear insane when directing the players in their parts, in undoing the mischief of his college chums, in his duel with Laertes. All in

all, he appears rather a genius than a maniac.

But the other side of the question is also well fortified with arguments. It is claimed that the element of revenge in Hamlet constitutes the main stream of insanity which dominates the entire action, and likewise forms a strong proof of the unhinged condition of Hamlet's mind. He seems to take a morbid delight in annoying Polonius. Nothing is more natural for the insane to do than to fix upon some individual, from whom they have received real or fancied wrongs, and proceed to tease him unmercifully. This petty spirit of torment exhibited by Hamlet makes his rationality doubtful. Indeed, he is radical enough to be pronounced mad by medical authorities of all times. Alienists and physicians have repeatedly referred to Hamlet as the typical crazy man, manifesting all the common failings of the incurable, and adhering to the traits of the maniac in all details.

Hamlet's seeming insanity becomes more evident upon close analysis. In his first soliloquy he distinctly reveals his failing mental constitution. He appears incapable of controlling his own mind. He readily admits that he cannot follow any steady or defined plan, however sincerely he may wish to do so. All his affections are in most admirable disorder. He is inordinately melancholy, morose, and ill at ease. He is restless, shiftless, and puppet-like; always coming and never going. His words and actions are inconsistent. He is deterred from suicide by God's commandment against self-slaughter, and yet shortly afterwards he so forgets the law of God as to meditate a murder of the most fiendish kind, when the soul as well as the body of the victim is to be killed. His speech to and of the ghost is something more than the natural reaction of the normal mind after experiencing an extraordinary emotion. Here then is the primary portrayal of the excitement of delirium, the wandering of a mind reeling under the first stroke of disease. Hamlet soon doubts even the authenticity of the ghost and the testimony of his own eyes. In his mournful soliloquy in the third act he even advances so far as to question his existence in a future state. This indecision and dread of the real is common in all institutions for the mentally deficient. A further evidence of his condition is his complaint of dreams to his friends. Careful investigations have demonstrated that prolonged fantastic

dreams are among the first and surest signs of a decaying brain. From the moment Hamlet first speaks to the ghost he never regains his composure. His actions then become abnormal to a degree. His conduct toward the girl he loves is sufficient to remove all doubts as to his mental condition. He shocks her by his appearance and later by his improper language. Considered in the supposition that Hamlet is truly insane this inhuman treatment of Ophelia is just what is to be expected. Then again, if Hamlet is to be taken as not really mad but merely feigning, his unmanly outrage on Laertes at the grave of Ophelia stamps him as a cruel and cowardly miscreant. Later, his words to Laertes before the fencing bout constitute another strong proof of insanity. The despicable lie he utters by way of apology in the presence of the king, whom he detests, again shows either cowardice or madness,—but he has never been accused of the former. Finally, it is rather curious to observe that the argument he addresses to his mother to disprove her suspicions of his unsoundness, is precisely the one all madmen delight to employ.

It is worthy of note that most physicians of our own day believe Hamlet insane. Eminent alienists are practically unanimous in this. Lawyers, on the other hand, believe him sane. The average reader believes him sane, probably because he takes the average writer's word for it. Voltaire declared Hamlet crazy. Chateaubriand characterized the play as "a tragedy of maniacs." Most actors hold Hamlet sane because it gives them greater opportunities of interpretation. But Hamlet's case has not been adequately diagnosed. He is still essentially an enigma, and as long as he remains such he is certainly a compliment to the consummate art of the greatest dramatist that ever lived.

Sunset.

The waves of burning clouds are glowing,
The farther shores of the sunset sea is flowing
Crimson upon the white carnations of the sky,
Coloring the sunset blossoms red with golden dye.

The dying sun flames westward, fiercely rolled,
Amid the purple islets ridged with gold.
While yet the dusk one rose flush keeps,
Earth a closed lily sways and sleeps.

T. J. T.

Dr. John Talbot Smith's Lectures.

On Wednesday morning, May 10th, Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, eminent author and dramatic critic, gave the first of an excellent series of lectures on theatrical subjects in Washington Hall. The Doctor is an old favorite of the University's, and his talks were the best in many ways that we have heard in some time. His presentation of the plots of numerous plays was very amusing, and he interested his audiences to such an extent that they saw the end of the series come with deep regret.

Doctor Smith's first talk treated of "Present Stage Conditions." He discussed the importance and the elevated position which the stage occupies to-day, the millions invested in it, and the ideas behind the millions. The speaker declared that theatrical life is attracting the most brilliant intellects of the day, and he refuted the time-worn error concerning the evil of the drama as an institution. Father Smith terminated Wednesday's discourse with a splendid imitation of Sir Herbert Tree, contrasting his method of interpreting the character of Shakespeare's Cardinal Wolsey with that of actors of the older school.

The lecture of Friday was devoted to the "Forces Moulding the Drama." The most important of these the Doctor enumerated as Paganism, Christianity, and Commercialism. There is not a ripple on the surface of society that does not end in a play, and the principle which governs producers and playwrights of paganistic tendencies seems to be this: "Put anything on the stage that can be put there effectively, and that people will listen to." The effect of Paganism can be seen in the works and productions of such men as Granville Barker, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Bernard Shaw, and Gabrielle d'Anunzio. Doctor Smith illustrated this corruptive taint by referring to the representative plays: "Hedda Gabler," "The Powers of Darkness," "The Living Corpse," "Hindle Wakes," etc.

It has been the policy of Christianity to either ignore or denounce the drama. Only a small minority of plays can be found in which a positive Christian spirit is discernible. Among them are: "Richelieu," "Everyman," "Henry VIII," "Quo Vadis," and "Ben Hur."

Commercialism, the dominant force, simply implies the tendency of the drama to cater to the popular taste.

On Saturday the Doctor continued the discussion of Paganism and the Drama. The latter has so far endured because in most instances it offers nothing to offend the sense of Christianity. The stage has been successful in retaining its conventions (belief in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the indignity of sin, places of eternal reward and punishment) all the relations of man in his everyday life. But in opposition to these far too many theatrical exhibitions are dominated by modern heathenistic tenets: "Monna Vanna," "Paid in Full," "Androcles and the Lion," "The Great Lover," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Conquerors," "The Lure," etc.

Doctor Smith considered the work of the Irish Players of Dublin and their famous leader, William Butler Yeats, on Monday. He outlined a number of their plays, including the poetic-dramas of Lady Gregory, and the "Well of the Saints," "On the Threshold of the King," and "The Play-Boy of the Western World," the last of which caused rioting in Ireland, and created a profound sensation when produced in New York.

It is in the successful experiment of the Irish Players, Father Smith pointed out in the final lecture Tuesday afternoon, that we find the first hint as to the method of saving the stage from the Pagan invasion. Our audiences must be trained as well as our actors. The Puritanically inclined, the speaker remarked, are wont to argue that the Catholic Church should have nothing to do with the stage; priests should tend to their theology, and laymen to their prayers and fasting. It is just because such arguments prevailed in the past that we do not have an efficient Catholic press to-day, and no great Catholic novels. If we are to save the drama from the onslaughts of the Pagans it behooves us to back up the spirit of Commercialism—patronize decent plays and theatres and denounce obnoxious ones. A further defense is the organization of Catholic actors, managers, and dramatists. Happily this work of unification has already begun, and to-day there are many histrionic societies, religious and non-sectarian, throughout the English-speaking world.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Reverend Doctor Smith will give us the privilege of hearing his highly enjoyable and instructive lectures for many years to come, and that his words of warning and advice will fall on fruitful ground.

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HOWARD PARKER, '17	ARTHUR HUNTER, '16
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—Shakespeare died three hundred years ago. The tercentenary of his death is being observed in various ways throughout the literary and the dramatic worlds. The magazine, the newspaper, the Shakespeare zine, the newspaper, the Tercentenary. theatre, the school,—each in its own way is paying tribute to the memory of the master dramatist. The greatest newspapers of the country, such papers as the *New York Herald* and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* are devoting entire pages to the discussion of various phases of Shakespeare's life and works. Special articles of criticism and comment fill the pages of all the literary magazines. To cite but a few examples, the *Literary Digest*, the *Independent*, the *Forum*, and the *Catholic World* have all published notable appreciations of the work of the Stratford bard. Renewed interest in the production of Shakespeare's plays is evident. A number of great actors and actresses are appearing in Shakespearian productions. Almost every college and university throughout the country is paying its tribute in one way or another. The paeans of praise arise on every hand.

Notre Dame begs leave to add her mite to the general celebration. The University Dramatic Club will shortly present "Twelfth Night" as its feature production of the year. This and a succeeding number of the SCHOLASTIC shall be devoted to essays and articles relating to the great poet. We hope that these Shakespearian numbers may in themselves possess some merit.

But whether or not they are in themselves meritorious, the sentiment which inspired their production should not be lost; all our readers should be moved to raise their voices in the general acclaim of the greatness of William Shakespeare. May greater honor and glory be ever his.

Personals.

—Senator Robert M. LaFollette has just written a friend at the University saying that he was so much pleased with an article published by Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, in the *South Bend Tribune* on the subject of the attitude of the United States to international politics, that he expected to make use of it for the benefit of the country at large. "I will offer it in the Senate and ask that it be made a public document," he writes. "It is a splendid article and I believe will aid some to a clearer understanding of the attitude which our country should preserve."

—Rupe Mills of last year's Varsity is making \$3,000 a season playing solitaire baseball. He is reporting at the Newark Fed Park everyday to live up to his end of the contract. The *Toledo News Bee* has the following interesting comment:

Rupe Mills, first baseman and lone survivor of the Federal league, is playing the game alone, working our mornings and pastiming afternoons at Newark, N. J. He is earning \$3,000, he says, due him on an iron-clad contract signed by and with Pat Powers. Rupe refuses to take a cut or to be bought off. He is going to earn the three thousand if he has to play solitaire baseball right through to October.

"I've played 12 games since the season started," said Rupe, "and won 'em all. What's more, working alone has whipped me into great trim. It's kinda hard to slam 'em out, beat the ball down to first and then have to call myself out. The first thing I know I'll be chasing myself to the club-house and Pat Powers is liable to fine me \$10. When I get through in this league I ought to be a valuable utility player.

"If I don't lead the league in everything but errors it won't be my fault. So far I have knocked the cover off the ball every time. Everything is a hit because Rupe Mills is official scorer. I simply can't fail to hit safely, because I do my own pitching.

"The other day I wrenched my ankle while sliding and I had to put myself in to run for me. I have a d'ckens of a time trying to pull a double steal. Everything else is a set-up.

"I do mostly pitching in the morning to get wise to my curves for the afternoon game. So far this year I haven't been in any extra inning games."

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to May 20, 1916

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

Daniel P. Murphy, '95	\$1000.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, '03	200.00
Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94	200.00
F. A. Kaul, '97	200.00
Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, '09	100.00
Thomas J. Welch, '05	100.00
William E. Cotter, '13	100.00
John Tully, '11	100.00
Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09	50.00
Frederick Williams, '13	25.00
Rev. Joseph Toth, '11	25.00
Joseph M. Walsh, '14	25.00
Arthur Pino, '06	20.00

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
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
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Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
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William P. Breen, '77	500.00
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Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
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A. A. McDonell, '00	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
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Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
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Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
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Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00

James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
W. A. Duffy, '08	100.00
Rev. John H. Guending, '14	100.00
Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
Charles J. Stubbs, '88	100.00
Rupert Donovan, '08	100.00
Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14	100.00
Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95	100.00
Frank L. McOsker, '72	100.00
Charles E. Ruffing, '85	100.00
James F. Foley, '13	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00
Edward P. Cleary, '09	50.00
Rev. John J. Burke, '83	50.00
Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	50.00
Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83	25.00
James M. Riddle, '13	25.00
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
Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
James R. Devitt, '13	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

Obituary.

MR. M. HANNA.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. M. Hanna, the father of John Hanna of Sorin Hall, who died at his home in Earlington, Ky., Sunday, May 14th. Mr. Hanna was an ideal type of Christian gentleman and was esteemed and loved by the members of his community. On Tuesday, April 16, a Requiem Mass was said by Father Lavin in Sorin Chapel for the repose of the departed soul at which all the members of the hall assisted.

Local News.

—The date of the concert to be given by the University Glee Club has been changed from Wednesday, May 24th, to Saturday, May 27th.

—Memorial services will be held in Washington Hall on Tuesday, May 30, beginning at 9:00 a. m. All members of the battalion are required to appear in uniform.

—With the discontinuance of the Friday afternoon military drill for the remainder of the school year, the schedule of classes on Friday afternoon has been changed so that classes begin at 1:15 and close at 3:40.

—The Cooney Club picnicked at Bertrand on Wednesday. Plans were set on foot for a banquet for journalists to be held at the Oliver during Commencement week. At this banquet Mr. Max Pam, founder of the Notre Dame School of Journalism, will be an honored guest.

—The rehearsals for "Twelfth Night," the final college play of the year, are proceeding daily, and the members of the cast are developing rapidly under the able direction of Prof. Lenihan. This play will be produced by the Dramatic Club in Washington Hall on Wednesday, May 31.

—The second debate between the Brownson and Holy Cross Literary Societies will be held in the near future. Professors Farrell and Lenihan are also arranging a debate between representatives of the Freshman lawyers and members of the Freshman philosophy class to take place on next Wednesday, May 24th.

Varsity Wins Slugfest.

Hard hitting won for the Varsity last Wednesday in the game with the aggregation from Wabash; for when the final returns came in from the Burrough's Company, it was found we had collected 13 runs, 14 hits, 30 total bases and 6 errors to Wabash's 7 runs, 10 hits, 12 total bases, and 5 errors. The conclusion to be drawn from the statistics is that we are better than Wabash in everything including errors; but that the Little Giants came closest to us in errors. There is no column for brains in a box-score so everyone is entitled to his own judgment on this point; but as Zipper Lathrop says: "It's a good thing there were no ivory hunters from Africa in the crowd." Some of

us were wondering if the Wabash authorities hadn't made the same mistake Drake made: for we were not quite sure that they had sent their baseball team. At that they wouldn't have made a mistake if they had brought their cross-country team for outfield duty.

Mikels was in the box for Wabash and was in remarkable form. He had one of the best "groove balls" ever seen on Cartier Field, but with the help of Kline, Meyers and Lathrop, it did not stay on Cartier Field; for each of these gentlemen tried to end the game by losing the ball. Kline smashed out two homers, Meyers hit a homer and a triple, and Lathrop got one circuit wallop. Everyone had a good time except the score-keeper and the fellow who was paying for the balls.

For the first four innings, Sheehan kept the Crawfordsville men where he wanted them; but after the Varsity had collected six runs he eased up and let the visitors make a few. They made four, and just to keep them far enough behind, the Varsity came back with two more. In the sixth they got two more; but Notre Dame made four in the last of the inning and sewed it up.

Wolfe had a bad day in the field making four boots; but this is so uncommon that we can excuse him; for it is the first bad day he has had. At the bat he came across with a double and a single which made up for his poor fielding. The other extra base hit made by the Varsity was a double by Mooney which brought the total of bases up to thirty.

Kerns and Allen made the two extra bases for Wabash; but although the visitors made ten hits they were kept safely by Sheehan who struck out twelve of them. Allen gathered three hits altogether but spoiled it by making three errors. Mikels was the only other Wabash man to break into the error column; but a number of the Varsity's hits should have been fielded and some of the extra base hits should have been held to singles; but the visitors dodged them cleverly and kept their fielding averages high.

The first error of the day was made when the Wabash men were overheard saying that they had no business playing a team as rotten as ours. This started a rag-chewing match which lasted throughout the game and kept the crowd until the last man was out. Altogether the game was better as a problem for the "calc" classes than as a game of baseball.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Wolfe, ss	5	1	2	3	1	4
Elward, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Lathrop, lf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Meyers, 1b	5	4	3	8	0	0
Kline, 3b	4	3	2	0	4	1
Keenan, c	5	2	2	12	1	0
Spalding, 2b	5	1	1	2	3	0
Mooney, rf	5	0	2	0	1	1
Sheehan, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	40	13	14	27	11	6

WABASH	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Pfohl, 3b	5	1	1	3	3	0
Nelson, c	3	2	1	5	2	0
Allen, ss	5	2	3	2	3	3
Kerns, cf	5	1	2	6	0	0
Bacon, 1b	4	1	0	3	1	0
Rubenstein, lf	5	0	2	2	0	0
Eby, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0
Gren, 2b	5	0	0	2	3	0
Mikels, p	4	0	0	0	1	2
Totals	41	7	10	24	13	5

Wabash 0 0 0 0 4 2 0 1 0—7

Notre Dame 3 0 3 0 2 4 0 1 *—13

Two-base hits—Wolfe, Mooney, Kerns, Allen. Three-base hits—Meyers. Home Runs—Kline, 2; Meyers, Lathrop. Stolen bases—Meyers, 3; Keenan, Spalding, Rubenstein. Double plays—Kline to Spalding to Meyers; Allen to Pfohl to Nelson to Pfohl to Green. Struck out—By Sheehan, 12; by Mikels, 3. Bases on balls—Off Mikels, 3; off Sheehan, 2. Hit by pitcher—Kline, Spalding by Mikels; Nelson by Sheehan. Wild pitches—Sheehan—3. Umpire—Gerard.

Lake Forest Swamped.

Lake Forest may be able to turn out good basketball teams, and there was a time when everyone went over to Cartier Field when the Chicago boys were scheduled in baseball; but charity compels us to pass quickly over the baseball team that appeared on the local field last Tuesday. Coach Harper used fourteen players against the visitors, but the extra men were not sent in because the regular number could not win the game but because several of the regulars became exhausted from base-running. What must be a local, if not, a national record was established when the Notre Dame players stole 22 bases. Kline led with four stolen bags; Jones, Mooney, and Keenan swiped three apiece; everyone of the regulars stole at least one base; and to complete the track meet, "Gilly" Ward, who replaced Meyers on first, got away with a pilfer. Our only regret is that "Slim" Walsh was not in the game, as we are sure that he would have distinguished himself on the paths.

With the exception of the base-running the game was without features. Captain Sheehan worked six innings and Murphy finished the game. Neither had to extend himself to hold the visitors in check. After Notre Dame had collected five runs, five hits, and three bases on balls in the first three innings, Barto was taken out of the box. Markley who replaced him was little better. He gave eight walks and allowed six hits in five innings. Joe Keenan led the swatting with four singles. Tom Spalding drove out a home run and a single, while "Vince" Mooney came through with two singles.

Wisconsin Falls Before Varsity.

The Varsity baseballers travelled to Madison last week determined to show Wisconsin how lucky their team was when it snatched two victories from N. D. early in the season, and our men certainly proceeded to show the Badgers up. On Friday Wisconsin was beaten 6 to 1, and rain was the only thing that saved them from another licking on Saturday, for Notre Dame was leading 9 to 5 when a rain-storm put an end to the hostilities.

The Notre Dame hitters were too much for the Wisconsin twirlers. Zick, who started the first game for the Badgers, got through six innings without serious trouble, but "Mal" Elward opened on him with a triple in the seventh and then Zick lost his "zip." He was sent to the shower after Notre Dame had scored four runs. Cusick finished for Wisconsin in fine style, and the Madison sporting writers had him "doped" to hold the N. D. batters in check for the second game. But Cusick proved easier than Zick. He was found for two runs in the first and for seven in the second. We imagine that Mr. Cusick welcomed the rain.

"Slim" Walsh was selected to oppose the Badgers in the first game and he disposed of the job in excellent style. Only once was the tall pitcher in danger. In the second inning with no one out Pederson was safe on Wolfe's error. Reese tripled, scoring Pederson with Wisconsin's only run. Walsh faltered for an instant and walked Boulware. The latter stole second. The next play was the most spectacular of the game. To make up for his error "Louie" Wolfe scooped a liner off the grass, and with his gloved hand shot it to Corcoran, thus doubling Boulware off second. Reese had started for home, so "Chubby" Corcoran, using the full

strength of what many believe to be the "best arm in school," relayed the ball to Kline, thus completing a triple play. The play was executed so quickly that, to quote a Madison paper, "it took a period of retrospection on the part of the scattered fans to realize what had come off." After this inning Wisconsin never had a chance as Walsh was pitching steady ball and his teammates were giving him errorless support.

Elward, with two walks, a sacrifice, and a triple out of five trips to the plate, and Jake Kline, with two singles, led in the hitting. Ward annexed a double, and Jerry Jones smashed out a triple. Jerry also executed a spectacular catch in left field. Corcoran replaced Spalding at second and played splendid ball. He accepted five chances without an error, was a prominent factor in executing the triple play, drove out two singles, secured two bases on balls, stole two bases, and scored a run. That is certainly enough for one day's work.

Edgren started the second game and was a complete mystery to the Wisconsin batters for two innings. The rain had begun to fall when Notre Dame took the field in the third; the downpour caused "Swede" to lose his grip and the Badgers found him for five runs. Murphy then went into the box and a fast double play ended the inning. The game was then called with Notre Dame leading 9 to 5.

WISCONSIN	AB	H	O	A	E
Brennan, 2b	2	0	2	0	0
Levis, 3b	3	1	1	4	0
Simpson, 1b	3	0	10	1	0
Pederson, ss	3	0	3	3	0
Reese, lf	4	1	0	0	1
Boulware, cf	3	2	2	0	0
Slaby, rf	2	1	4	0	0
Fox, c	4	0	5	0	1
Zick, p	2	0	0	2	0
*Hartman	1	0	0	0	0
Cusick, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	5	27	10	2

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	O	A	E
Wolf, ss	3	0	3	2	1
Elward, cf	2	1	0	0	0
Meyers, bl	5	0	10	0	0
Kline, 3b	5	2	3	2	0
Jones, lf	4	1	3	0	0
Corcoran, 2b	3	2	2	3	0
Ward, rf	3	1	0	0	0
Keenan, c	3	0	5	1	0
Walsh, p	4	0	1	1	0
Totals	32	7	27	9	1

Notre Dame 0 0 0 1 1 0 4 0 0—6
 Wisconsin 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

*Hartman batted for Zick in seventh.

Runs—Pederson, Wolf, Elward, Kline, Jones 2, Corcoran. Two-base hits—Ward, Slaby. Three-base hits—Elevan, Jones. Stolen bases—Pederson, Boulware, Ward, Kline, Jones, Corcoran 2. Sacrifice hits—Simpson, Slaby, Levis, Elward. Triple play—Wolf to Corcoran to Kline. Bases on balls—Off Zick, 8; off Walsh, 4. Struck out—By Zick, 3; by Walsh, 6. Hits—Off Zick, 7 in 7 innings. Left on bases—Wisconsin 7, Notre Dame 9. Umpire—Goeckel.

Varsity Swamps M. A. C.

Along with the glory of an overwhelming victory over the Michigan Aggies by the score of 90 to 41 came the beating of three old track records. Johnny Reynolds won the two-mile in 10 :07 1-5, breaking the old mark by 4-5 of a second. The Relay Team composed of Voelkers, Hardy, Miller and McDonough, shattered the old relay record by making the mile in 3:32 1-5, and Sheldon of the Aggies broke Johnny Plant's old half-mile record by running the distance in 1:59. The day was poor for low marks; but the new records were hung up in spite of the rain and the wet, heavy track.

In eleven of the fifteen events the Gold and Blue men took the first honors, in six of the events they carried off the first two places and in two events they took all nine points. The nine points were made in the dashes as usual; for Notre Dame has had a hankering for sprints for many years, and it is not surprising to note that all three places in these events were taken by Varsity men.

The individual star of the meet was Cap. Bachman who took first place in each of the three weight events for a total of 15 points, which reminds us very much of the results of the weight events in our out-door meets of last year. Sheldon of the Aggies was second in the race for individual honors with 10 points won by taking first in the mile and the half-mile. A number of members of both teams were tied with eight points.

In the dashes, King, Bergman and Hardy were the whole show, the first named winning the 220 and taking third in the 100, the second taking first in the 100 and third in the 220 and the last named taking second in each of the sprints. This gave each one six of the eighteen points given in the two events.

Voelkers ran away with the quarter, and John Miller beat out Peppard for second place after starting at the rear of the string of men and fighting his way into the second place on

the last stretch. In the broad jump Miller won with a leap of 21 ft. 7 in and Freund was right behind him. McKenna and Yeager tied for first in the pole vault at 11 ft. and were unable to settle the tie. The other event in which the Varsity took two best places was the Discus which was won by Bachman who heaved it 129 ft. 6 in. Jim Cooke was second and Blacklock, the M. A. C. weight man, was third.

In three events the Varsity men took six points. Kirkland won the high-hurdles in 16:1-5 and Starrett was third. Johnny Reynolds took the two mile with Coyle third. This is the best Notre Dame has done in this man-killing event in many a day and much credit is due these two midgets who have labored so hard and faithfully to make their Alma Mater proficient in this branch of sport as well as the other branches. These boys have developed themselves by constant trying, and the fact that Reynolds broke the old mark shows what the never-give-up spirit can do. In the shot put, Bachman took first and Franz third place with Blacklock of the Aggies taking second.

Bachman made five more in the hammer by throwing the weight 138 feet 5 inches; and Lutkins and Blacklock taking second and third respectively. McGuire made three by tying with Curtis and Carver of the Aggies for first place. McDonough made three in the half-mile after a hard fight with Sheldon; Kirkland added another three with a second in the low hurdles, and Call made three in the mile which was also won by Sheldon of M. A. C. Sheldon and Beatty who beat Kirkland in the low-hurdles were the only Aggies to win their events.

One of the best races of the day was the Relay; for although the Varsity runners took the event easily, they started behind and made up the ground as the race progressed. Hardy started it by leading his man up to the final straightaway, where he was passed by the first Aggie runner. Voelkers then took up the task and finished ahead of his man by a good margin. John Miller then stepped out and just about doubled the lead Voelkers had given him, giving McDonough an easy task in finishing ahead of their last man; but Andy didn't waste any time. He started fast and kept it up the whole distance, increasing the lead and enabling the team to break the old record.

100-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Notre Dame; Hardy, Notre Dame, second; King Notre Dame, third. Time—10 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Kirkland, Notre

Dame; Beatty, Michigan Aggies, second; Starrett, Notre Dame, third. Time—16 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Yeager, Notre Dame, and McKenna, Notre Dame, tied for first; Emerson, Michigan Aggies, and Warner, Michigan Aggies tied for third. Height—11 feet.

880-yard run—Won by Sheldon, Michigan Aggies; McDonough, Notre Dame, second; Andrews, Michigan Aggies, third. Time—1:59.

Shot put—Won by Bachman, Notre Dame; Blacklock, Michigan Aggies, second; Frantz, Notre Dame, third. Distance—40 feet 8 inches.

440-yard run—Won by Voelkers, Notre Dame; Miller, Notre Dame, second; Peppard, Michigan Aggies, third. Time 52 2-5 seconds.

Discus—Won by Bachman, Notre Dame; Cooke, Notre Dame, second; Blacklock, Michigan Aggies, third. Distance 129 feet 6 inches.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Beatty, Michigan Aggies; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Hoerner, Michigan Aggies, third. Time—26 1-5 seconds.

Hammer throw—Won by Bachman, Notre Dame; Lutkins, Michigan Aggies, second; Blacklock, Michigan Aggies, third. Distance—138 feet 5 inches.

One mile run—Won by Sheldon, Michigan Aggies; Call, Notre Dame, second; Longnecker, Michigan Aggies, third. Time—4:45 2-5.

220-yard dash—Won by King, Notre Dame; Hardy, Notre Dame, second; Bergman, Notre Dame, third. Time—22 2-5 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Reynolds, Notre Dame; Barnett, Michigan Aggies, second; Coyle, Notre Dame, third. Time—10:07 1-5.

High jump—Curtis, Michigan Aggies, Carver, Michigan Aggies, and McGuire, Notre Dame, tied for first. Height—5 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Miller, Notre Dame; Freund, Notre Dame, second; Beatty, Michigan Aggies, third. Distance—21 feet 7 inches.

One mile relay—Won by Notre Dame (Hardy, Voelkers, Miller, McDonough). Time—3:32 1-5.

Freshman Track.

The Freshmen have just finished their two-meet-outdoor track season with two decisive victories; taking Culver into camp 64 to 48 and Western State Normal of Kalamazoo 82 to 28. The only trouble of the season was getting competition for the track team. It reminded us of the 1909 football team. It was nearly as strong as the Varsity. The first year men have some stars among them who will undoubtedly greatly aid the Varsity next season, for in some events the Freshies could beat this year's Varsity. Mulligan and Burke in the dashes, Meehan in the quarter, Kasper in the half, Newman in the mile, Douglas in the high jump and pole-vault, Scheibelhut in the hurdles, and Fitzpatrick and Philbin in the weights

showed good form in the outdoor meets and all of these men would put up a good fight with the Varsity men in these positions.

The yearlings were really good and could have defeated many of the teams which are representing small colleges; for the records for the year show that the times, distances and heights in every event were far above what is to be expected of a first year team. Much credit is due to Coach Rockne and the Varsity men who spent much time giving the new men pointers, for at the start of the season they were a green lot with ability but little form; and some of them were altogether strangers to the track game. They will be given an opportunity to show what they can do against the interhall track men next Wednesday in the big interhall outdoor meet. We can see then that we will have a Varsity team of merit next year.

Safety Valve.

If William S— could be alive these days
To see the students butchering his plays,
To see his loved Ophelia played by one
Who weighed about three-quarters of a ton,
And had a voice not like a silver lute
But like hard coal when rolling down a chute;
If he could see his Imogen portrayed
By heroes of the gridiron who played
As though the stage was but a football field,
I do believe Will Shakespeare would soon yield
To the temptation men call suicide.
A piping school-boy saying nervously,
"Brutus" (he stops to swallow) "bay not me,"
Would make the poet lose his mind and rave,
Nay more, would drive him back into his grave.

If Shakespeare knew all the trouble he was going to cause poor unoffending students who love fishing and baseball and who are not particularly interested in poetry, he would have "chucked" his plays into the waste-basket as we do with all the famous contributions we receive.

DON'T ALL ANSWER AT ONCE.

How many present could give the plot of Shakespeare's "Pericles, Prince of Tyre"?

"No, you're wrong. Henry James didn't write it."

I'M FROM INDIANA.

"And you mean to tell me that Shakespeare is greater than James Whitcomb Riley who wrote 'The Old Swimmin' Hole'? What pome did this Shakespeare ever write?"

A NOBLE SONNET.

O Willie dear who gave to us the light-
By which we might with ease look gaily in
Upon the literary world and grin

At all the other guys who try to write!
O would that you lived now just so you might,
Sit down and write some songs about these min*
And show them how blame rotten they have been
And tear their works to pieces just for spite.
Because these writers nowadays, they just
Spend all their time at writing love-sick stuff
Like where a girl turns down her slickest beau
Just 'cause his bundle's kind 'o thin. Some crust!
And I am sure we fellows get enough
Of turning down in life. Now ain't it so?

B. J. A.

FROM A FRESHMAN EXAMINATION.

"Shakespeare was a man of mediocre abilities; He was born at Boston, Mass. One of his most prominent works, I judge, was Hamlet; This is one of the most interesting plays ever produced. The characters are very well portrayed."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

(As played by Baczenas and Quinlan.)

ROMEO—A maid so passing plump and round as thou
I think sweet Juliet I never knew,
I am not worthy to embrace thee, nor
Would my poor arms go half the round of you.

JULIET—Dost love me Romeo from my wee feet
Up to the crown of my most noble head,
Wouldst rent thy garments to a pawnbroker
To bury my remains if I were dead?

ROMEO—Yea, Juliet I love thy fairy face,
I love the pick that hangs about thy neck,
It gives me untold joy to smooth thy hands;
I think each one would hold about a peck.

JULIET—But why, sweet Romeo, dost wear thy hat
Way down on thy left cheek? Shall it be said
That the brave soul who courted Juliet
Hath never worn hat upon his head?

ROMEO—Ask me for silver stars or golden moon
And willing I'll span this mortal gap
To do thy will. But not for all the world
Could woman change the wearing of my cap.

JULIET—Then Romeo loves not his Juliet
Since he does not her will,

ROMEO— O head of sap
'Tis not because I love thy beauty less
But that I love much more my little cap.

JULIET—Then must we say farewell! I fling this tear
As token of my love down at thy feet.

ROMEO—Farewell sweet queen, my heart, a stricken
lamb,

Is even now beginning loud to bleat.

JULIET—Then may it bleat and bawl and bellow forth
Until it bursts asunder in the midst.

ROMEO—Good-bye, queer queen, never will it be said
That Romeo sweet Juliet has kissed.

Bill Shakespeare would have been a bear
In modern stock manipulations.
There never was another man
Who gave so many stock quotations.

* Irish pronunciation.

Local-Shak-spearian-Characters

From a Woodcut by Ray Humphreys

