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Where Once They Were.

JOHN L. CORLEY, '02.

(*Rondeau.*)

ALONE, I gaze across the way
Where 'round my home the sunbeams stray;
And all along the purple sky.
The white-capped rain-clouds calmly lie,
While vesper rings the close of day.

A whip-poor-will begins her lay,
And as I gaze I start, and say:
"My old, old home, how sweet—but why
Alone?"

The vacant threshold makes reply,
And slow the mocking echoes die.
The last—last one has passed away
From the old home, and phantoms play
Where once—alas! All gone? and I—
Alone?

Have We Broken with the Builders?*

FRANCIS J. O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.



OUR flag floats over the Philippines, and the President of the United States points to it and asks: "Who will haul it down?" The guns of American soldiers are turned upon the natives, and demand is made in no uncertain terms for them to submit to the sovereign rule of the American government. This demand was met with bullets, and the tropic soil has drunk the blood of both contestants. Is this conquest? Search for a more euphonious title; but can this act be reconciled with the solemn declaration that has been the pole-star of our national life—"that all nations derive their just power of government from the consent of the gov-

erned?" We claim dominion over an alien people and enforce that claim with arms. What more did Cæsar do?

If our flag is fixed in the Philippines, we have broken with the builders; we have surrendered ourselves to the lust for empire; and the Constitution that held as steel the unity of the nation that gave to mankind more liberty than the Magna Charta, is broken at a single stroke. History and tradition are cast aside, and we rush madly into the maelstrom of territorial greed that has engulfed men and nations that levied tribute upon the world.

Two years ago Judge Story said: "While the United States could endure hard times, short crops, depressed business and domestic friction, it would be hardest for it to bear success in a foreign war." Pledges were made that our war with Spain was undertaken solely in the cause of humanity. These pledges were disregarded when the smoke of Manila's battle cleared away; and with Spain prostrate at our feet we wrested her possessions and claimed them as our own. Spain had almost lost the Philippines before an American gun was fired. Her claim embraced the Archipelago, her dominion was a single city; and it was to her dominion that we succeeded. Spain's occupation of the islands was never complete. She had held them for centuries, and had never encompassed their entire area. Granting even that her power was complete, is it consistent with the principles of a democratic government to enforce its rule upon an unwilling alien people? The rebellion of the natives against Spanish rule ante-dated our war by many years; they were fighting when our squadron entered the Asiatic waters. The only city Spain held was invested by the insurgent army, and the Filipinos were preparing to establish a free constitution. What they had done for their own emancipation is disregarded. Their years of fighting, their struggles against

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, May 31.

a stronger nation, is counted nothing; a single battle fought, a single city taken, and the islands with all their people become ours by the right of conquest, or purchase, if you will have it so.

Yorktown would not have been the closing battle of the Revolutionary War had not England learned that Lafayette was in France and Spain recruiting another army to aid the colonies. France did more to break the power of England in our struggle for independence than we did to break Spain's power in the Philippines. Yet what would our fathers have done had France demanded sovereign rule over the emancipated colonies? The manifesto to the Filipinos is couched in no uncertain words. It reads: "The supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago, and those that resist it can accomplish no other end than their own ruin." This utterance shall be written in our history, and posterity shall read it. Think you they will feel their blood tingle with that suppressed emotion that is aroused by the defiant utterance of Patrick Henry when he exclaimed: "Give me liberty or give me death?" Shall they not say that the sons of exiles turned oppressors, and wielded the scourge that was incrustured with their fathers' blood?

Under the federal constitution, have we a right to the possession and retention of these islands? There is no provision made for colonies, nor can they be taken in the right of territories; for territories are part of the dominion of the government held in tutelage until they attain a character that will warrant their admission to statehood. Territorial condition is only transitory, and it has always been understood that their people are destined to create and maintain state government. The supreme court of the United States has declared: "There is certainly no power given by the Constitution to the federal government to establish and maintain colonies bordering on the United States or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure. No power is given to acquire a territory to be held and governed permanently in that character." These islands with their people can never assume a character that would admit them to the Union, nor can we populate them with our own people, because the climate is deadly to the white man.

A stable colonial government has never been maintained in the tropics of the far east except by force. England, you may say in denial, has

succeeded, and you point to her rich empire of India; or Holland is an example with her islands of Java and Sumatra. Consider the cost in human lives to maintain these colonies. England's power in India was established by centuries of blood, corruption, savage struggles, murderous revolts and unspeakable cruelties. Through channels such as these the sovereignty of the United States may be established; and when we have lashed, murdered and burned the rebellious natives we may effect an assimilation, but not until thousands of our own youths have rotted in the tropical sun, bearing in their hands the guns of oppression.

The Dutch have done for Java no more than the English have done for India. They have kept the people in ignorance; they have robbed them of their land and the fruits of their labor. They have taken the native women as wives, and discarded them and their children at will under the sanction of the law. The whipping-post is common to every plantation, and tourists visiting the islands are looked upon with disfavor, because the Dutch fear anything that will tend to the enlightenment of the people. But Java is awakening, and alarm is felt by the Holland government. A commission on plantations reported that the natives were becoming wise about matters of which they should be kept in the dark unless the government meant to remove coercion at the expense of the exchequer. The Dutch in Java do not claim to be philanthropists, nor do they pretend to hold the island for the good of the natives. Their dominion is one of power, their government a despotism.

The soldiers of England and Holland that were lost in the conquest of these lands run into the hundred thousands. It required seven years for our army to subdue the Seminole Indians in the everglades of Florida, and these Indians were but a handful. There are ten million people in the Philippines. There are mountains and jungles that give safe retreat in guerilla warfare. There is the rainy season and the torrid sun that breathe the deadly tropic fevers. When these are overcome our dominion may be established, but the price of empire will not be reckoned in gold. Is our government and its people so wise and just that their rule should be impressed upon less civilized peoples? There are black pages in our history, and the blackest is that which records our dealings with the Indians. In the streets of Manila today there are one hundred saloons to the one that existed under Spanish

rule, and the city has become a hell of vice.

By this imperial step of expansion we have struck down the Monroe doctrine, the authority that made us the guardian of democracy in the western world. It was this doctrine that drove France out of Mexico and that forced England to arbitrate the boundary with Venezuela; a doctrine that was hated by the European oppressors, but loved by the weak and defenseless. Well might Freedom cry out "Woe" at the apostatizing of her first-born; for who can tell that once America's taste for conquest has been awakened she may not usurp the power of the lesser states to whom she has been so long the foster mother?

For more than a century the United States has stood out as the fairest exemplar of popular liberty in all Christendom. Statesmen have pointed to her in derision, and declared: "Democracy must fail," but the assaults of England could not break it; a civil war that blazed the land only gave it redoubled strength. The ordeal of fire had disproved the prescience of statesmen. The venal lust for conquest did not enter into the hearts of Americans. Their country was their home, their flag was the symbol of freedom. To-day that flag floats over the Capitol at Washington. It was nailed to the mast by men that drove out the oppressors, and the cheers of a disenthralled people greeted its bright folds as it swung in the light. Our flag floats over the Philippines. There is no clean-heartedness in its white, no hope in its blue, no charity in its red, for these symbolismis are washed out in blood. A sullen people look upon the white stars set in a field of blue, and wonder why oppressors should have taken a part of God's great firmament to illuminate their banner of conquest.

Keats.*

JULIUS ALOYSIUS NIEUWEAND, A. B. '99.

III.—KEATS AS A POET.

INFLUENCE OF SPENSER.

The friendship between Keats and Cowden Clarke had been formed at school. Clarke was the son of the schoolmaster at Edmon-ton, and he often came to see the poet and exchange books for reading. One day Clarke brought with him a copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The reading of this book first

* Competitive essay for English prize medal.

awakened Keats' love of poetry. On one occasion he is said to have exclaimed: "What an image that is—'Sea-shouldering whales!'" Spenser did not simply awaken in him latent genius which, like an inflammable substance, only wanted a spark to strike it off. The influence of the "Faerie Queene" can be traced through such poems as "Calidore," "Endymion," "Isabella," and even "Hyperion," though the latter is more properly Miltonic.

Henceforth poetry was the main thing that occupied the mind of Keats. His skill as a medical student was by no means ordinary, yet he declares himself that his heart was not in his work. There are in his note-books drawings of pansies and other flowers, and once when a sunbeam entered the room it awakened in him a whole train of thoughts that carried him to fairyland with Oberon and Titania.

INFLUENCE OF THE ELIZABETHAN POETS AND MILTON.

Shakspeare and the Elizabethans, especially Ben Jonson and Fletcher, also influenced him later. He did not, however, slavishly follow a model as a mould gives back a poor likeness. He had already put off his mock-Spenserian and other mock styles, except perhaps in "Hyperion," which reminds us of Milton. He had, however, only studied the masters to make himself a master. The influence of models rather awakened his originality than elicited parodies. He always strove to emulate rather than to imitate, and many critics have given him a place near Shakspeare and Milton, not because he actually attained such a height but more perhaps by reason of his promise. Not even Shakspeare or Milton at his age and under the same disadvantages would have done as much valuable work. Milton was at his age almost a scholar, yet he had not as yet written better works than Keats. Shakspeare at this time of life had hardly begun his work. Beside, Keats had had little more than a school-education, and even this was interrupted at the age of fifteen when most boys only begin to study.

REFUTATION OF A CRITICISM.

One critic is almost alone in denying Keats a temperament similar to that of Shakspeare. I should think that from his point of view he is not altogether wrong. He makes a division of masculine and feminine poets. In the former "intellect predominates, governing and thereby strengthening passion and evolving beauty and sweetness as accidents—though

inevitable accidents—of its operation." In the feminine poets emotion prevails, and beauty is sought as a primary end and essential. If poetry is but the expression of the beautiful in rhythmical language, emotional, concrete and imaginative, beauty is as much an essential of the masculine as of the feminine kind of poetry, whether it is obtained under the guise of an accident or directly as an end. Beauty is just as necessary in one as in the other, and in either case, if it is wanting, the thought ceases to be poetical or even literary: for literature is the expression of the beautiful. This critic says that Shakspeare seeks passion primarily, and evolves beauty as an accident. In reality, however, even in his work, beauty is the primary thing sought, or there is no poetry at all. Whether you call it beauty of passion or, less definitely, "an essential" that is made to appear as if it came forth as "an accident," what matters it, since we come to the same conclusion in the case of either kind of poets?

The critic says, moreover, that "the highest beauty and joy are not attainable when they occupy the first place as motives." When the poet makes a pretence to the beautiful and sweet alone, perhaps not. Shakspeare seldom makes his thought and emotion appear as if he seeks beauty and sweetness for their own sake: but beauty and sweetness are, for all this, the essential things at which he aims. The whole argument then comes to this: that Keats had not attained to that point of art and insight into character where he would be able to make his readers perceive that beauty though an essential must be apparently evolved as an accident. Besides this, he had not the power to hide beauty under the garb of passion as perfectly as Shakspeare, because his mind certainly was not so broad as that of the "myriad-souled" master. I would add another reason why Keats, from the work we have of him, is not Shaksperian. He had not the power of insight into character, because the young poet's mind was not yet fully developed, and he had not observed sufficiently human action and passion. He could, however, vividly portray emotions suggested by nature or those that did not involve keen philosophic judgment. If, however, we consider the progress he made in mental maturity during the short space of eleven months in which he wrote "*Lamia*," "*Isabella*," "*Eve of St. Agnes*" and his odes, we must confess that Keats would in a few years have done wonders. Perhaps

if Shakspeare had written only a "*Mid-Summer Night's Dream*," our critic would have been obliged to rank Shakspeare among the feminine poets; for this play shows much the same characteristics of seeking beauty as an end of which Keats is charged.

This critic says that in the poetry of Keats "the man had not the mastery." That is only the same as saying that the mind of the poet was not yet fully matured. In all poets, emotion should prevail but not run wild without the control of reason, or sentimentality and false art would result. Keats certainly, like all great poets, is feminine also, though not necessarily effeminate in his power of receiving impressions of beauty and emotion; but in his latest works he shows a tendency toward a masculine energy in conveying his feelings to verse.

Keats was a poet "not born to come far short of the first rank." Though in his earlier works he is feminine, and sometimes even effeminate, toward the end of his life he showed great tendency to maturity of genius. Shelley had no idea of man struggling to obtain mastery over passion by dry intellectual or moral effort; with him great temptation was almost a synonym for yielding; but Keats, though struggling and falling in the inconsistencies of a youth's character, was somewhat different toward the end of his life. He writes to a friend of his determination to be manly: "Within a year you will praise me not for verses, but for courage." He had very little time of life left, and he strove well, though sickness threw a gloom over his spirits. If we take Keats as he is, he certainly appears feminine in his early works, but his best poems are emotionally strong and vivid in their representation. Had he attained to the age of Milton we should not hesitate to place him near Shakspeare and Milton, if not beside them.

IMAGINATION OF KEATS.

Almost one of the first requisites for a poet is a powerful imagination that is eminently creative. To be convinced that Keats possessed this gift we have only to read any of his works. He is not so much admired for the imaginative power of the whole theme as for the vivid color and suggestiveness of individual parts. His longer poems are to be read in bits as we taste honey; for he is at times so sweet and dainty that to take too much at once is to overlook the beauty or fail to appreciate the work as a whole. When too many blossoms glow in a garden we do not examine every

flower. We can only look for general effect, and this effect, especially in "Endymion," is not unfrequently wanting. Where too many things are striking nothing strikes. We should be careful to overlook no beauty because there are too many fascinating things said, or we should not think a charming thought worthless because it is followed by two faults. This might have been the case with Jeffrey, when he reviewed "Endymion," if we grant him honesty and freedom from prejudice, neither of which can rightly be attributed to him.

Keats is eminently remarkable for individual and detached passages of beauty; and although he appears to put much stress on the manner of expressing an emotion, yet in this respect he does not strike us as Pope does. Keats has first an emotion to arouse in us and next looks for the most beautiful way of conveying it. Byron has the emotion and often does not care how he expresses it. Shelley, too, has the feeling, but in his case, the most beautiful way of saying it naturally and spontaneously follows. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Burns often express their sweetest emotions in the simplest style. In Pope, however, the feeling is often wanting, and most of the pleasure often comes entirely from the perfection of his art. Pope, then, may succeed in saying a pointed truth in a pointed way, but at most the effect is but a witty or a fanciful pleasure.

FANCY OF KEATS.

Keats is not merely fanciful as Pope is in "the Rape of the Lock;" he is deeply imaginative. "Fancy," said Stedman, "is the elf-child of imagination," or, as he continues, "it is the land of whims and conceits." Another calls fancy the "playful mockery of the imagination." The imagination looks at an object through the small end of the telescope, and the image is enlarged with ideal beauty. Fancy looks at an object through the large end, so that the object is diminished in size. It looks smaller, but does not lose its beauty, nor need it necessarily become less defined. If a poet is imaginative, it is generally easy for him to become fanciful. I say generally, because the power depends to some extent on the poet's good nature or good humor. A humorous man with a deep imagination can be fanciful when he likes; but fancy is not humor. It has more of wit together with the soul of humor, though it can not strictly be called either.

Some highly imaginative poets can not be fanciful because their dignified movement becomes clumsy, and they stumble when they

get their feet tangled in the drawing-room carpet. Tennyson is not at his best when fanciful, because he is too imaginatively serious. Keats, though imaginative, was also fanciful, because he could by nature easily change his moods. He was always in real life extreme in his outbursts of feeling. In his works this is less noticeable because of his intensity, self-control, and power of fixing his mind on a beauty and its effect, and his great impersonality of his works. Moreover, Keats could easily be fanciful because he was humorously inclined. He did not follow this bent, because he saw that he succeeded better in depth of imagination. He was in his conversation a great punster, although he was not a professed wit like Lamb. He almost disliked the malicious pungency of the latter.

The fanciful poet can not be imaginative as easily as the imaginative poet can be fanciful. The poet of the fancy is the modern writer of *vers de société*. Most of our magazine verses that are considered good are fanciful. Austin Dobson has some fair examples. Fancy generally lacks deep emotion; but as fancy passes into imagination without any well-defined boundary line, there is often great difficulty in telling one from the other. "The Last Leaf" by Holmes might serve as an example, though it is more humorously pathetic than fanciful. Keats in his "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern" strikes the same vein, but not quite as well:

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

As a rule, it is not difficult to distinguish fancy from imagination. The fanciful poet picks a blossom, shakes off the dew-drops, looks rapidly at its superficial beauties, plays with it, and then casts it away; so often does Keats in "Endymion" and his earlier poems, scattering flowers of sensuous beauty as he passes on his way. He gives an example of descriptive and fanciful color in an introduction to a poem where he speaks of a stream

Where swarms of minnows show their little heads
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye and they are there again.

The imagination is deeper, stronger, more forcible, more spiritual, and more serious than fancy. Such is Keats in "Hyperion." The imagination does not play with the blossoms

som and lightly cast it away without further thought. When we read an imaginative poem we conclude by saying that it is beautiful, elevating and noble. After finishing a fanciful work we remark that it is delicate, sprightly, nice, or surprisingly fine. For the imaginative poet the meanest flower that blows suggests thoughts too deep for tears.

INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY IN KEATS.

The beauty of Keats, especially in his early works, consists rather in individual passages than in the effect of the whole, as Byron must be considered. "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and the minor poems of Keats are exceptions. This is why he is most successful in his smaller works. He had not as yet, when he wrote "Endymion," the power of diffusing beauty through a whole theme by unity of impression. After he had received the experience of the failure of "Endymion" he appeared suddenly to have obtained remarkable insight in this respect. In the poems mentioned, Keats has put much if not more beauty in the subject by itself than in the individual passages. At least every figure and ornament lends an additional charm to the general effect.

There is no longer the pinning of artificial flowers to a mere frame-work of incident as in "Endymion." Every stroke of color is in keeping with the subject and is matched with the whole effect. Every figure flows from the subject or theme as the tints at sunset come from the centre of light, the sun. In Shelley beauty is an ornament; in Keats it is an essential.

Some poets are not able to write long poems. Keats is one of these. We do not admire "Endymion" as much for beauty of theme; we look for the individual, charming thoughts that are as cleverly expressed. In this poem Keats aimed more at the manner in which he makes a thought appear beautiful. He was not, however, like Pope: he had an emotion, and only strove to beautify it by adorning it. In fact, Keats detested Pope. It was this ill feeling that Byron could never forgive—the supposed victim of Jeffrey's criticism. Keats' emotions, though not as lofty and sublime as those of Shakspeare, nor as forcible and strong as those of Browning, were never lost or deflected in passing from his own mind through the clear medium of his verse to the imagination of his readers. He has pre-eminently the power of making us poets for the

time that we read his works. He has the ability of drawing the sympathy of his readers by expressing just what they often felt; and they take pleasure in knowing that another has the power to crystalize this emotion into suggestive words that as readily dissolve back to emotions in the reader's mind.

BEAUTY OF THEME.

Beauty of theme or subject was the general and common pursuit of all the writers of the romantic era. Sometimes the mere recital of a truth, or a truth by itself, is poetically beautiful. This is the case when the nature of the subject is such that by the association of ideas it stirs up our emotions. Sometimes even an attempt to adorn such a theme by showing its beauties would spoil the effect intended. The simplicity of the subject does not admit of adornment. Such may be considered Tennyson's "Dora." It is a simple narrative with little ornamentation of color or figures. The repetition of the line "and the reapers reaped" strikes us like a beautiful refrain in music. It always returns with new sources of pleasure, and we delight that the poet repeats these words.

"The Eve of St. Agnes" has beauty of theme; but the beauty of individual passages helps the general effect to such an extent that we do not think the theme sufficient without adornment. Much prudence must be used not to overdo a piece of art. Keats possessed this prudence, though in his early works many of his mistakes arose from injudicious arrangement or introduction of charms where they make no effect. Indeed, a misplaced beauty is often worse than a platitude.

In "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" Keats also aims at beauty of character. Madeleine and Isabella arouse our sympathy by their simple modesty and amiability. In case of the latter, he also excites our feelings of pathos for the beautiful and lovable maiden that is ill treated by her brothers when they discover and deprive her of her treasure. Keats has remarkable power of portraying the noble type of the virtuous woman. He has been charged with misogyny in his lifetime, but his female characters sufficiently contradict the charge.

SENSUOUSNESS OF KEATS.

Keats succeeded better perhaps than any other poet at his age and in his circumstances in being sensuous without being also sensual or sentimental. A sensuous poet walks on slippery ground, but Keats seldom falls. There

is a noble and lofty ideal and a modest reserve in his sensuous passages, and this, together with his intense earnestness and uprightness of intention keeps him from becoming sensual. This, I think, is a good proof that Keats had the foundation of a solid character, or at least of admirable moral propriety blended with remarkable insight and prudence. A young man that at his age can so well control his sentiment by reason as Keats did in all his writings needs only a few trials to strengthen his character. There are but few passages that might be thought objectionable. Keats, however, was not merely sensuous, he had at times deep moral sentiment, though he was not a philosopher like Wordsworth. In his "Ode on a Grecian Urn" he shows his hatred for the sensual:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipers, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Sentimentality is sentiment that is allowed to run away without the control of reason. In art and literature especially it is often but the attempt to stir up emotions in others which we do not feel ourselves. It is evident that if earnestness and uprightness of intention with a true sense of exalted beauty are wanting to the sensuous, it can not but become sentimental. On the other hand, if the noble ideal is wanting, it becomes sensual, mean, and low. Zola, under the guise of originality, has succeeded in focussing much of the public attention upon himself. The world is always aroused by originality. For this reason we love the followers of the romantic movement. There are, however, two ways of being original. The man that in respectable company would begin to talk obscenely might appear decidedly original and would draw all eyes upon himself. This is how Zola has gained the attention of the world. He could not be renowned, so he has become notorious.

Keats did not need to be notorious to be renowned. He was inclined to goodness, and his judgment was so sound that he recognized anything sentimental or sensuous in literature as equally in contradiction to the ideal of "Infinite Beauty" that was always before him. Besides, realism is often but an attempt for popularity, and that not by exalted motives. Keats could have been sensational even without appealing to our lower instincts. After the attacks of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, he was strongly tempted to become popular, but this jarred with his ideal, and although his failure

afflicted him so much as to cause, according to some critics, a discontinuance of "Hyperion," nevertheless, he went on in his old path after the pursuit of true beauty at the cost of public approval. Keats in his life-time was appreciated by his friends, but even these did not always give him the pleasure of their encouragement. In his "Ode to Indolence" he says:

I would not be dieted with praise—
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce.

Sensuousness, moreover, is not sensuality nor sentimentality. Sensuality appeals to our lower instincts, and sentimentality is but a false or mock attempt of expressing a sentiment that we do not feel. The sentimental is on this account always devoid of the control of our reason and judgment, and is only appreciated by those who permit their reason to wander from their own sentiment. It simply does not hit the mark it is aimed at, because not borne up by the wings of sound judgment. Sensuousness in art refers to the expression of a delicate emotion that is conveyed to the imagination by appealing to it through the senses. It possesses generally great vividness of impression. The feeling of gladness and exhilaration that pervades our whole being on a calm sunny spring day, when the perfume of opening buds fills the still air, and the reflection of light green foliage blends with the sleepy haze on the surface of the water, is a sensuous feeling derived from nature. We obtain all our knowledge through the senses, and afterwards it is broadened by reflection; but not all our impressions appeal primarily to our intellect. Some impressions especially move our imagination; hence sensuous expression of the beautiful is only the emotional effect of a vivid picture on the mind.

Shakspeare had great facility in sensuous coloring, especially in his early plays. Exuberance of sensuousness is generally a great mark of all good youthful work. As maturity progresses, moral truths and their beauty prevail more noticeably. Wordsworth excelled in beauty of moral truth. Keats was like Shakspeare in his early plays with regard to sensuousness. Mrs. Browning in "The Vision of Poets" illustrates this colored sensuous strain in such a manner that it sounds as if Keats himself might have written it, even with the careless use of a word of which the young poet might also have been guilty:

And Keats the real
Adonis with the hymeneal
Fresh vernal buds have sunk between
His youthful curls, kissed straight and *sheen*
In his Roman grave by Venus Queen.

Varsity Verse.

BACCHUS.

SWEET Bacchus, art thou hid among the groves
 Of some soft clime, where nymph or satyr roves
 The hills to bring thee ripened grapes? Is not
 Thy bower fixed in some green, fragrant spot,
 Where thou, reclining with thy brimming cup,
 Art ever wont to sip, and then hold up
 The bowl to see prismatic colors come,
 Sent down to thee by Phœbus from the sun?
 Or doth thy chariot wheels resound afar.
 Beneath the light of yon most distant star?
 Or roll in thunders o'er Parnassus' height,
 To stir men up to join thee every night
 In revelries? Or dost thou hide from men,
 In th' shady nooks of some sequestered glen;
 There to idle off the day in fun,
 While round thy grape-stained feet thy tigers run
 And frolic with each other and with thee?
 O Bacchus! come and take thy seat,
 Thy friends are longing thee to greet
 To quaff the wine they dedicate to thee.

W. H. T.

WHY.

Why read your Horace all the time?
 Your Virgil, and your Dante?
 We may not write so well in rhyme,
 But if we try, why can't we?

By reading here each week you'll see
 The reasons why we're noted
 For verses known as "Varsity"—
 All worthy to be quoted!

No greater men precedeth us,
 Though some may yet be born?
 And since the world so needeth us,
 We gently blow our—breath.

A. S.

THE HORSE CAME BACK.

Our old gray horse has strayed away,
 Alas! we were too reckless.
 But now why weep and feel dismay,—
 We'd sausages for breakfast.

L. J. H.

TO MARGARET.

Hair of night and eyes of grey,
 How I came beneath your sway!
 Behold me slave in dark bands twined,
 A bounden thrall to glances kind;
 Yet so sweet is captivity,
 I would ne'er more be free.

Hair of night and eyes of grey
 Always follow where I stray.
 And the bird-songs sweeter seem,
 Lighter leaps the dancing stream,
 Softer scents hide in the rose,
 Grandeur are the sunset glows
 Since you came with me.

Hair of night and eyes of grey,
 Will you ever with me stay?
 What if I know that time will blight,
 Your glance grow dim, and tresses white,
 Still they'll be for me alway
 Hair of night and eyes of grey.

A. J. B.

Jander's Poems.

PAUL A. RITTER.

Preface.

These few miscellaneous verses are taken from the works of the famous Jander. They were collected from different manuscripts and have never been published before. The author did not include them in his collection, "Sounds of Falling Bricks," which was published in 1888.

When we consider the great difficulties by which he was surrounded we see that his reason for this proceeding was not ungrounded. He went through much trouble and anxiety before he wrote these verses. After he had finished them, he was seized with a severe illness, and was confined to bed for six weeks. Those that he has left us show that he had remarkable poetical talent. These that I here present, he regarded as his greatest works.

It was not, however, till after much hard work that he became a real poet. When we look over his school days, and see what severe trials he had to endure, we feel as if it was impossible for anyone to persevere as he did. His professor, however, gave him great encouragement. Once, when looking over the young poet's work, he remarked that it had gone through the war; for one verse had lost a foot. (This was at the time of the Civil War.) At another time the professor told him he was like the butcher in Hudibras, steering the calf by the tail—writing a stanza to suit the last line.

One day he handed in a rondeau, written on the death of somebody. He admired the poem much, and expected to receive due credit for it. The professor remarked that day that some one had written an obituary notice. With these examples of the encouragement he received, you can imagine how hard it must have been for him to persevere. In spite of all this, however, he became what you now see him—the greatest poet of the age—and now stands balanced precariously on the top round of the ladder of success.

With this, dear reader, I put before you the fruits of the labor of a great genius. If I have succeeded in giving a little pleasure to at least one reader, by presenting this work, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.—THE COMPILER.

EX IMO CORDE.

A Trait.

This poem was written one evening in May in the year 1875, after a visit to the Sorin Hall

smoking-room. It was respectfully dedicated to the club of the same name.

Our students have the evil trait
At times to take their ease,
And even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.

AN OBLIGATION.

That this poem exists is due to a mere accident. It was found among many old manuscripts after the death of the author. It seems as if Fortune could not bear to see so great a work of literary art perish. When, or under what circumstances it was written, can not be ascertained, but it is very probable that it was written shortly before his last serious illness. Whether the writing of the poem was the cause of this illness we do not know; what we have to be thankful for is the preservation of the poem.

To wear a veil is womanly,
But 'tis a sorry plight,
For every time she wants to see,
She has to strain her sight.

MATHEMATICS.

The next two poems, of almost the same nature, were written about the same time. The great liking that the author had for mathematics prompted him to write these verses. We find passages in the poet's diary, under date of November 13, 1877, to this effect: "I just began my Analytic Geometry. I love Mathematics because they resemble poetry so much,—there are so many imaginary and unknown things in them."

Imaginary circles are
Quite hard to be defined, 'tis said;
A specimen of one, by far
The best, is the wheel that's in man's head.
"What's an imaginary root?"
Is asked in rule eleven.
A youth that's wise beyond dispute
Said 'tis the road to Heaven.

AWAY IN LIFE.

In this poem the poet describes his feelings concerning his own career. At the time when it was written he gave up all hope of winning for himself a reputation as a poet; in consequence he was subject to many moods. During one of these he wrote this verse. Contrary to his expectations, the merits of this poem alone were sufficient to give him a high place among verbal artists. It is deemed by all his critics to be his best work.

One dark and gloomy day,
When all the world seemed cold and grey,
A man whose head with years was bent
Into a lonely churchyard went.

He slowly walked about and read,
On slabs of stone placed at the head
Of grassy graves, the names of those
That lay beneath in sweet repose.

Along from grave to grave he passed,
And read and thought until at last
Upon a slab, now old with time,
He saw and read this little rime:—

"Beneath this bed of clay here lies
A man unknown, whom Fame denied
A place among the chosen few.
To country ever was he true;
By the colors e'er he lived and died,
And always used the best of dyes."

"The Daily Lie."

ARTHUR T. SIMPSON.

Next to mowing a beautiful stretch of lawn on a nice hot day, when water is scarce, I would rather write lies—not good, mirth-provoking lies, but water-lodged peevish, melancholy lies. The nice warm June sun arouses a man to action, and the sight of others positively idling their time away spurs one on to noble efforts. The heated atmosphere interspersed with an hilarious mob of boisterous mosquitoes and frequent landslides of perspiration can be nothing but beneficial to a man's health and morals.

The requirement of a daily lie at this time of the year is certainly done for a noble purpose. The sweet, smiling faces of the Rhetoricians give unquestionable proof that they are in hearty co-operation with their teacher; not one day do they miss in the routine at duty; hour after hour is spent upon the task, and the well-earned reward is received in the generous words "Bring two for Monday."

The country editor with his corn-cob pipe and rush of locals is scarcely as enthusiastic as the daily liar. When the languid bumble-bee bumbles under the widespreading oaks on the outside and the fetid atmosphere clings like a wet blanket to his streaming brow, the liar is happy; the scratching pen and inky fingers, the coveted thought of the finished production pictured before his mind stimulates him to renewed energy.

Only two short weeks, and the beloved lies must cease; the much-used pen will accumulate the rust of time, and the re-echoing sanctum will be deserted. The members will be scattered to the winds never again to congregate within its walls; the masterly productions of its members will pass into oblivion, and the "daily liar" will go his way.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—With pleasure we announce that Rev. Father Robert, of the Passionists, will conduct the students' retreat which begins a week from tomorrow night.

—Few outside parties are interested to the same degree as the average college student in the International yacht race. At Notre Dame we have followed all the proceedings closely. That Uncle Sam's boat is ahead so far is gratifying, and we hope she will retain her place and that the trophy cup will stay on this side of the ocean.

—After their severe game with Michigan last Wednesday, the Varsity will undoubtedly make a stubborn fight against Indiana next Monday. Many weak spots were discovered in the team, and the work of the last two days has tended to strengthen these up, so that we will go after the Bloomington team with very good intentions and a determination to win. There was some mistake about Wednesday's game; for, as the story is told to us, the Varsity let the Wolverines get over our goal line twice, whereas our fellows failed to return the compliment. In consequence, the story on the score board was not very flattering for Notre Dame. Oh, well! there's nothing like

going after big game. And "'tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all." You're all right, fellows, and the SCHOLASTIC is going to stick to you to the finish. We're going to root for you harder than ever, for there was nary a better or pluckier crowd of fellows wore moleskin suits.

—Quarterly examinations will be held next Friday and Saturday. It is hoped that all students will spend the intervening time in diligent preparation, for of the importance of the examinations, we scarcely need speak. Records of them will be kept in the office of the Director of Studies, and a low per-cent., you know, is a hard thing to face at the end of the year. New students may find them a little rigid, but they are not to be feared if one is only prepared for them. Examinations are not held for the purpose of flunking any one, but simply as an aid to show wherein the student is weak so that he may brace up in that branch of his studies. A little close application to your books beforehand and a cool head during the hour of trial will land you at the high water-mark.

—The SCHOLASTIC's cry for some sort of systematic rooting seems at last to have been heard, and from present indications we are led to hope, at least, that there will be some lusty cheers when the Varsity faces the Indiana eleven next Monday. However, as yet there is nothing but the indication, and for fear that this may fail, as it often has before, we put our shoulder to the wheel again and try to keep it running, now that it is once started. Let there be, as suggested, a certain section of the grand stand reserved for members of each hall; then let the different halls take their respective places, and come well stocked with yells and songs. As soon as one section has done rooting let the next section take it up, and then the next, and so on till the game is finished. Whatever be the turn of the game let the good work never flag. It is childish and unsportsmanlike to root only while your men are winning and then sulk as soon as you see evidences of defeat. We must stay with our team through thick and thin, and if they go down, why we must go with them, and swallow the medicine with as pleasant a face as possible. The hall that does so in the most approved style will receive a silk banner at the close of the season.

Notre Dame, 38; Lake Forest, 0.

Founder's Day Field Sports.

There was small interest aroused in last Saturday's contest with Lake Forest. No doubt was entertained as to the outcome of the game, and those that went to see it, were there mostly out of curiosity to see what improvement the Varsity had made in its last week of practice and what sort of team work they would be likely to put up against Michigan. The student body was well represented in the attendance, and a few of our friends from the city that never miss a game, were on the benches.

The ball was put into play at 3.15. Lake Forest's team was composed of men of average size and a goodly amount of pluck, but they had neither the weight nor the training to make them a match for our team. The ball was kicked thirty-five yards to Macdonald, and in less than four minutes it was carried to the visitors' twenty-five yard line, from which place, "Mac" sent it between the goal posts for a Princeton kick.

On the next kick-off the ball was worked back with small effort and lost on the twenty-yard line for offside play. Soon regained again, it was pushed over for a touchdown.

So the game went, very one-sided all through. Our men were never held for downs. Lake Forest never made her five yards. Our men lost the ball only on offside play and fumbles, and then they easily secured it again. The only interesting part of the whole game was the spectacular work of young Glynn, our right half-back, who carried the ball time after time and rarely ever stopped short of going ten or fifteen yards. When the last half was closed the score stood—Notre Dame, 38; Lake Forest, 0.

NOTRE DAME	LINE-UP	LAKE FOREST
Mullen (Capt.)	R. E.	Mayer
Schneider	R. T.	Briggs
McNulty	R. G.	Rosevelt
Eggeman	C.	Tewksbury
Winters	L. G.	Walker
Wagner	L. T.	Graff, Scott
Farley	L. E.	Ross
Macdonald	Q. B.	McCarter
Hayes	R. H.	Peirson
Duncan	F. B.	Roberts
Glynn	L. H.	Campbell

Touchdowns—Hayes, Wagner, McNulty, Mullen, Duncan and Farley. Goals from touchdowns McDonald (3). Goals from field, McDonald. Referee, D. H. Jackson, Umpire, Moore. Linesmen, Curtis and Corcoran. Time of halves, thirty minutes. Attendance, three hundred and twenty-five.

As stated in last week's SCHOLASTIC we give herewith a notice of Founder's Day sports. We have been unable to secure a summary of events or list of winners in the Interhall meet, so we can state simply that the day was easily won by Sorin Hall. There was small excitement attending the games, and the crowd that witnessed them looked on with the same sober faces that you might see in an algebra classroom. In every event there were fellows that had "cinches" on the prize, and as the winners were all picked before the contest came off, it was only a matter of formality to go through the races and other events. A good handicap would have livened matters very much.

In St. Edward's Hall, however, there was fighting for honors, and contests galore. The Princes claim the 13th of October as their particular feast-day, and are always prepared to celebrate it properly. On the list of prize winners below you will find the list of events and the order in which they were run off. The contests were close in all cases, and not one of the little fellows ever gave up until the line had been crossed. Bro. Cajetan, who has charge of the Minims and is the promoter of all their games, saw that everything was done smoothly, and when it was over he had the list of youngsters that had won. In the evening in the Minims' hall prizes were awarded as follows:

- 1st 100-Yard Dash—1st, P. McBride; 2d, J. Erving.
- 2d 100-Yard Dash—1st, H. Fox; 2d, M. Flynn.
- 3d 100-Yard Dash—1st, H. Munson; 2d, C. Fuchs.
- 4th 100-Yard Dash—1st, A. De Rother; 2d, H. St. Clare.
- 5th 100-Yard Dash—1st, E. Kelly; 2d, C. Connolly.
- 1st Sack Race—1st, A. Shields; 2d, W. Pollak.
- 2d Sack Race—1st, J. Bassi; 2d, B. Mulligan.
- 3d Sack Race—1st, P. Rothnill; 2d, W. Robbins.
- 4th Sack Race—1st, W. McBride; 2d, G. Seymour.
- 1st Three-Legged Race—1st, W. Butler and D. Topper.
- 2d Three-Legged Race—1st, McLain and Rotchford.
- 3d Three-Legged Race—1st, A. Burger and A. Brooks.
- 4th Three-Legged Race—1st, Mooney and McFarland.
- 1st Hurdle Race—1st, J. McMahon; 2d, H. Cary.
- 2d Hurdle Race—1st, G. McNamee; 2d, C. Fuchs.
- 3d Hurdle Race—1st, J. Garrigan; 2d, W. McMahon.
- 1st ¼-Mile Run—1st, J. Lawton; 2d, C. Cary.
- 2d ¼-Mile Race—1st, F. Fogarty; 2d, F. Kidmell.
- 3d ¼-Mile Race—1st, E. Snyder; 2d, D. Rundle.
- 1st Pole Vault—1st, B. Taylor; 2d, G. McNamee.
- 1st 8-lb Shot-Put—1st, T. Bassi; 2d, G. Phillips.
- 2d 8-lb Shot-Put—1st, L. McBride; 2d, A. Bosworth.
- One-Mile Bicycle Race—1st, F. Sweeney; 2d, J. Ervin.
- 1st ½-Mile Bicycle Race—1st, Clancy; 2d, Canizares.
- 2d ½-Mile Bicycle Race—1st, L. Hart; 2d, C. Kelly.
- 1st Consolation Race—1st, Bemis; 2d, Von Herbulis.
- 2d Consolation Race—1st, D. Fergus; 2d, W. Kasper.

The following assisted at the distribution of prizes: Mrs. D. H. McBride, Mrs. McNamee, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Benoist, Mrs. J. Clancy, Mrs. M. Charles, Miss Flynn.

Michigan, 12; Notre Dame, 0.

The game between Notre Dame and Michigan at Ann Arbor on Wednesday was advertised as the greatest home game of the season, and the merchants of the town who closed their places of business and went with a thousand or more students out to Regent's Field on that day were not disappointed. Truly, it was a great contest. Michigan was uncertain of the outcome, and her coaches were reticent. They put out the best team they could get together, and the eleven was forced to play as they had not done before this year. Aside from Teetzel's brilliant run of forty yards around Notre Dame's end and Farley's magnificent tackle when a touchdown seemed imminent, the game was not spectacular, although many good individual plays served to heighten the interest.

Farley's work at left end and Macdonald's magnificent punting were the features of the game. Hayes and Monahan did splendid work too, repeatedly hurdling Michigan's line for good gains. Glynn tackled well, but found difficulty in getting started off with Michigan's punts. The absence of Eggeman weakened centre somewhat, but Winter played a good game, and the coaches were satisfied with his work. Our line did not hold up as well as was expected, and Michigan made repeated gains through our guards. Hanley and Wagner played a good game, the former several times tackling back of Michigan's line.

For Michigan, Cunningham, Teetzel and Keena distinguished themselves. The team work was faulty, however, and fumbles were frequent. Notre Dame, too, did considerable fumbling, and both elevens were penalized several times for holding and off-side play. Of course, a victory would have suited us better; but as Coach McWeeney said: "Every man played football and we can not complain." Following is the score in detail:

Macdonald kicked off to Teetzel on the ten-yard line, who recovered fifteen yards before being downed. Keena punted, but the ball was blocked by McNulty. Michigan, however, got the ball, and Keena again punted, this time for forty-five yards. Farley gathered in the oval, but was downed by Keena without gain. Two futile attempts to get past Michigan's tackles forced Macdonald to punt. The kick was blocked by White, and Keena fell on the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard

line. At this point Michigan began to gain ground rapidly. Street, Keena and Herrenstein followed each other for large gains through right and left guard, and in five minutes after the kick-off Keena went through for a touchdown. Snow kicked goal. Score: Michigan, 6; Notre Dame, 0. Time, 5 minutes.

Macdonald kicked off sixty yards to Teetzel who was downed by Wagner after recovering twenty yards. Keena punted, and the ball went out of bounds on the forty-five yard line. Glynn advanced the oval three yards; Hayes pushed it ahead four more, and Duncan followed with two yards, but the ball went over on Michigan's twenty-yard line. Keena punted and Juttner landed on the ball. Teetzel then went around Mullen's end for nineteen yards, but the ball went to Notre Dame on the next play for line holding. On the first down Notre Dame failed to gain, but on the next Farley went around Michigan's right end for seven yards, and Duncan followed through left tackle for two more. A fumble by Farley lost the ball to Michigan. Furious rushes by Teetzel and Herrenstein through Notre Dame's guards brought the ball to Notre Dame's twenty-yard line where it was lost on a fumble. Mullen and Wagner made small gains, but on the third down the ball went to Michigan. Herrenstein tried Mullen's end without effect, and Keena kicked. Farley caught the ball and recovered ten yards. Duncan, Hayes and Glynn broke through Michigan's tackles for small gains, but the ball went to Michigan on downs. Keena, Teetzel and Macdonald hit Notre Dame's line with some effect, but failure to make the required number of yards gave the ball to Notre Dame. Farley and Hayes netted eight yards, and Duncan was tackled for a loss of two yards. A fumble by Hayes gave Michigan the ball. Keena went through centre for four yards; White netted two more, and Keena lost the ball on a fumble. Notre Dame attempted to work a long pass, but Michigan's right end got onto it, and the play was changed. Farley then went around Michigan's right end for fifteen yards, when time was called with the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-five yard line. Score: Michigan, 6; Notre Dame, 0.

In the second half Herrenstein was replaced at right half by McLean, and Wilson took Juttner's place at left tackle. Keena kicked off fifty yards to Farley who recovered ten. Macdonald kicked to Teetzel who was tackled by Farley after a gain of thirty yards. Keena and McLean then worked the ball down the

field by furious rushes through Notre Name's centre and guards, resulting in the second and last touchdown of the game. Snow kicked goal. Score: Michigan, 12; Notre Dame, 0.

Macdonald kicked sixty yards to Teetzel who recovered fifty, and was downed by Farley. An attempt to go through Notre Dame's line failed, and Keena punted. Glynn got the ball, but was tackled by Cunningham without gain. Full-back Keena was then taken out of the game and replaced by Sweeley, and Monahan took Duncan's place. Hanley and Wagner punctured the Michigan tackles for good gains. Notre Dame was set back five yards for offside play. McNulty went through for four yards. Farley took the ball next, but failed to gain, and the ball went to Michigan on its twenty-five yard line. Street carried the oval ten yards, when the ball again went to Notre Dame for holding in the line. Monahan and Hayes hurdled for three yards each, but the ball was lost on downs. A fumble by Michigan resulted in a loss of five yards, and Sweeley was obliged to kick. Glynn caught the ball, but was tackled before he could recover himself. Farley, Wagner and Hayes made good gains when the ball was lost to Michigan on a fumble by Monahan. Sweeley kicked into safe territory, and Glynn was again tackled before he could get started with the ball. Farley attempted twice to go around Michigan's ends, but without effect, and the ball went to Michigan on downs. Teetzel then went around the end for a forty-five yard run, and was tackled by Farley, who prevented Michigan from getting what looked to be a third touchdown. Sweeley and Teetzel by quick rushes managed to advance the ball to the seven-yard line, when through a fumble Notre Dame got the ball, and Macdonald quickly kicked it out of danger. Teetzel recovered the ball, and Wilson, Sweeley and McLean were advancing it steadily down the field when time was called.

MICHIGAN	POSITION	NOTRE	POSITION
Snow	R E	Farley	L E
MacDonald	R T	Wagner	L T
Siegmund	R G	O'Malley	L G
Cunningham	C	Winter	C
Kramer	L G	McNulty	R G
Juttner	L T	Hanley	R T
White	L E	Mullen	R E
Street	Q B	MacDonald	Q B
Teetzel	R H B	Hayes	L H B
Herrenstein, McLean	L H B	Glynn	R H B
Keena, Sweeley	F B	Duncan, Monahan	F B

Score—Michigan, 12; Notre Dame, 0. Touchdowns, Keena and McLean. Goals from touchdowns, Snow, 2. Referee, Williams, Yale. Umpire, Clarke, Michigan. Linesmen, Fleming, Notre Dame; Talcott, Michigan. Timekeepers, Eggeman, Notre Dame; Wood, Michigan. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

Exchanges.

From the increase in the number of our exchanges this week it is evident that the student world of America is once more at active work. College magazines and journals from all parts of the country are now on our table, and we regret that space will permit of our reviewing but a few numbers.

We agree with the *U. of M. Daily* in its opinions as to the amount of money that a college student should have in order to spend a successful year at school. Everyone knows that the young man who secures an education by working his way through college is usually found in the front rank of successful men in after life.

* *

The September number of the Andrew J. Graham and Co's. *Student Journal* contains an article entitled "A Dreyfus Dictionary," giving the identity and meaning of the persons and things that figured in the case. Considering the amount of attention the Dreyfus case is still receiving from the world at large, a guide through the intricate labyrinth of that famous legal struggle is certainly very handy.

* *

The last number of the *Polytechnic* of the Rensselaer Institute contains an ably written article on "The Scot Moncrieff process of sewage purification." As the author states, the process is still in an experimental stage, but it seems a great advance towards the solution of the important problem of purifying sewage. With the author we await with interest the result of the plant introduced in England. The *Polytechnic* is one of the foremost college magazines in the discussion of scientific subjects.

* *

The first number of the *Dial* from St. Mary's College, Kansas, is in every respect up to the high standard attained by it last year. "An Inside View" is among the interesting articles in the *Dial*. The dialogue between *Sphicles* and *Diores* in this article is exceedingly clever.

* *

The *Harvard Lampoon* must be in the hands of some jolly good fellows, if we can judge them by the kind of work they do in their journal. Their jokes are all thoroughly original, and their little stories are very amusing. The drawings in the *Lampoon* are always clever, considering that it is a college paper.

Personals.

—The Misses Moxley of Chicago, Ill., visited with their brother George a few days this week.

—Mr. W. Dinnen of Fort Wayne, Ind., was the guest of his son, Mr. W. Dinnen, Jr., of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Langley of Taylorville, Ill., was the guest of his son Fred Langley of Corby Hall last week.

—Rev. Father O'Callaghan of New York spent last Thursday at the University, the guest of Reverend President Morrissey.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McBride of Akron, O. spent a few days last week at the University visiting their sons in St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Frank Davis (Litt. B., '95), one of the SCHOLASTIC'S Board of Editors while he was here, gave us a brief call last Saturday.

—Mrs. M. L. Fredell of Chicago was visiting with her sons, George and Edwin of Holy Cross Hall during the early part of the week.

—The Misses M. Wagner and C. Gavin of Lafayette, Ind., who attended the Alumnae meeting at St. Mary's, spent a few days last week at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Frank Confer, Law, '98, of Altoona, Pa., has begun the practice of Law in the office of Nepp and Geesey, Altoona, Pa. Mr. Confer from a recent report is doing well. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success.

—Messrs. C. Lieb and L. Fadeley of Anderson, Ind., spent Founder's Day at the University. They were both students in '97 and have many friends at Notre Dame who are always glad to see them. We hope that they will find time to pay us another visit soon.

—Many members of St. Mary's Alumnae Association were welcome visitors at the University during their stay at the Academy. Among them were the Misses Margaret Barry and Anna Hunt of the Class of '96; Clara Kasper and Mary Tuohy, '97; Pauline Murfey, Rose McDonald, Mary Quinlan and Mary Hines, '99.

—His many friends at Notre Dame were pleased to see the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, LL. D., '89, last Sunday. The Reverend gentleman was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Le Moine, O. S. B., who is the visiting Abbot of the French Benedictines in this country. Abbot Le Moine was a classmate of our Professor of Ethics in the Petit Seminaire at Pont à Moussa, France.

—A card recently sent to us from an old member of the SCHOLASTIC staff announces that Mr. John G. Shannon (A. B., '96) is secretary of the Asbestos Starch Company of New York. Mr. Shannon was somewhat of a politician while with us, and was generally known as a hustler. If he carries this same energetic spirit with him still, we have no doubt of his success in the business world.

Local Items.

—The Sorin Hallers enjoyed a quiet smoker in their reading-rooms last Wednesday evening.

—The Anti-Specials defeated the Elkhart team Sunday in their hardest fought game of the year. Score, 22-0.

—If you fail to secure a touchdown in the "exams." next Friday and Saturday, you may get a turn-down at the end of the year.

—Western college men will all rejoice if the Cardinal triumphs over the Blue at New Haven today. Let's give nine 'rahs for Wisconsin.

—The Carroll Hall rooters are getting into form again, and they will soon show the other halls what good, loud, college rooting is like.

—WANTED:—A first-class stenographer and typewriter. Any student that has ability in these lines will find it worth while to call at room 4, main building.

—Owing to the resignation of Mr. McGarrell, captain of the Carroll Hall football team, Mr. Krug has been chosen to act in that capacity during the remainder of the season.

—The large number of students attending the law lectures has made it necessary to shift the desks and chairs in the law recitation room. There are five rows of seats in there now instead of four.

—Regent's Field at Ann Arbor must have a hoodoo secreted somewhere behind the grand stand or bleachers. There is something there that goes against our players and keeps us from getting a victory.

—1ST MEXICAN.—"I do not have time to study my lesson today. What will I do?"

2D MEXICAN.—"Tell your professor, you do not understand the book in as poor English as you can master, and you will be all right."

—Students interested in the arrangements to be made for diamond, gridiron, tracks and grand stand on Cartier Field, are invited to present plans. The "Kite" plan is on exhibition at the entrance to Brownson Hall.

—A feature of the Founder-Day games last Friday was the game of football between the Minims and ex-Minims, won by the latter by the score of 5-0. The ex-Minims had great advantage both in weight and experience.

—The Reverend Fathers Morrissey and Regan were honored visitors at Corby Hall last Saturday evening. The occasion was the opening of the new chapel, in which the religious exercises of the students will be held in the future.

—Mr. D. Myers was quietly studying his duckology near the boat-house the other day when a fair visitor approached him and asked him the way to the Seminary. He replied: "Walk right through the lake and you will get there."

—We will soon be in the Thanksgiving month now, and when we are filled with thoughts of boxes and other good things to come, why we can forget it all, and when old Saint Nicholas comes around again we will have the same old smile back, and look just as if nothing had happened.

—The young Klondike that Barry has in his mouth was donated to him by Dr. J. A. Stoeckley of South Bend. The gold is brought from the Yukon fields, and the doctor will distribute samples of it every Tuesday to persons appearing at the Infirmary and having the proper credentials in their pocket.

—Local writers and all contributors to the SCHOLASTIC are again requested to write their articles with pen and ink—or typewriter if you wish. Our compositors have no insurance on their eyesight, and they can not risk losing it by deciphering some of the lead pencil hieroglyphics that are handed in at the office.

—The students that went against Uncle Sam's canoe and wagered that the *Shamrock* would win the cup evidently forgot that our peace navy is as good as our fighting marines. Our laddies are masters of the wave, for the time being at least, and the best way to avoid kicking yourself when the race is over is either to refrain from betting altogether, or else bet on the right side.

—Those that are interested in the scientific part of football games, and desire to see new and unheard of formations should not miss the games played by the smaller boys on the Seminary campus. Last Sunday the "Never-Sweats" beat the "Keep-Cools" by a score of 5-0. Their right and left "formations," "Princeton tandems" and "double-passes" would be a source of delight to any connoisseur.

—"The second half brought out some pretty punting by Macdonald. His kicks were fair and high, and it is doubtful if there is now a punter in the West, outside of O'Dea of Wisconsin, who can equal the kicker from South Bend."—*Chicago Record*.

Guess the *Record* reporter knows a good thing when he sees it. Our "Mac" is a winner at everything. His punting this year is of the first-class order, as all his work in any department of athletics has been since ever he put on a suit at Notre Dame.

—The Law Library at Notre Dame may be said to be the best working library to be found in any law school in the country. During the summer vacation many new volumes were added to the already large stock, and these contain all the latest important decisions given out by the courts. The library is accessible to students at all hours, and it is rarely, if ever, that one goes there for a book and is unable to find it. No extra charge is made on the students for use of the books and journals, although the University is put to great expense in keeping the library in good running order. The members of the Law class are to be con-

gratulated on the splendid opportunity they have of possessing so complete a library and one that they have access to at all hours.

—If any person thinks he has a "kick" coming, or that he has been "roasted" in our columns, he is kindly requested to call on the editor before making complaints at any other quarters. Although statements appearing in our journal may not be the endorsed opinion of the man at the desk, nevertheless, it is part of his business to defend whatever appears in these columns, and you will confer a great favor on him—and perhaps on others—by laying your grievances before him and saving the embarrassment of hearing them criticized by parties who have no connection with the case. The person in error will be man enough to shoulder the blame in every case, and there is no use of appealing to superior courts until the hard-pressed scribes are given a fair chance to defend themselves.

—The younger students should remember when the more important games of football are to be played, and, for a few days previous, abstain from lemonade and "walnuts" and "frosteds," so that they will not find themselves "strapped"—no allusion to discipline in certain halls, but to that peculiar state of indisposition which tyros have named financial embarrassment—when the time for purchasing tickets is at hand. We want to see every student at the big games that we have to play. Nothing will discourage our team so much as to find that half the student body is so uninterested in their work as not to attend the games. Hold fast to plenty of nickels to allow you to see every game, and let's show the members of the Varsity that we are going to stay right with them. Speaking of the important games, though, reminds us that nobody seems to know when they are to occur. What's the matter with the management's turning over the schedule for publication?

—Why is it that we do not hear from the interhall football teams? Why is it, after the great final struggle between Brownson and Sorin last fall that the members of these teams that are still here do not get together, fill up the few vacancies that were made by students not coming back, and get into a few games? Corby Hall will show up then with a team that will make either of them fight for honors. Then Carroll and St. Joseph Halls must be considered, too. Why, with the chances we have here—in there being five halls almost evenly matched—every recreation day should bring at least one good match game. It occurs to the writer that this would furnish more amusement and, incidentally, more college spirit, than loafing around the various halls does. At present, if we were to remove the Varsity we should practically have only the Junior Anti-Specials and the Minim teams left. This certainly presents a picture of inactivity or

lack of grit or of something that will get up a little enthusiasm and sport. And remember, this is no argument for hall teams to develop men for the Varsity; we leave that work to other persons. Our argument is based on the fact that there is a woeful lack of good sport around here, and we would like very much to see something going on in one or another of the halls.

—An unusual occurrence happened during the second half of the football game last Saturday. Just as Glynn was making one of his twenty-yard runs, a mule hitched to a cart was seen coming through the entrance to the field. Pim and Myers immediately recognized their old friend, and went to shake hands with him. The mule was wise, however, and, pretending not to notice them, he reached one ear up over the goal posts, shouted, "Come on, Glynn," and clapped his tail against the dashboard in applause. This caused many of the Corby Hall and Sorin Hall boys to notice Mr. Asinus, and they hurried over to greet him. Several of them clambered into the cart and several more of them embraced the mule. Pim was more favored than the rest as he had Sir Mule by the caudal appendage and was warmly shaking hands with him. When more of the fellows tried to get in on the same deal, they did not have the proper grip. This, together with the fact that some one made an ungentlemanly remark about the mule's ears, caused the creature to lose patience. He made many place kicks, broke up the interference, and the informal meeting besides, gave the college yell, and started on a forty-nine yard run for the gate. Here he dumped Pim on the ground for a touchdown, made a goal kick, and went down the road singing "Oh! I don't Know."

—WEATHER REPORT.—The committee in charge of the idiosyncrasies of the weather announce that they are at the old stand. They have a new and improved stock of instruments, and any kind of weather may be had by prepaid subscriptions; mail orders preferred. Will not "take it out in trade." The following "streak" has been ordered for this week by the Class of 1901:

MONDAY:—A whirlwind will sweep over Cartier Field during the game and will cross the Indiana line near the middle.

TUESDAY:—A cut-and-dried, blown-in-the-bottle sort of rain-storm will succumb to a picturesque sunset, whose pervading hue will blend harmoniously with the Junior Class colors.

WEDNESDAY:—A bob-tailed comet will curvet around the top of the new chimney, and then glide off toward Corby Hall to "watch the ex-Juniors' smoke."

THURSDAY:—Wind enough for anything but the "Shamrock" will whistle around the "inverted candle-extinguishers" on Sorin Hall to the tune of "Come and get your Quinine."

FRIDAY:—Hot from the griddle. Atmosphere thinner than the bond of union between England and the United States.

SATURDAY:—Dry enough to drink water. Ideal day for German picnic. Onions strong in New York, but drop to 20 cents in Pittsburg.

SUNDAY:—Signs of frost. Sun seems to have been "down the line" and tries to keep out of sight.

—By special request of the French Academy and the Bertram High School, the SCHOLASTIC has been persuaded to renew again its Column of General Information and Condensed Insanity. Realizing the difficulty of conducting so important a column, we were loth to commence the work until Dr. Dowie, the Christian Scientist, and Dr. Nickolous Borate, two of the most notorious humbugs in the country, volunteered along with Burke Cockran, Mark Hanna and Ed Rumely to help us out. This week Dr. Borate begins his series of lectures. You will readily discern from his writing that he is a first-class hypocrite and that he must have associated with either Louis Nash or Corcoran. He is a graduate of the Kalamazoo celery fields, and studied agriculture under Prof. M. Axlehub Donahoe. He spent two years in the Killum-quick University, two years on the road, and six months in the Indiana Manual Training School and Solitary Confinement Academy at Jefferson city. He is an eminent authority on the ethics of hobos and the reaction of a buck-saw. He is a first cousin to N. Digestion, George Dewey, Bill O'Connor and N. U. Monia. Trusting that his ravings may have a decidedly injurious effect on all our readers, we give below his first lecture on

CHEMISTRY IN THE CULINARY ART.

In publishing these lectures, which I delivered at all the principal schools of this country and Omaha, I beg the tender criticism of all my readers. Throughout my work I have received the heartiest encouragement in my new move. The people were unanimous in declaring that it is a training which has been disgracefully neglected. My object was to give the young ladies a knowledge of the uses and abuses of such kitchen chemicals as salt, vinegar, etc. To many it seems ridiculous at first, but after due consideration they are forced to admit that the knowledge of these fundamental principles is the first requisite of a good house-keeper. How many young girls know the counter effects of an overdose of salt and red pepper? I dare say none of them stop to think of that, but let some friend be the victim of the experiment. I intend to publish a lecture each week. Through the kindness of the editor I will have no limit as to space, and will be able, consequently, to be broad and yet precise in my work. My first lecture will be on Salt. This is perhaps the most useful, and I hope to treat it well.

NICKOLOUS BORATE, PH. D.