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Absolvo Te.

PATRICK J. DWAN, 1900.

The Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., giving Absolution to his Brigade on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

ADN there upon that rock he stoo dand prayed
With outstretched hands, like Moses in the days
Of Pharos' wrath; his bright eyes beamed, while rays
Of pure celestial light about him played.
Behold ten thousand sons of Mars arrayed
For war! Each bends the knee in Faith and prays
And bows, till o'er them all the high priest raise
His hands, and low! the debt of sin is paid.

Then like the floodgates opened on some ridge,
They rushed with lion hearts into the fray;
And ere the sun went down, a brighter day
Had dawned o'er many a soldier's new-made grave.
But Moses-like he stood, the hero of
That solemn hour, of that *absolvo te.*

***

IN PACE.

Father Corby's grave at Holy Cross Cemetery, Notre Dame.

'Neath yonder grassy mound reposes now
The little mite of him that nature gave.
No proud colossus marks the hero's grave
Save that which Faith and Poverty allow.
I gaze with spirit eyes upon that brow
Where tides of Sacramental Peace did lave
And treasure up their beauties wave on wave.
To do the will of God" was his great vow.

A weeping willow shades him from the blast,
A withered flower bespeaks of some loved friend,
A withered flag still breathes his country's claim.
He's always pictured in his children's hearts
As some fair summer cloud that wept its dew
And makes both man and nature glad it came.

Realism in Fiction.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

IN a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan* is an article by Brander Matthews, entitled "The Study of Fiction," to which some exceptions are to be made. To be sure Mr. Matthews is an authority on all literary matters, and one naturally feels timid in taking issue with him. But it is feared that Mr. Matthews, not unlike Mr. Howells, Mr. James and others, is doing an injury in making a plea for Realism in Fiction, as opposed to Idealism, or else we do not understand him in his use of the word realism.

This problem of the novel, as to whether it should be realistic or idealistic or both is a serious problem, especially when we consider the great hold that the novel has upon the reading world of today. Some one has truthfully said that the great cry of the world today is for clothes and novels. This cry might be passed over without any alarm, if the novel could be made to be what it ought to be as a work of art.

The ideals of the present generation will be determined very largely by the ideals set forth in the novels of today. The world has not yet fully appreciated the interaction of literature upon life. Only when this is done will care be exercised in the selection of literature, which will mean that a greater care will be exercised in the writing of literature; for as is the demand, very generally, so the literature is.

Mr. Matthews himself appreciates this interaction of literature upon life, and that in consequence, the world's ideals are determined

to a very great extent by the ideals embodied in fiction, and he says: "Plainer than ever before, it is the duty of the novelist now to set up no false ideals, to erect no impossible standards of strength or courage or virtue, to tell the truth about life as he sees it with his own eyes," This last phrase, "To tell the truth about life as he sees it with his own eyes," would be misleading, and indeed might have been passed over unnoticed had the author not said further on in the article just what he meant by the phrase.

In telling us what the novel is, Mr. Matthews uses the definition of Sir Walter Scott, and regards this definition as final. Scott defined the novel as "a fictitious narrative differing from the Romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events and the modern state of society."

Mr. Matthews apparently uses the words Romanticism and Idealism as implying the same thing. But they do not mean the same thing. No one is making a plea for a revival of Romanticism. The Romantic novel may be as devoid of the ideal as the realistic novel is, and indeed it was so when romanticism was the style of the day. But yet with all its marvellous incidents and wild adventures of love and chivalry, we are not quite sure but that the romantic novel was at least healthier in tone and more uplifting in effect than the realistic novel would be, should it ever become what Mr. Matthews and others think it ought to become.

We agree with Mr. Matthews, that in the selection of his materials the novelist should be a realist. We would not have him draw solely upon his imagination for materials, nor to undergo a voyage to another world either below us or above us for his materials. We insist that he select his materials from the life and society that we know; and we further insist that he reproduce these things as they really are. In brief, we hold that, as far as the subject-matter of fiction is concerned, the novelist should be a realist and fiction realistic.

But in insisting that the novelist be a realist, we do not admit that he has the right to select anything he may see and know, and use it in the novel. It is because realists have done this that realism has fallen somewhat into disrepute. The realists themselves are to blame for the present revolt against realism. In his efforts to be real, the novelist has fallen upon uninteresting details, and has often painted truth along with the gross and evil. Too frequently, and especially in recent fiction, he has gone to the slums, and to the very cesspools of society for his materials, and in consequence his art has been brought into disrepute. But he has done what Mr. Matthews, Wm. Dean Howells and Henry James says he should do—that to picture life, as it is, is the business of the novelist.

This last statement is only partly true. We insist in common with the idealists that it is not the business of the novelist to represent everything in nature as it is. It is his duty to treat realistically whatever he may select; but there are multitudes of things in nature that he has no right to use, as an artist, and which if used will degrade both himself and his art. Would a carrion or a pile of offal look well in a picture? Would it be art to paint such scenes? And yet every painter sees such. And according to Mr. Matthews the painter should paint everything he sees. But the painter, and all others know that he can not paint everything he sees. And what is true of the painter is also true of the novelist.

This principle also finds an illustration in our every-day life. We know many things that are true, yet it is not our business to tell them to everybody or even to anybody. Propriety, modesty and decency forbid that we should tell all we know. And it is no imputation on our truthfulness that we do not tell all we know. And we conclude that it is no more the business of the artist to use everything he sees than it is our duty to tell everything we know without regard to the consequences.

Moreover, the novelist must not only refrain from using what is vile and disgusting, but he is bound to do so because of the function of all art. There are close relations between morality and art, in consequence of which the artist must give some concern to the moral effects of his work. If there are no such relations between morality and art, Mr. Matthews' dictum holds true.

Admitting such relations, there are many things in nature and society that the artist has no right whatever to use. He has no right to select such materials as will tend to strengthen the lower and baser tendencies in man and to weaken and finally destroy the higher and upward tendencies.

This whole theory of realism or naturalism in art is the offspring of the materialism so prevalent in our day. Those men that have denied the freedom of the will, and subordinated morality to art, have thereby practically

denied morality. But it appears to me that when morality is denied the very foundation of art is undermined.

Mr. Matthews, in common with others, demands an art of this kind. But what does it mean? It means that the creative power of an artist is denied him; that all art is a mere copying of nature in a mechanical way; that the painter must give way to the photographer and the novelist to the ubiquitous reporter; and the musician is nothing "but an æolian harp on which the vagrant winds make meaningless melodies."

Such work is not art. Mere imitation is not art; and yet this is what Mr. Matthews insists upon in his so-called realistic fiction as opposed to idealistic. But it seems clear that while the artist must be realistic, so far as materials are concerned, his treatment must be wholly idealistic, if his art would serve its purpose.

Keats.*

JULIUS ALOYSIUS NIEUWLAND, A. B. '99.

III.—KEATS AS A POET.—(Continued.)

COLOR OF KEATS' POEMS.

Another characteristic peculiar to Keats is vividness of color in description. He is preeminently a painter-poet. Although it is true that every attempt to make one art do service for another is the source of many failures, still some success may be obtained. Painting as an art depends on space, poetry on time. The success of the poet will depend on the extent in which he is able to cause the same emotions by his descriptions that we obtain from pictures at a glance. The excellence of Keats in this respect is increased by the power he had over suggestive words, tone-coloring of words, and suggestive grouping of words and phrases. Much of the beauty we find in "Endymion" and his earlier works often comes from the use of adjectives and epithets that have either by themselves, or from their combination, some emotional meaning beside the word meaning found in the dictionary. In modern poets the use of adjectives has led to a weakness of style or often to the filling in of lines that need another foot. I shall not try to excuse even Keats from practising this; but nearly always his adjectives are so well chosen, and so suggestive and surprisingly full of meaning that it is not extravagant to say that much of the beauty of Keats in color, sensuousness, and suggestiveness comes from the simple use of an adjective. To imagine these adjectives as absent would be to lose much of the beauty.

Shelley too possessed the faculty of keen color perception in poetry, but he is not so sure; yet he is more spontaneous in his epithets. Byron and nearly all the romantic poets possess this quality; but in Byron it was blended more with the rhetorical air, perhaps in consequence of Pope's influence. Keats also relies for much of his effect on the juxtaposition of words that by their connection, often unusual and even surprising, arrest attention and then stir up emotion. Keats, however, professed to dislike surprise as he was naturally calm and intense. His emotion rises, develops, and increases like a sonnet wave that breaks and then rolls back more calmly than it arose. He was anything but epigrammatic. Although he showed great power and originality in his words he often coined new ones to suit his fancy or to help him out of a difficulty in rime. Many are so strange and fantastic as to deserve disapproval. As coloring in painting is difficult, it is as easy to fail in verse. Its excessive use leads to landscape portrayal, a common fault.

Keats and Shelley have especially contributed to add color to our poetry. Both have great power of concrete expression which makes their work so vivid. In Shelley suggestive passages spring up continually with surprise. Keats was uniform and intense. Emotion bursts from Shelley's poems like flashes, but Keats calmly throws into his verse the diffused light of his suggestive power. His verse shows more care and attention than that of Shelley; not that it was labored as Pope's, for Keats was anything but careless in expression. Though he must have taken some pains to acquire smoothness, his emotions always fall into the right rhythm and modulation. Shelley's thought seems so strong and vivid that it could not but fall into beautiful form. He spontaneously bursts forth into song as naturally as the skylark he celebrates.

DAINTINESS OF THE POETRY OF KEATS.

Keats has been called the "daintiest of poets." Many of his works remind us of that sweet delicacy of Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Keats delights in spinning iridescent threads of gossamer, and letting

* Competitive essay for English prize medal.

them waft away in the sunshine on the zepyhrs of his fancy. He touches every beauty with the delicacy of a fairy. Pope is sometimes delicate, as in "The Rape of the Lock"; but he touched everything with kid gloves. Pope was the fashionable poet of his time. He knows of nothing but the town, and in his treatment of men and nature he generally shows his ignorance—sometimes even of book-knowledge. Keats knows the secret beauties of nature. He has been called the poet of nature, though not in the sense that Wordsworth receives the title.

Wordsworth was raised in the midst of the beauties of nature, and from boyhood was wont to look on the ordinary phenomena as one who always sees a spiritual meaning in the "meanest flower that blooms." We do not find that Keats as a boy showed much interest in the charms of nature until Spenser awakened in him a response to beauty. Hence, when as a youth, nature began to unfold her secrets to him he looked at them still as a child with earnest simplicity, and adorned them with naïve daintiness. Hence when he did become cognizant of the beauties that surrounded him everywhere, he suddenly became all the more sensitive to them that they had never before affected him as they should have done. Keats does not interpret nature as Wordsworth does, with a mystical and moral interpretation; but he is more sensuous and delicate in his emotions, and colors his subject with life. Yet we are none the less elevated by the delicacy with which he clothes every beauty that attracted him. He had a keen sense of natural beauty, as far as it made him delicate and dainty; but his sense of moral perfection, and the perception of beauty in the workings of action or passion or characterization, were not as yet developed in him to their full extent. Keats, moreover, sometimes becomes over-nice, and then he "luxuriates." He and Hunt were fond of praising and taking excessive delight in anything of nature or art that pleased them. If the too frequent use of the same words that rely on the suggestive meaning or poetical association for strength causes them to lose their effectiveness certainly some of Keats' words must be included among this number. He was especially fond of the word "luxury," and it occurs so frequently that it attracts attention, and loses force by exciting doubts as to its suggestive meaning. In "Endymion" he even tells us of "luxurious steps,"—whatever that means.

Keats also used description very profusely when he speaks of the moon "lovely in ether all alone." He was literally moon-struck. "Endymion" has the moon-goddess as a heroine; and even in his best poems when he refers to her he clothes his thought with such vividness and newness of color that many of his touches can not fail to haunt our memory for a long time. He never tires of speaking of

> "The coy moon, when in the waviness
> Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,
> And staidly paces higher up, and higher,
> Like a sweet nun in holyday attire."

SIMPLICITY OF KEATS.

A mark that can not fail to attract notice in the poetry of Keats is his simplicity or even naïvete. This does not refer especially to the art or even the style. Keats was very ornate in this respect, while Wordsworth relies often on the pure thought for emotion, though his language is also simple. Keats is more naïve, and this quality is so prominent in his works as often to throw a cloak over his mistakes. He does not, however, go to extremes, as Wordsworth does in "Peter Bell" and "Goody Blake;" nor is his simplicity quite as marked as that of Burns, though he can be just as natural. He was remarkable in keeping to the mean. Even in his coloring and description he never strove to overdo his technique, or modulate so nicely that his art would appear labored or forced. Swinburne often tries to make rhythm and harmony so prominent that the thought suffers. Keats though exact and careful seldom spoils by overdoing. In his later works he does not pay so much attention to the beauty of individual passages, but strives for general effect.

FAULTS OF VERSIFICATION.

Keats, it is true, had many faults in versification and the general technique of poetry, especially in his earlier poems. Often these mistakes are as grave as those of Mrs. Browning, and perhaps more frequent. His bad rimes are generally unpardonable, and nothing is easier than to pick out flaws in "Endymion." As he himself says, however, he could not have done better even after "a year's castigation" of that work. We might perhaps think that these faults were the result of negligence, but we know that any of the romantic writers, and especially Keats, Shelley, or Byron, would never sacrifice a beautiful thought or figure for a fit rime. Even the editors of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, who could not be accused of leniency, acknowledge that "the book shows at least as much beauty as stupidity." Keats is also

accused of letting his thought follow his rimes. A new, striking and even fantastic figure often results, and we can not tell at times whether this is a beauty of variety or a faulty expression, since it appears to have little connection with the trend of thought.

KEATS AS A SATIRICAL WRITER.

Keats could not be a satirical writer. Satire was not in accordance with his good nature. Moreover this form of poetry is difficult for him to follow because of its tendency to become didactic. A noble and beautiful thought pleases and elevates, but it also excites to good actions. When, however, it professedly aims to teach or preach it fails, and ceases to be poetry. We do not wish to be presented with a moral when we read verse. It is as if we would give advice to him who does not wish to receive advice. We are pleased when we find the goodness and virtue ourselves; but when a sermon or a fable with a moral is dressed up as a poem, we soon recognize the deceit, and we rightly object to the imposition. Perhaps for this reason "Cap and Bells" of Keats did not succeed. At all events, the poet, though full of gayety, and even though he was possessed of some wit, still his wit and satire were so amiable that they appear perfectly harmless and ineffective. As a typical example of his few satirical passages, which seem so mild that they do not sting or cut but rather caress, in his "Letter to his Brother George," one of his earlier poems, he gives a passing remark on the garrison of idle soldiers whose principal use was to disfigure the natural beauty of the surrounding country and of the town by their gloomy barracks. He speaks of a

> Field of drooping oats
> Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats
> So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
> The scarlet coats that pester human kind.

KEATS AS A LYRICAL POET.

Keats was above all a great lyrical poet. His odes follow in perfection closely upon Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," although he has not the violent and spontaneous outbursts of passion that characterize Shelley. That his dramatic powers would afterwards have asserted themselves we can hardly doubt, but he was not as yet ripe for moral interpretation of character. His own character was just beginning to acquire some decision and definiteness, while sickness and melancholy and passion began to tell on him. That his fame as a poet rests chiefly on his smaller poems does not take away from his promise as a dramatist; for Shakspere was also a great lyrical poet in the beginning of his career.

The odes of Keats appear to have been written under great intensity of inspiration. "The Ode to a Nightingale" was composed while he was listening to the notes of the bird in a garden at Hampstead, and when they ceased and the bird flew away, Keats stopped and brought his verses to his friends who arranged them with him. His "Ode to Autumn" is exquisitely realistic with color description, and his other odes are peculiar in many respects; for instance, personal feeling and earnestness. As he was incapable of treating a long poem, instead of obtaining unity of effect he becomes wildly romantic and often wanders into almost incongruous coloring. In his small poems, however, such as his odes, he is perfectly himself; and we may safely assert that much of his reputation is due to a few short pieces of verse.

Keats in his odes and several other poems makes use of a pleasing artifice to increase poetic effect. He is generally adverse to the use of surprise in poetry because this quality often loses effect by repetition. These very repetitions in his poems, which occur like refrains, have the effect of surprise without diminishing in beauty. Keats presents the leading thought of his poem as an introduction, and repeats it in the end like those pleasing strains that frequently recur in music and gain in effect each time they return.

Together with the odes of Keats might be mentioned one of his smaller poems, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." It is beautifully realistic in definition and vividness of scene. Beside the harmony of the words and the suggestiveness of phrases and adjectives, the melody of the poem is remarkable. Even those that see in it but an imitative ballad confess that it is noted more for general effect than for individual touches of beauty. The musical rhythm and harmony of words help the beauty of the whole, and the very combination of letters in these words aids the harmony. The first stanza, which recurs substantially at the end of the poem as a refrain has a beautiful romantic touch:

> O what can ail thee, knight at arms!
> Alone and palely loitering?
> The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

DRAMATIC PROMISE OF KEATS.

As a dramatist Keats did nothing that might make him remembered even among the minor

poets, were it not that he showed promise of great genius in this line. He did not show the force and strength of monodramatic soliloquy, which is a special characteristic of Browning in his "Last Duchess," nor had he in any marked degree the dramatic insight of character to Shakspere.

Some have attributed to Keats an epic turn of mind. The poems he wrote to illustrate this are by no means his best, despite the extravagant praise and blame bestowed both on "Endymion" and "Hyperion." The former of these is too elaborate and florid to be cited as an attempt that prefigures an epic tendency. "Endymion" embodies but one simple incident spread over four books, well adorned, it is true, but wanting in that force, strength, unity and action which characterize "Paradise Lost." Apart from the fact that it is but a boyish attempt it would look very odd placed beside Milton's work. It has not the epic force of simplicity. Though "Hyperion" shows forth the workings of a more mature imagination and judgment, it is not altogether a success. Keats was at this time just becoming capable of treating a long work with adequate insight.

The other poems that might give evidence of dramatic tendency are "Lamia," "Isabella," and "The Eve of St. Agnes;" not that these are actually replete with action, but they possess marks peculiar to Shakspere, such as concentrative figures and suggestive touches in the observation of man. Shakspere's characters thus stand out distinctly after the first few words they utter, and we know them so well that we could tell what each would do under any given circumstance. The personality of the heroine, "Isabella," does stand out distinct and beautiful, but, like nearly all of his principal characters, she is gentle. All his characters are too much alike to serve for a broad decision of the general estimate of Keats.

The sentiment and pathos, however, strike us more than the definition of character, though I might perhaps say that these marks are enhanced by the vividness of portrayal. The characters of Keats, though not varied, show the germ of future greatness. In power of naturalistic imagery he has been placed near Shakspere. We admire in Keats what we admire particularly in the songs and madrigals that occur in Shakspere's plays. This power of naturalistic color is the foundation of dramatic ability. Deeper insight and steadier character come later when the poet has more carefully observed men and their actions. If we take for granted the power of Keats in vividly portraying nature and its suggestiveness, we can not doubt that he would after more maturity of genius be able to set forth human action as well as he does natural beauty. He was passionate, not like Shelley with spontaneous lyrical outbursts, but he was calmly intense. Of the play "Otho the Great," which Keats wrote with Brown, the last act, written by the young poet alone, is by far its best part. Keats had intended also another play "King Stephen," but death cut short this and many other of his designs.

CONCENTRATIVE FIGURES.

That Keats possessed in an eminent degree the perfect use of concentrative figures, his writings show. A concentrative figure, in opposition to the expansive, consists in focussing a whole emotional touch into one figurative word or phrase. This makes the style terse, vivid, and pregnant with meaning. Shakspere uses effectively these figures to bring out traits of character. Keats had not as yet devoted this power to characterization, but it contributes much to his transparent concreteness of expression. There is something about his style and emotions that makes them so clear and vivid as to astonish us, though we can not at first perhaps give the reason for this definiteness. Keats is not obscure though there is great difficulty in following the trail of incident in "Endymion." He is anything but a mystic, as he himself says in one of his letters. His mind and character were not sufficiently developed to enable him to indulge in the mysticism of "Rossetti" and his school of pre-Raphaelites. The concreteness of Keats' style is undoubtedly the greatest factor that contributes to his promise of future success in the drama. In a few lines, for instance, taken from the beginning of "Hyperion" he gives us a better notion of the stillness and drowsy silence that reigned "deep in the shady sadness of a vale," than if we read several pages of description. He describes the dreary quiet that surrounded the dethroned Saturn, and says:

> No stir of air was there
> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.

The last line is especially suggestive because the clear idea is expressed in but few words. The ordinary modern descriptive poet would have spread the thought over several stanzas and gained not half the effect because of

diffuseness. We like flash-light pictures of suggestiveness and color. Keats has this power of throwing before the imagination whole scenes and pictures by a few suggestive words or a vivid figure. In another example he shows this concentrative expression perhaps more effectively in "The Eve of St. Agnes." Porphyro hides in Madeline's chamber, and the poet describes the different objects the hero had passed and noticed when entering, and among these the coat of arms.

> And in the midst 'mong a thousand heraldries
> And twilight scenes and dim emblazonings
> A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

The last line is a flash-picture of suggestiveness. This "scutcheon blushed with blood," brings to the imagination long struggles of a noble family for fame and honor in which many a royal nobleman shed his blood to preserve his glorious name, and to add lustre to it for posterity to admire and imitate. It is this quality of suggestive expression that helps to make no two of Shakspere's characters alike. Even a few words almost unconsciously uttered by a character reveal more of his individuality than if we had known the person all our lives. We know Cordelia better than we know our best friend. Similar magical power was possessed by Keats, though his object of study thus far had been nature rather than man. When we consider that his own mind was rapidly maturing we can hardly hesitate to say that soon he would have been able to analyze and express a trait of character as easily as he had portrayed the suggestive secrets of nature. Man is a deeper study than matter, and hence it required some decision of moral purpose and some keenness of intellect to know man, and this Keats was acquiring with remarkable quickness.

(Conclusion next week.)

He Kept His Pledge.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

"Yours to command!" Oh, mamma! now isn't he just lovely? The duke has written me such a sweet letter and he ends it so cute by signing himself 'Yours to command.'" And Miss Margaret Gotrox, all flurried over the tender missive she had received, went into ecstasies telling her mother all the pretty compliments the Duke of Farthingdale had written therein. That good old lady, quite as simple-minded as her daughter and equally willing to bend her knees before the shrine of foreign nobility, seemed as much delighted as the recipient of the letter. It was the first bit of correspondence Margaret had ever shown her, and she was flattered as much by this little mark of confidence on the part of her child as by the prospect of having a duke in the family. They both thought the matter over, and decided that the duke *was* lovely, and that it would be lovelier still when Margaret Gotrox should sign herself as Margaret, Duchess of Farthingdale.

That evening when old Mr. Gotrox came from his office he was overpowered by the arguments of his wife and daughter, and he too, thought the duke would be a creditable addition to the family. The old gentleman very willingly settled Margaret's portion of his vast estate in her name, and when she wrote again to "hers to command" she was able to tell him the very important bit of news that made his heart leap, viz.—she would receive eight million dollars on her wedding day.

Scarcely two months later, when the *Campania* arrived, the Duke of Farthingdale stepped ashore in New York city and, with his followers, was driven to the Gotrox mansion on Fifth Avenue. In the course of a few days this same mansion was the scene of great festivity. Cut flowers and potted plants decorated every corner; smylax and lilies and carnations hung from the chandeliers and lay profusely over the elaborately spread tables. From behind a bank of ferns and palms came the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March, and the guests all bowed and smiled with the red-tape formality that accompanies an aristocratic wedding. The evening papers contained accounts of the marriage of Miss Margaret Gotrox, one of New York's society leaders, to the Duke of Farthingdale, one of her Majesty's own retinue.

Aboard the *Campania*, about two weeks later, the royal couple sailed for Europe. Margaret was filled with thoughts of her great dignity and of the dear duke who was "hers to command." The duke realized too, that he was "hers to command," and did his duty in that respect in a most admirable manner. When they had reached the castle of Farthingdale he proceeded to do the commanding, and the bewildered duchess found that not even she and her millions were sufficient to call forth all the ability he possessed in that line.

Varsity Verse.

THE LIGHT BEYOND.

Short Rondeau.

LONGINGLY I stand tonight
And gaze into the starlit sky;
In spirit on, and on mine eye
Goes to a great, a deeper light,
So soft, so clear, so chaste, so bright,
The lustres of our planets die,
While longingly I stand.

But as I gaze in my delight,
There comes the question: "Who am I?
That is the glow of Him on high!"
The splendor dims my spirit-sight,
And longingly I stand.

J. L. C.

WAITING.

If her I meet some future year
With dark suspicion left to clear,
Will she allay my troubled mind,
With calm denial sure to find,
Redress and bring reunion's tear?

I do not know; and yet I fear,
Since doubt doth whisper in my ear,
She will disdain my wounds to bind,
If her I meet.

Relent I will if she comes near,
And e'en forgive through pity sheer;
And then she may become so kind,
That painful hurts of years behind
Will lose their sting and me she'll cheer
If her I meet.

P. McE.

A CHANGE OF SCENES.

The old man sat in his easy chair,
While the evening wore away.
But at eleven o'clock when he found still there
A young man wooing his daughter fair,
Then the devil there was to pay.

P. J. R.

IN FAIRYLAND.

I've seen a fairyland
With painted palace walls;
Led by a beck'ning wand
I followed through its halls;
And trod its golden strand,
Where footfall never falls.

I sailed its rivers bright—
Sail-shadowed ne'er before;
Its mountains flower white
I journeyed o'er and o'er;
'Mid valleys vine-bedight
My steps led to its shore.

Ask me if none there dwells
Beneath its charmed skies;
If passion throbs and swells;
If there man ever dies?
My tongue no answer tells,
But read it in mine eyes.

P. MacD.

"A Bit about Mirrors."

FRANK. F. DUKETTE, '02.

Your changed complexions are to me a mirror.—W. Tale, i, 2, Shakspere.

Whether brass, as mentioned in the Pentateuch, or the glass of later years, the mirror became universal soon enough. Was the prevalence of mirrors a step to gratify innate pride and fondness for flattery? Faces that were happy when seen in the pupil of their lover's eye, and cheeks but partially reflected from some pure and secluded pool did not require a glass. A mirror could not make a French Mam'selle out of Lamartine's Graziella, or the secrets of boarding-school bring back happiness to St. Pierre's Virginia. Has the mirror become as intoxicating to the maiden as that taste of the sea is to the reindeer? Perhaps "beauty unadorned" lost her right to the title when she first saw herself in an oval glass. In youth, the mirror is used to note each mark of maturity; in maturity, each mark of age. At all times it is an indispensable article, this dumb witness of our silent, secret hours.

Probably there are more superstitions connected with the mirror than with any piece of furniture in common use. Neither have centuries of prosaic progress been able to efface this element of mystery and horror so generally associated with the looking-glass. Heinrich Heine, who has been accredited with very discriminating taste in regard to ghosts and the pleasure found in darkly-woven German superstition, wrote that it thrilled him with an indefinable horror to see his own face by moonlight in a mirror. Heine was not afraid in the daytime, but the shining glass truly has something very mysterious and malign when seen by the light of the moon. Imaginations that people graveyards with ghostly apparitions share in this dislike for the mirror at night. While the sun shines there is nothing at all unseemly, but at dusk, by lamplight, or touched by treacherous moonbeams, the mirror is rightly called an uncanny character. This may be because the glass has the faculty of reflecting objects we shrink from seeing, or displays that double we always try to elude. For often by candlelight our own face looks back at us contorted, and our eyes take on an unnatural stare. And, too, any article in the room may of a sudden take shape, and by the medium of that deceitful glass most startling

figures are reflected. The air is said to be man's friendly element, for it refuses to reveal what traitorous glass and water betray.

In Yorkshire, "Seven years' trouble but no want," followed a break in a mirror. In Scotland to crack a looking-glass, next to the fall of a dead man's picture, presages immediate death. Superstition everywhere considers the fall of a looking-glass an evil omen. Scott's Prologue to "Aunt Margaret's Mirror" has defined the peculiar fear which he says is equally without reason or cure. One dear old lady does not mind so much to look at her reflection in the glass, but at best she deems it a very eerie thing to do.

Magicians in the old days of necromancy would use any reflecting surface to reveal to them what they desired to know; even a bowl of clear water could prognosticate wonderful happenings. Modern workers in that science, however, make use of the "divining crystal." The famous mirror through whose agency Dr. Dee and his seer, Kelly, made predictions concerning the Gunpowder Plot, was but a black polished stone. This is attested by the following:

> Kelly did all his feats upon
> The devil's looking-glass, a stone.

There is also record of a prayer book, printed in 1737, that contains a woodcut representing the king and Sir Kenelum Digby gazing into a circular mirror, in which are reflected the Houses of Parliament and a man entering them with a dark lantern in his hand. Above, the eye of Providence is seen darting as a ray of hope; below, are legs and hoofs as of evil spirits flying rapidly away.

The student of telepathy may supply his magic mirrors and crystal balls and call that paraphernalia telepathy's own. Still we can not approach that shadowy land over which broods perpetual fear. We had better turn back to the fairy tonight minutes of Aberfoyle, and learn the humiliating truth that "every drop of water is a mirror to returne the Species of Things, were our visive Faculty sharpe enough to apprehend them."

An English tradition warns anyone from the first sight of a new moon in the glass. A child that is permitted to see his own image in a glass before a twelvemonth is marked for trouble and disappointment. Two friends happening to see their reflection side by side in a mirror are doomed to immediate dissension. The Swedish girl that looks into her mirror by candlelight risks the loss of her lover. A superstition nearly universal forbids a bride to see herself in the glass after her toilet is completed. In Warwickshire, and other parts of rural England, the custom has long been to cover all looking-glasses in the house of death for fear the pale and shrouded corpse should be seen standing beside the looker-in.

Thus a superstitious awe is readily associated with the contemplation of mirrors; for the large number of legends have quite clouded the harmless glass with shadows and presentiments. The big mirrors that now overcrowd the modern parlor are of a coarser and less romantic make. The shadows are wont to creep more about the little old-fashioned glasses so carefully beveled and painstakingly kept. That labyrinth of French plate now so common is surely of a different family from the small hand-mirror last used to shadow the dying man's breath.

There is a marble effigy in the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence at the tomb of Beata Villana, who, tradition says, was very fair. One night when Beata was dressed for a festival she remained long before her mirror, allured by her own loveliness. Suddenly her eyes were opened, and she saw by her side a demon dressed in costly raiments like her own and covered with shining jewels. Beata was affrighted by this vision of evil, and fled from the vanities of the world and sought refuge in a convent. There at an early age she died a holy death; and to this day angels are said to draw aside the curtains that show her sweet dead body safe at last from the perilous paths of temptation.

The mirror seldom reflects character. A camera does not do that. If the portrait-painter has learned to interpret the finer lines running through each face the secret is his own. But the mirror does assist a great deal toward general neatness, though at times it is a most insincere flatterer. The confidential glass hanging in a private room may give more real comfort to its trusting companion than is commonly thought. The poet immortalized the gift that could make us see ourselves as others see us; the mirror, in part, labors to that end and thus deserves its share of praise. As long as we continue to look with pleasure in our hand-glass we are hopeful. And if some devoted person acts as a mirror toward us, reflecting back on us the result of our foolish behavior, we are doubly fortunate. Poor King Richard had a mind to close a losing fight when he complained:

> But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
> Are cracked in pieces by malignant death.
> And I for comfort have but one false glass.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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ROBERT S. FUNK
JOSEPH P. O'REILLY } *Reporters.*
JOHN L. CORLEY

—We desire to extend the sympathy of the students to Mr. John Eggeman who was called home last Tuesday by the death of his grandmother.

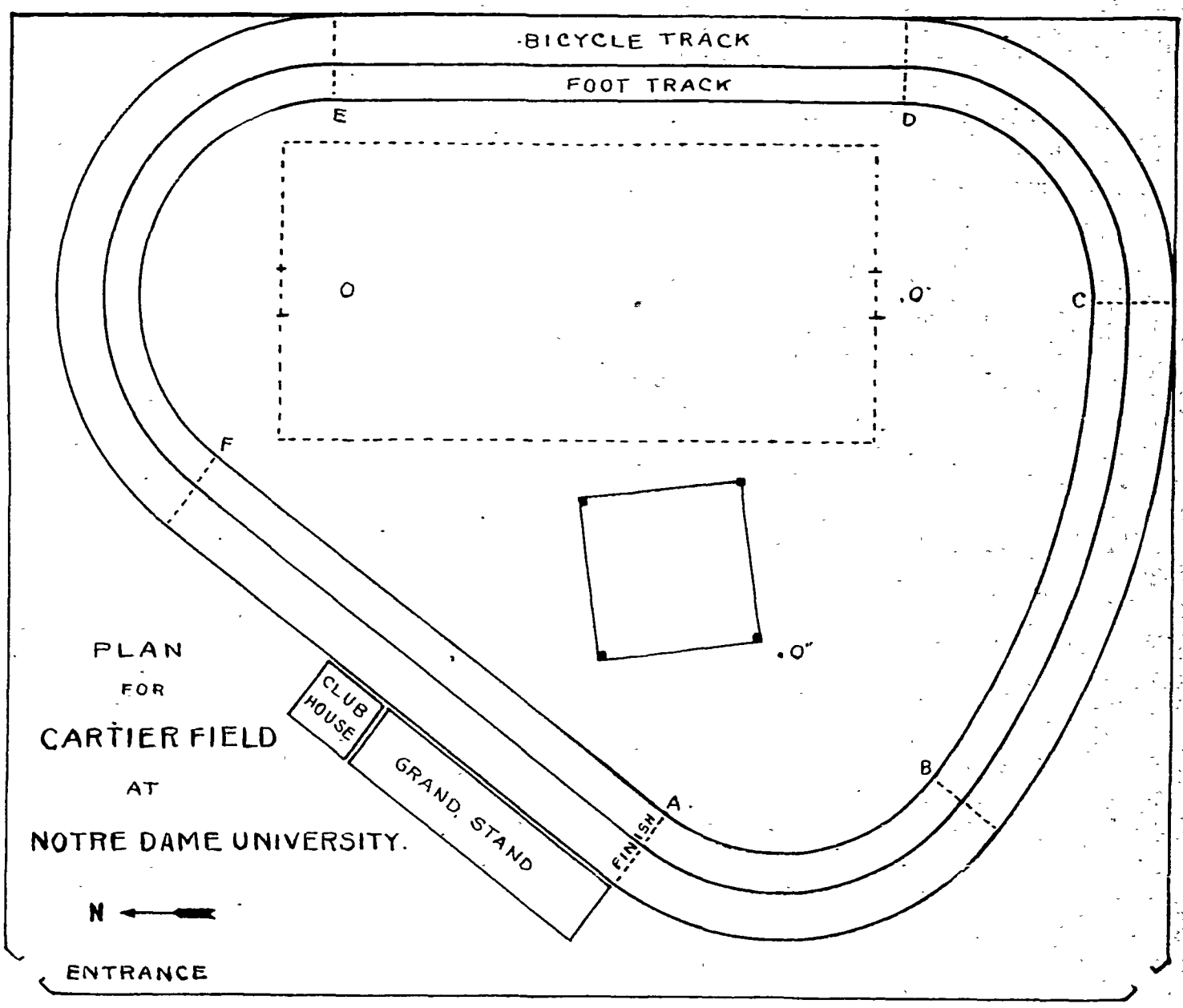
—Tomorrow evening we begin our annual retreat. Little need be said by way of encouraging the students to enter heartily into the spirit of the services we shall have and try to make the retreat as beneficial to themselves as possible, for we feel sure that the opening sermon will accomplish all that is to be done in this respect. Moreover, the students are fully aware of the importance of making the retreat well, and any hints from us would be out of place. As announced in our last week's edition the exercises will be conducted by Very Rev. Father Robert, the Passionist.

—We would like more effort on the part of the students to contribute to the local columns. In one way they are the easiest columns to fill and in another way they are the hardest. As a rule, they are the most widely read and most interesting to local subscribers, and for this reason they should be well kept up. Any student has the right to contribute to them—his work of course being subject to criticism—and everyone is requested to try and hand in something. There are a thousand and one things happening here daily that you might write up with little effort if you will only try it.

—The SCHOLASTIC acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a beautiful souvenir of the St. Mary's Alumnæ reunion at the Academy. It is in the form of a very neat pamphlet containing half-tone cuts of all the beautiful scenes around the convent, the picturesque St. Joseph River, our own college home and also of Very Rev. Father Sorin and the venerable Mother Angela. It is dedicated to the members of the Alumnæ and must be highly appreciated by them.

—The Purdue–Notre Dame game, to be played at Lafayette, Nov. 18, is the contest that attracts most attention in local football circles. If our Varsity wins we shall have a just claim to the championship of the State. If Purdue defeats us and also wins her game against Indiana on Thanksgiving day, she will have the pennant without any dispute. In case Purdue defeats us and then loses to Indiana, then how will the championship stand? To prevent any dispute over so complicated a question, we urge on our Varsity to make sure of winning the game on Nov. 18.

—The rooters deserve warm approbation for the showing they made at last Monday's game. It was the greatest demonstration Notre Dame ever had, and who can say what effect it may have had toward the winning of our brilliant victory? Every man on our team realized that the students' eyes were on him and that he was out there to do his best playing. Continual cheering let the men know that the play was being closely watched and that every good effort they made would not fail to receive proper recognition. That is what makes them play ball. After the game Umpire Hadden said to the students: "Your team will always win if you show this much enthusiasm at every game. Cheering and encouraging the players has often gone as far toward winning a hard contest as the play itself." We have the enthusiasm, so let's give it out. If that will help win the games, come on, everybody, take up the blatant shout of the old SCHOLASTIC, and we will have occasion for rejoicing after every game.



FIELD—530 × 650 FT. BC—37° 03' 30", 276.95 FT. OO' 320 FT.
AB — 90°, 170 " EF—142° 56' 30", 270 " O'O" 203.379 FT.
CD — 90°, 170 " DE—320 FT. FA—320 " OE, O'D, O"B, 108.225 FT.

After having considered the matter carefully, the athletic management has decided to make use of the kite-shaped track in laying out Cartier Field. Of all the plans submitted, this undoubtedly presents the least number of objectionable features. As a matter of fact, it answers every reasonable requirement, and obviates several important defects that would occur in the building of an otherwise desirable quarter-mile track. As will be observed, the grand stand, erected at the finish of the running and bicycle races, will at the same time be in position for baseball games. The football field—which may possibly lie adjacent to the "home stretch"—will probably be located on the opposite side of the field so as not to have its grass surface broken by the "skinned" diamond. On this account, the grand stand will be built in sections so that it can easily be moved into position for games on the gridiron.

An inspection of the plan herewith given shows that the length of the curve—on the narrow end of the course—is less than otherwise it would be, were the quarter-mile plan adopted. The difference is about seventy feet and is in favor of the 220-yard dash, since both curves would have about the same radius. According to the plan the track measures 1453.379 feet,—more than a quarter and less than a third of a mile. It is the intention to have the plans carried out fully. The track itself, the banking of curves, the grading of the field, and the building of the grand stand, must be done in first class order. President Morrissey himself is very much interested in the matter and is opposed to anything which would lessen the usefulness of the field or the excellence of its equipment. It is thought best for the present to build only the inner track and bank it on the curves so as to be used for bicycle riding as well as for running The building of the outer track will be postponed with a view to construct it out of well-seasoned lumber.

The Championship is Half Won.

Yes, John Farley *is* all right; and so are all the other members of our football team, at least that's what the howling mass of rooters said last Monday night. Our Varsity had fought the giants of the Indiana eleven on the gridiron of Cartier Field, and completely avenged last year's defeat by shutting out the visitors to the tune of 17 to 0. It was more than any of Notre Dame's most enthusiastic supporters had looked for.

The game was the hardest-fought contest seen at Notre Dame since the Beloit team played here three years ago. It was a gala-day for the rooters, and never in the history of Notre Dame did they acquit themselves so nobly or stay with the team like they did last Monday. They had system in their work for the first time. Each hall came well supplied with songs and yells, and cheered themselves hoarse long before the game was finished. Sorin Hall was led by the famous "Squirt" band, and Corby Hall had an equally unique organization that well deserves the title of the "Heiney" band. The members of these two musical troups played like good fellows all through, and their hall-mates backed them up with yells and songs in most approved style. Brownson had a good song and several yells that won great applause, and she was not behind the other halls in giving them out. The fact is, all the halls were there to root, and they did root, as the saying is, "for fair." Between halves they marched around the gridiron with Old Glory flying and the Sorin Hallers with bamboo canes and Gold and Blue streamers. When victory was ours they gathered around our heroes, told them how good they were, and then went marching and singing around the park, and concluded by calling on Rev. President Morrissey and Referee Hadden for addresses.

Farley, with his spectacular runs, was a hero of the contest, but he was not the only one; for there was Captain Mullen at the other end of the line playing the greatest game he has put up this season; Macdonald kicking for sixty yards without ever a punt blocked; Hanley, Wagner, O'Malley and McNulty tearing up great holes in the line, letting our backs through and stopping Indiana's rushes with little or no gain; Lins, Hayes and Duncan crashing and plunging at the line and carrying the ball for Notre Dame's touchdowns. Then there was Eggeman, the big center-rush, playing the game from start to finish, and never letting I. U. get past him for a gain.

Captain Mullen won the toss and chose the west goal, getting the advantage afforded by a stiff breeze. Pike kicked off for Indiana to Wagner, who picked up the ball on the twenty-yard line and regained fifteen yards before he could be downed. On the first line-up the ball was fumbled, but Notre Dame held her ground. Farley then went around left end for ten yards. Lins hit right tackle for six, while Wagner added seven more by crashing into Highley. Lins hit the tackles two more times, and advanced the ball twelve yards. Hayes and Duncan each hurdled center, and Notre Dame had the ball on Indiana territory by ten yards. On a tackle play through Highley, Wagner fumbled and McGovney fell on the ball.

Indiana began advancing the pig-skin by massing on center, and made the necessary five yards in two downs, Hubbard making two and Hawley four. Hubbard then started for tackle, but Duncan got in the way and pulled him down with only one yard gain. Indiana then for the first time attempted their much-vaunted tandem play, and the local line not only held together like a stone wall, but the ends mixed up with the Indiana men, and she lost one yard. Hawley got two yards through tackle, but Hubbard failed to gain when he hit center. Pike then punted thirty-five yards to Farley, who was playing back, and the Notre Dame end not only regained the entire distance, but he also got ten yards more making a forty-five yard run through a broken field and throwing off his opponents.

Lins hit tackle for five yards and later fell on the ball when Macdonald fumbled. Hayes tore through a gap opened by Hanley and made ten yards, but at this point Capt. Hubbard, of Indiana, made a bold move, taking the ball from Hayes' arms. The play was so sudden and unexpected that Hubbard was well on his way toward Notre Dame's goal with no one to block his path, when Farley started after him and brought him down by a pretty tackle. The ball was then on Notre Dame's twenty-four yard line. Hubbard made two yards through center, but this gain was lost when Hawley attempted to pass Hanley. Pike punted to Farley, who caught the ball on the goal line and regained nine yards. Macdonald then sent the ball back thirty-five yards by punting high to Hawley, who was downed in his tracks by Mullen.

After three unsuccessful attempts to advance

the ball the pig-skin went to the Gold and Blue on downs. Lins, Hayes and Duncan made seven yards by hurdling the tackles, and Mullen got twelve around Aydelotte's end. The local backs then added nine more yards by hitting the guards, but Farley lost three when Pike broke through and tackled him. Macdonald punted ten yards and out of bounds, and the men lined up on Indiana's seven-yard line. An offside play resulted in the penalty of ten yards being inflicted, and Pike saw that Indiana's goal was placed out of danger by punting twenty-five yards to Farley. An offside play by the State University gave Notre Dame ten yards, and a series of short gains by Hayes, Duncan, Lins and Wagner, after Duncan had made twenty yards around right end, gave her twenty-seven and a half yards, and placed the ball on the five-yard line. Mullen pushed it forward by one yard. Hayes got one and a half, and Duncan in two trials carried the ball over for first touchdown. Macdonald failed at goal. Score, Notre Dame, 5; Indiana, 0.

Pike again kicked off for Indiana, getting forty-three yards, Macdonald failing to regain after getting the ball. From Notre Dame's eight-yard line Macdonald punted twenty-five yards to Hubbard, who was so fiercely tackled by Mullen that he dropped the ball and O'Malley fell upon it. Macdonald again punted, this time for thirty yards, and as before Hubbard was downed before he regained more than a yard, Farley throwing him. After a mass on tackle, Pike punted fifteen yards and out of bounds. Macdonald punted twenty-five yards. Indiana then got the ball on a fumble, and Pike kicked it thirty-five yards, Farley catching the ball and calling for a free kick. Time was called with the ball on Indiana's thirty-five yard line.

STRUGGLE OF LAST HALF.

In the second half Macdonald kicked off for forty-five yards, fifteen of which Hubbard regained. Indiana could not advance the ball through her opponent's solid line, and Pike was forced to punt. The ball went twenty yards, but Macdonald regained six. In two trials at right end Duncan made twenty-four yards. Hayes got seven through tackle, but Lins fumbled, and Indiana got the ball on her twenty-yard line. Pike sent it out of danger by punting thirty yards to Farley. By clever dodging the latter regained ten yards. Notre Dame's backs, Wagner and Farley, then carried the ball for twenty-one and a half yards, and Macdonald tried a place kick for goal from the twenty-three yard mark but failed.

Pike kicked out from the twenty-five yard line, the ball going forty yards. Farley regained twenty. After advancing the ball four yards more the game was stopped, while Niezer was replaced by Teeter. Farley then circled left end for twenty-five yards. Notre Dame held, and Indiana got the ball on her own fifteen-yard line. Hawley made seven yards through center, and Pike then punted to Farley who ran the ball back for forty-five yards, ten yards more than the kick measured. The backs then went through a big opening made by Hanley and Wagner, getting 22 yards and landing the ball one-half yard from the goal.

Hanley held and Indiana got the ball. Pike punted forty-five yards, and the ball rolled out of bounds. Duncan and Farley then advanced the ball about fifteen yards when another fumble gave it to Indiana, who lost five yards on a fake kick. Pike punted fifty yards, and Farley carried it back for ten. Macdonald then sent it back for twenty-five, and Duncan got the ball on a fumble. Wagner got two, and then Farley shot around left end for forty yards, Ray downing him on the thirty-yard line. A series of line-plays and an offside play by Indiana soon gave Notre Dame another score, Duncan going over. Macdonald kicked goal. Score—Notre Dame, 11; Indiana, 0.

Pike kicked to Hayes on the forty-yard line and he carried the ball back twenty-five yards. Duncan made three and Farley thirty-five around the ends. Duncan hit center for four, and Indiana got the ball on a fumble. Pike punted thirty-five yards and Farley got fifteen back. The ball was then on Notre Dame's forty-yard line, and Duncan made ten through center in two attempts. He was again called upon, and this time he jumped the line, and, guarded by Lins, Hayes, Macdonald and Hanley ran fifty-five yards and fell over the line for the final touchdown. Macdonald kicked goal, and the score was—Notre Dame, 17; Indiana, 0. The game was then called.

NOTRE DAME		LINE-UP	INDIANA	
Mullen	R E		Ray	L E
Hanley	R T		Niezer	L T
			Teeter	L T
O'Malley	R G		Johnson	L G
Eggeman	C		Hurley	C
McNulty	L G		Pike	R G
Wagner	L T		Highley	R T
Farley	L E		Aydelotte	R E
Macdonald	Q B		Foster	Q B
Hayes	R H B		McGovney	L H B
Lins	L H B		Hawley	R H B
Duncan	F B		Hubbard	F B

Notre Dame, 12; Northwestern, 0.

On account of the heavy condition of Cartier field, yesterday's game between Northwestern and Notre Dame was played on the Brownson gridiron. The rain came down in torrents during both halves, causing the players to be slow and uncertain. Captain Mullen watched the game from the side lines, Macdonald taking charge of the team and Monahan going in at right end. The absence of Eggeman and Hanley from the line brought the teams almost on an equal footing, which made the game interesting from start to finish.

After the first kick-off the ball exchanged hands many times, on account of fumbling and offside plays, before our men succeeded in pushing Duncan over Northwestern's line for a touchdown. The first half ended with the ball in the visitor's possession on Notre Dame's thirty-yard line.

It was not until after fifteen minutes of the second half had been played that the Varsity struck its usual gait. Then commenced a series of line rushes and end plays that carried our opponents completely off their feet. Five minutes of this fast work brought Hayes over the line, scoring Notre Dame's second and last touchdown. Macdonald kicked both goals.

Lins again demonstrated his ability at carrying the ball in line plays, making repeated gains, varying from eight to ten yards, without a fumble. The defensive work done by O'Malley and McNulty was very creditable.

For Northwestern Johnson was easily the star, his tackling and interference work was of the best. Twice the visitors tried a place kick from our twenty-five and thirty-yard lines, respectively, but on both occasions our men succeeded in breaking through the formation and blocking the play. At no other time did Northwestern prove dangerous, and the game ended with the ball far up in their territory. The line up was as follows:

Northwestern	Linf-up	Notre Dame
Hart	R E	Monahan
Little	R T	Fortin
Dietz	R G	McNulty
Lawler	C	Winters
Ward	L G	O'Malley
Eggley	L T	Wagner
Elliott	L E	Duncan
Scheiner	L H	Lins
Johnson	Q	Macdonald
West	R H	Hayes
Pinneo	F B	Farley

Touchdowns—Duncan and Hayes. Goals from touchdowns—McDonald (2). Time of halves—twenty-five minutes. Referee—Studebecker. Umpire—Clark.

Local Items.

—The Minims have two teams so strong that the Anti-Specials have challenged the Specials to play a series of games to determine which team has the right to be called *The Specials*. Good games are looked for, as both teams are confident of victory.

—The following is one of Sorin Hall's football songs that was used to gain many yards in last Monday's game. It is named after two Swedes, McNulty and O'Malley, who were famous for their aggressive work in playing drop the handkerchief, and it is sung to the classical air of "Hello, My Baby!"

Hello McNulty,
Hello O'Malley,
Hello the whole darn team!
Send us the score by wire,
Indiana is left in the mire.
If you defeat them
We will entreat them
Not to go home and cry,
Oh! captain, maul them,
And we'll procure the rye.

—Weather Bureau's Report.—The committee in charge of the atmospheric disturbances announce the following bargains for the coming week:

Monday:—The sun will get hot about noon, leave the Hotel Libra, and move across the street to the Sign of the Scorpion.

Tuesday:—Pretty cold. Pointed beards in fashion.

Wednesday:—Pretty colder. Don't matter though, for Mike O'Brien won't put steam on.

Thursday:—Pretty coldest. Out at the Farm they will have to thaw the pigs out before they can get "swill" into them.

Friday:—Wind, accompanied by a few maidenly zephyrs, will steal swiftly through the hirsute appendages of certain Sorinites.

Saturday:—Ominous day. Flocks of frightened birds will seek shelter, a reddish moon will come out in the evening, and falling stars will be "all the rage," but we do not know yet whether it will have any effect on the peanut crop.

Sunday comes up stiff in the joints, but gradually clears off and extends as far as Chicago. Good weather never goes farther.

Chemistry in the Culinary Art.

lecture i.—salt, its uses and abuses.

Young and inexperienced housekeepers do not, as a rule, know their better half except as the generous admirer, the ardent lover and the faithful husband. Judging from the amounts of salt which they use one is inclined to believe that they imagine they can preserve their little angels, as such, forever. It is a well-known fact that salt has great preserving qualities, but this gives no housekeeper a right to a salt (assault) a man.

For the welfare of my fellowmen I have

carefully studied this subject from beginning to end. I have read such authorities as Fresenius Forbingski, Gibsonki and Muhlen (who was also a great violinist), and I have extracted the nucleus of their work on salt. I am satisfied with the practical knowledge I have of this subject, and I now go forth willing to spend the rest of my life lecturing or writing for my only goal—the obliteration of this kitchen insult. Bear this in mind, my young readers, and be more sparing in the quantities of salt that you use.

Salt in itself is a most necessary constituent of the human body. Its relative uses are generally known, but its absolute uses are ambiguous in the minds of most of my readers. It is true that experience has taught us many lessons regarding this wonderful chemical so let's profit by the experience of our ancestors.

The doses of salt are varied, yet a few examples in special cases will regulate them for ordinary cooking. If these examples are studied they train any cook to season rightly. For an ordinary porter-house steak one milligram is a great plenty. If more is called for let the eater suit his taste. Eight or ten ounces of salt season a pound cake very well. It gives the cake a rich flavor and the eater a good thirst. In making fudges rock-salt is preferable owing to its cubical shape. The fudges can be cut in perfect squares without any difficulty. If you are in the habit of using coffee or like mild drinks be cautious in seasoning your victuals. If on the other hand you are Bohemian and use appropriate beverages use salt profusely. These examples, I trust, will regulate the use of salt for cooking purposes. There are, too, many household medicinal uses of salt which everyone should know. Salt can be used for so many things that it has been termed the "universal healer."

I know an instance where a man had sore eyes; he washed them with strong salt water and he had sore eyes for six months. This shows the preserving qualities of salt. For bruises, cuts, etc., salt is a wonderful healer. Wash a wound carefully with salt water, pack it in rock-salt for a few days and it will be entirely healed.

There are many other little uses of salt, but they are not important enough to dwell on. These that I have given are the everyday, practical uses only. Anyone enough interested in this will find elaborate articles in the *World's Almanac*.—P. S.—My next lecture will be on vinegar.

NICKOLOUS BORATE, PH. D.

Of the 689 Students Registered the Following took the First Bi-Monthly Examination, October 27-28, 1899.

SORIN HALL.

Victor M. Arana, John M. Byrne, Harry P. Barry, Wm. E. Baldwin, Fred L. Baer, Charles J. Baab, George H. Bohner, George W. Burkitt, Patrick J. Corcoran, Francis B. Cornell, John F. Culkin, Alexis P. Coquillard, Daniel Collins, George Cypher, Eugene Campbell, Wm. Campbell, Anthony Dorley, Vincent Dwyer, Alfred Duperier, Francis F. Dukette, Wm. D. Dalton, Wm. F. Dinnen, Thomas F. Dwyer, Matthew J. Donahoe, Rafael Dominguez, Eddens J. Darst, John W. Eggeman, John W. Forbing, Albert C. Fortin, Joseph A. Fahey, José M. Falomir, James P. Fogarty, Peter E. Follen, Robert L. Fox, Robert S. Funk, Edward P. Gallagher, Peter Gallagher, Enrique L. Guerra, Edward J. Gilbert, Rodolfa M. Garza, Marcelino L. Garza, Wm. A. Guilfoyle, Norwood R. Gibson, Edward F. Hay, José Hernandez, George J. Hanhouser, John P. Hayes, Sedgwick Highstone, Albert Kachur, Robert A. Krost, Joseph C. Kinney, John M. Lilly, Peter B. Lennon, George J. Lins, John C. Lavell, Guy S. Manett, James P. Murphy, Wm. P. Monahan, John I. Mullen, Arthur W. Merz, Dorrance D. Myers, Thomas A. Medley, James H. McGinnis, Raymond J. McPhee, Angus D. McDonald, Louis C. Nash, Wm. J. O'Connor, Francis B. O'Brien, Philip B. O'Neill, Martin O'Shaughnessy, Raymond G. O'Malley, Frpncis O'Shaughnessy, Wm. W. O'Brien, Edwin Pick, Charles Reuss, Edward Rumely, Santiago B. Palmer, Joseph Shiels, George Stuhlfauth, Norbert J. Savay, Joseph J. Sullivan, Joseph L. Toohey, James G. Taylor, Vincent B. Welker, Ralph M. Wilson, Edward J. Walsh, Francis A. Wise.

BROWNSON HALL.

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