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Autumn.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.


THE reapers have reaped:
In the sweating heat of the summer day,
The bounteous harvest was laid away.
All the golden grain of the season's store
Was carefully housed on the granary floor,
And the sun-kissed fruit of the purple vine
Was gathered and pressed into sparkling wine.
The flowers awary with drooping heads
Were laid to rest in their hothouse beds;
Alone in the fields stand the winnowed sheaves,
Withered and faded the fallen leaves,
And the wind that wraps round the naked bough
Breathes sorrowful minor chords; for now
The land is dark 'neath the Autumn sun
Since the glowing harvest days are done,
And the reapers have reaped.

Keats.*

JULIUS ALOYSIUS NIEUWLAND, A. B. '99.

III.—KEATS AS A POET.—(Continued.)

IMMATURITY OF HIS GENIUS.

 GREAT mistake often made in the criticism of Keats is to compare him with fully developed men or philosophers. This is unfair to both sides. He can not be put on a level with these because he was hardly more than a youth of unsettled character. He is unique in this respect, and we can not safely put Keats near Shakspeare for the actual work he has done—one revealed but the secrets of nature; the other by his observation of men could read into the depths of the human heart. We can not compare a sunbeam with a strain of sweet music; either

is perfect in its own way. In promise of better work perhaps none of our poets presents a more pleasant object for speculation than Keats. When we consider the little education he received and the incredibly short time in which he perfected himself to such an extent as to produce his best works in less than a year, we have just reason for our hopes. He must have felt at the beginning of his poetical career that he would not live another decade; for in "Sleep and Poetry," which is contained in his first volume of poems, he says:

O for ten years! that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.

Beside we must also consider the difficulties under which he wrote,—sickness, melancholy, and the baneful passion for Fanny Brawne. All these oppressed him while he was writing the works on which his reputation now rests. There was also the adverse criticism of the magazines which, if it did not kill him, as many have supposed, at least quite discouraged him. Opposition had only a temporary effect on him; but it needed all the encouragement of friends to make him proceed in his work. Shelley in a letter to a friend says that those who surrounded Keats watched him carefully because they feared he might commit suicide.

Keats owed much of his perseverance to his consciousness of worth, which some called obstinate pride. He sought beauty for its own sake, and such devotedness always rises above petty annoyances or concern for immediate fame or popularity. In fact, no poet was so unpopular and at the same time so adverse to sensationalism as Keats, yet since his death he has become one of the best known of our poets. He knew he was right in his art method, and that some day, as he says, he would be "given a place among the English poets after his death." The prejudiced criticism of

* Competitive essay for English prize medal.

the magazines made him wince, but they did not make him succumb.

If Keats has written more in the short time allotted him than could be expected, he deserves more praise than Coleridge deserves blame for not writing as much as he could have done. Coleridge was a good essayist and critic; but he has shown the world that he would live in remembrance more as a poet than as a speaker or theologian. Coleridge was a great master of conversation, but we shall never forgive him for following a course that benefited only his own generation. Keats can never be blamed for wasting his time. Not even Shakspeare or Milton at his age and circumstances might have done more genuine work.

MYTHOLOGY.

Keats had drawn not a little of his inspiration from the ancient Greek and Roman mythology. Towards the end of his school-days at Edmonton he had devoted himself to careful reading especially of the classic myths. Keats is not, however, pagan in his treatment of these narratives. We do not receive from his myths ideas of fate. He does not choose his theme of such a nature. In fact, no one but a reverential pagan could use fatalism in art. Even then a character must always merit his doom by his evil deeds, as is the case with the "Œdipus" of Sophocles; otherwise the subject would be disgusting to our nature. The perfection of Keats in the treatment of myths arose from the serious and earnest strain in which he wrote all his works. He could sympathize with a beautiful story wherever he found it, and, like Shakspeare, he appropriated anything he thought would make a good romantic poem. The power of sympathizing with the beautiful assisted him in this kind of work to such a degree that he has been said to possess the ancient Grecian spirit. Another source of the success of Keats in the treatment of mythological subjects was his simplicity of nature; for youth is easily sympathetic with a myth or fairy-tale.

Although Keats had never been introduced to many of the ancient classics, he showed a great liking for Virgil, whom he had read toward the end of his course at school. He was not satisfied with admiring the art of the Roman poet upon which many put so much stress, but he cared more for the clear imagination and delicacy of thought and emotion. In many respects Keats with his impressionable nature shows the result of the influence of Virgil. At

least his own imaginative tendency was somewhat similar to that of the great Roman poet.

It has been claimed that none but a pagan writer is able to treat a myth with due earnestness, art and force. There are certainly some instances when this opinion is very true, because the nature of the subject may be such as to cause great difficulty for a modern poet to sympathize with a pagan ideal. Yet in cases where the poet simply uses mythological references as aids in bringing out a beauty more strikingly, we must agree that there is little difficulty caused by the objection of want of earnestness. Such, for instance, is the concrete touch of color in the beginning of "Hyperion," where Keats heightens his description of silence to which I have already referred—

The Naiad 'mid her reeds

Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

This thought is all the more beautiful that it is in perfect harmony with the subject and tends to enhance the general effect.

Even in the treatment of a theme, through considerable length, by naïvete and color, concreteness and judicious choice of lovable characters may obtain much success. Where poets generally fail in the treatment of myths is when they choose such subjects as are to be beautified by simple emotion, or when the theme itself aims at the sublime or epic movement. The difficulty in modern poets comes from the fact that they do not of course believe the stories they relate, or, generally, because they do not feel the emotions they wish to convey. When, however, a competent poet, like Keats, attempts a mythological subject for which neither fate nor great and sublime force are required, he generally succeeds. Indeed there is no reason why even the strong emotion of a beautiful myth should be spoiled when treated by a poet of our times; if he is strong and vivid and earnest he can make us feel as he does. Those who fail in reproducing myths generally fail for want of the requisites that are demanded in any good poem—intense earnestness of emotion and force.

ENDYMION.

Keats was not yet fitted to write a long poem at the age at which he began "Endymion." Even Hunt did not appear to appreciate it as might have been expected. He had warned Keats against the difficulty of writing a long work, but the young poet in his youthful excess of enthusiasm and exuberant spirits did not

follow the advice, and declared that a long work was the test of a poet's power. Shelley had also warned him against hasty publication, but here, too, friendly advice failed. The failure of "Endymion" was then to some extent due to the imprudence of the author.

"Endymion" is little more than an incident telling of the love of the youthful hero for Diana the moon goddess, and the incident is stretched over four books. Keats himself acknowledges, "I must make four thousand lines of one bare circumstance." The whole is beautifully interwoven with charming figures and passages well illustrated by vivid touches of color and sensuousness, and frequently interspersed with the most common matter-of-fact thoughts. In some places "Endymion" is almost too sensuous, and goes so far as to become effeminate and distasteful. For all this, however, there is much beauty in the youthful and feverish outburst of wild romanticism. Even Jeffrey acknowledged that it showed forth "natural relish for poetry and genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." Emotional freshness of words and phrases, together with a charming copiousness of detail, is a characteristic of all the poetry of Keats, but especially of "Endymion," "Hyperion," and his early works, for in his youth his imagination and fancy were perfectly unfettered. In fact, the poems of Keats contain passages of natural interpretation that for suggestiveness, vivid color, emotion, and concreteness of imagery, have hardly been surpassed. In "Endymion" Keats shows forth his peculiar method of treating a myth.

This poem might have left Keats among the secondary poets, though many parts of it contain remarkable passages. "The Hymn to Pan" is exquisitely wrought out and harmoniously adapted to the right rhythm and movement. It is extremely realistic with imagery, and Keats himself liked it better than any of his early poems. On one occasion he is said to have recited it to Wordsworth. The latter, who was not inclined to flatter young poets, called it a "pretty piece of paganism." Keats, it is said, was hurt by the remark.

Though "Endymion" has many beauties there is little difficulty in finding as many flaws. Most of these are inaccuracies of the use of words, of rimes, and of expression. The poem was not successful, and not without reason; but it did not deserve all the abuse which Jeffrey and his fellow critics heaped upon it. There is little difficulty in perceiving

that the attack was the result of party prejudice. In spite of themselves the critics had been forced to acknowledge that there was much show of genius in the work.

SELF-CRITICISM OF KEATS.

The best short and general criticism of "Endymion" is the preface to the poem written by Keats himself before publishing the work. He had a clear knowledge of his own powers and temperament at the time, and he declares his opinions without the fear or false modesty that fishes for praise or makes flimsy excuses when he does not expect to be appreciated. He confesses his weakness with candor, and says that if he thought "a year's castigation" would do it good the work would not have been printed as yet; "but it will not," he says—the foundations are too sandy." Moreover, Keats was not a poet who could, like Pope, polish every expression. He was not careless in his writings, but he expected that his thought would fall into beautiful language naturally and without being too much forced. He afterwards attempted to recast "Hyperion," but his friends declared the new work was worse than the former. One of the most careful and deep-sighted self-criticisms in this preface is the following: "The imagination of a boy is healthy and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; hence proceeds mawkishness and all the thousand bitters which those men must taste in going over the following pages." Keats exaggerated this statement somewhat, but for all this, it is as exact a compendium of critical estimate of the character of the poet as has yet been made by those who knew him best.

ATTACK OF THE REVIEWERS.

Keats winced severely under the unjust attack of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, but he was not killed, nor even was his death hastened much by these attacks. However deeply the critics cut his sensitive nature, there were other causes that combined to darken his last days by gloom and to bring on his death. Symptoms of consumption began to show themselves, and a deep melancholy afflicted him. The attack certainly had the effect of hastening his moral and literary improvement. His "Lamia," part of which had been written while "Endymion" was not yet through the press, still shows marks of his former work

and many of its mistakes. "Lamia," however, is the first of those poems on which the fame of Keats chiefly rests. In "Isabella" he shows still greater maturity, and "The Eve of St. Agnes" is considered perhaps the most perfect and most finished of his romantic poems. Finally several of his odes show remarkable merit and follow closely upon Shelley's "Sky-lark" in deep feeling and suggestive coloring.

APPRECIATION OF FRIENDS.

Although Keats was the best critic of himself in "Endymion" and his other works, to which he referred in his letter, his friends and contemporaries in the literary world were also very just in their appreciation of his poetry. Leigh Hunt might have been somewhat prejudiced in his favor. As a rule, however, we find the opinions and estimates of his friends so exact as to appear more or less to have been made beyond mutual influence without regard to similarity of views and without prejudice. Byron, however, could not bear with "Endymion," and he scolded the publishers for sending him a copy of the work. Keats on the contrary admired Byron for his rhetorical strength. Even the latter's praise of "Hyperion" after the author's death, which was then supposed to have resulted from adverse criticism, could hardly atone for such depreciation. Keats also admired Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and the "Lines Written near Tintern Abbey." These are the very poems that modern criticism has declared to be among the first of Wordsworth's shorter pieces. Shelley also was well criticised by Keats. When on one occasion Shelley invited Keats to stay with him at his Italian home, the young poet took the occasion to advise the impetuous disciple of Godwin to be more careful and calm in smoothing his verse. This judgment, approved by modern criticism, is the same that has been declared by critics at present after nearly a century of thought. Keats then, either by clear insight or a right standard of judgment or by instinctive power, was so responsive to beauty that he could perceive it at a glance.

HYPERION.

There has been a claim that Keats left "Hyperion" unfinished because of the ill-success with which "Endymion" had been received. Perhaps another good reason, if not the best, for the discontinuance of the poem was that he had entered a vein unnatural to him. He found that he had been hedging in his powers

by a constrained manner of style. The general movement of "Hyperion" is Miltonic; and, more than any of the works of Keats, this poem shows forth the influence of the epic poet. "There are," he says, "too many Miltonic inversions in it. Miltonic verse can not be written but in an artful and artistic manner." Keats must affect a beauty of style not natural to him and hence false. He puts himself into a mood like that into which Swinburne forced himself in writing those over-nice verses in which art or technique hide or obscure the beauty of thought, if there is any. In "Hyperion," especially, individual beauties, touches of color, and vivid, suggestive passages are used no longer for their own sake but to enhance the general effect of the whole subject. "Lamia," "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" are his best examples of prolonged work that illustrate this principle.

ISABELLA.

"Isabella" is a romantic tale of love taken from Boccaccio. The plot of the story was laid at Messina, but Keats transferred it to Florence for no particular reason. The narrative relates how a young man falls in love with the sister of his two employers, and his cruel death when found out. There are in the story no touches of southern temperament and scenery. The description and spirit are northern and English. The tale, he says, in his apology to Boccaccio, is

An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

Keats has been said to be possessed of a Celtic spirit such as he himself describes as a characteristic of the "song of Erin pierced and saddened." Had Keats done nothing more than diffuse his originality through the old story, we should not blame the poet for choosing no new subject. We do not blame Shakspeare for using Holinshed's or Plutarch's chronicles to build up his great plays. It makes little difference that Shakspeare gives Bohemia a sea-coast. Had he followed the mannerisms of his time, he might be more severely blamed for anachronisms. Besides, any attempt to introduce into story, novel, or play what is peculiar to an age or country is a fault. We do not wish that the novelist tell us what style of gown the heroine wore, lest the succeeding generation titter over the oddness of dress in those old times. Mannerisms in a romantic poem, as in a novel, are a sign of weakness.

There are in "Isabella" some technical faults and faults of taste, but they are only occasional

repetitions of the mistakes of "Endymion" that he had not as yet corrected. The whole poem, however, is a charming and vivid bit of romance beautifully colored in keeping with the general idea of the subject. The end is full of sweet pathos, and the principal character suggests some of the heroines of Shakspeare's plays.

THE ELEMENT OF LOVE IN KEATS' POEMS.

The love that is the theme of Keats in his romantic poems and that is referred to in his other works is, almost without exception, sensuous. It is of the same nature as that of Romeo and Juliet, and sometimes remarkably unreasonable, blind and disinterested. The love of Porphyro and Madeline, though chastely beautiful and modestly reserved, has not the element of intellectuality or moral beauty of the affection between Posthumus and Imogen. Keats did not as yet look on love with the calm, earnest dignity of a man; he was youthfully impetuous. Even Shakspeare in his early plays was sensuous, and we sympathize with Romeo and Juliet because we pity their blind devotion that causes their ruin.

The love of Lamia and Lycius is more unreasonable than sensuous, but both characters receive poetic justice because they come to their ruin in the end. The poem might be considered as an allegory as rightly at least as "Endymion." Thus regarded it represents the destruction to which that love comes that is allured by appearances and not guided by reason. Philosophy in the end dispels the Circean charms, and the hero and heroine receive their due punishment. Lycius dies, and Lamia, the enchantress, is discovered and her plans frustrated.

In "Isabella" the love is also sensuous, but here this quality is used only as a help to attain the central aim and idea of the story—sympathy for the heroine unjustly deprived of her lover. The pathos of her undeserved death is similar to that aroused in us by Cordelia, but Isabella does not stand out so nobly as Shakspeare's character. All of the characters of Keats, though beautiful and lovable, are nevertheless neither manly nor womanly. They are passionate, impetuous, and sensuous like his own youthful temperament. It is remarkable also that the chief characters of Keats are little more than boys and girls. Beautiful, though these characters are, they have not the noble intellectuality of Cordelia or Imogen or even of Perdita. Often the individual passages of sensuous description are somewhat distasteful

to the mind that is at all acquainted with the serious depth of moral beauty that marks the heroines of Shakspeare's later plays. We should not, however, be too severe with Keats, but rather remember that even Shakspeare wrote Romeo and Juliet before he conceived the characters in Cymbeline or Othello. Had Keats attempted to portray a noble, matronly ideal like Hermione or even Desdemona he would have failed completely, since his mind was unable as yet to portray or even comprehend the greatness of such exalted virtue and moral beauty.

IS ENDYMION AN ALLEGORY?

Shelley and Keats both died young and both were full of promise. Keats had more of a Shaksperian tendency. Unlike Byron, Keats would not give up the pursuit of ideal beauty which he always held before himself. His poem "Endymion" is supposed to be an allegory, and represents the soul's striving for its ideal—beauty. It has been claimed that if "Endymion" be not an allegorical narrative, parts of it had no reason for existence in the story. We are too much inclined nowadays to put such hidden meanings to many works of the poets. It is more than suspected that Tennyson never thought of an allegorical meaning when he wrote "The Idylls of the King." There are many passages in "Endymion" that really have no reason for existence, whether we call the poem an allegory or not. How could this be otherwise since the theme of the poem is only a bare skeleton or framework covered with the charms of poetry?

IV.—CONCLUSION:

KEATS AS A MODEL OF ADMIRATION TO HIS SUCCESSORS.

Many things contribute to make Keats an object of admiration and imitation both to the real lovers of natural beauty and to the dilettante. The former praise the poet for his power of representing perfectly a beautiful conception of his imaginative mind; the latter delights in the sensuousness and vivid color of all the works of Keats. The art amateur generally prefers the paintings that have the highest pitch of color, but the experienced art critic knows that these are often the worst because the color-tone so easily fails. On this account when a good colorist is found, such as Titian, Reubens, Velasquez or Rembrandt, we admire him all the more for this great power. Keats is frequently praised even now for what is not the best in his works, and he does not rely for

his fame on the enthusiasm of his admirers. Keats is the more remarkable because he had succeeded in coloring his poems without losing the other effects used in literature,—beauty of theme, proportion of parts, and general effect. Only his early works are covered with individual color beauties at the expense of general finish. We must look for the beauty of each individual stroke of color alone in the early works of Keats. "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "Isabella" are highly colored, but here the perfection of the whole theme draws our attention away from the beauty of passages; or rather, the latter taken together enhance the charm of the whole poem, as the perfection of each curve and column is required to make a whole cathedral beautiful and wonderful. The verse of the present time generally found in our magazines relies on color of details for effect. Deprive the common modern works of their color adjectives and a few suggestive words and you take the life out of them. The same test might hold good to a great extent in all the early work of Keats.

Whether Keats by the best of his works obtained one of the higher places among the English poets matters little, yet from what he has left it is easy to judge what he would have done had not death stopped his career. He certainly "was not born to come short of the first rank." Even if we estimate him from what he has left, he needs nothing more to give him what he longed for—"a place among the English poets after his death." His name is not writ in water; it shall never be erased from our literature.

Many people have not much faith in the stability of the character of Keats. They say, as he himself said, that had not his disease carried him off before his prime his passion for Fanny Brawne might have blighted his prospects. It is claimed that melancholy and the conflict of religious opinions which were beginning to harass him, might have weakened or spoiled his former fame. Whatever idle and groundless objections may be brought forward, we are to consider his worth solely by what he has left; and what he has written is sufficient to grant him a high position in our literature. It is generally thought by the most competent judges that Keats had not as yet done the best work that was to be expected from his genius. If this is true, we must grant that the muse of English poetry will long continue to weep for Adonais.

(The end.)

Varsity Verse.

FANCY'S WAYS.

FANCIES hold no trodden way,
But wander where they list,
And leap as light as ocean's spray
To the stars at the edge of the mist.

They ramble down steep hills o' nights,
And peer into crystal springs;
There see the wheeling dance of sprites,
While an elfin harper sings.

High o'er the deep by the eagle's nest
With folded wings they bide,
Till the saffron sun hangs low i' the west,
And his path melts in the tide.

In the dark and rain, when winds arouse,
Peace in the wood they seek,
And feel the swish of swaying boughs
And wet leaves on their cheek.

They see the lightning's jagged break—
Dawn coming in the night!
They hear the rolling thunders shake—
Above the fierce gods fight!

They think the summer moon is cold
If she rides both high and clear;
They shiver when buds first unfold
In the chill of the early year.

Or should the mournful autumn wind
Bear them on his dark wings,
They then bethink them of mankind—
Such thoughts the autumn brings.

And with the bee a summer's day
Within the fox-glove sleep,
Or with the purling runnel stray
Past bounds where daisies peep.

Adown the stream, through cresses wade
Where willows stoop to drink;
To rest beneath the aspen's shade
At the polished water's brink.

There sit and see the shadows run,
The sunbeams on the ripples pass.
Now what has fancy all day done?
Why are the flowers among the grass?

A. B.

A DREARY DAY.

Day breaks in a thick grey mist:
Behind the veil lie hidden from our sight
Dark clouds that yestere'en were kiss'd
By the sunset's waning light.

Noon,—and the rain is falling fast,
Since early morn the air is damp and cold.
The mist has cleared; the lowering clouds rush
past,
And drear the prospect o'er the distant wold.

Night settles on this gloomy land:
But e'en the darkest shadows must away.
Beyond all this by yonder cloud-rack spann'd
Is the dawn of a brighter day. J. P. S.

A Martyr to Science.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1900.

"Well, Jones, Curryville ain't the town it was before Jinkins died!"

"No," replied Jones, "Jinkins was the whole thing to Curryville. He was the leader of this whole section for twenty-five years. When he first come to this place thar warn't no houses within ten miles of here; and when he put up this here store he had to haul the boards from Smith's mill way up on Cripple Creek. We old men will miss Jinkins more than the young bucks. They don't keer for us old stagers that's made this place what it is. But, say, did you see that new chap that's down in the Hawkins' house? You know thar ain't been nobody livin' in thar since Jack Hawkins got killed in the mines."

"No, I ain't seen him," replied the first speaker.

"Well," continued Jones, "they say he is come to stay while vacation is goin' on. I don't know what that is, but I'm kinder sorter thinkin' this ain't no place for a chap like him. 'Peers he come from the city, and has rented that place from Lizzie Hawkins that married that harum-scarum Blackmore that lives down in Hickory County."

"Did you say he came from the city?" asked one of the group that had gathered around the post office platform where this conversation was going on.

"Yes, he come from the city. Blair over here was goin' down the road the other day and met this new chap, and Blair, thinkin' maybe he wanted work, said: 'If you's kinder sorter lookin' for a job you kin' come down to the mill and I'll give you a good job packin' off slabs,' and I reckon the chap thought Blair was kinder sorter jokin', for he stopped a minit and then said: 'I am very much obliged to you, my good friend, but I am not seekin' employment here: I am out here for my health and rest.' Blair said he looked kinder sorter funny, and I'll bet the gosh blamed fool didn't know what slabs meant. Look 'spicious seein' a feller around ain't wantin' work."

The next morning after this conversation was held at the Curryville post office, a human skull was found only a half mile from town. Nothing could have caused more excitement. The women screamed when they heard about it, and every farmer, woodman and miner for

miles around flocked in to hear the particulars of this mysterious discovery. On examination they found prints of dog's teeth in the skull and some of the hair was still on the back of the head.

Everybody declared it must be the skull of the man they had so lately mourned. The hair was the same color as his, the teeth looked like his, and the forehead, or front part of the skull was surely like that of Jinkins.

A crowd immediately went to the graveyard, but they found the grave nicely mounded; still they knew no one would rob the grave without leaving it just as it was found. Many thought the clay looked very fresh to have been settling for four weeks. A meeting was called to determine what should be done, and suspicion immediately fell on the young stranger. Everyone knew he came as soon as the news of Jinkins' death had spread. Some questioned the evening walks he had been taking in the direction of the graveyard; others said he had been seen in the yard, and one person declared he thought he saw the young man crouch behind a tombstone as he himself passed the place one evening. At last the most prudent of the men decided to watch the Hawkins' house and the graveyard, so that if he should attempt to leave the country or replace the rest of the bones, they would be sure to capture him.

On the first night all that was seen was a dog smelling about an old shed near the Hawkins' house. By the next night the indignation of the men on guard was so worked up they determined to search the shed. Their curiosity was gratified, for over in one corner they found a whole skeleton, except the head. No further proof was needed—there were the bones of Jinkins and the squire had his head. The men at the graveyard were summoned; all the townsmen were called up, and they determined the culprit should not live till morning.

It was one o'clock when the mob returned to Hawkins', but a light was still burning in the house. The place was surrounded by men, and ten of them broke in the door. The young man was found in a room crowded with tables covered with bottles and queer-looking instruments. He did not have time to speak a word; the mob seized him, and rushed back to the road.

"To the beam in the blacksmith's shop! To the beam! to the beam!" cried the leader of the mob.

The shop was thrown open; the men with lanterns gathered in, and the rope around the victim's neck was thrown over the beam.

"Now, young scoundrel," said the leader solemnly, "you aint a-goin' to get out o' this by tellin' lies, so you'd as well confess up an' be done with it! Say what you're goin' to, an' quick, 'cause we're goin' to make quick work of you!"

"Men!" exclaimed a voice from the doorway, and all turned to hear what Jones had to say. "Squire's got a sick hoss, he said, and can't come now, but he turned the skull over to me, and said to go an' put them bones of Jinkins back in the grave. He'll be here for the hangin' before daylight."

Everybody respected Jones' words.

"That's right!" exclaimed the leader, "we must put them bones back."

The rope was tied to the beam; two men were posted outside as guards, and the mob went to pay the second last rites to Jinkins. About forty minutes later the crowd returned to the shop with a look of mingled fear and disappointment. The man that had led the mob held back, but Jones came into the shop and untied the rope.

"Now, young man," he said, "you ain't a-goin' to hang, but we'd like mighty well to know what thim bones was doin' over in that shed?"

"You old fool!" exclaimed the young man as soon as he had recovered from his fright and saw what it all meant. "That is a stiff I brought out here from the dissecting-room in my medical school."

Count Don Julian.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

Perhaps there is no more terrible story in the lives of traitors than that of Count Julian. He was of noble lineage, rich in spiritual and temporal goods, a true patriot, a true Christian until the yoke of trials and sufferings pressed upon him; then he staggered and fell.

It was during the reign of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, that Count Julian was entrusted with the Spanish possessions on the African coast, which were threatened by the Arabs of the East, the followers of Mahomet. Julian established his seat of government at Ceuta, where he boldly faced and held in check the torrent of Moslem invasion.

It was the custom among the Goths to rear

many children of the noble families in the royal household. Accordingly when Count Julian was about to depart for Ceuta, he brought his daughter, Florinda, to the sovereign. She was a beautiful virgin who had not as yet attained to womanhood. When Don Julian presented her to the king he said: "I confide her to your protection, to be unto her as a father, and to have her trained in the paths of virtue. I can leave with you no dearer pledge of my loyalty." The king promised to take Florinda into his paternal care, and with this assurance, Don Julian, well pleased, departed for his government in Ceuta.

As Don Roderick had been captivated by the beauty of his queen, Exilona, so also was he captivated by the beauty of Florinda. Instead of his paternal care, he fostered a passion for her, which betrayed him into the commission of an act fatal to himself and all Spain.

When Don Julian received the news of his daughter's disgrace, his countenance darkened and fell. "This," said he bitterly, "is my reward for serving a tyrant; and these are the honors heaped on me by my country while fighting its battles in a foreign land. May evil overtake me and infamy rest upon my name, if I cease until I have full measures of revenge."

Don Julian from that moment became a different man. "A dark and malignant hatred entered his soul, not only against Don Roderick but all Spain. He looked upon it as the scene of his disgrace, a land in which his family was dishonored; and in seeking to avenge the wrongs he had suffered from his sovereign, he meditated against his native country one of the blackest schemes of treason that ever entered the human heart."

The plan of Count Julian was to dethrone King Roderick and to deliver Spain into the hands of the infidels. Accordingly, after removing his family from Spain, he made a secret visit to the Arab conqueror, Muza. When he came into the presence of the general, he said: "Hitherto we have been enemies, but I come to thee in peace, and it rests with thee to make me the most devoted of thy friends. I have no longer country or king. Roderick the Goth is an usurper and my deadly foe; he has wounded my honor in the tenderest point, and my country affords me no redress. Aid me in my vengeance and I will deliver Spain into thy hands—a land exceeding in fertility and wealth all the vaunted regions thou hast conquered in Tingitania."

Muza was overjoyed at the thought of another conquest, but before consenting to Don Julian's plan, he consulted his sovereign. "These words of Count Julian," he said, "may be false and deceitful, or he may not possess the power to fulfil his promise. The whole may be a pretended treason to draw us on to our destruction. It is more natural that he should be treacherous to us than to his country."

At last the infidels consented to Julian's proposals. They entered Spain, and made their stronghold on the rock of Calpe, or, as it was afterwards called, Gibraltar. From here they often sallied forth and laid waste the country. At last Don Roderick summoned his whole army, and went forth to check the invader. His army consisted of fifty thousand horsemen and a countless host of foot-soldiers, while the infidel host was far inferior in numbers, but was composed of hardy and dexterous troops seasoned to war and well equipped, while the Christian army was mostly poorly armed and unfit for fighting. The two armies met and fought the fearful battle of Guadalete. The Christians were victorious in the fight until Bishop Oppas, with two princes, companions of Count Julian, who had hitherto kept their men from the fight, went over to the infidels' side, and fought against their own countrymen. Then the course of the battle was changed. The Christians knew not friend from foe; they threw down their arms and fled. They were pursued, and few escaped. The fate of Don Roderick was never known until two centuries after, when Don Alphonso the Great, king of Leon, was wresting the city of Viseu in Lusitania, from the hands of the Moslems. One of his soldiers found outside the city a small chapel in front of which was a sepulchre bearing these words:

HIC REQUIESCIT RUDERICUS
ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM.

When the infidels became masters of Spain, Don Julian hoped to receive his reward; but he received far different from what he expected. His countrymen shunned him, and when they met him turned from him with scorn. Even the infidels hated and despised him. Thus his whole family was treated. But could a traitor expect any different? No; he had proved himself false to his God, his king and his country; and it was only just for him to suffer. Julian's once beautiful daughter pined away under such dishonor, and at last committed suicide

by jumping from a high tower. The city in which she died was called Malaca by her request, but it was afterwards changed to Malaga, which it still retains in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The wife and infant son of Julian returned to Ceuta, taking with them the remains of the unfortunate Florinda. Count Julian repaired to Carthagera, where he remained plunged in grief at the enormity of his crimes.

About this time the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, sent an Arab general named Alahor to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his reign with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. His suspicion fell on Count Julian of whom he said: "He has been a traitor to his countrymen, how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us." So he decided to kill his whole family. Not long after Frandina, Count Julian's wife, and her infant son were killed in a castle at Ceuta by order of Alahor. Frandina was stoned to death and her son thrown from a high tower and crushed on the rocks below. Count Julian took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Arragon. He was pursued by Alahor, but the latter could not capture his prey. How Don Julian died is uncertain. Some say he was captured and beheaded by Alahor; some that he was confined in a dungeon by the Moors, and put to death by lingering torments; others that the castle of Marcuello fell on and crushed him to death. However, all agree that his end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent.

In after-times a stone sepulchre was shown outside the chapel of the castle as the tomb of Don Julian; but the traveller or pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction. The name of Count Julian has remained a by-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations.

In later years Alphonso the Great, in one of his expeditions, found the tomb of Don Roderick. The warrior as he contemplated the tomb of the king forgot his faults and errors, and shed a soldier's tear over his memory; but when his thoughts turned to Count Julian his patriotic indignation broke forth, and with his dagger he inscribed a rude malediction on the stone: "Accursed," he wrote "be the impious and headlong vengeance of the traitor Julian."

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

—Should Pennsylvania defeat Harvard in football today there will be no championship in the East this year. And unless there be a meeting between Chicago and the winner of the Michigan-Wisconsin game there will be no champion team in the West.

—Reverend Peter Lauth, C. S. C., who was a professor at Notre Dame in the seventies, but who has spent the intervening time at St. Mary's Church in Austin, Texas, and at New Orleans, has been appointed pastor of our college church. The SCHOLASTIC joins with Father Lauth's many friends in welcoming him back to Notre Dame.

—Heaven bless the scrub eleven for they are all right! They have turned out to stand against the fierce rushes of the Varsity giants and help to put them in good trim. This is the best example of college spirit we have had for some time. Not one of the new men has come out with any aspirations toward playing on the Varsity, but simply to give the first team some good practise work. The first game last Wednesday resulted in a score of 6-0 in

favor of the Varsity. This is an evidence of how close the game was and of the strong material in the scrub eleven. We can not have a first-class Varsity unless we have a first-class second team to practise with, and to this second team, as well as to the Varsity, honors will be due for whatever football laurels we win.

—The good work Chicago has done against eastern football teams should be a source of much gratification to all western colleges. It is a proof that western athletes are no longer in the second class, and that our eastern brothers need throw no more bouquets in this direction. In congratulating the Maroons on their past work we wish them all success against Brown on Thanksgiving day. Wisconsin deserves much credit for her game at New Haven, and Michigan has our best wishes for victory at Philadelphia.

—The annual retreat was brought to a close last Wednesday morning, when all the Catholic students received the Sacraments. That it was satisfactory in every way was evident from the manner in which the students entered into the exercises, and the praise they had for the practical instructions given by Father Robert. This is the third time he has conducted our retreat in recent years, and he is a great favorite with Notre Dame boys. His earnestness in the noble cause in which he is engaged as well as his charming personality won him many friends among the students that will always be pleased to meet him, whenever his missionary work brings him within reach of them.

—It may be somewhat late to make any reference to the Greek play and the Libretto produced by the students of last May, but the following words of commendation from such a classic center as the Eternal City and from such a paper as the *Vox Urbis* may be sufficient reason for their reproduction:

Iuvenes qui in athenæo, cui a Nostra Domina nomen, in Indiana regione civ. foed. Am. sept. litteris vacant, non steriles quidem discendi ludos exercent. Tragœdiam enim illam Sophocleam Œdipum tyrannum non solum anglicis versibus ipsi expresserunt, sed etiam in scenis egerunt. Nos qui eamdem græce et anglice sub oculis habemus perpolite editam, atque plerumque vim græci auctoris anglicò eloquio plane reddentem, facere non possumus quin rationem studiorum a "Patribus a Cruce," athenæi rectoribus, indictam amplis verbis laudemus, utpote quæ fructum atque solatium, utilia dulciaque ex litteris comparet.

A. L.

Another Tobacco Talk.

In the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* for October 7, 1899, Dr. T. H. Marable presented a study of the effects of tobacco upon the human body. His paper contains so much valuable information that we shall make a digest of parts of it for the benefit of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC.

The various species of tobacco found in commerce contain a liquid, volatile, poisonous alkaloid, *nicotin*. The quantity of this alkaloid varies from one to nearly eight per cent. in different specimens of tobacco. Nicotin in large doses has repeatedly caused paralysis and death.

Kissling experimented with cigars, and found that in one sample 52 per centum of the nicotin passed over in the smoke; in another sample only 27.8 per centum passed over; in a third sample 84.2 per centum came with the smoke. In each case the quantity of nicotin in the unconsumed part of the cigar was increased about two per centum.

Dudley found that while tobacco is smoked as a cigar, a cigarette, or in a pipe, a destructive distillation occurs through heat and the exclusion of oxygen. The oxygen is burnt up in the part of the tobacco that is afire. The products of this destructive distillation are ammonia, nicotianin, some nicotin, and other unimportant substances. Nicotianin is very poisonous. The nicotin is destroyed in great part by the combustion—otherwise we should probably not be able to use tobacco at all.

The air that is drawn in through the burning tobacco is converted into carbon monoxid. Carbon monoxid is an extremely poisonous gas, which can change normal arterial blood into the darkened blood that must be sent to the lungs for purification to prevent smothering. When cigarette smoke is inhaled, this carbon monoxid is carried into the lungs, and it passes into the blood with nicotin and ammonia. The saliva also takes most of these substances into the stomach. Cigarette-smoking is more injurious than other methods of using tobacco because cigarette smoke is inhaled. There is nothing in the cigarette as such that makes it different from the cigar. Cersoy, a French writer upon this subject, found smoker's vertigo confined to those that inhale the smoke.

Tobacco especially affects the heart, the arteries, and the nerve-centers. Some men are apparently uninjured, others are seriously in-

jured, and they do not see the connection between the disease and the use of tobacco. Headache, sleeplessness, melancholy, dizziness, inability to study, palpitation of the heart, fainting, sour stomach and consequent gouty conditions, irritability, blindness, and various sorts of heart diseases, are some of the effects of a use of tobacco in the ordinary manner. These diseases may, of course, come from other causes, but they are all brought about very commonly by a use of tobacco. There are three anginas of the heart caused by tobacco, and one of these is incurable.

The most striking evil effects are found in growing boys. Dr. Seaver of New Haven, in 1894, gave particulars of the comparative condition of 77 non-users of tobacco, 22 irregular users, and 70 habitual users, at Yale University. In weight, the non users, in 1891, increased 10.4 per cent. more than the regular users, and 6.6 per cent. more than the occasional users. In height the non-users increased 24 per cent. more than the regular users and 14 per cent. more than the occasional users. In chest-girth, the non-users had an advantage over the regular users of 26.7 per cent., and over the occasional users of 22 per cent. In lung capacity the growth was in favor of the non-users; 77.5 per cent. when compared with the regular users, and 49.5 per cent. compared with the irregular users.

These statistics are very suggestive. If a growing boy uses tobacco he can not study so well as a boy that does not use tobacco. In many cases he can not study at all no matter how willing he may be to do so. The boy smoker is stunted in growth, in chest-measurement, and in lung-capacity. No boy should use tobacco until he is at the least 22 years of age. If he keeps away from it until that time, the time when a boy commonly attains his full growth, he will probably have sense enough to avoid it altogether. Young men in athletic teams do not smoke while training, because tobacco depresses the heart, and as a consequence the blood which is driven through the lungs more rapidly by the movement of muscles during exercise can not be oxydized properly: a result is shortness of breath. In a race the smoker's chin is the first to go up, and he fails through lack of breath. The heart is the source of all athletic superiority that requires endurance, agility and rapidity, and tobacco is a direct heart-depressant. Some athletes think they may chew tobacco: this is a great error.

A. O'M.



Formal Letter Accepting Cartier Field.

The accompanying cut is a reproduction of the formal letter of acceptance which will be sent by Rev. President Morrissey to Warren A. Cartier, donor of our new athletic field. It is beautifully mounted and embossed in colors of Gold and Blue on white parchment. The decorating and printing is the work of the Art Department of St. Mary's Academy, which is an assurance of the tastefulness with which it was done. The design is very appropriate and all the figures are worked out with much care. As will be noticed the scroll embraces an emblem of nearly every field sport that is played in colleges. The letter is enclosed in a frame of solid walnut, and will be sent to Mr. Cartier in a few days. Following are the words:

WARREN A. CARTIER, C. E., '87.
 Greeting from the University of Notre Dame.
 Grateful for the generosity which prompted you to bestow on your *Alma Mater* an enclosed field to be used in perpetuity for the athletic games and contests of the students, the University of Notre Dame offers you this assurance of thankfulness. The gift will be known forever as the Cartier Athletic Field, and your name will be inscribed on the list of eminent benefactors of Notre Dame. By your generous gift you have earned the gratitude of the University, and of the students, present and future, to whom you have set a wholesome and conspicuous example by your loyalty to your *Alma Mater* and your solicitude for her welfare.

The Making of Football Players.

As there are several new candidates out for the football eleven, we reprint from the *New York Sun* an article on football written by Dr. F. C. Armstrong, one of the greatest football players that ever wore the Red and Blue of Pennsylvania. He was a famous athlete in the gymnasium at Stockholm, Sweden, before coming to this country. He is now a practising physician at Brooklyn, and spends his leisure time in coaching the Pratt Institute eleven.

"The first thing I do," he said when asked about his methods, "is to sift out the cigarette smokers. These chaps all have weak hearts and are no good. Their wind is short and they lack stamina. What I want is a lad with a good heart, one, say, that has the average beat of from 72 to 80. Oftentimes, however, you will find a boy with a beat less than 72, who is all right. The better test, therefore, is by the pulse. Then he must have lungs that will expand two and one-half inches at the very least, and most of my lads can expand three and one-half and many four. The next requirements are strong legs and back. If he has all these essentials and is moderately intelligent he can play football. I don't care whether his muscles are bunched and tight or loose and flabby. It is a silly notion of many persons that only those are strong who can show a great bunch of muscles. Well, I have seen college football players who could play through a game with a sprained ankle and broken nose; tear a hole in a line big enough for a train of cars to pass through, and tackle with the ferocity of a tiger. Yet those fellows when stripped showed flat muscles and not much development. Hinkey of Yale and Simms of the University of Pennsylvania, the most terrific ends one could hope to see, were of this sort. Their strength was latent, not apparent.

"With all the physical requirements equal the lad with the most intelligence will make the best player. It is a fact not generally appreciated that one of the principal advantages derived from football is mental. The brain works in unison with the body. The nerves act as a lot of telegraph wires running to separate muscles. The stimulus is sent over them, and as the muscular tissue develops, the brain tissue develops at an equal rate. They progress in unison, and out of a thousand schoolboys an expert can pick the ones who play football simply by their carriage,

brought about by this mental development.

"The boys start in awkward. Gradually they learn to control their muscles, to handle themselves gracefully, and finally acquire self-reliance that gives them the grit to encounter anything, and those are the boys who get along best in after life.

"The more intelligent a boy is the better he will remember how to observe the rules and hints for self-protection. This is a most important part of the game. Were it not for carelessness and lack of training bad accidents would be lessened by half. The most important thing for a beginner to learn is the proper way of falling on a ball. If you tumble on the pig-skin with your body curled up and your elbow sticking on the ground when twenty others fall upon you, there is often a broken arm, collar-bone or rib to take care of. That is criminal negligence. College men are instructed to dive for the ball, dragging one toe so that the body may not curl up, but fall, not flat on the stomach, but a little on one side. The ball you want to keep hold of, not under your body or face, but between your neck and crook of elbow. Throw one arm around the ball with elbow out flat so that when the weight falls it will not snap the bone. Throw the other arm over the ball. In this position both teams can pile on you and do no harm. In any other position there will be a strain on some part of the anatomy.

"Now about tackling. The reckless boy who is playing for the grand stand will often get his head just where the runner's knee will strike it and there is a severe shock. The best way to learn tackling is with a dummy. I teach my boys to catch the dummy with head thrown to one side. That saves your head. The moment you have a grip on the runner pull him toward you with all your strength. That is the secret of good tackling. Another point is to go at your man without hesitation, and in doing this you may have to overlook the rule about keeping the head to one side. The softest place to put it is in the other man's stomach. That makes a pretty tackle too.

"My one advice to the back is, not to keep head down until he strikes the line. Anyone who has seen McBride of Yale run must have noticed how he dashes along with head up, watching where he runs, the only way to do; for with your head down you are likely to run into any one, and then when he strikes the mass, ducks low into an opening, and emerges on the other side."

Personals.

—Mrs. J. Koffman was a recent visitor at the University.

—Mr. Peter Kasper of Chicago paid his sons a visit last Sunday.

—Mrs. J. P. Sherlock of Chicago visited with her son Philip of Corby Hall.

—Mrs. J. Robbins spent a few days of last week at Notre Dame, the guest of Mr. H. Higgins of Corby Hall.

—Mr. Ellwanger of Dubuque, Iowa, spent last Sunday at the University, the guest of Mr. Ellwanger of Corby Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Wagner of Chicago spent last Sunday at Notre Dame, the guests of their son, Louis of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. C. H. Stanley of Albion, Ind., was a recent visitor at Notre Dame, the guest of her son Charles of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. Naughton of Chicago paid a visit to the University, the guests of their son Thomas of Brownson Hall.

—The Misses D. Robinson and Ella Goggin, both of Boston, Mass., and Miss Kate Palmer were among the recent visitors at the University.

—Prof. E. S. Hyde, of the Sacred Heart College, Denver, Col., spent last Thursday at the University, the guest of Mr. Frank Dukette.

—Mr. Fred Murphy of Minneapolis, Minn., a student in '94, spent a few days at the University among his many friends. He was accompanied by his brother who entered the University as a student.

—Mr. Roger B. Sinnott, Litt. B., '92, accompanied by his sister, spent a few hours at the University last week. His visit was a very short one, but business matters made it impossible for him to be with us even for a day.

—Patrick E. Reardon (A. B., '97,) is pursuing his theological studies in the American College at Rome. In a recent letter to a friend of his he writes of much success in his work and expects to finish in 1902. "Pat" was a great favorite with the students while here, and the few of his acquaintances that are left are much pleased to hear of his progress in the foreign southern land.

—Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, recently appointed irremovable rector of St. Columbkille's Church at Chicago, is one of Notre Dame's most progressive alumni. He was graduated here with the Class of '77 and afterwards completed his studies in the American College at Rome. In 1895 the Master's degree was conferred on him here on occasion of his visit to the Golden Jubilee when he was called upon to deliver the sermon at the Requiem Mass. Father Mooney is still a young man to be assigned to the important position he now holds, and his promotion is but a proof of his rare ability.

A Card of Sympathy.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Maloney, mother of our fellow hall member, Mr. John F. Maloney of Covington, Ky., was received by us with much regret. In the name of the students of Brownson Hall the undersigned committee desires to extend to our comrade and his bereaved family assurance of our sincerest sympathy in their great loss.

J. E. HAYES	} <i>Committee.</i>
HARRY V. CRUMLEY	
JOSEPH P. O'REILLY	
ARTHUR HAYES	

Local Items.

—John Eggeman is back again, and the football players, especially Fat Winters, are happy.

—"Pony up!" This might be construed to mean several things toward the close of last week.

—Don't be one of the "wearies" that stand in the rear and criticise every play while the others are yelling themselves hoarse for the Gold and Blue. Get some college spirit into you.

—There will be a grand cane spree Sunday night between the second and third flats of Sorin Hall. Ralph Wilson will furnish the muscle for the third flat and Alexis Coquillard will act in the same capacity for the second floor.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society held its regular meeting last Thursday evening. After a recitation by H. V. Crumley, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held and resulted as follows: President, Prof. F. X. Carmody; 1st Vice-President, H. V. Crumley; 2d Vice-President, H. Featherston; Secretary, J. Griffin; Treasurer, Geo. H. Kelly.

—The Brownson Hall football team defeated the men from St. Joseph's Hall last Sunday afternoon on Brownson Campus, the score being 10 to 0. It was a hard struggle all through, but especially in the second half when neither team was able to score. "Red" Brown and Coleman did good work for the Brownsonites. Brand of the St. Joe team also distinguished himself.

—At present, from all reports, we have only two more football games scheduled for the season. As one of them is away from home the P. and S. game on Thanksgiving will be the only one on Cartier Field. We believe the management is endeavoring to secure others, and it is to be hoped that we may have one before the Purdue game and one between that and the Thanksgiving contest.

—Some persons seem to think that the posters advertising the different football games

mar the beauty of the place, and acting upon their little thinks, "gopher" said obnoxious objects. It would give great satisfaction all around if these persons would remember that the party that puts up said posters, does so only after due deliberation with himself and with others; they are put up for a purpose, and should be left unmolested until this purpose is accomplished.

—The committee charged to look after all the unusual signs and portents of the barometrical waverings present their announcement for this coming week, to wit:

MONDAY:—Fair to-light southerly winds followed by general despondency in South Africa.

TUESDAY:—A weird day. The pine trees will wail away like a rip-saw cutting through a spike in a board.

WEDNESDAY:—Something like a change.

THURSDAY:—Fair weather and cyclones will come out to do their "turn" for "The Nation's Hero." He has seen nearly everything else by this time.

FRIDAY:—Heavy fog on both lakes. Every one should get a piece of it for a souvenir. No respectable family should be without a "chunk."

SATURDAY:—Eclipse of the earth. Good time to experiment with the wireless telegraph.

SUNDAY:—Snow in United States and St. Joe Valley.

—On Wednesday last, the annual retreat was fittingly brought to a close by the organization of the Total Abstinence Society. The eloquent sermon of the missionary priest, Father Robert, in which he depicted the evils and misfortunes that follow an intemperate life, seems to have produced the desired effect on the part of the students. The Society which has always been prominent at Notre Dame, has at present a greater membership than ever before. On Wednesday evening, under the direction of the spiritual adviser, the Rev. Father Quinlan, a meeting was held for the purpose of electing the officers for the present scholastic year. The following members were chosen: President, Eugene T. Ahern; Vice-President, Harry V. Crumley; Secretary, John P. Hayes, Treasurer, Frank O'Shaughnessy. During the course of the meeting it was decided to hold a series of entertainments within the society, which will accompany the regular meetings. A committee, consisting of Messrs Ahern, Cooney, Dwyer, W. Arden and Schott, was appointed to look after the arrangement of the programme. A regular meeting will be held on November 12, and a pleasant time is expected by the members.

The Carroll Hall branch of the Notre Dame Total Abstinence Society was organized Thursday morning, Nov. 2. The following officers were elected: J. Quinlan, President; W. Ryan, Vice-President; H. Landgraf, Recording Secretary; L. Wagner, Corresponding Secretary; E. Moran, Treasurer; C. McCracken, 1st Cen-

sor; A. Flynn, 2d Censor; M. Flynn, Sergeant-at-Arms; E. Vivanco, Librarian.

CHEMISTRY IN THE CULINARY ART.

LECTURE II.—VINEGAR.

Vinegar attacks the mucous membrane producing a dizziness characteristic of cigarettes. Unless care be taken one is liable to become a vinegar fiend which is far worse than all other fiendish habits. Vinegar will dissolve pebbles, grape seeds and peach stones with great alacrity, forming the tissue known as bone stone to anatomists. All this tissue is mixed with mortar; it forms a good foundation for manhood. (To form this human mortar it is advisable to eat three pounds of whiting and drink a quart of milk.) Vinegar gives good color to the face. Gilbert finds one bottle every day quite enough. Beside the foregoing properties vinegar has the common acid properties, but they are so well known that it is not necessary to dwell on them.

The uses of vinegar in the kitchen and out of the kitchen are so many that I must confine myself to the precincts of the culinary laboratory. Though vinegar is not as important a chemical as salt, yet great care must be exercised in handling it. Experience must teach discretion between red and white vinegar.

While vinegar gives feathery lightness and good color to an "Angel's food cake," it is the secret which good bakers keep back when explaining their method of making this cake. For plum-pudding it is just the thing. It burns with such a beautiful greenish red flame that it has been substituted for the ordinary kerosene used for that purpose. For ice-cream a mixture of two drops of white vinegar and forty drops of vanilla extract gives an elegant flavoring, enough for one quart.

The red vinegar is used mostly for ordinary cooking. It gives the victuals a darkness that obscures small particles which ought not to be there. When mixed with an equal volume of appolinaris water and a pinch of lime it gives a delightful sauce for puddings. For further information regarding red vinegar I refer you to the Woman's Page of the current number of the *Squirt*. NICK BORATE, PH. D.

—There was a lively time in the training room the other morning when the football players returned from their practice. Glynn's owl had Hanley's shirt on, and refused to take it off when Buck had finished running and was ready to put on his civilian clothes. "Buck" told the bird in a gentlemanly way that he would be much obliged if the shirt was handed over to him, but the owl took another chew off Kupler's plug and remarked dryly: "Never mind the shirt; put your clothes on and get out of here; it's a fine puss you have to wear over a starched shirt." This made our right tackle a little angry, and he determined to lay the intruder out. He got into the formation

for a mass on tackle, and started for the owl's goal with a shin-guard in each hand. The owl made an end run for five yards before he was brought down. On the next scrimmage he punted with his left foot and caught Hanley behind the ear. Time was taken out for Hanley to recover, and then the game was resumed again. "Buck" had the owl by the ear, in the next play, and Referee Butler penalized him with the usual ten yards. As the bird had been smoking pretty hard lately he was getting winded and resorted to unfair tactics. After being warned about slugging several times he was caught holding in the line, and the shirt went over. "Buck" made a Chicago end run out through the door for a touchdown, and the owl went away defeated, setting up the usual kick about the officials robbing him.

—New copies of the following works have been lately secured for the Lemonnier Library: Gleanings in Science, Malloy; The Telescope, Nolan; Popular Treatise on the Winds, Ferrel; Manual of Botany, Gray; Freezing-point, Boiling-point and Conductivity Methods, Jones; Brewer, Distiller and Wine Manufacturer, Gardner; Chemical Crystallography, Fock; Chemistry in Space, Van 'T Hoff; Sugar Analysis, Wiechmann; Volumetric Analysis, Sutton; Principles of Theoretical Chemistry, Remsen; Quantitative Chemical Analysis, Classen and Löb; Agricultural Analysis in 3 vols, Wiley; Engineering Chemistry, Stillman; Industrial Organic Chemistry, Sadtler; Humphrey Davy, Thorpe; Manual of Applied Mechanics, Rankine; Street Railway Roadbed, Pratt and Alden; Modern Stone-Cutting and Masonry, Siebert; Designing and Construction of Sewerage, Follwell; Mechanics of Engineering, Weisbach and Dubois; The History, Construction and Use of Testing Machines, Abbott; Text-Book on Roads and Pavement, Sanitary Engineering, Moore; Treatise on Pure Geometry, Russell; Treatise on Hydraulics, Bovey; Trigonometry and Tables, Wentworth; American Steam Engine, Edwards; Practical Steam Engineer's Guide, Edwards; Calculations for Engineers, Hawkins; Catechism of Steam Engine Bourne; Manual of the Steam Engine, 2 vols., Thurston; Course in Mechanical Drawing, Reid; Slide Valve Gears, Halsey; Handbook of the Steam Engine, Bourne; Questions and Answers for Engineers and Firemen, Edwards.

—A man wildly waving his arms, tearing his hair, and laughing all over himself, all at the same time, attracted the attention of Mike and Fred the other day on the campus. Mike debated with himself, and so did Fred. Finally they debated with each other and came to an agreement. Mike approached the apparently raving maniac, muttered a few incoherent words, and then commanded him to let up on his war hoops, save his voice for the next game, and give an explanation of his recent manoeuvres. This pacified the man, and he declared

that joy over the solving of a problem, which had long disturbed the minds of men, had got the better of him. Mike asked him if he had solved the perpetual motion machine question, the Gold and Silver question, or the disarmament question; but the man said no, he had not solved any of these questions, but a more important one. He said: "I have solved the much-mooted question, "Where does Wrenn live? I have here a paper which decides, once and for all, that Wrenn's home is Urbana and not Springfield as most people believed." Fred then asked for this piece of paper which had been the chief factor in deciding the home of Ray E. Wrenn, and found it to contain the following beautiful, soul-inspiring ballade:

L-eaving home one lovely day
A-nd strolling very far away,
U-rbana town at last he struck,
R-ight there and then began his luck,
A-nd ever since he's loved her best.

After reading it Fred fainted, Mike fled, and the man started around the track with a fresh bunch of war hoops, hand waves, and smiles.

—"Lottie" Collins, Wilson, Martin O'Shaughnessy and Dinnen sat down in the Sorin Hall reading room for a quiet little game last Thursday. Everything went nicely for awhile, until Lottie and Wilson suddenly woke up to the fact that they were losing every game. "Lot" discovered that Wilson had an opal stick-pin on a pink necktie, so he made him discard the tie and swallow the pin. This did not help matters any, so the losers set up the claim that Dinnen must have a rabbit's foot around his person. Dinnen resented this as an insult both to his integrity and his ability to play a scientific game. Then a great melée followed. Collins landed a vigorous left hook on Dinnen's jaw, and then swung back with his right, catching his victim squarely in the middle of the back. In the meantime Wilson had taken several falls out of O'Shaughnessy, and was about to take a few other things from his possession when Shag the elder appeared on the scene, and turned in to help his brother. The two were getting the better of Ralph, when Lottie, who had just rolled Dinnen under the table, made another terrible swing with his left arm, and caught Shag the elder, just above the ankle completely knocking him out. Cornell got in the mix up on one side and Mullen on the other, and a general rough house was in progress when officers McGinnis and Byrnes appeared on the scene and walloped the whole crowd. McGinnis then turned around and arrested Byrnes for disturbing the peace. He was tried before Judge Murphy and released on a promise to soak McGinnis the first chance he gets. The worthy judge, who has a purely Celtic love for sport, gave them both instructions that they would be dismissed from the force the next time they spoiled a good fight and neglected to give His Honor a chance to witness it.