

The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·

VOL. XXXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 17, 1903.

No. 16.

A Mystery.

HERBERT MEDCALF.

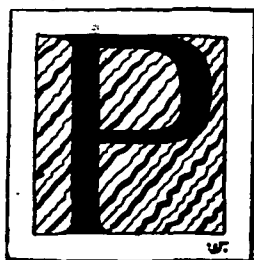
Of me each grave doth bring a dreaded thought,
"How mighty is the void 'twixt man and man!"
This life went out alone, alone began.

From birth to death no moment ever brought—
It matters not how ardently it sought—
Full knowledge of another soul that ran
A course beside its own. In God's high plan
One mystery more mid other thousands wrought.

A mystery, and yet who will may read
Herein a truth that awes the human heart
And maketh all the fearing pulses thrill:
That even the least of men who ever tread
The earth, have in the Great Design a part
No other may in all the world fulfil.

Wordsworth and Pure Art.

MIECISLAUS T. SZALEWSKI.



POETRY, like every other art, deals with ideals; and according as these ideals are expressed in rhythmical language have we the different grades and kinds of poetry. But what do we mean by "ideal?" The word is so often used, and so often misused, that its meaning might be blurred to the minds of many. We take it to be a perfect type of whatever our power of imagery is endeavoring to describe, so as to bring it as true and as complete to our conception of it as possible. Let us illustrate this briefly. Suppose an artist undertakes to paint a river scene, and he is looking for his model. He walks along the stream seeking to discover the best spot, the picturesque spot, half conceived before in his

mind. He meets with places surrounded by smiling landscapes, with banks shaded by verdant trees, in which there reigns a serene calm; with sights of inspiring thought, of moods that appeal to his imagination forcibly; but yet he passes by all these silently. He has not yet found that which would satisfy his fancy. Suddenly he comes upon a scene that seems to recall, nay, to contain, at least in part, all the former scenes observed. There is everything in it and around it which he looked for. It fixes itself so permanently in his mind that something tells him that he shall never forget it; that when the word "river" will be mentioned, he shall think of this one scene and no other. This then is his model; this is his type of a river scene; this is his ideal. It is, in other words, like the composite photograph of a man, the features of whose face are the features of many persons in part beautiful, but lacking the principal characteristics that, blended together, form the typical face in the composite photograph.

It is then such types, such ideals, that every art deals with; hence these form also the object of poetry. The variety of them is as immense and as broad as is the variety of drawings or paintings; but as there are themes of higher value, of greater imagery, of sublimer thought than others that are more commonplace, but that can nevertheless be made great and elevating according to their way of treatment, three general types or kinds of poetic diction have been set apart, under which these themes can be classed. They are the pure, the ornate, and the grotesque; with the first of these shall we herein briefly deal.

Professor Shairp defines pure art to be "that which, whether it describes a scene, a character or a sentiment, lays hold of its inner meaning, not its surface; the type which the thing embodies, not the accidents; the core or heart of it, not the accessories." This definition is

perfect, in so much at least as it stands in contrast to that of ornate art, indirectly implied in it. Pure art confines itself to the best type; hence it takes up this type pure and simple, disregarding all its accidents, all its accessories, and describes it in its real form. Ornate art, however, studies not the perfect but the imperfect type; and as the latter can not be the subject of great beauty, of high inspiration, as in itself it has defects, ornate art takes hold of the accidents around it or the associations which it suggests, throws all its power of imagery upon them, and presents these in their most exquisite shape, thus hiding whatever faults there may be in the character, the sentiment, or the scene itself.

Pure art works by suggestion; ornate art works by color. The former uses the fewest, the choicest strokes to draw the character, the latter employs all the possible touches around the character, and decorates them with the most attractive and enhancing hue. Pure art is like the marble statue chiselled delicately, in which we behold the model itself, and which affects us as a whole. We are not drawn to some particular line, to a simple feature of it; no, we see before us truth entire: the true man, the true character of the man. Ornate art is like the painted statue in which we see the different parts at a glance. We are not so much taken up with the type, in fact, we pay little attention to it; but what attracts us is the colour, the tint on the various lineaments and details. We do not find truth there, but a substitute for truth—illusion; and here lies the chief difference between the two arts, which makes them diametrically opposed to each other, and which places ornate art below the standard of pure art. As unity, truth and goodness are the three constituents of all genuine art, which is the expression of the beautiful, they ought to be sought above all else. In ornate literature, however, truth is avoided as much as possible, or at least marred in some way. Of course, ornate art is justified in doing this, else the subject would not in itself be fit for poetry; but yet we could not grant it a place on the same level with pure art.

We have in the English language one great example of pure art. Wordsworth with his pure style stands "one of the seven stars of first magnitude that have risen in the heavens of English poetry." These seven stars are, "Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Words-

worth, Tennyson and Browning." The subjects of Wordsworth's inspiration were man, nature and human life. The second of these was he especially fond of, and the most and the best of his themes are a contemplation on it. That this was so should not be surprising to us when we remember that from his childhood he was thrown apart from the society of men, and was left an orphan, whose only guardian and sympathizer was nature. He loved even as a boy to roam about his native fields and woods, to listen to the gushings of the mountain streams, to hear the cuckoo's joyous notes re-echo from hill to hill. His written pages were the "sounding cataracts, the tall rocks, the deep and gloomy wood."

His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars.

And when he returned from France where he spent a year as a hallower of the French Revolution, which had disappointed all his hopes and plans and which had marked a great change and crisis in his life, he settled down quietly in Dorsetshire, and in solitude was pouring forth his soul in solitary communion with nature. In the description of its many aspects we find the best forms of the pure style. Take as an example, this famous sonnet describing a city about to awaken and be alive:

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who would pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautiful steep
In his first splendor, valley rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

How simple, yet how fair a picture. We can see it clearly; we feel the calm of the morning; we are on some mountain-top at a distance looking down upon the city hushed in silence. Here as in many places Wordsworth touches first our soul. He stirs our emotions, and through them awakens our senses to contemplate and admire the sight before us.

His beautiful imagery was the result of keen observation. This power disclosed to him worlds of revelation in the single leaf of a flower touched by the wind, in the ripples of a brook, in a cloud wandering lonely and

suspended in the air above him. Read his lines to the "Daisy," and see what meaning he draws out of it. The sight of this flower, which he observes to adapt itself to every climate and which grows sprightly everywhere, suggests these thoughts to him:

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see,
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon depressed?
A thoughtless thing, who, once unblessed,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;

But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee or without,
Yet pleased and willing;

Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

Notice the force of the last two lines. They sum up all that has gone before them; yet you could hardly leave anything out of the poem. Every word and phrase is needed to convey the meaning of the last two verses. With a few strokes the poet pictures to you the whole life of man. How simple, yet how true. The sentiment is laid bare, yet complete and elevating. Each line and phrase has an independent value of its own, yet we do not notice their individual beauty so much as the striking effect of the whole poem. This indeed is pure art. Here we see Wordsworth at his best, "an interpreter of nature in a spiritual, mystical and moral sense;" and here at least we should spare him the title of "preacher," which is so often hurled against him by critics.

Wordsworth is often censured because of his optimism. It is praiseworthy in a poet to be optimistic, as this is a good quality in itself. It becomes bad only when, like anything else, it is carried to excess. But perhaps critics would make us believe that this latter was the case with Wordsworth. We grant this; but we also answer that their statement would, in that case, be rather broad, and ought to be minimized. Wordsworth is an optimist, but only when he deals with nature, which forms but one of the three subjects of his inspiration. He was alive only to the joyous and contem-

plative side of nature, not, as Mr. Morley says, "to the blind and remorseless cruelties of the world. That the laws which nature has fixed for our lives are mighty and eternal, Wordsworth comprehended as fully as Goethe, but not that they are laws as pitiless as iron." Yet when treating of man and human life, who can say that he understood not its trials and hardships? He was alive to these, and he understood their meaning and their necessity, for he exclaims:

O life! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found
For faith mid ruined hopes, serene;
Or whence could virtue flow?
Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

It has been said recently, in speaking of Wordsworth, that no poet of any day has sunk a sounding line deeper than he into the fathomless secret of suffering that is in no sense retributive. When dealing with human sorrow, he did not play upon it when his heart throbbed with emotion, or when his spirit rose passionate within him, but when his heart cooled off completely; he touched them softly, yet made them vibrate in unison, so that its strains penetrated to the very core of human sympathy. Thus in depicting sorrow he is full of pure sentiment, and always keeps within the limits of reason. In this he differs from Byron, who wrote when his soul was roused to her highest pitch, and who thus at times lost control over himself, and very often became sentimental. Take Wordsworth's simple pastoral "Michael." Though perhaps faulty at places in technique, as the poet is said at times "like Homer to nap" in his blank verse, we disregard these, and are wholly absorbed in the story itself. How forcibly we are touched by its pathos! and yet how much are we edified by the fortitude of the old shepherd in his trials, when he says to his wife:

Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel, the land
Shall not go from us and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as the wind
That passes over it.



And when we come to the end and read the fate of that once pure and good Luke, so briefly referred to, because of its sadness, and we see Michael sunk down to his grave in

grief over his son, there is something in this that appeals directly to our will and conduct, and we say to ourselves that we should never do anything like that in our life. Thus we are also affected by his other poems dealing with human suffering, such as the story of Margaret in the first book of his "Excursion," and many of his elegiac stanzas.

Now we do not say that Wordsworth is without faults. We believe that he may be at times rather stiff, monotonous and lack variety of subjects. We might also agree with some critics in saying that in dealing with man and human suffering his sympathies are deep rather than keen and broad. But we do and must maintain that few poets, if any, surpassed him on the whole; and as to the excellence with which he executed the pure style, there is hardly one—Shakspeare perhaps excepted—that can equal him. As long as pure art is much thought of and studied, Wordsworth shall be its greatest model and light both in its quality and its quantity. As a child and songster of nature, however, shall his name especially resound and live among men; for in this sense, "he is," as Hazlitt well puts it, "the most original poet, and the one whose writings could the least be spared: for they have no substitutes elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them, the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them, the great despise them, the fashionable may ridicule them; but the author has created for himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature which can never die."

Helen's Speech to Priam.

(Iliad III. 228-242.)

 AM sinuoso induta peplo respondit amoene:
 "Is Ajax est et Danaïs tutamen acerbum.
 Idomeneus similis dis illinc imperat inter
 Cretenses: coeunt ductores undique cuncti.
 Accipiebat eum Menelaus amabilis hospes
 Aedibus in propriis linquentem marmora Cretae.
 Insignes oculis Danaos nunc prosequor omnes,
 Quos nosco, quorum praedicere nomina possum.
 Haud video fratres geminos regesque virorum
 Tyndarides, hic clarus eques bellator at ille,
 Qui mihi sunt fratres, namque est mea mater et illis.
 An socii non profecti Lacedaemone amoena?
 Anne huc pontigradis venerunt navibus ambo?
 Se vero nolunt pugnis miscere virorum
 Opprobria et maculas trepidantes, quae mihi dantur?"

G. F. HORWARTH, '05.

Two Sketches.

She did not mind the housework, or the children she had to care for, or the washing she had to do. She did not mind that her beauty was all but gone and that a consuming sorrow was indelibly printed on her face. She had grown accustomed to plain clothes. She had put up with one misfortune after another until she was about reconciled to her lot. She never censured her husband when he was thoughtless or selfish, or told him that her heart was broken. Her heart broke long before he first staggered home in a drunken fit; for long before that she had found that he did not really love her. She did not love him as she once had done. She pitied him with a pity more than human, and still excused him and cared for him with a love more than human. When she was younger she used to contrast her position with that of Judge Hardy's wife—Charles was Judge now. When she was younger, Charles had loved her and she had refused to be his wife. She had never regretted her choice,—though she did care for him once, that was before she gave herself to another. Judge Hardy's wife was shielded from every hardship, while she knew nought but hardship. She did not envy her. She now lived again in her children and lived for them only. Her eldest boy was in Judge Hardy's office.

* * *

The Judge seldom smiled. His office hours were long and seldom broken. His only son had died. After that the Judge's wife had long worn black—black enhanced her beauty. The Judge's wife was very beautiful. The judge had always admired his wife. He would look at her sometimes as at a child. Still the judge was always sad. At one time the judge had been a social leader; that was before he was married and before he found that his wife did not really love him. He used to be wealthy; he now had but moderate means. The judge's wife was thought to be extravagant. Few knew that much of the judge's money had gone to keep the father of his office boy from prison; but the judge knew, and so did the boy. The judge never complained. He never envied others their home and happiness. He had no children of his own to live for—he lived for the children of others; but the judge seldom smiled.

F. F. D.

Varsity Verse.

SONG TO MAECENAS.

(Horace Odes I., i.)

MAECENAS, my sweet joy, by birth a king,
My dear protector unto you I sing:
Some men delight if they as charioteers
Might raise Olympia's dust—might hear the cheers,

For when successfully they make the turn,
And axles with the heat of friction burn,
Who reaches first the goal has won the race—
The noble palm bears him celestial place.

Another one is filled with joy if he
Receive from men the threefold dignity;
A third delights if in his barns are kept
Treasures of grain from fields of Lybia swept.

With hoe the farmer tills his father's field,
Then rests content—whatever it may yield;
Nor can Attalian terms force him to sail
In Cyprian ship against the Ægean gale.

The traders, fearing Africus that fights
Scarian waves, applaud their home delights;
But soon, indeed, their battered ships repair,
Untaught with comforts moderate to bear.

Some love to drink a bowl of Massic wine,
And for an afternoon at ease recline
Beneath the shadow of the arbut tree,
Or where some near-by stream flows languidly.

And many love the camp. To them is dear
The trumpet's blare, the tuba sounding clear;
They love the conflict, in it seek their joys,
While weeping mothers mourn their soldier boys.

Unmindful of his spouse 'neath chilly sky
The hunter tracks his game most eagerly,
Whene'er with tender young a hind he sees,
Or Marsian boar his well-wrought netting flees.

But give to me the scholar's ivy vine,
Then shall I move among the gods divine:
Then the cool forests, Nymphs and Satyrs' song
Shall shut me from the world's fast-hurrying throng,

Unless Euterpe check the thrilling flute,
Or Polyhymnia the Lesbian lute.
If you find here a lyric poet's fire,
Then to the very stars I shall aspire.

E. P. B.

ON SEEING LITTLE BOYS RECEIVE FIRST
HOLY COMMUNION.

To be again as one of you
I'd give the world and all its gold,
The deathless fame of Homerold,
And all the glory Cæsar knew.

Your souls are chaste as polar snow
Your thoughts, like lilies from the sod;
You walk in company with God,
And angels lackey where you go.

MacD.

The Relenting of Judge Richmond.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

It was a good, old-fashioned New Year's Eve. A spirit of festivity lurked everywhere. It seemed that for the time, at least, all petty strivings and hatred had been put aside.

But Judge Henry Richmond did not share in the general good-will. He sat before the fire in his comfortable library and smoked meditatively. At times when he gazed upon a portrait hanging on the wall before him—the portrait of his dead wife,—his hard old face softened. Then a puzzled look came over it once more. Finally he arose, and bringing his fist down on the table, said: "Damn the young coxcomb! Never! The son of old Dick Densom—"

"But he isn't old Dick, papa," said a sweet voice behind him, and he turned to meet the tearful eyes of his only daughter, Nell. "You don't know him at all," she went on. "If you would only let him come and talk to you—but just because your father and his grandfather—"

"Stop!" roared the old judge. "Damn all Densoms living and dead! I say you shan't have him. There, there, Nelly," he continued in a calmer voice, "you know your old dad loves you," and he left the room.

It was the old story. For two generations, the Densoms and the Richmonds had cordially hated each other; and now the only representatives of the family, except the judge, were in love. Richard Densom had no surviving relatives to object; but the feelings of Judge Richmond on the matter sufficed to make up any resulting lack of opposition to the two young people. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait for his death.

"As long as he's so stubborn," Dick had said, one day, "you ought to leave him, anyway."

"No," answered Nell, "I'll never do that;" and Dick felt in his heart that though it irked him to wait, he loved her better for her refusal.

"We'll get his consent some day," she had said; but Dick remembered the judge's savage scowl, the only time he had tried to address his "Honor," and remembering, despaired.

Moreover, when he was leaving for college, some of his kind friends deepened the gloom of the occasion for him, by repeating some

of the old judge's remarks. They were not encouraging. Densom had felt so bitter that he stayed away two whole years. What was there to attract him at home? Nell wouldn't be allowed to see him, and her letters, at least, were comforting. But this year, well, he'd make an attempt anyway. Perhaps the old man's wrath had cooled. It was such a little thing their families had fallen out over. A hunting-dog of the Richmonds' had been accidentally shot by a Densom. The Richmonds believed it was done intentionally, and the feud was on forever. Judge Richmond still owned a descendant of that dog; its pedigree ran back many generations. After his daughter, the judge loved his dog; and the oftener he thought of the dog, the deeper grew his hatred for the Densoms. He warned his daughter, when he heard that Dick was coming home, "not to let him catch that impudent young scoundrel" in her company. Accordingly when Densom arrived he found a tear-stained note from the dutiful daughter, informing him that for a time, at any rate, a meeting would be impossible. Consequently he arose New Year's Day with no very rosy expectations.

The day was clear and even warm. He set out for a walk; and musing on his affairs; walked on and on. He did not perceive that he had gone a long distance nor that the weather was changing. But such was the case. It had become colder and snow was falling. The wind rose. The snow fell faster. It became bitterly cold. The falling snow darkened the sun. Densom could not see one hundred yards before him. The howling wind buffeted him, the fine snow penetrated his garments and chilled him to the skin. He was out in that dread, majestic creation of nature, which to know one must see,—a Western blizzard. He fought his way back bravely. He sought the fence at the road-side and guided himself by it. Suddenly he kicked a soft object. It moaned piteously. He stooped and raised it. It was a dog. He was about to let it go again when he caught sight of a brass plate on the collar. He had much difficulty in reading it, but finally formed the printed characters into this: Rex, property of H. Richmond. He dragged the dog along and soon discovered where he was. After much floundering through the snow, he made his way to the Richmond house, still hanging onto the dog. He pushed open the door and met the old judge, face to face. The old man

seized his dog, and not recognizing the snow-covered man, gripped his hand warmly. Nelly rushed in and cried out:

"Oh, papa, have you found Rex? I am so glad!"

The judge was pouring brandy for the stranger. As he tendered the glass, he recognized young Densom; and in his surprise he spilled the good liquor on the floor. Then he indulged in some remarks that custom prohibits us from printing. At last he became calm.

Densom turned as if to go. "No," commanded the judge, "you're all right, damn you! Suppose you heard about my losing the dog and the state I was in, and all that; and any man that will go out in a blizzard and hunt up his enemy's dog is no enemy to me. Here, drink it out of the bottle!"

Then he muttered something about having to look after the dog; and the two surviving members of the third generation of the Richmonds and the Densoms were left standing alone in the library.

Robert Emmet.*

ROBERT E. LYNCH, '03.

When there is a question of honoring a character, the world justly asks: "Who is he? What has he done?" If, in our age of marvellous development, his aims were not devoted to the material welfare of mankind, we answer with timidity: "His moral worth has been keenly felt."

To-night, I speak not of a man that startled the world by wonderful inventions or great discoveries; not of a world-renowned general that led victorious armies and made monarchs tremble at his power; nor of a statesman that coped successfully for his nation against a host of embarrassing difficulties; not of an orator that swayed and thrilled national assemblies, nor of a character that stands pre-eminent among the greatest of men; but, I would have you fired, charmed, by the qualities of one whose deeds were actuated by the highest motives, whose life was guided by the noblest principles; for such men prove an inspiration to posterity, a mighty influence in the moulding of the characters that preserve a nation.

Were I to speak to you of Julius Cæsar,

* Oratorical Paper.

imperial Rome would pass before you, robed in all her splendor and magnificence; were I to refer to Bonaparte, undaunted, fear-inspiring France of eighteen hundred would flash forth again her beacon light of Liberty to all parts of the world; were I to eulogize Washington, on the blood-stained snows of Valley Forge you would behold the flickering camp-fires surrounded by half-clad, half-starved, half-frozen patriots, and a new nation would arise destined to be the wonder and admiration of the universe. I bid you turn for one moment to that island across the sea, blessed with natural beauty, once the inspiration of the civilized world, once "the Isle of scholars and saints," but now, a victim of might, struggling beneath the oppressive hand of tyranny, and in her ranks of heroes, behold the youth that lived and died,—not that a nation might be given birth but that his country might take her place among the greatest nations of the earth—the patriot, Robert Emmet.

Born in Dublin on the fourth of March in 1778, Emmet at an early age was sent to Trinity College where his brilliant talents soon placed him foremost in that circle of intellectual lights. At the age of eighteen he triumphed in debate over learned jurists that were invited to defeat his views; for he vehemently reproached England and boldly condemned her attitude toward Ireland as unjust, uncivilized. Nurtured during a period when his fellowmen feared, when his country groaned under the heavy yoke of oppression, his young heart learned to love justice, to spurn iniquity; and when the rebellion of 1798 broke out, actuated by a desire of affording to all, religious liberty and equal opportunity, Emmet was not present to shoulder a musket, but his heart was there.

The record of a decade of years following that rebellion is the saddest in the history of any nation. Beautiful by nature, Ireland was rendered a field of prey and carnage by British injustice; a hot-bed of turmoil and internal strife, where bigotry outdid itself, and religious sects clashed in deadly combat; where magistrates were inhuman commanders, and the crimes of yeomanry and soldiery made angels weep. The mysterious silence of night was rent with shrieks of despair that mingled with the pleas for compassion, and darkness fled before the flames of pillaged dwellings. The rising sun gleamed in pools of innocent blood, disclosing the foul deeds that nightfall shielded, and wagon-wheels

trailed miles of carnage; where womanhood was disrespected, assaulted, desecrated; where manhood cowered; a nation but a child in the iron grasp of a cruel master.

Oh, why was that national voice not raised in protest? Was there not a power to say: "Stop, so far shalt thou go and no farther!" Alas! a nation given birth and nursed by the efforts of Grattan, but her voice was stifled, choked by the merciless hand of tyranny.

While a world gazed coldly on, while many bemoaned these sad conditions, there was one whose nights of peaceful sleep had ended, whose days of sacrifice had already dawned; one whose mind was agitated with planning, whose heart was sympathetic and responsive to the woes of his country. Across his chamber swayed the hand of death, in his ears resounded pleas of his fellowmen for mercy, for liberation. Emmet could gaze upon this harrowing scene no longer; no more could he tolerate the denial of the privileges and the down-treading of the principles that enabled man to fulfil his duty to his country, to his God; and amid that scene of despair and chaos, that noble character arose to strike and forever crush a relentless persecutor.

Was it personal ambition that could have fired the heart of such a patriot? The sacrifice of society, of political influence, the sacrifice of his own wealth, his begging of funds for carrying on the work, and the denunciation of the attitude of the ruling power toward the oppressed, show us indeed a higher motive. Humanity had found her champion and moral Ireland was waning. Too long had injustice reigned, too long was courage of convictions wanting; and with the cause of country at heart, the love of justice aglow, he began the campaign that stamps him a patriot, a martyr, a man.

The news that France and England were to combat raised Emmet's spirits higher and stimulated his exertions, for this was the first real gleam of hope for a successful campaign. He departed immediately for France, and a few days later he was in consultation with the great Bonaparte. There stood Napoleon, the peer of the greatest warriors the world has ever seen, at the zenith of his glory, the master and the general of a nation that defied the world,—but a true patriot? Alas! a victim of an inordinate ambition,—confronted by a boy inflamed with true patriotic fire, planning,

pleading zealously for assistance, but it was not for himself, no, but for his fellowmen, for his country.

His mission accomplished he gazed toward Ireland, and mindful of her miseries and misfortunes, his eyes filled with tears and he sincerely begged God to assist him in the consummation of his designs. Then he began a work of unceasing labor: he organized the rank and file; he animated the down-hearted; cheered the laboring. To-day he hastened through Dublin, to-morrow over the hills of Wicklow. His meals were interrupted, his sleep short and restless, and his nights were spent in the drilling for the proper execution of his plans. There was a populace into whose breasts a young patriot had instilled a true patriotic fire; there was a leader hopeful and with a vision of his country freed from bondage and all awaiting Bonaparte's invasion, distant only two weeks. But, alas! some one had blundered; the explosion of a magazine aroused the authorities to the danger of the situation, and Emmet's only hope was quick action. His plans communicated, he awaited his countrymen to crush the tyranny, to strike for Liberty. Oh! was a Judas in the camp, or did the Irish heart fail at the crucial moment? May God forbid. Emmet's orders were unexecuted, his plans thwarted and he himself a fugitive—but from what? From English injustice, from despotism. A noble cause was lost, a patriot had failed. Failed? Was it through his own inability? Why, even his most relentless enemies said that it was scarcely credible that so young a mind could have devised so artful a campaign.

There was escape for him had his own safety been considered, but when he saw the last gleam of hope for justice, for liberty, for Ireland fade away he sadly remarked: "I feel conscious that life, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection, is no life for me," and, as a further proof of fidelity to her whose heart beat in unison with his, he visited that faithful, virtuous loved one, Sarah Curran; he defied capture, scorned death. He was arrested on the twenty-fifth of August, 1803, charged with high treason. There was a trial; you all know of what kind. Why, that farce might have graced the mock tribunals in the wilds of Africa. A judge sat on his bench—to administer justice? and a jury had assembled—to weigh testimony? Alas! it was but the exhibition of court formality; Emmet's fate had long been sealed. All had come to hear

how eloquently a prisoner, a patriot, a man could speak when in the very embrace of death. Undaunted, calm, his expressive countenance revealing a broken heart—broken because his ideals had not been realized—he faced that mock tribunal, and while a sea of faces gave encouragement he began his memorable address.

Accused of being the life and blood of the conspiracy, he humbly and unselfishly replied: "You do me honor over much. Why, there are men engaged in this work who are not only my superiors, but even to your own conceptions of yourselves, my lords, men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hands." Taunted with being called a traitor, his noble heart bursts, and in language of surpassing eloquence he gave expression to these immortal words: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written,"—the true sentiment of a patriot; of most virtuous actions, of purest motives.

Nightfall brought his sentence, midnight shielded him as he was led to execution, and at noontide on the following day his soul winged its flight to eternity. Tears—tears of a grief-stricken nation—consecrated the spot where Emmet offered up all, that tyranny might perish, that his country might live in liberty. His severed head was held up to the gaze of a sorrowing multitude, and the executioner cried out: "This is the head of a traitor." Oh, what a providence, what a boon to mankind, that the judgment of poor, frail man is not the judgment of the Almighty!

"The man dies but his memory lives." O Emmet! yours shall never perish. We admire you for your example of fortitude; we respect and revere you for your lesson in self-sacrifice; but we love you and we honor you for your untiring fidelity to your country, to your principles, to your God!

Nowhere in the pages of history will you find the recital of the deeds of a hero whose actions were grounded in greater virtues, or swayed by loftier, purer motives. When prejudice shall have bowed to just estimation of worth, when nobility of character and loyalty to the grand principles of humanity, justice and religion, shall have become the standard by which true greatness is measured, then shall we find cherished, in the hearts of men a deep reverence for the true patriot, Robert Emmet.

Jack Deater, Hero.

JOHN FARLEY.

Deater was a simple-hearted Irishman who was employed as engineer of the hoister in the coal mines. He could attach no blame to himself for the fire that cost the lives of so many men and was imperilling many others, but his heart ached for those that were perhaps struggling with death in the blackness of the mine. There was another thing that appealed to him; the solemn wails of the wives and children.

He ran about asking if anything was being done—could anything be done? All gave him the same reply. Death lurked in the ninth hole he was told. What was the use of adding to the death list! He knew the chances were against him, but there was a possibility that he might be the means of saving at least one life. He would go down in the cage to the ninth level. He made known his intention to engineer Bogert. That man, an old miner inured to the dangers of mines, told him not to go to certain death. Enough brave men had already fought against the inevitable; he begged him to desist for the sake of those near and dear to him, but no one was so dear as those down in the ninth level. What he wanted to know was if there was a bare possibility that his visit to the ninth level would save the life of at least one man. The engineer was forced to admit that there was a possibility. That settled it, and Jack Deater said: "Let me down."

He stepped into the cage in which many a morning rosy with the rising sun he had gone down with his drills about him, and refreshed by nature's sweet restorer, was at peace with all the world. The engineer before the cage went down had an understanding with him that if no signal was given within two minutes after the ninth level was reached, the cage was to be hoisted.

"Ready," said Jack in a voice that showed no trace of fear. Swish, sounded the great wheel as it turned, and down it started slowly, then more rapidly. Jack Deater disappeared into the darkness and smoke. As the daylight went out of his sight his death-knell was sounded. The engineer watched the gauge. Down went the cage, bumping and butting the black hole as it descended.

At last the ninth level is reached. Engineer

Bogert holds his watch nervously. He sees the minute hand go round ever so slowly. Two minutes never seemed so long before. No signal. Another few seconds pass and no signal. He is sure he has made no mistake. Again "swish" goes the engine wheel and the cage starts back. Men lean over the black hole of death and look, look for the first sign of the cage. Is Jack Deater in the cage or has he been suffocated, and is he lying gasping in the throes of death on the fatal level? The cage now nears the surface. It contains a man—at least one man. There are two. One is Jack Deater and the other the body of a victim of the poison in the ninth level.

"Jack," shouted the engineer.

There was no answer. The hero of the coal mine was unconscious. But he has found and brought up with him a man whose body is still warm, but from whom the last spark of life had gone out. It was Joe Benson, the husband of one of the women whose cries had moved him to the point of his terrible work of rescue.

Benson never saw the light of day again. He expired soon after reaching the surface. Deater had done all that a human being could do to save the life of his fellowmen. The effort failed, but the deed was there—a deed which will stand out in the record of man's humanity to man as long as brave hearts beat and unselfishness lives.

When Jack Deater was taken out of the cage he was limp and unconscious. He never regained consciousness sufficiently to tell his story. The supposition is that when he reached the ninth level he groped about in the darkness until he found the body of Benson, and then he himself at the point of suffocation dragged the dying man to the cage and got in with him; falling unconscious when the task was done he could not give the promised signal. The poisonous vapours had already penetrated his system, and the pallor of death was upon him when he reached the sunlight. All efforts to revive him were unsuccessful, and he died without regaining consciousness and not knowing that his brave effort was a failure.

Thy friends thou hast and their adoption tried; grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel, but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.—*Shakspeare.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 17, 1903.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at Notre Dame University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Board of Editors.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, 1902	H. EWING BROWN, 1902
ROBERT J. SWEENEY, 1903	CHARLES A. GORMAN, 1903
BYRON V. KANALEY, 1904	FRANCIS J. BARRY, 1903
ROBERT E. HANLEY, 1903	ROBERT E. LYNCH, 1903
EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, 1903	THOMAS D. LYONS, 1904
FRANCIS MCKEEVER, 1903	J. PATRICK O'REILLY, 1905
G. A. FARABAUGH, 1904	CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, 1905

—"Emile Zola" has been a favorite theme for magazine writers during the last few months. Almost everything that could be said for and against him has been said, and now the discussion seems to abate. The readers who have followed the discussion must have noticed that he has far more friends among the American critics than among the French. It is not rash to believe that Zola was known best by his own countrymen. French critics declare that Zola's pictures "are not true to French life," and no doubt these critics are right. We could wish that his portraits are false not only to French life, but to every other, for the gain to morality would amply compensate the loss to literature.

—The students who went to hear Dr. John C. Sunberg lecture in Washington Hall last Thursday, put an hour to good account. The subject of the lecturer was "Babylonia," a region possessing a wealth of historic associations, and by many regarded as the cradle of the human race. Mr. Sunberg is a noted traveller, was for years United States' Consul at Bagdad and has a very intimate knowledge of the lands he described. In his lecture, which was illustrated throughout, he gave his audience a vivid description of the region bordering on the Persian Gulf, then of the Mesopotamian district and of the cities of Bagdad and Bassorah. Some of the most interesting views and descriptions dealt with the ruins of Babylon, the supposed ruins

of the tower of Babel and with the city of Bagdad itself. The great banquet hall of Cyrus was also shown, as well as other famous landmarks of antiquity. Then followed an account of his experiences with the Arabs, Persians and Turks which was interspersed with morsels of humor that the audience keenly relished. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Sunberg donned several varieties of Eastern costume, much to the amusement of some who were present. His talk was most interesting and instructive, and we bespeak the learned Doctor a pleased audience wherever he may appear.

—Now that the baseball and track teams have begun practice, we hope they will receive the encouragement from the student body which their efforts deserve. Both teams have vacancies for capable men, and the present is the time for candidates with athletic taste and ability to make themselves known. The manager of athletics informs us that such candidates are often deterred from trying for the teams through the uncomplimentary and impertinent remarks of some students among the spectators in the gymnasium. Those guilty of the latter conduct are sadly lacking in college spirit. Every well-directed attempt ought to be encouraged. If certain students do nothing more to promote athletics than visit the gymnasium to watch the teams at work, they ought at least to reserve their censure which is generally undeserved. But perhaps the aggrieved candidates are too susceptible and take offence at what is nothing more than mere banter.

—One of our most original American critics, while writing a somewhat joyless paper on the futility of human endeavor, took occasion to remark that beneath the walls of Troy are the ruins of other cities of which no poet has ever sung for us, and that before Cleopatra were other queens stung to their death by the wasp of folly. However likely such observations may be, they are of small practical value unless to teach man that he possesses nothing to-day either in accomplishments or in beauty that need tickle his pride overmuch. We are well aware that "To-day the descendants of the noble Romans sell themselves for hire, and dig, hew and carry that America may have buildings that scrape the sky and railroads over which men are carried like the eagle's flight."

It is unfortunate for the Italians that they have had to put their hand to such work, for, at the best, they prove poor workmen. When vultures prey over the almost extinct ruins of our "grand American experiment," as history teaches that they some day must, if the descendants of the noblest American of us all have to "sell themselves for hire, and dig, hew and carry" in some now undeveloped corner of the globe, we may sincerely hope that their reputation for veracity and usefulness may not have fallen as low as their occupation.

"The right to labor includes the right to sell one's labor in any market and for any price he is willing to take for it."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* takes exception to the preceding statement, recently made by a prominent college professor, and directs attention to the following observations contained in a lecture on "Labor and Wages" by Reverend Father Cuthbert, a Franciscan priest of Peckham, England:

"The Church holds that every man is free to part with his labor as he wills, to give it for nothing, if he wishes to do so, or to take as low a price as he likes; simply because his labor is his own personal property, but with this limitation or condition, that in parting with his labor he may not make himself a willing party to any injustice or indignity. Let me explain this principle by a concrete example. A workingman is offered work at a certain wage and he accepts it. It may be a wage not at all up to the market price of his work, but the workingman accepts it, not because he is obliged by circumstances to do so, but because he wishes to accept it. Now the Church teaches that as a general principle of liberty, apart from other considerations, he is quite within his rights in doing so. For as I say his labor is his own to do with as he wishes. But suppose that in accepting the low wages he consciously is leaguering himself with an employer to force other men to accept a wage which does not fully compensate them, then he is doing an injustice to others, and this he never has a right to do. In this case he is giving away his own labor to an employer to enable that employer to work injustice on others, and this is always wrong. Again, another limitation upon a man's freedom in selling his labor is this: that unless a man is able to maintain himself otherwise than by his labor, and to provide not merely for the support of his body but for the cultivation of his mind and soul, he can never willingly barter away his labor for less than a living wage—that is, a wage which enables him to support his body and cultivate his soul. For to do so would be an injustice to God. As our Holy Father the Pope has laid down in his Encyclical on Labor: 'In all agreements between masters and work people it can never be just or right to require on the one side or to promise on the other the giving up of those duties which a man owes to God and to himself.' A man, then, is always free to barter his labor as long as he does no injustice to others, nor consents to deprive himself of the right to live a human and Christian life."

King Lear.

A fruitful subject for discussion among literary critics is the insanity of King Lear, Shakspeare's great creation. Some hold that Lear's insanity is apparent from the beginning of the play; others say that it was only on the discovery of his daughters' ingratitude that the king lost his reason. We are indebted to one of the professors of English literature for the following, taken from the December examination papers of some members of his class, in answer to a question bearing on the subject:—

The climax of the drama of Lear, certainly the greatest tragedy in any tongue, is the point where the insanity of the king breaks forth to rival the warring elements in vehemence and grandeur. There the mind of Lear, already excited and wrought to the highest pitch of emotion, totters and falls, leaving the mighty ruins to tell of the greatness of the edifice.

Two explanations have been given for the cause of the king's insanity. One, the older and the more generally credited opinion, holds that the unfilial and fiendish ingratitude of his daughters, coming, as it did, immediately after the crowning act of the father's generosity, overwhelmed the imperious intellect and forever quenched its sanity and vigor.

The other theory, which but recently was originated by an American woman, Mrs. Lennox, claims that from the first, insanity is shown by the actions of the aged king. Experts corroborate this opinion, and wonder at the remarkable fidelity to truth with which the case is reported. In spite, however, of their learned opinions, the lover of the beautiful and the sublime, the man who can understand the intention that a genius like Shakspeare must have had in writing this play, will always believe that ingratitude carried to its most awful and hideous extreme, unhinged the old man's reason and left him "a prey to the elements." Barrett Wendell, probably from the desire to be original in which he achieved only eccentricity, says that Lear's awful ravings were intended to be comic. But this opinion is trivial in the extreme and quite unworthy of notice.

R. J. S.

Many Shaksperian critics have dealt with this subject, and the decisions they have arrived at are as various as their various minds. Some claim that Lear was insane from

the beginning, and several lengthy articles on insanity and predisposition to insanity have been written. Medical men, particularly specialists on insanity, have taken up the subject, and while marveling at the wonderful genius of Shakspeare in so truly portraying an insane subject, they are almost unanimous in declaring that Lear from the beginning possessed a predisposition to insanity. They assert that, even if his daughters did not maltreat him, something else would have occurred to dislocate his mental faculties.

On the other hand—and this it seems to me is the more rational conception—some critics aver that Lear is sane till the base ingratitude of his daughters deprives him of his wits. By assuming this premise I think we coincide with Shakspeare himself, for what would be that beauty of the play if it were only the ravings and eccentricities of an ordinary madman? The fact that Lear is driven to madness makes the story worth the telling. If Lear were but a common lunatic, those strange-minded critics who try to justify Regan and Goneril, might find some ground, be it ever so shaky, to base their arguments on. The fact that Holinshed mentions and develops, to a certain extent, the story of ingratitude without describing Lear as being in any wise insane, seems to me to add stress to the theory that Shakspeare took his principal character as a sane man, and afterward as the plot developed made him lose his senses. Moreover, the effectiveness of sleep as a cure for insanity could hardly be plausible in a case of hereditary insanity, such as the insanity would be if we accept the theory of the critics who say he had a predisposition in the beginning. Sleep, it would seem, can cure only those attacks of mental derangement caused by sudden and severe shocks, and it is certain that the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan was a shock severe enough to derange a mind younger than Lear's.

Both sides have advanced weighty arguments in support of their position, and after reading thoroughly on the subject, the impartial reader is in doubt as to which is the correct theory.

F. J. B.

In the opening scene, when Lear makes the division of his kingdom among his daughters, the old man seems to be dominated by a feeling of imperiousness, which predisposes him for his later madness, the result of his daughters' ingratitude.

After his interview with Goneril at the latter's house, the first stage of his madness begins to show itself. On his way from Goneril to Regan he is continually brooding over the former's ingratitude: "O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!" This spirit of gloom is deepened by the remarks of the fool, who never tires reminding the king of his misplaced confidence. Then, disappointed in the treatment he receives at the hands of Regan, Lear calls upon heaven to keep back his womanish tears and fit him for the ordeal. Immediately after this prayer he says to the fool: "O fool, I shall go mad," and rushes out into the storm. In his encounter with Edgar, his madness reaches its climax; the spirit of imitation sets in, and, like a true madman, he begins to strip off his clothing as he sees Edgar has done.

When we next meet Lear his acute mania has taken on a more pathetic form. He is now suffering from a shattered intellect, and the bright gleams of coherency that are visible at times, simply go to show how great his fall has been. In the madness of Lear the emotional part of the plot reaches its climax.

In my opinion, Lear is no longer insane when he revives from his stupor and meets Cordelia in the French camp. Rest has quieted him, and the possession at last of filial gratitude, which he had so longed for in his ravings, now restores his lost faculties.

In the last scene, when Lear enters holding in his arms his dead daughter, he shows little or no trace of insanity. But as he begins to think over the loss he has suffered in the death of Cordelia, which means the loss of everything to him, his old trouble gradually returns, and as his death draws near there seems to be lacking the self-control that was noticeable in the beginning of his speech.

M. W.

Critics have written many articles on the insanity of King Lear, and we find very few who view it in the same light. Some are inclined to think that Lear was old, feeble and worn out by the cares and troubles of ruling his kingdom; and wishing to place the burden on younger shoulders, he chose the childish plan of dividing his realm according to the degree of love which his daughters bore him. The shock he felt at the seemingly shallow love of his youngest daughter caused his already weak mind to become unbalanced for the first time, and his older daughters'

ingratitude did its work in making him a raving maniac. Others claim, and I think with good reason, that his mind was not sound when he proposed the division of the kingdom, for it was certainly an insane man's idea of proportioning his daughters' dowries.

Many differ in their writings in stating when he became insane, yet all unite in saying that he was far from being a sane man in the storm scene. It is here where Shakspeare showed his wonderful knowledge of insanity and his unique power of portraying it. The raving of the king and the broken and incoherent expressions of Poor Tom are among the best lines of Shakspeare's character. D. O'M.

The tragedy of King Lear is one that strikingly displays the deep insight into human nature which Shakspeare possessed. The author here shows his knowledge of the mind and heart, particularly in depicting the emotions and changes in the king.

That Lear at the opening of the play is not of sound mind seems evident from the manner in which he makes the division of his kingdom. Second childishness, which is sometimes attributed to him, seldom reaches such an extreme stage as to induce a man to dispose of his property, as did Lear, upon the mere protestations of filial love. Nor does it seem plausible that Lear, if sane and knowing the characters of his daughters as he must have known them, could thus be moved to bestow his all on Goneril and Regan, could thus be swayed to disinherit Cordelia whom he had most dearly loved and whose unbounded affection he had always experienced. To be sure, he was nervous, infirm and weak, but his actions show he was more than this. As he beheld the ingratitude of his children, he clearly saw his position after surrendering his power, was tormented by remorse, and fully realizing his mistake, his mind rapidly failed, and we see him as he meets Edgar—mad. But he is not permanently so, for his madness gradually subsides, until at the end of the play, rest, quiet and the loving care of Cordelia thoroughly restore him to mental equilibrium.

G. E. G.

It has been frequently asked and discussed by Shaksperian critics whether King Lear is not insane from the very outset of the play.

Taking my own impression received from numerous readings of the tragedy, and my

humble opinion formed after a study of the king's character, I answer in the negative.

It appears that much of the critics' difference on this point arises from the varied interpretations of the term madness, and, in some cases, from an entire misconception of the true idea of madness. It is evident from the trend of their judgments that some of them would consider any man who entertains a pet idea, of whatsoever nature, a madman. Others again use the terms madness and insanity indiscriminately to express the same idea. This would be a matter of small concern, of course, if the words were accepted as they are meant. But the truth is that they are taken up, and the result is an endless and useless discussion.

Madness, as I conceive it, is insanity plus wildness of action or of speech, or of both. I would not consider the man who has grown childish with old age insane any more than I would the unreasoning boy of six or the inconsiderate youth of sixteen. Everyone knows that Lear is stark mad when he is raving in the midst of the storm; but we might have a born idiot who would be anything but what we ordinarily term a madman. Under the protection of these preliminaries, as Mark Twain would say, I shall try to show that Lear is not mad before he receives the ill-treatment from his two base daughters.

Lear is, without doubt, queer and, in a certain sense, narrow-minded. He is imperious by nature—"every inch a king." He loves flattery, and is determined that each of his daughters shall flatter him; but he is not insane in the sense that ordinary people and even students of psychology understand a person to be insane.

In the first place, does it not seem that if Shakspeare had wished to introduce us to a madman he would have said so, if not in one way in another. If there had been in Lear the least discernible insanity, would not Cordelia have discerned it with as much ease as modern critics? Would she have answered her father in the strain she does when he asks her how much she loves him? It would have been wicked; and Cordeila instead of her sisters would have been the ingrate. Would the gentle, mannerly and intelligent Kent, who knew the king better than the king knew himself, have taken such a decisive stand against Lear had he not believed him wholly responsible for everything he says and does?

J. L. C.

Dr. De Costa to be a Priest.

We learn from the Catholic press that Dr. De Costa, for several years a member of the lecturing staff of the University, has sailed for Rome to complete his studies for the priesthood. The Doctor has a number of admirers and warm friends at Notre Dame, and he bears with him on his present mission our best wishes and congratulations. The announcement of this final step towards the realization of a hope long cherished and bravely fought for, calls up for us in imagery the picture of a vessel rounding into port after a rough and stormy voyage. It is expected Dr. De Costa will remain a year in Rome. He is accompanied on his voyage by Mgr. Kennedy, the newly appointed rector of the American College at Rome.

Father Cox Lectures in Holy Cross Hall.

In a recent talk delivered by Father Cox of Chicago, the speaker exhorted his hearers to cultivate and develop the spirit of contentment—not an inactive, listless disposition, but a determination readily to accept and put up with unavoidable inconveniences; to look not for evils and defects—for spots can be found upon the sun—but to see the bright side of things; to take optimistic views, for happiness here is determined largely by a contented inward disposition. "Wealth," says George Herbert, "without contentment climbs a hill." As the holiday joys are now past and a new session of solid work lies ahead, the foregoing remark may not be inappropriate. Have not some students been so impressed with some scenes they have witnessed during vacation that they gladly return to resume their studies? Perhaps it was but a pitiable cripple begging in the storm; or it may be they have seen some poor wretch thinly clad and shivering with cold gathering bits of coal in the city. Whatever it may have been, the sight has made them appreciate better their own more fortunate circumstances.

Let contentment in and complaining out; don't grumble; don't criticize; and if you are so unlucky as to belong to the anvil chorus, withdraw immediately, and let one resolution of the new year be: "I shall live content with what I can not improve."

G. E. G.

The New Bakery.

Another step from old systems to new was made a short time ago when the time-honoured bake-shop near St. Mary's Lake was deserted, and the men who make our bread transferred their operations to the new bakery near the power-house. The building they moved into is a two-story brick structure. The first floor contains the ovens and all the machinery that works the dough before it is ready for baking. The second floor is used as a store-room for flour and all other commodities needed.

The machinery is of the most improved modern style. Work which formerly was done by hand and involved much labour is now done speedily and satisfactorily with the best machines. There are two large ovens each eleven feet by fourteen, manufactured by Petersen of Chicago and called the Petersen ovens. Only one of these is in use, the other being a reserve. The sides of these are from two and a half to three feet thick, and with normal heat about seventy-five minutes is consumed in baking bread.

The greatest labour-saving machine is the dough-mixer. Heretofore all the dough had to be mixed by hand, and the operation consumed much time each day. Now the process is more thoroughly done in a short time with this machine. A small twelve horse-power engine of Wach brand transfers the energy which is generated in the power-house. By the rotation of a large paddle in a trough, six hundred pounds of flour is converted into dough in a few minutes. When the dough is thus mixed a large iron trough on rollers takes it from the dough-mixer to the working table whence it is put through the dough brake, a machine which improves its quality, and whose effect is seen in the bread after it leaves the oven.

Besides the machines above mentioned are a dough-divider which is calculated to turn out three hundred buns every minute; a flour-hopper with sieve for bolting the flour before the feeder takes it to the dough-mixer; a tank with graduated scale which records the quantity and temperature of the water necessary; an elevator to carry goods to and from the store-room upstairs; a proof box in which the bread, rolls and biscuits are steamed before they are put into the oven. On the way from the factory is another machine

which will make all kinds and sizes of crackers.

The arrangement and convenience of the entire plant strikingly contrasts with the antiquated methods of the old bakery, and though another familiar landmark is destined to disappear, we can not say that we regret the change from the old building to the new.

FRANK J. BARRY, '03.

Athletic Notes.

The baseball candidates have begun work in earnest. Coach Lynch returned last Monday and took charge of the men. The squad is increasing every day, and now numbers twenty seven men.

* * *

Captain Stephan has not started the pitchers into hard work yet. There are several promising candidates for the box, including Hogan and Higgins of last year's team. As soon as the weather becomes a little warmer they will be given a chance to show what they can do.

* * *

Here we are nearing the close of January without basket-ball practice having started. It's the first time in years that this great indoor amusement has been allowed to die out. The Inter-Hall series last year was very interesting and afforded splendid recreation for the fellows. We hope to see something doing in this line before another week passes.

* * *

The severe cold spell of the past week has kept the track men from doing any steady training. The gymnasium is being prepared for them, however, and by Monday next they will hold full sway.

* * *

Captain Kirby has returned and will take charge of the candidates in a few days. He appears to have recovered all of his former strength. The Captain expects to do some good work this season.

* * *

Coach Lynch wishes it understood that the weeding out of the baseball candidates will begin at once. All those who delay in reporting for practice, or who are inclined to shirk the work mapped out for them, will be dropped at once. This is for the benefit of

the old men as well as the new. Every candidate will be given a thorough trial.

* * *

"Give me good, conscientious young fellows who are willing to follow instructions," says Lynch, "teach them team-work and they will beat a team of 'stars' every day in the week." This same opinion has been expressed, time and again, by the greatest baseball generals in the country. Those possessed of baseball talent have now a good opportunity to increase their stock. Regular daily practice works a wonderful improvement in form.

* * *

The track men are worrying a great deal these days about their prospects. They claim that they are not receiving proper support from the student body. To our shame, be it said, they are right. Not a single new candidate has reported up to date, although there are several young fellows who sit around in the gymnasium or in their rooms and boast of honors won on High School fields. This is a crying shame—shows a remarkable amount of college spirit! The team—even if it never won a meet—is better off without such fellows.

* * *

To those young fellows who have the interest of their college at heart, these few words are addressed: If you think that with a little coaching and training there is a possibility of your developing into even a fairly good athlete, don a track suit. We do not expect, and do not want every man on the team to become a record-breaker. Corcoran, Glynn, Kirby, Staples, Guerin, and a host of others, all of them famous in some branch of athletics, were "dark" horses. When Corcoran first went out on the track he was laughed at. Everybody took him as a huge joke. He was strong, very clumsy, but he had determination. To-day he holds two world's records and a score of other records. Kirby is another example; so is Staples; so is Guerin. I could go on enumerating cases of this kind for several pages. Why couldn't this turn out to be your case as well as theirs? Come out and try—a trial at least, will not do you any harm, and perhaps it will show that you have some athletic ability. All you need is strength, endurance and determination. The speed will come with practice. Come out and give yourself a trial.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Card of Sympathy.

Mrs. Ellen Stull, the mother of Brother Paul, C. S. C., died at Borgess Hospital, Kalamazoo, last Wednesday. Her remains were taken to Notre Dame, and on Friday a Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of her soul. The funeral services, which were very largely attended by the students, religious of the Holy Cross and faculty of the University, were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The burial was in Cedar Grove Cemetery. To Brother Paul, the efficient Secretary of the University, and to his sister, Mrs. Wilton C. Smith of Chicago, the students tender their sincere sympathy.

The students of Brownson Hall deeply sympathize with their Hall-mate, Mr. Patrick Beekum, in the loss of his dearly-beloved father, who was called to his reward on the 10th inst.

Personals.

—Mr Louis F. Nash, student '99, has been appointed receiver for the Electric RR. Co. of Omaha.

—Father F. X. Kelley, La Peer, Mich., was a welcome visitor to the University during the past week.

—Mr. J. B. Beltink, student '90-'92, has a very good position with the *Evening Bee*, Sacramento, California.

—Mr. Leo Weadock, a student here in '97, is at present a most successful real estate business man in Saginaw, Mich.

—Mr. Frank Eyanson, LL. B. '96, has the sympathy of friends at Notre Dame in his bereavement for the loss of his father, C. J. Eyanson, who died recently at Columbus City, Indiana.

—Mr. Louis T. Weadock, Law 1900, has the excellent position of dramatic critic on the *Chicago American*. Mr. Weadock writes under the *nom de plume* of Hamilton. The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to hear of Mr. Weadock's success.

—Matt Donahoe, for four years a crack player on the Notre Dame University baseball team, has been signed by Joliet, Ill., to captain the team of that city in the Three I League. He will play third base. Donahoe is a hard hitter and a fast all-round man. While at Notre Dame he made a hit as a center fielder. Donahoe's home is at Wilmington, Ill.

Matt was captain of the team during the season of 1901. The SCHOLASTIC is pleased to hear of his success.

—The many friends of Will N. Bergan will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted in being appointed Deputy County Clerk of St. Joseph's County at South Bend. Mr.

Bergan, as is well remembered, was a student at the University in the years '94-'95-'96.

The South Bend *Times* says: "Mr. Geo. H. Alward assumes the office of County Clerk Jan. 1st, '03: he has appointed Will N. Bergan as his Deputy, who is well qualified to fill the position." The SCHOLASTIC congratulates Mr. Bergan on his success.

Local Items.

—The Very Reverend President has left for a brief visit in the South.

—Father O'Reilly enrolled a number of students in the Scapular last Thursday.

—Thomas J. Popp (Pittsburg) of Carroll Hall was the first student to receive the new form of the programme of studies. In addition to this Mr. Popp passed in all his classes for the last term.

—The young fellows who are in the habit of idling away an hour or two every day in the Library, spitting tobacco juice on the floor, and otherwise misbehaving, will please take warning and conduct themselves properly or they will be severely dealt with.

—A new Latin composition, based on the text of Sallust, is about to be issued from the University press. Father Scheier, who is a Professor of Latin at Notre Dame, has spared no pains in compiling and editing this book. The references that accompany each exercise, of which there are some forty in number, are to Bennet's Grammar. The new book will be used in the college this term.

—Bro. Hugh is anything if not progressive. A few days ago he conceived the idea of building a skating rink on the Brownson campus. To-day the rink is almost ready for use. It is about 250 feet long and 75 wide and can comfortably accommodate a large crowd of skaters. The Hockey experts at school have decided to take advantage of the new rink. Games are now pending between the cracks of the different Halls, and a series of interesting contests may be looked forward to in the near future.

—Some books recently added to the Library are: *Town-Life in the Fifteenth Century*, by Mrs. J. R. Green; *A History of Germany in the Middle Ages*, by E. F. Henderson; *The Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. I.; *The Renaissance*; *History of Europe in Outline* by Browning; *The Beginnings of the Middle Ages* (Dean Church); *The Close of the Middle Ages* (Lodge); *Europe in the Sixteenth Century* (Johnson). Among the recent novels are *Marietta* and *Cecilia*, Marion Crawford's latest books. *A History of the People of the United States*, in five volumes, by Wilson, is another valuable addition.