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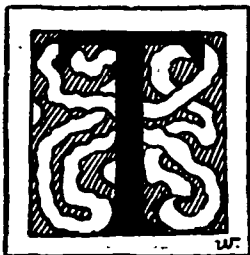
## A Swiss Song.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

**D**EAR is my far-off, native clime,  
Where love and nature reign supreme;  
Where all is beautiful, sublime,  
And life is but a pleasant dream.  
Ambition there had ne'er a claim,  
Low are the pinnacles of fame.  
With teeming valleys circling round,  
The rugged mountains tower high;  
Their peaks with spotless garlands crowned  
Are lost in depths of azure sky.  
The sun diffuses golden rays,  
And sets the snowy heights ablaze.  
The distant highlands echo back  
The shepherd's call through wood and glen;  
The chamois, frightened in his track,  
Forsakes the path and seeks his den.  
These simple beauties ever true  
Bind me, my native land, to you.

## Some Considerations on Orestes A. Brownson.

EMIEL DE WULF, '03.



HE subject of this theme was one of America's noblest and most powerful intellects. He stood out so prominent that he was regarded by Europeans as her greatest writer and philosopher. He has been characterized by almost every epithet which genius can devise and which a genius of his rank truly deserves. He, like his works, is *sui generis*, and as we look over the broad field in which his intellect ranged and worked with equal persistency, we can not but be astonished at the amount of literary work he accomplished.

Brownson in himself is an interesting study. He was a bold and profound thinker, and his ideas alone are worthy of the deepest thought and consideration; but clothe them in the golden mantle of his style, and you have before you the workmanship of a genius who undoubtedly has at times handled the English language with a more skilful and more powerful pen than any other writer of his day. His genius has touched on every phase of thought. He has written on almost every aspect of religion, philosophy and politics, and has done so wonderfully and brilliantly. In fact, he has gained for himself great fame and reputation in each of these branches, not only in America but also abroad, where he is better known and better appreciated than at home.

When we begin to study Dr. Brownson more closely we are confronted with a giant, not only in body but also in intellect. We see at a glance that we are dealing with one of the greatest personalities of our country, with one who has passed through every maze of error and scepticism, and finally arrived at the truth; while in the meantime he had advanced from a youth with a scanty education to a mature genius, the only one of his kind. This change he brought about by his industry and by following the dictates of his conscience. Brownson, was, moreover, a man of strong convictions and determinations, and has deservedly been compared to a lion. In his writings, and even in his conversations, there was something leonine. For years he has been lost to our sight, but the echo of his great voice still resounds in our ears, and we feel that although his body lies in death, the works of his genius still survive.

Orestes Brownson was born in the early days of the nineteenth century,—September 16, 1803—and died in the middle of his seventy-third year on Easter Monday, April 23, 1876. His youth was wonderful and reads like a novel. It has an attractiveness and

charm that will of itself stir up a desire to know the history that follows after it. Orestes was but six years old when his father died, and owing to the straitened circumstances of the family, was eventually placed with an aged couple who were distant relatives of his. This plain and frugal couple instilled into his nature the practice of honesty, uprightness and industry, and their young charge, who possessed a naturally quick and irritable temper, never let the sun go down upon his wrath. He had no childhood, but possessed the disposition of an old man before he was a boy; and in his old age had more of the feelings of a child than he had when a boy, and thus he has been truly characterized as being a philosopher from the very dawn of reason.

For the greater part of his youth—for we must call his earlier days by this name—he was shut off from all companions of his own age, and was either alone or associating with some elderly folk. This of itself naturally brought upon him the manner and tone of a man. From his earliest recollection, however, he had learned to read, and soon became very fond of reading. Although books in his day were scarce, yet every leisure moment found one in his hands. Whatever he read was invigorating and healthful for his young intellect. It is worthy of notice that a writer of his tastes, abilities and attainments read but few books of fiction in his earlier days. The book in which he took most delight was the Holy Scripture which he had read through before he was eight years old and had almost learned off by heart before he was fourteen. He did not read the Bible because he understood what he was reading, but because of the great pleasure and delight he found in it. He was most deeply affected by the history of the Passion, and at times he seemed to hold spiritual communings with Christ and the Blessed Virgin. He was never less alone than when alone reading or meditating. Of his readings he himself says: "I have had my joys and my sorrows, but I have never known or imagined on earth a greater enjoyment than I had as a boy lying on the hearth in a miserable shanty, reading by the light of burning pine knots some book I had just borrowed. I felt neither hunger nor thirst, nor want of sleep; my book was meat and drink, home and raiment, friend and guardian, father and mother."

It must not be thought, however, that Dr.

Brownson's earlier days were inactive and given up to the dreams and fancies of childhood. He was rather a very energetic and industrious youth, and would allow no one of his own age or size to surpass him in manual labor or any other occupation, and whatever few books he bought during this period of his life were the reward of his hard and long savings.

At the age of fourteen he left the aged couple with whom he had lived to join his mother in Saratoga, New York State, where he maintained himself by his own industry. Five years later he managed by his own exertions to obtain an academical education which was very scanty indeed; for he attended Ballston Academy only long enough to acquire sufficient Latin to read Virgil and a still less knowledge of Greek. This, it may be remarked, was the only schooling he received during his life.

It is also during this period that another great event of his life took place. For the last few years the question of religion had been agitating his mind; and now while acting under an impulse of sentiment, he emerged from his state of mental misery and darksome search for truth and adopted the teaching of Calvin. Prior to this step he was accustomed to employ his reasoning in forming his religious convictions, but the Presbyterian religion demanded him to abandon, abnegate his reason, and blindly follow the Bible as his guide. After two years of patient endeavor to submit to Calvinistic principles, he insisted on making his reason supreme and making it the guide of the Scripture. "Revelation," he said, "must be made to me as a man, as a rational subject; take away my reason and you can as well make a revelation to an ox or a horse, a pig or an ass, as to me. It demands reason to receive revelation."

So Presbyterianism proving unsatisfactory, he went to the other extreme and adopted Universalism, which derives its faith from intrinsic perception, experience and testimony. While under the influence of this religion, Brownson lost the Bible and his reason, as he claims, and was told to rely solely and merely on his five senses. He met his second disappointment; he was seeking truth, pure and simple, and his energetic nature could not rest till he found it. Hence we soon find him disagreeing with the other Universalist preachers, and this due to the fact that he had an "independent and fearless habit of publish-

ing his views as soon as they were generated in his mind." His discussions soon brought him into hot water, and in 1829, whilst still a Universalist preacher, he published his "Via Media," or his own creed, as he called it.

From this time forward he devoted himself to the material order of things, abandoning all fear of hell and all hope of heaven, and relying on reason and nature alone. For the next twelve or thirteen years he defended and advocated the religion of humanity, philanthropy and progress, wherein he hoped to find the full realization of truth and happiness for which his mind was so eagerly yearning. He first adopted Humanitarianism, but shortly afterwards became a kind of socialist, finding for many years a vent for his activity "in devising, supporting, refuting and rejecting theories and plans of world-reform." He became allied with Fanny Wright and Robert Owen, and was greatly fascinated by their scheme of social reform; but their plan of liberating slaves, uniting the black and the white and eliminating fixed marriage from society was a failure. Dr. Brownson, however, impelled by the idea that the workingmen were enslaved as well as the slaves themselves, became a strong advocate of the Workingmen's party and took an active part in its promotion. He soon saw the folly of this organization, and being aware of the fact that his views were not in perfect harmony with those of the other leaders, and seeing that he needed the hearty co-operation of all parties and classes, he abandoned this scheme also.

His mind was now captivated by another form of infidelity. In fact, it is the last real decline; for just before 1832, when he became a pastor of the Unitarians, he may be classed as one thrown completely into scepticism and an avowed infidel. While he was a follower of Dr. Channing and the Boston Clique, he seems to have been thrown into an atmosphere not unfavorable to his intellectual culture. His socialistic studies and experiences had convinced him of the necessity of progress in man and society, and in 1836 he delivered his first lecture on this subject, and established the Society of Christian Union and Progress, of which he remained pastor till 1843 when he ceased preaching altogether. In order that he might fully establish his position and his own theories, Brownson diligently devoted himself to the study of philosophy and history. The effects of these studies were marvellous; for after wandering through the doctrines

of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Constant, Cousin, and Leroux, he discarded their systems, if they may be so called. He then established, or rather reconstructed or recasted, his own system, and was "compelled to recognize in the Church of mediæval Europe what not only realized but fully completed his own imperfect end;" for the human race can not, by its own intrinsic nature, rise above its natural condition; only that which is outside and at the same time above nature can elevate, enlighten and perfect it. He accordingly turned his attention to the Catholic Church, and as soon as he began to study her teachings and doctrines he saw in her the only genuine and true church. He rapped at her door, was received into her bosom, and baptized on the 20th of October, 1844. The public, who for years had been watching his manifold and wandering course, asserted that he had only taken up a new creed and would discard it as soon as its novelty wore off. But this was not to be, for strong were his convictions and sincere was his belief. "He was," as he has been deservedly characterized, "a man of conscience, whose convictions were so intimate that they were not only intellectual conclusions but parts of his moral nature." No wealth, no honour, no popularity, could conquer him; the Catholic Church was the true Church, and his very passions were a love of truth.

It is as a Catholic that Brownson grew into his full power. He devoted his gigantic energy, great learning and ability to the defence of the Church. He explained her doctrines, refuted modern errors, and was, perhaps, the most prominent figure in the whole world of controversy. His great *Review* became an oracle of the Catholic Church, which received the hearty approbation of all the bishops throughout the country, and had a large circulation among non-Catholics as well as Catholics.

Dr. Brownson, however, was always fired with enthusiasm, and although he did his best to support the true position of the Catholic Church, yet in the early part of the sixties, or thereabout, he began to "insist, on certain favourite ideas that he had derived from the modern school of French philosophy, which had given birth to what he was pleased to call 'liberal Catholicity.'" This brought about a dispute between him and some members of the hierarchy, and resulted in causing his orthodoxy to be investigated. Hence, in 1864,

owing to the fact that he had lost the confidence of the hierarchy and the Catholic public, and also because he was disheartened and his health was somewhat impaired, he discontinued his *Review*, and many Catholics thought that he would soon stray from the Church. But Brownson was always the first to acknowledge his error. Although both parties to the discussion could have borne with each other more patiently than they did, and could have settled the question in a very peaceable manner, yet Brownson shortly afterwards willingly admitted that he had not continued in his convictions. The cause of the death of his *Review* he attributed to the fact that he was not thoroughly orthodox. But it was his intention, even as early as 1865, to revive his *Review* and also to revise all his articles and publish what was good in them. He changed his mind, however, and instead continued it on his former plan. He wrote but three volumes, and these are among the best of his writings. In 1875 the appearance of the last volume called forth encomiums, not only from the press of America but also from the press of England; for they all well knew that one who had done more for the spread of Catholicity than any other layman of his time, was retiring with honour from public life.

"In personal appearance," says George Parsons Lathrop, "Dr. Brownson seems to have blended the leonine aspect with something of apostolic benignity. Archbishop Bailey of Baltimore nicknamed him 'Ursa Major,' he was so big, hairy and gruff. His talk was fluent and strong. He spoke with a dominating air as of a powerful and all-grasping mind. He was self-absorbed, as a man of his preoccupations might well be, and he had no bosom friends." He was, I am informed, six feet two inches in height and was built in proportion. In his later days he never shaved, but wore a long, gray beard that gave him the appearance of a patriarchal philosopher.

One great characteristic of Dr. Brownson was his gigantic energy. No effort, however trifling or however great, seemed to weary him. He was a prodigious momentum, moving through all fields of thought with equal and abiding persistency. His education or schooling, as we have seen, was very scanty. Nevertheless, by his own industry and application he made of himself an educated man, despite the fact that for the greater part of his life he moved and lived in an atmosphere most

unfavorable to his intellectual culture. He was an omnivorous reader, and had for his professors nothing but books which, in his hands, however, became the most attractive and most eloquent of teachers. From these he obtained an education which any Christian might well boast of. He is said to have had a passable knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, and to have possessed sufficient French, German and Spanish to read works written in those languages, and his knowledge of English authors was broad and extensive. He had a fair knowledge of scholastic metaphysics and theology, but his knowledge was by no means precise or complete. He had, however, examined and mastered every other system of philosophy, and was well acquainted with, and, I might say, had studied more diligently than any other scholar of his day, theology, politics and history. Of the natural sciences he was not ignorant, nor did he possess a very adequate knowledge of them.

It may be well to remark that this self-education had its regrettable effects upon Dr. Brownson, just as every unsystematic course of study brings unsatisfactory results to a scholar. Add to this the fact that he often wrote on subjects of which at the time of writing he had comparatively little knowledge and you can imagine what trouble some of his articles caused him.

His gigantic energy exhibits itself especially in the enormous amount of literary work he has accomplished. He became publicist at the age of twenty, and only ended his literary career when stricken down by the infirmities of old age. During all this time, he was actively engaged as preacher, lecturer, litterateur and editor. He contributed many articles of great moment to nearly all the literary magazines and reviews of his day, and was himself successively editor of as many as five different reviews, one of which, the *Brownson Quarterly Review*, he conducted almost single-handed for twenty-one years. We can well judge of the merits of this *Review* when we consider that it was the first American periodical that was reprinted in England, where it had a large circulation. Dr. Brownson's works fill twenty prodigious volumes of over six hundred pages each and show the steadiness with which his mind moved. His energy must have been untiring and his learning profound, especially so when we perceive that he has not only written on almost every literary, religious, political and philosophical

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topic, but has done so with brilliant originality. The great value of his works can be readily appreciated from the fact that the greater part of his writings have been translated into French, German, Spanish and other tongues.

As a philosopher he was a great luminary in every system he adopted and was its staunchest defender. His brightness is only darkened in the field of scholastic philosophy, owing to the influence that the writings of Kant and Goberti had upon him. He was too passionate and too easily fascinated by the views and writings of other great philosophers to be able to establish a complete system of his own. His system is "irregular and incomplete in many parts, rather than like a finished, scientifically constructed and elaborately completed edifice." His one defect is that he has a greater inclination to be synthetic than he has to be analytic.

Brownson's real profession, however, was that of editor and reviewer. In politics alone he could have gained abundant wealth and reputation if he had enlisted himself as a writer for any political party, so indefatigable a writer and supporter was he of whatever theories and undertakings he for the time adopted. He was too honest a man to gain great renown as a politician, but he was, nevertheless, nominated for Congress, and there was once talk of putting him up as nominee for president. His impetuous and spirited disposition would not allow him to remain long in any particular party. He was, nevertheless, a thorough American in his ideas, as his works show, especially his "American Republic," which is perhaps his greatest political essay, and has been pronounced the "greatest work yet written in America on general politics."

Dr. Brownson was the first reviewer of American literature. His style, based on the best literary models, is pure and lofty and adds a charm to all he wrote. In his writings are to be found some of the best specimens of English ever printed. He has written articles on Catholicity which have never been surpassed in any other language whatever. His manuscripts contained scarcely a flaw and all his corrections were mere verbal corrections. Henry Brownson has given George Parsons Lathrop a very interesting bit of information on this point: "His writings throughout life," he says, "were more laborious than the reader would suspect. I have from twenty to thirty beginnings of some of his articles. Sometimes

he would write half a dozen pages and sometimes more and become dissatisfied and begin all anew. He rarely patched, but preferred to begin all over again." Frequently he would completely recast and rewrite entire articles.

His style was not only clear, but it was at times very vigorous. He often made use of wit, humor and sarcasm; and whenever he desired to write with a sledge hammer he could do so, and he could handle it with the skill of a Titan. Like all earnest and eager men he had the habit of forcing, or rather of filling you up with, his own ideas unless you maintained your position strongly and forcibly against him. "This," says Father Hecker, "would generally end in a disturbance of the elements. The breeze nearly always freshened into a gale, and the exchange of views was a stormy affair. Woe to the man who measured strength with Dr. Brownson and had not the pluck and nerve to withstand him." "The only safe way in arguing with him was to deny everything," says George Lathrop. "If you admitted even the most simple and the most obvious statement that he proposed, you were lost; he would proceed logically and prove his point triumphantly."

His ability as a writer and a logician is vividly and briefly set forth in the *Catholic Quarterly Review* as follows: "He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing when compared to the glorious material which it adorns. His logical power is simply wonderful; no specious reasoning of error or unbelief could stand before it, and coupled with this is the gift, so rare among profound thinkers and subtle dialecticians, of bringing home his triumphant process of reasoning to minds even of ordinary readers with clearness and precision."

Besides "his Websterian cast of mind, his clean-cut thinking and his style," there are many other reasons why Dr. Brownson is dear to all at Notre Dame. During his life he entertained the warmest feelings for this place, and contributed in no slight degree to its advancement. Here were published the articles that cost him more labor and thought than any other of his articles. He had a great desire to end his days here, and in 1875 when he was offered the position of professor in the University he willingly accepted the offer, and while on his way here, stopped over at Detroit to visit his son. Henry Brownson persuaded

his father to remain within the family circle, and the result was that he was soon overcome with the infirmities of old age, and died while at Detroit. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery of that city, and ten years afterward was brought to Notre Dame.

New York will soon be able to boast of the only monument erected to this great and patriarchal philosopher. Notre Dame, however, is even now, and has been for years, permeated with the very atmosphere of this noble scholar. Several complete sets of his works and also of his life are to be found throughout the different libraries of the University. Nearly all his correspondence with the great men of his time and many of his manuscripts and other articles are preserved here. Brownson Hall was named after him, and so was the Brownson Memorial chapel, in which his body lies buried. For many years there has been a movement on foot to erect a monument to him here. The movement at present is in abeyance, but will some day acquire due momentum. I think I could bring this theme to no more fitting a close than to quote the inscription written on his tomb, which seems to me to sum up his life briefly:



HIC JACET

ORESTES

A.

BROWNSON

QUI VERAM FIDEM HUMILITER AGNOVIT,

INTEGRAM VIXIT VITAM.

CALAMO LINGUAE

ECCLESIAM AC PATRIAM

FORTITER DEFENDIT.

AC LICET MORTI CORPUS OBIERIT

MENTIS OPERA SUPERSUNT

IMMORTALIA

INGENII MONUMENTA.

A Pastel.

A maiden sat on the green plush settee. On her snow-white gown, pearl beads sparkled like so many sapphires; her black hair fell in glistening ringlets across her shoulders, and her eyes shone brilliantly in the crimson glow of a lamp on the onyx table. The clock was striking eight.

"Will he not come?" and her dreamy eyes were fixed steadfastly on a picture of St. Cecilia that rested on the piano.

"The Lost Chord," she muttered, and soon

was away in meditation. Again the clock tolled the hour.

"Nine o'clock? My sweetheart, have you forgotten?"

She walked slowly to the piano. Unconscious of the music in the night winds' chant, and the tapping of the raindrops on the window-pane, she softly sang:

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,

Are as a string of pearls to me;

I count them, every one apart,

My Rosary, my Rosary.

Her voice fell, and she sat as in a trance: her eyes were staring, her fingers resting lightly on the keys, her face pale. Suddenly the air grew dense; encircled by a crescent of brilliant lights and angelic faces, a beautiful Lady, in the midst of a volume of incense, appeared holding in her hands a rosary. Softly and tremulously, the singer resumed:

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,

So still a heart in absence wrung;

I tell the last bead unto the end,

And, there, a Cross is hung.

The vision vanished; and the crimson light grew fainter. Heedless of surroundings:

O memories, that bless and burn!

O barren gain, O bitter loss!

I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn

To kiss the cross,—

In dreamland a leaden sky is overcast with threatening black clouds, rolling from the west, one over another; the grass bends beneath a heavy mournful wind; a passing bird pipes, solemnly, a lone note; in the distance a faint gleam of light, breaking through a rent in the threatening, stormy heavens, reveals a tragedy: A Mother, broken-hearted and weeping, stands in the midst of three figures, just discernible in the gloomy atmosphere, who try to comfort her. All are sad, and with tear-dimmed eyes they gaze upon a manly Form hanging with outstretched arms on a huge cross; the dull light forms a nimbus upon His face, pale, drawn, blood-stained; His body is bruised, and the blood oozing forth, drips, drips, drips.

"O why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He mournfully cries, raising His death-staring eyes to Heaven, and lo! a youth passing, adores his Saviour.

Sweetheart, to kiss the cross.

The golden rays of the rising sun streaming through heavy lace curtains, awakened a young girl, bewildered and worn.

R. E. LYNCH, '03.



Varsity Verse.

THE COMMONPLACE HERO.

NO monuments stand in the public squares  
To dedicate his fame;  
No histories tell of his brilliant deeds;  
No people shout his name.

He doesn't live on in deathless bronze  
After quietly passing away;  
But if no one filled his vacant place  
You'd miss him the very next day.

He makes no wild charge on a stricken field  
He just does the best he can,  
His place is the factory, the mill and the farm,  
He's the common, everyday man.

T. D. L.

SUNSET AND DEATH.

Through the distant portals of the west  
Fades the sinking sun;  
The earth is still as if depressed;  
Another day is done.

In the low-burnt candle's flickering glare,  
A form on a lowly bed;  
A gasp, a sigh, a whispered prayer,  
Another soul has fled.

F. G.

PING-PONG.

It smashed the chairs and carved antiques,  
And tore the rugs and other things,  
And skinned our arms and oft our beaks,  
And wrought ruin with its gentle bings.

But now it's gone and all is peace.  
We sing, therefore, a joyful song—  
The pater's soft-breathed curses cease,—  
The game is dead—the game, ping-pong.

B. V. K.

PAN'S PLAINT.

At dewy dawn my drowsy sheep,  
With widening wondering eyes,  
Stand in the clover-bloom knee-deep,  
Face to the reddening skies.

Then pipe I dreamily and slow,  
But my song half-uttered dies,—  
Sight is the only sense they know;  
I read from their rounded eyes.

C. L. O'D.

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

A child I knew, a little lass,  
Who lived just down the road;  
Her kindly smile as I would pass,  
Made light life's weary load.

One day I passed—she was not there;  
I passed again, this time in fear;  
I passed the country church-yard where  
A new-made grave drew forth a tear.

C. A. G.

A PUZZLE.

To save my life I ne'er could see  
How metre, rhyme and common sense  
Could crowd into one line—all three!  
Explain it. I can't e'en commence.

J. C.

Baldwin's Masterpiece.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

James Baldwin stood at his studio window thoughtfully looking down over the city. He had watched the sun sink below the horizon some minutes before, and now there was but the remotest trace of the dying day. As darkness descended, the outlines of the Louvre, historic Notre Dame and St. Sulpice, towering giant-like over the dwellings, faded from view and finally lost themselves in obscurity. Baldwin awoke from his reverie and stepped to the middle of the room to turn up a hanging lamp whose dark red rays imparted a dreamy tone to the whole studio. On the wall were tapestries, portraits and sketches, some from the masters, others of his own creation.

A rap at the door broke the silence and Henry Coates stepped in. There was a marked difference in the appearance of the two men. The strength of character portrayed in Baldwin's face was lacking in the other, and its absence was by comparison strongly emphasized. Coates, however, was superficially a gentleman. Although he spoke with an accent akin to the Cockney he was faultlessly dressed, and his conversation was studiously appropriate. He was one of those who try to please rather than be pleased.

"I told you, Jim, old chap," he said slapping Baldwin on the back, "that you were a comer. Hear what the *Figaro* says of your 'David.' 'We recognize talent in this young American that will bring him to the foremost rank of the sculptors of our age.'"

Baldwin, however, was in a reflective mood, and ignored what had been said. Then Coates began to talk seriously to the effect that he needed money. When the design of his visit was accomplished he left.

"What shall I do?" sighed Baldwin as he reread a letter he had been folding and refolding nervously. He read:

"CHICAGO, Sept. 3.

"MY DEAR SON:—You must come home and be a man. You have spent five years of your life at that 'art,' as you call it, and I think it's about time to block the wheels; for you are going down grade too fast. I don't think a Baldwin ever was a sculptor, and I don't wish to have the name disgraced at this late day. There's a dago down street who comes up to the factory office three or four

times a week trying to sell me plaster women. I think of you every time I see him. I have just thrown him out, and while I feel in the right mood, I want to give you my views. Although you are over age, my wishes concerning you are about as strong under existing conditions as the law. I want to tell you right here that you must come home. If you don't you may deem yourself disinherited and free to work out your own future. With love still,

"Your

"FATHER."

Baldwin again folded the letter thinking all the while over his plans. He had two careers to choose between: the commercial and the artistic; but then there was but one nature within him, the artistic. In a few words he scribbled his fate, or something of the sort, in the shape of a reply to his father's letter and then left the studio for dinner. Madame Boulanger's restaurant was situated near the famous Julian Academy of Art where many Americans in Paris study. For this reason this little place was a favourite rendezvous for the strangers, and Baldwin had long been looked to as a very part of the establishment. Others came and went and returned again; he was always in his accustomed place.

Shortly after Coates' visit Baldwin was absent the whole day. Everybody smiled.

"He is in the hospital," said Ward, the student from Michigan, to a table of friends, "just recovering from typhoid-pneumonia."

It was indeed so. Baldwin was deathly sick. However, after a prolonged illness he was able to leave the hospital resembling rather a ghost than a man. When he opened the door of his studio for the first time a surprise met him. The walls and floor were bare, and all that remained of the furnishings consisted of a chair and the bed.

"I can just remember," he muttered; "it seems like a dream now that I gave those keys to Coates. He seemed to be honest, though."

His head swayed, he tottered and fell to the floor. Minutes and hours passed and he lay quiet as a stone, scarcely breathing. When his eyes opened he was in darkness, and no sound broke the silence except the moaning of a cold wind. He summoned what strength remained in him, and succeeded in groping his way to the bed where he sank into a disturbed sleep. Coates had obtained the keys; of that fact Baldwin was certain. It later became known that the supposed friend had sold the furnishings to a second-

hand dealer and left the city. Baldwin at last tasted of the cup of bitterness. Health and money were superseded by sickness and poverty. He had long conceived the plan for a figure to be executed when his talents were ripe, but conditions had sadly changed.

During his ill health, he applied himself with a courage almost supernatural to what he hoped might be a masterpiece. Day after day he toiled, forced often out of bodily weakness to desist for minutes, even for hours. His tenacity, however, overcame all obstacles, and the meaningless modelling clay little by little approached his long-cherished ideal. As he noted his progress his heart would leap and his eyes would glow from his pallid face with enthusiasm. Weaker and weaker he became, but the physical energy he lost seemed only to feed his one fixed idea which was indomitable. Even in this unnatural state he was reaching his goal. A few more days passed and his masterpiece was finished. It was a figure representing a maiden fastened to a rock on the seashore to be swallowed up in the rising tide. As the water touches her feet the awfulness of her fate overwhelms her. Every muscle is straining against the unyielding chains that bind her. Her eyes are turned upward in an agony of supplication; but by a stroke of genius the lines of her face, though distorted with fear, bear an expression of hope. In this very expression Baldwin saw his dream fulfilled and ceased work.

There was no longer anything urging him on, and he dwelt rather in the past than in the future. Not until now did he realize the change that had come over him in mind and body. He was physically a wreck, and a rest was needed to change his condition.

"I shall go home," he thought, "my father will pardon my stubbornness; he will sooner or later know that my time was not ill spent."

He sat down at a little table, and by the dim light of a candle tried to write. He had no sooner taken up the pen, however, than he felt himself grow dizzy. The room danced before his eyes, and suddenly all became blank. When he regained consciousness the candle was much shorter. He had evidently been unconscious for some time. He summoned all his strength to finish the letter.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Last fall I disobeyed you, though I felt I was in the right. Possibly I was, though more probably I wasn't. I now ask your forgiveness. If you could but see me now you would surely take pity. I am the



picture of weakness and I need rest. I fear my mind is shattered. A moment ago I had a sinking fit. Even my own shadow on the wall mocks and pursues me like a phantom. When I drag myself along the street, the children that used to hang to my hand shun me like a deserter from the dead. O God pity me! How cold I am! My hand refuses to writ—"

The word was not finished when he began to mutter vague, unended sentences in rapid succession, now and then breaking into fiendish yells or prayers and entreaties.

The candle on the table burned lower and more dimly, and as it did, his sentences came forth less often. His eyes became fixed and glassy; a flicker, and all was darkness, nor was there a living sound to break the stillness of the night.

"Aber Nit."

WHEN the season still was toddling,  
And the team was in the swaddling  
Clothes of its first football minute,

John Purdue 'gan courting fame:  
Said, he wanted that 'ere banner,  
And he didn't care a tanner  
What the odds might be agin it,  
He would wallop Notre Dame.

Well, we asked the coach about it,  
For we had good cause to doubt it;  
And he told us—now we shout it:  
"Purdue beat us? Aber nit!"

From the games preparatory  
Came the ever constant story—  
Kind o' made us feel some solemn,—  
"Nother vict'ry for Purdue."  
Still, our own lads kept a'coming,  
And we felt that in the summing  
Of the Indiana column  
We'd be on the top line too.

So we listened to the blowing  
Of Purdue about the snowing  
We would get; then, with a knowing  
Wink, we whispered, "Aber nit."

Well, we played 'em on Thanksgiving,  
And—how funny—we're still living;  
And the game we played will rancor  
In Purdue's heart till next trip.  
They made one,—worked hard to score it—  
And we like them better for it;  
But they couldn't budge the anchor  
Fastened to the championship.

So we'll sing the joyous chorus  
In the days that are before us.  
As the banner still floats o'er us;  
"Purdue beat us? Aber nit!"  
John Purdue, do all you can, sir;  
You have met a better man, sir;  
And we'll still shout back the answer,  
'Purdue beat us? Aber nit!"

H. E. B.

Dalton's Mistake.

When Dalton entered the car, he took the vacant seat beside a middle-aged, genial looking man who was gazing from his newspaper to a lady in an opera cloak, the next bench forward. Very soon two were looking in the same direction, for the sapient Dalton, just returned from college, could appreciate feminine beauty when he saw it. The older man noticed the coincidence, and as it was the hour just before theatre, when the serious work of the day is over and people are apt to be a little better natured, he made some trivial remark to Dalton which broke down reserve and led to conversation. But Dalton continued to steal a glance every now and again at the attractive profile before him, and as if to justify an exhibition of this weakness, he remarked:

"She's a deuce of a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"You think so?" questioned the older man.

"Why, of course I do," said Dalton, "look at her features, her complexion, her hair, her whole get-up."

The older man was amused. He looked out into the night, perhaps to hide a smile. Dalton got a good glance this time, and enthusiastically said to his neighbor:

"I wish I could get an introduction."

"You may succeed," was the naive rejoinder.

The subject of their comment understood most of what they had said about her. She frowned a little, and there was a war of roses going on in her cheeks, which Dalton might have noticed had he watched the mirror on her right.

"Lots of pretty girls," the older man remarked to Dalton, "the cars on the 'L' are never without them."

"Yes," answered Dalton, "but she's the prettiest I have seen and she looks as good as she's pretty."

"I was of the same opinion myself—

"Fourteenth," shouted the conductor.

"I was of the same opinion myself," the older man reiterated, "and see no reason to change it since we got married." Then to the lady: "We get off here," he said, touching her on the shoulder.

"Fred, I think you're just awful; we must sit together in future," she murmured to her husband as the both passed out to the platform, and Dalton is since more careful when talking to a casual acquaintance on the "L."

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, '03.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## The Board of Editors.

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

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—Notre Dame's aims in education were fittingly set forth by the Very Reverend President at the close of the reception given him by the students in Washington Hall last Tuesday. Two references contained in his remarks particularly impressed us. One was the hope he expressed that the amateur actors in the parts presented, would some day be instrumental in reviving the good old dramas and help to drive from the stage the meretricious productions that are nightly flaunted before the public. This desire is well worthy of a college president. It is an admitted fact that the stage receives no small quota of its recruits from the college, and the good these college men could do in cultivating public taste is incalculable. True, the public will try to have what it wants, whether its appetite is bent upon the vicious or the virtuous; but equally true is it that the public can be trained to long for only what is ennobling. As an example of this, the standard of musical taste even among the common people of the United States is now much higher than it was a dozen years ago. The other reference which we mention, had to do with the men who represented the University in the athletic contests of the past few months. Father Morrissey expressed his satisfaction at the record they had made, but above all did he emphasize the pleasure afforded him by their excellent conduct—conduct which he said was made the subject of commendatory letters that he had

received from disinterested parties. This splendid tribute which the members of the football team have won from the Very Rev. President and from strangers should not be forgotten by later aspirants for athletic honors, and we believe it will not. We beg to assure Father Morrissey that the team's behaviour, both at home and away from the University, has evoked among the student body no little pleasure. We are proud of Captain Salmon and his men—proud of their achievements on the gridiron—but we like them still better for the golden opinions which their gentlemanly conduct has elicited.

—An article by Mr. Henry Van Dyke in the December issue of *Success* contains counsel which students in special courses would do well to reflect upon. The fact is emphasized that the college does not fit a man merely to make money, or train him for a particular profession. The college lays the foundation for special work, and its most important business is the disciplining of the mental faculties. Experience has taught that the normal, four-year academic course is the best means to reach this end.

A young man coming to college finds the academic course is not practical enough, or that it embraces studies which do not appeal to him, and he demands a special course. When the facts are sifted we may find that his objection to the normal course is that it involves too much application and toil. If so, the normal course is precisely what such a student probably needs, for if it does nothing else, it will help him to overcome indolence.

But there is another type of man who, through poverty, sickness or some other hindrance, has not had a chance to come to college when he was young, and appreciating the value of collegiate training asks to be admitted to a special course. Such a man is usually earnest, and enters college with the right spirit. To map out a course of special studies for him is no easy task, however. Particular men are particular cases.

Mr. Van Dyke gives the following advice to the special student of this class:

Go to a first-rate teacher, preferably to one who knows you personally. Talk with him frankly about the whole case. Take his advice about the studies that will be most likely to liberate, clarify, and strengthen your mind. Then go to any college where you can get these studies, under living teachers, in a democratic atmosphere, and with healthful physical surroundings.

President's Day.

No day of the scholastic year is more eagerly desired or more fully enjoyed by the students than the Feast of St. Andrew. This festival gives us the opportunity to express to Father Morrissey and those who so ably assist him our appreciation and gratitude for their unselfish and devoted efforts in our behalf.

President's Day was celebrated last Tuesday with more than usual splendor and enthusiasm. The exercises began at eight o'clock with a Solemn High Mass at which Father Morrissey officiated, with Father French as deacon and Father Regan as subdeacon. Father Hennessey preached a beautiful sermon on the lessons to be drawn from St. Andrew's life and death.

About ten o'clock the band serenaded our Very Reverend President in the main building. The refectory was artistically decorated, and during dinner the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, furnished sweet music. Many distinguished guests were present. From Chicago came Father McShane, a distinguished graduate of Notre Dame, and others; while Fathers Peter Lauth, Johannes, De Groot, Panaakker, Biro; Dr. Calvert, Prosecuting Attorney George Clarke, the Hon. Benjamin Shively, Mr. J. M. Studebaker, Hon. Edward Fogarty, Dr. J. B. Berteling, South Bend; Father Vagnier, C. S. C., St. Mary's Academy; Fathers Lochbieller and Grace of Kalamazoo, Mich., and

Professor Dickson of Chicago, came to be present at Notre Dame's gala day.

After the dessert Father Morrissey arose and in a few happy sentences thanked his guests for their kindness in being present in honor of the occasion. Particularly did he thank

Father McShane and Mr. Tong for the lively interest which they have always taken in Notre Dame's progress. He ended by paying a glowing tribute to Mr. Studebaker and pointing out the close parallel between his life and that of the revered founder of Notre Dame, Father Sorin.

At three o'clock another feature of the celebration began in Washington Hall. In spite of the inclemency of the weather the auditorium was graced by the presence of many of Notre Dame's friends from South Bend and elsewhere. After the beautiful overture "Silver Bell" by Schlepegrell, excellently rendered by the University orchestra, Mr. Francis J. Barry, of the class of 1903, presented the greetings of the university students to Father Morrissey.

His address was received with well-merited applause. He said:

REVEREND FATHER MORRISSEY:—We are glad to have this opportunity to greet you, to show our respect for you, and to make public acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude we owe you. We are pleased that a special day has been set aside on which every student at Notre Dame forsakes his books and toils, and gives his whole soul to making your feast a gala-day. Good reason have you to feel happy to-day; for what can be a source of



THE VERY REV. PRESIDENT MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

greater happiness to man than the consciousness that the work he is engaged upon is bearing good results, more especially if that work be of so purely unselfish a nature as yours is? Well may you look back with pride on the year that has passed since last St. Andrew's Day. We may safely say no other year in Notre Dame's history records a more fruitful harvest; and to whom if not to you does the honour of this success mainly redound?

I need not tell this audience what great strides Notre Dame has made since you have become her President. Notre Dame has always been progressive, but her progress is due to the unselfish motives of the men who guide her destinies. The grand traditions of devotion and unselfishness established by Father Sorin and his successors, have been admirably continued by you, though under slightly different conditions. Through such zeal has Notre Dame, in half a century, developed from a log hut to her present magnificent dimensions, and we are confident that as long as she is under your guidance Notre Dame shall not cease to move forward rapidly.

We are aware of your solicitude for us. We know what you would have us do and be. The lessons you have imparted have not been without effect, and we feel that the chief object of your life is the proper moulding and turning of our characters, so that we may become men of principle, men of truth, and above all, Christian men. We have not far to seek for a model to copy from, an example to follow. If we but imitate our teacher we shall not fail to achieve the success that true Christian education merits—to command respect in whatever occupation we choose to follow, in whatever community we live; for if we imitate you we shall be distinguished as men of sterling character, integrity and purity of purpose.

We have many reasons to be grateful to you, and we take advantage of the present occasion to express our hearty and earnest appreciation of your character, and to wish you most cordially a happy feast!

After Mr. Barry, Master Clarence F. McFarland proffered the greetings from the students of St. Edward's Hall. It was a pretty address and deserved the favour with which it was received:

To-day, your feast-day brings to mind  
That "three times three" of years  
Have passed since first as President  
You heard the princes' cheers.

And many changes you have seen  
In that short fleeting span,  
And many a lad of boy's estate  
Has grown to be a man.

And think! the boys that left this hall  
Just "three times years" swift passed,  
This very month with head erect  
Their manly votes have cast!

And if in after years the world  
Shall speak with praise their name,  
'Twill be because their hearts were trained  
At dear old Notre Dame.

Aye, much of honour they will win  
To Notre Dame is due,  
And to St. Edward's where they learned  
To love the gold and blue.

'Tis true we're only small boys yet  
And haven't much to show,  
But wait awhile, and you shall see  
That boys are fast to grow.

We've got the brains, we've got the will,  
We've got the muscle too,  
And soon, dear Father, we will prove  
Just what your boys can do.

We might have said we've got good lungs  
But you must hear not see,  
And when we're through we'll show that we  
Can give a "three times three."

And now, dear Father, please accept  
Our feelings warm and true,  
That come right from our very hearts,  
Our President to you.

And may you live for many years  
Our friend and guide to be,  
Till years are counted on life's scroll  
Full three times, "three times three!"

On each recurring St. Andrew's day the students have staged dramatic or operatic entertainments which have always been creditable and enjoyable. For this year two dramatic pieces were planned whose production has been in no way surpassed by the efforts of other years. The first, a one-act comedy, called "A Pair of Lunatics," was skilfully and naturally rendered and provoked roars of laughter by its comical situations and dialogue. The chances for humour which the plot afforded were well employed. George Fielding (Mr. Jamieson) and Clara Manners (Mr. Kasper) while attending a dance given at a lunatic asylum as guests of the physicians in charge, meet in a room where they separately have gone to escape for a moment the strange delusions of the inmates. Being unacquainted, each believes the other to be mad and a most laughable situation ensues naturally. Mr. William D. Jamieson as George Fielding made an excellent impression. His acting was extremely effective and brought forth peals of laughter. Mr. Francis P. Kasper as Clara Manners lived up to his reputation and made a very pleasing lady.

After a melodious overture by the orchestra, Mr. William M. Wimberg recited the character piece by James Whitcomb Riley "Knee Deep in June." Much was expected of Mr. Wimberg and in nothing did he fall below the expectations. His rendition was a finished study of the poem and was heartily relished by all. Then came the main feature of the afternoon's entertainment which consisted of four scenes from Richard the Third.

The characters represented were acted with



Mr. Harry V. Crumley as Richard III.  
Mr. Louis E. Wagner as Lady Anne.

admirable *finesse* and polish, and showed remarkable talent on the part of the young men who took them. Mr. Harry V. Crumley in the title role naturally had by far the most arduous and exacting part of the production. As the ill-wrought and malignant Prince, Mr. Crumley's splendid dramatic talent and personal advantages were shown in the best possible light. Especially in the scene with Lady Anne, where Richard's artful tongue and hypocritical protestations disarm the vacillating woman, did his voice and acting charm the audience. Rarely do we find in amateur circles as finished and well-equipped an actor as Mr. Crumley.

On the part of the weak and impressionable Lady Anne, Mr. Louis E. Wagner acquitted himself as well as his previous success in feminine roles led everyone to expect. His sympathetic voice and graceful appearance greatly enhanced the beauty of the production. Mr. Earle P. Doyle as King Henry was very acceptable and contributed much by his acting to that pathos which surrounds the poor old king. Though having but a small part

Mr. Francis X. Zerhussen added greatly as Catesby to the success of the performance by his natural and convincing acting.

The scenes were fittingly staged and costumed, particularly in the last, the dream scene, which was especially beautiful and impressive. To Mr. Henry Dickson, Director of the School of Acting in the Chicago Conservatory of Music, the success of these productions was in great part due. To the training of the men he brought a wide and fruitful experience lasting over a score of years both on the stage and in the class room. Of the admirable success which waited on his efforts at Notre Dame every spectator was an appreciative witness.

Mr. Petersen and the University orchestra are to be congratulated on the taste and melody of the selections which they played. Mr. Petersen is entitled to much credit. He is an able leader and an accomplished musician.

The exercises were closed by a few impressive and heartfelt words of thanks and appreciation by Father Morrissey to the students.



William D. Jamieson as George Fielding.  
Mr. Francis P. Kasper as Clara Manners.

Our Very Reverend President remarked that his was not to be a formal address, although perhaps the occasion called for one. He thought, however, that the words spoken on such an occasion should not be submitted to the cold formality of the typewriter or the lead-pencil. The beautiful rendition of Shakspeare's immortal tragedy which we had all witnessed warranted him to hope that the students of Notre Dame may be instrumental in after years in restoring the best traditions of the stage.

Father Morrissey thanked the members of the faculty and the students for their hearty co-operation and good will. He said that the work of the institution depends on no one man, and consequently the words of praise were meant to honour equally the men associated with him in its government. He felt he could always rely upon the devotedness and good will of the faculty and students. Especially did he experience this when but a short time ago he lay between life and death; and the only misgiving he had when getting well was that he might not be able to show his appreciation and gratitude. He expressed his delight at the manly deportment of the student body this year both at home and elsewhere, and concluded by again thanking the students and voicing his determination always to maintain the high standard of excellence which our *Alma Mater* to-day upholds.

The eloquent words of our Very Reverend President were received with frequent and enthusiastic bursts of applause. There was no one in the audience who failed to appreciate the earnest feeling and high aims which they expressed.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

#### The Friday Concert.

The Banda Rossa made its first appearance at Notre Dame on Friday afternoon. If one may judge from the enthusiastic welcome given this famous band, it gave two hours of utmost pleasure to the audience. The performance was of the highest order, and the reputation this band has won by merit was fully sustained by its effort Friday afternoon.

The programme was composed of selections familiar to all. There is scarcely a local band or orchestra that has not laboured with "Poet and Peasant" and "Hearts and Flowers;" nevertheless, it was gratifying to hear these

much-misused pieces played artistically. It does not matter how familiar a number is when it is well played. The Banda Rossa, without doubt, gave the "Miserere" from "Trovatore" the best interpretation that has ever been given at Notre Dame. The medley, composed of Southern plantation songs, was beautifully arranged and carefully played.

The tone colour and expression the conductor succeeded in effecting, show the thoroughness and completeness of his methods. The whole band played as if composed of but one man. The intelligent musical interpretation of the selections on the programme not only pleased the mind, it also pleased the ear. The softness of tone and the feeling with which the soloists played show them to be talented band men. We hope the Banda Rossa will pay Notre Dame more frequent visits from now on.

#### Inter-Hall Team of 1902.

In this week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC we present a picture of the crack Inter-Hall team. The team was composed of the stars from the different halls, and under the guidance of Captain Medley went through the season with but one defeat, which they wiped out by winning from the same team some time later by a decisive score.

A glance at the teams defeated will show the calibre of the men better than any amount of praise. Benton Harbor High School, the champions of Michigan, South Bend High School, champions of Northern Indiana, and Culver, were among those to fall before the rushes of the plucky Inter-Hallers. The record they made is a glorious one, and one they can well feel proud of.

Captain Medley at centre and Sheehan and O'Reilly at guards formed a fast, aggressive centre trio for the team. They were in every game this season and played good, steady football throughout. Stephan, the old "Prep" team man, and O'Phelan were the tackles, and they did their work well. Stephan is a strong offensive player, and has but few superiors in carrying the ball. O'Phelan is a new man; has weight and strength, and should develop into a second Farragher.

The ends were in charge of Petritz, another "Prep" man, and Williams, and the few gains made around their territory speak well for their ability. Maher, McDermott and Toner were promising candidates until they were



injured early in the season. Kanaley and Griffin did exceptionally well for new men when they were in the game, while Kasper and Mulcrone showed up well, and should be excellent men next year.

Too much praise can not be given the men who composed the back field. Dillon was the star performer in every game he was in. His line bucking and end runs gained the greater part of ground for the Inter-Hallers during the year, and on defensive work he was also good. Opfergelt, at the other half,

a fumble. He had a good understudy in Wagner. "Lew" has not had much experience, but plays a hard game when he is in. All in all, the team is one of the best that has ever represented Notre Dame on the minor gridirons, and there are several men on it who can be expected to help the Varsity along next year.

Manager O'Reilly had a very good schedule for the men, and tried to secure a game with the crack Hyde Park team for the Championship of the West, but was unable to do so as



INTER-HALL TEAM OF 1902.

and Hogan at full-back, were the other members of the back field. Opfergelt was a steady man, and he was always sure of a gain when given the ball. He was also the punter of the team. Hogan is a good line plunger and a strong defensive player. He acted as field captain and used good judgment in calling the plays.

Maypole, the regular quarter, sustained the reputation he made last year at Stearns Academy, and went through the season without

Hyde Park had secured a game with Brooklyn. He was very ably assisted during the season by R. R. Clarke. Following is the record of the year:

Inter-Hall—	35;	South Bend H. S.—o.
"	5;	Culver—6.
"	17;	Co. F. I. N. G.—o.
"	6;	Benton Harbor H. S.—o.
"	20;	1st Regiment I. N. G.—o.
"	6;	Benton Harbor H. S.—o.
"	17;	Culver—o.
"	6;	Elkhart A. C.—o.

## Personals.

—Miss Emma K. Krost, valedictorian of St. Mary's last year's graduating class, visited her brother Gerard of Carroll Hall recently.

—Dr. Francis W. Barton, Biology '97, is building up a large medical practice in Danville, Illinois.

—Mr. Frederick Myer, better known as "Count," is duplicating his success at the bar examination, in the real estate business at Petersburg, Illinois.

—Mrs. Krug and her son, Mr. Albert Krug, Litt. B. '02, formerly an associate-editor of the SCHOLASTIC and prominent in rowing, were recent visitors to Notre Dame. "Al" is in business with his father.

—We regret to learn that Mr. John Frechette, Jr., an old student of Notre Dame, is at present a patient in St. Vincent's Hospital, Green Bay, Wisconsin. He has our best wishes for recovery.

—Rev. William Moloney, C. S. C., formerly connected with Notre Dame, afterward Vice-President of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, and now Superior of the Community House, Notre Dame, has recently returned from St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. His many friends are pleased to see him about once more.

—Among recent visitors to Notre Dame were: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burke, Mrs. M. F. Lyman, Miss Nellie Finnegan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hensley, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Bowling and Mr. J. Hugh Rapier, New Haven, Ky.; Mrs. C. R. Hemenray, South Haven, Mich.; Mrs. H. N. Roberts and Miss M. Roberts, Wilmington, Ill.; Mr. J. Winpel, Bancroft, Iowa; Dr. A. P. Scully, Cleveland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Will Ellwanger and daughter left for Los Angeles where Mr. Ellwanger will engage in business and expects to make his permanent residence. He spent the last two winters in the southwest, most of which time he was in Los Angeles and Phoenix, Arizona. He was much impressed with that country and the commercial advantages it offers. Too close application to business undermined his health here, and he was so much benefited by his residence in Phoenix that his physicians advised his locating there or at Los Angeles permanently, and it is assured that living there will completely restore him. Mr. Ellwanger will be much missed in Dubuque and particularly in commercial circles, for he was considered one of the most promising among the younger business men. He was almost indispensable to his father's business, the John Ellwanger Co., in which he had almost entire charge of the credits and detail of the business. He returned last spring with the intention of leaving Dubuque, and the business had been arranged during the summer so that he could leave without impairing it. Mr. Ellwanger's abilities assure us that he will succeed anywhere he locates, and his friends, realizing it is best for him to go, will wish him every success. —*Dubuque Enterprise*.

Mr. Will Ellwanger and his brother Ralph were former students of Notre Dame. We wish them all success.

T. D. L.

## Local Items.

—Artistic souvenirs for Christmas presents may be had in the Students' Office.

—The Minims had the privilege of having Solemn High Mass in their chapel on Monday. The President was celebrant. The Minims' singing at Mass received the President's highest praise. He has the warmest thanks of the Minims for his big feast-day cake that he sent them.

—Among the many football teams at Notre Dame now resting on their hard-earned laurels, perhaps not one has a better record to look back on than Mr. Farley's team of the Seminary. Believing that the true aim of football is the development of the "sound body," these youngsters practised long and faithfully, and sturdier or more manly lads are not to be found around the University. In the few games they played they had everything their own way, even when they were matched against teams of Carroll Hall far superior to them in weight. In their first game they defeated the best team of St. Edward's Hall by a score of 21 to 5. Three games with Carroll Hall resulted in the following scores in favour of the Seminarians: the first, 16 to 2; the second, 6 to 0, and the third, 10 to 0. This, we think, is a record of which any team may be proud.

—On Thursday evening, the Philopatrians tendered the faculty a reception in the large university parlor. The Philopatrians' orchestra furnished some very fine numbers, and the violin duet, by Masters Wenter and Ziebold, was exceptionally well rendered. Warm applause was given the piano solos by Masters Gallart and Donahoe, and all the recitations were well received. At the conclusion of the programme, Father Morrissey made a few remarks congratulating the members of the society on their excellent showing, and gave them a few words of sound advice. Great credit is due Brother Cyprian for the success of the entertainment. His efforts have made this year's organization second to none in the history of the University. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the programme which was as follows:

Carnival March.....	Philopatrian Orchestra
Recitation—"Jes' Fore Christmas".....	J. Berteling
Piano Solo—"Danise Neapolitaine".....	Smith
	Robert Goeke
Violin Duet—"Tis the Last Rose of Summer"	
	G. Ziebold and H. Wenter
Recitation—"Betty and the Bear".....	C. McDermott
Piano Solo—Rondo Capriccioso.....	Mendelssohn
	José Gallart
Polka—"Pond Lilies".....	Philopatrian Orchestra
Recitation—"Limp Tim".....	E. Rousseau
Piano Solo—Titanis.....	Wely
	H. D. Donahoe
Recitation—"Home, Sweet Home".....	H. Fisher
Recitation—"George Washington".....	A. Bosworth
Waltz—"Sunflower".....	Philopatrian Orchestra
Closing remarks.....	Refreshments