

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

VOL. XXXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1905.

No. 33.



The Laetare Medal Presentation.

Introductory Address.*



THE pleasant task has fallen to my lot to open the proceedings this evening with a few words of explanatory preface and also to introduce the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, President of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, who is the bearer of the Laetare Medal which, this year, has been awarded to a highly-esteemed Catholic business man of Boston, Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick. The Laetare Medal is so called because the announcement of the selection is made on Laetare Sunday, on which day of Midlent the Church relieves the strain of the long penitential season by a more joyful liturgy, organ music, and floral decorations of the altar. Perhaps the founders of this medal may have had also in mind the joy it would bring to the worthy recipient and his family and friends.

Heretofore it has been conferred mostly on Catholics of both sexes who had attained to some distinction in the learned professions or in the field of literature or the fine arts, such as the historian, John Gilmary Shea, Doctor Thomas Addis Emmet, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey and the Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte. More recently it has been thought well, occasionally at least, to confer this decoration on successful business men who, in addition to exemplifying the value of industry, honesty, skill and thrift, have, by their character, lives, deeds of piety and charity, deserved well of the Church and humanity. This is the class to which the recipient of this year belongs. That he deserves this honor is well known to you all. I venture to make only one remark in this connection. Though conducting his mercantile concerns on strict business principles, the brightness of his success is not tarnished by any of the unfair devices which are only too common in modern commercialism and financial manipulations. On behalf of the clergy I congratulate Mr. Fitzpatrick on his good fortune on being selected as one worthy to wear this ornament of the high esteem he has won in this community and of his reputation for integrity in business, and zeal and liberality in various lines of charitable and religious work, which has extended at least over half this continent—that is, to the University of Notre Dame, in the State of Indiana.

Although this honor carries with it no academic significance or seal of scholastic erudition, it is conferred by one of the most

* By Right Reverend William Byrne, D. D., V. G., at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday evening, May 25.

† Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of Notre Dame.

True Worth's Reward.

NO trophy this by vain ambition won,
 No glittering blazon of an empty fame,
 No spurious mark of Flattery's false acclaim,
 Nor badge of deeds in selfish striving done.
 This is the guerdon of a course well run,
 Fit token of a life's exalted aim,
 Fair meed of toil in Charity's sweet name,
 The crown of years for Truth and Right begun.

Upon whose breast is laid this emblem rare,
 In Virtue's ways has fixed life's daily plan;
 To Faith and Conscience loyal; wearied ne'er
 In sacrifice for God and fellow-man.
 Such only may this joyous symbol wear,
 To honor and to bless life's waning span.

MICHAEL J. DWYER.

distinguished and flourishing universities of learning of the middle states, and no doubt will place Mr. Fitzpatrick on a footing of fraternity with the thousands of its alumni who are found everywhere in the United States and even in Mexico and the republics of South America. If he ever becomes rich enough to found a charitable institution, endow a college chair or make a large donation to the Propagation of the Faith, no body of trustees, college faculty or board of bishops need have any scruples of conscience in accepting it.

I have the pleasure of presenting Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Presentation Address.†

SIR:—Thus far in the history of the Laetare Medal—Notre Dame's supreme distinction annually conferred upon a con-

spicuous member of the Catholic laity of America—recipients of the honor have stood for eminence in some specific field of literature, science, or art; or for notable achievement in the sphere of broad philanthropic effort. Without at all lowering the standard of excellence originally fixed as the minimum upon which she would set the seal of her highest approval, our University turns this year to a field of human activity hitherto neglected in the bestowal of her Midlenten tribute, and chooses her medallist from the commercial world. Any one of the larger sorts of legitimate and honorable business is unquestionably, in our day, a vocation offering ample scope for the most varied intellectual powers, furnishing a splendid test of the righteousness that is based on religious motives, and exercising a wide-spread influence, beneficent or otherwise, throughout the community in which its functions are performed. Among hundreds of notable Catholics engaged in business in these United States, Notre Dame takes especial pleasure in signaling one whose name is synonymous with spotless integrity, unblemished honor, and the highest sense of religious duty; a Catholic whose influence is uniformly exerted for the uplifting of younger neighbors and the betterment of his fellow-citizens generally; a benefactor whose hidden charities are largely in excess of what is credited to his public generosity; a faithfully consistent son of the Church and a promoter of every religious work; an illustrious representative, in short, of all that is worthiest in the ideal Catholic business man. It affords me unqualified pleasure, Mr. Fitzpatrick, to salute you as the Laetare Medallist for 1905.

*
* *

Response of Recipient.

THE HON. THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK.

It is my first and most pleasing duty this evening to welcome the Right Reverend and Reverend Clergy, and the kind ladies and gentlemen of the laity who honor this occasion with their presence. In this connection, I desire to express in an especial manner my sense of deep obligation to our venerable Archbishop, who is so worthily represented here by the Right Reverend Monsignor William Byrne. I greet the rep-

resentative of His Grace, not only on account of his official capacity, but also in consideration of his own splendid personality.

To the distinguished President of the University of Notre Dame, the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, I bid most cordial welcome, and beg him to accept for himself and those of his friends who are here to-night the assurance of our deep-set and tenderest regard.

I know something of the long distances they have travelled, and the inconveniences they have incurred so as to be with us at this time, and I regret that all I can offer in return for these signal favors is the tribute of a grateful heart.

The atmosphere of this room is made additionally joyous by the presence of so many of my kind friends of the clergy and laity who live in this vicinity, and whose courtesy in attending this presentation is but one of the many generous testimonies of regard I have received at their hands. Especially gratified would I be, were I permitted to make personal acknowledgment here to those whose kindly services have so often been enlisted in my favor, and notably in this instance. They will be good enough, I feel sure, to accept the will for the deed.

As the recipient of the Laetare Medal conferred by the University of Notre Dame, and formally presented to me through its honored President, I beg leave to say that no words at my command can adequately express my sense of appreciation for this great honor, or do justice to the sentiments which my heart bids me speak.

Shall I, therefore, be silent and depend upon the charity and intuition of the learned President and Faculty of the University to read my thoughts and anticipate the words of thankfulness I would fain utter? No. I must trespass by briefly defining my position. The consciousness that no merits of mine in the past deserve such a distinction, is only equalled by what I trust is a pardonable fear of my inability to measure up to its requirements in the future.

But I must not appropriate this compliment to myself personally. Its presentation has a more comprehensive meaning, and in this respect happily lessens my embarrassment.

I feel safe in interpreting the action of the University as desiring to show its kindly solicitude towards the commercial sphere, and its disposition to dignify it with the seal of its approbation. In the presentation just made, I regard myself simply as the incident through which this expression of good will is betokened to thousands of business men everywhere, and to the varied fields of usefulness in which they are engaged.

In their name, and in my own, I thank with all my heart the President and his associates for this generous consideration, and for the magnificent compliment expressed in the presentation of this superb token.

The value of this compliment, to whomsoever granted, can best be understood by a knowledge of the significance of the Laetare Medal, and the intent of its promoters. Reference to its character in this respect has been ably presented in the remarks of Right Reverend Monsignor Byrne and the Very Reverend President of the University. A brief outline of its original purpose is also printed in the souvenir. I need not therefore repeat its meaning.

The University of Notre Dame in its magnificent spirit of liberality and democracy is not content to award its degrees to scholar, teacher and scientist, and its Laetare Medal to eminent men in the arts and professions; it looks out over the broad fields of human endeavor, and recognizes on every side vast armies of workers in industrial and commercial pursuits. It sees smoke issuing from the tall chimneys of ten thousand workshops, and listens to the hum of busy looms and countless spindles, giving employment to millions of men and women. It measures the capacity of immense storehouses in our cities, and observes that these are the repositories and trading marts for the products of land and sea, for mine and manufactory.

It takes note of the millions and tens of millions of deposits in our banks, and the countless wealth represented in municipal, state, railroad, and other corporate securities. It sees the land covered with a network of railways, and the ocean white with sail, bringing states and nations into closer relationship through a constantly increasing system of commercial intercourse.

The great University is not unmindful of the meaning of this spectacle. It recognizes in it the fact that this is the great mercantile age, and that the business man is a responsible factor back of these mighty forces of industry, organizing, directing, and controlling them.

The happiness of millions of workers depends upon the character and quality of this control. Is it healthy or otherwise? It is healthy when the application of technical business knowledge and the use of capital are directed by an intelligent conscience, and a sense of moral responsibility on the part of the business man in his dealings with others. It is unhealthy, irrespective of the amount of money made in a commercial enterprise, when the conscience of the operator is silent, and his regard for this moral responsibility is ignored.

Far-reaching are the injurious effects of such an abnormal system. As a result of greed for wealth, regardless of the means employed in obtaining it, the individual worker is impoverished, the home is robbed of its rights, society is disintegrated, and the safety of the state is imperilled.

Well might such a condition suggest the immortal lines of Goldsmith:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Wealth is surely accumulated to-day in this glorious land of ours, and centering, perhaps, in fewer hands than the judgment of conservative men would favor; but yet, thank God, we are happily free from the appalling spectacle of the decadence of men.

The great agencies upon which we must depend to preserve our men from decay, and our government from becoming demoralized, are the Church, the School, the College, and the University. These are the luminaries through which the gospel of Christianity is diffused and civilization promoted.

If it is true that commercialism is the most pronounced characteristic of our day and generation, it is incumbent on the part of Church and School and University, to guide, restrain and dignify it, through their healthful teaching and beneficent influence.

That this is the part taken by the Catholic Church and Catholic college no one conversant with their mission and teaching will deny. Our catechism has taught us that,

among other marks of divine authority, the Church is universal. It adapts itself to all ages, and climes, and conditions of men.

The ministrations of its clergy and schools and universities are applied with equal zeal and devotion in the interests of laborer, mechanic, business man and those engaged in professional life.

Exemplifying this principle, the University of Notre Dame magnanimously extends its courtesy and encouragement not to me, as I said before, but, in a grander and broader sense, to the business calling that I so imperfectly represent.

I am pleased, Very Reverend President, to accept it in this spirit, and thus understanding its representative character, again respectfully repeat not only my own obligations to you and the faculty, but feel warranted in bespeaking the cordial thanks and lasting appreciation of business men throughout the country for your generous compliment to commercial pursuit.

May the great institution of learning over which you preside long continue its ministrations for the good of religion, home and society, and may the name of the University of Notre Dame become more and more a household word in its sublime mission of serving the glory of God, the purity and enlightenment of the individual, a constant inspiration to patriotic American citizenship, and a tower of strength to the state and to the nation!

*
* *

Address on Behalf of the Laity.*

The ceremony which we have just witnessed is worthy of our best thought and meditation. It shows us the act of a great university, established for the education of young men on Christian lines to the end that they may become citizens of the best type, going still further in its beneficence and reaching out into the ranks of manhood, to indicate by the stamp of its approval the quality of citizenship that should form the truly Christian nation.

The University of Notre Dame says in effect to its hundreds of students and to the outside world: "The prime object of our endeavor is to turn out for the glory of God

and the welfare of society men with the qualities of heart, mind and soul like unto those we are pleased to honor with our capital prize—the Laetare Medal.

Refreshing as the green spot in the desert is this yearly placing before our eyes of a proper sample of humanity. For too many, even among professors of Christianity, are navigating life's ocean by the guidance of a purely pagan chart. The Father of Christendom has found it necessary to speak out and warn the faithful concerning "the prevailing ignorance about divine things," in consequence of which it happens that many men are not eating bread in the sweat of their own brows, as the Lord commanded, but in the sweat of other men's brows, and that hard taskmasters, not satisfied with robbing the masses of a large portion of their earthly goods, are leaving them little time to think of the truths necessary for salvation.

How timely it is then for those who are on the lookout, and whose calling is that of teaching, to turn their attention to the field of commercial activity where such sins are most seen, and to point out the workers therein whose example it is safe to follow. This, I take it, is the meaning that underlies the present bestowal of the Laetare Medal. The University of Notre Dame is entitled to the highest credit for creating such a badge of honor, an honor which is exceptional in this respect: that it always seeks the man, instead of the man seeking it. So much for the donor of the medal, which we may rightly praise for establishing this signal reward of merit.

It is a more delicate matter to speak of the recipient of this honor in his presence. Even if it were in my power to give adequate expression to the friendly sentiments entertained for him by his clerical and secular friends, a mere moiety of whom are represented here, I should only wound his sensibilities by doing so. I can not, however, stifle the spirit which struggles within this breast to say that it has always felt itself elevated, purified, and rejoiced by contact with our friend who is honored to-night.

Most people draw their comparisons from their own field of labor, and taking advantage of mine I will venture to express your

* By Patrick J. Timmins, M. D.

judgment as well as my own in this way:— We recognize in our friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, not only a distinguished specialist in some of the Christian virtues, but a good general practitioner in all of them. No one who knows him will say that he is not fully up to the standard of the Laetare Medal. May God continue to enable him to maintain this high level. So far as merely earthly incentives should aid him, he must reflect that he is now more than ever a marked man, destined to illustrate the adage— *Noblesse oblige*. It will be harder for him to do wrong in the future. Indeed, I have heard one sinner commiserate him on being thus inhumanly bound to monotonous rectitude. This will entail no hardship in his case, because, to perpetrate an Hibernicism, it is easy to put off habits that have never been put on.

No one I think fears that this honor will spoil him. If anyone for a moment thought of such a thing there was time enough for that one to lodge an objection since the publication of the bans over a month ago. As no protest has been raised it is fair to conclude that to-night's nuptials are universally approved.

The word "nuptials" reminds me that a married man shares his honors with his wife, as well as transmits them to his children. And it is only just that she who is to be constant in his ills should be joyous in his joys. Not only does the wife share her husband's honors, but the ideal wife helps him to win them. Conscious of this fact, and looking so many of her fair sex in the face, I feel bound to say that we are to no small extent indebted to her whom chivalry calls his better-half for being to-night the happy guests of our honored friend,—Thomas Bernard Fitzpatrick.

We shall soon have the opportunity of tendering him our individual congratulations; but before we do so, I may be permitted to express the prayer that is in all our hearts: that God may be pleased to prolong to a ripe old age the years of our friend, and keep him to the last what he appears to our eyes—a fine type of the Catholic gentleman.

ONE never thoroughly realizes his mortality so long as his mother lives.—*Spalding*.

The Rise of the Flood.

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, '06.

Although I had never been put to a severe test, as a young man I had always felt that I was as strong of nerve, or at least no bigger coward than the average run of men. But just as I reached my majority I met with an adventure that, I believe, shortened my life fully a decade. Even now, after these many years, I can not think of that night without a shudder of dread and terror. It is well known that the fear induced by imagination, uncertainty and suspense is the most severe; and that the intensity of our perception is augmented by the facilitation and attention with which we receive them. These facts, coupled with a nervous temperament, nearly proved my undoing one night in my early manhood.

I had an uncle, my mother's brother, who though not mentally deranged displayed such strange actions and eccentricities that I, as a boy, had always felt an uncanny and mortal dread of the man. When I grew older, I learned that he had been accused of murdering his youngest sister, though the charge was never proven. Many other manifestations and tales of his "queerness" served only to increase the aversion so strongly acquired during childhood.

When I was still young he went to the Orient, and after a long lapse of ten years returned to his old home with an immense fortune which he had amassed in the East. He at once built a magnificent house, set up a grand establishment, and settled down to enjoy life.

With age came wisdom to me; and, as I wished to ingratiate myself in the favor of my rich uncle, I calmed the fears of my youth and began to cultivate his friendship. I had never visited the new mansion, so when I received an invitation to spend a week there, it was with great expectations, yet with some misgivings, that I accepted. My mother, who had always feared my uncle since the murder incident, dreaded to have me go, and before parting had by her worrying worked me into a nervous and excitable condition.

I did not reach my uncle's place until

about ten at night. My mother's suspicions of my uncle's intentions and my own foolish fears had wrought me into a high state of mental disorder. It was with a strong premonition of an impending evil that I arrived at the house. In short, I felt that my uncle wished to murder me; yet strange as it may seem, I never thought of turning back to my home.

The house appeared foreboding and gloomy as I drove up to the door. My uncle greeted me in person with a hearty welcome.

"Things are going wrong to-day. I hope you are not responsible for it all," said he.

I deposited my baggage and then as he led me through the halls and rooms, which were dark, he said, by way of explanation:

"A wire burned out a few minutes ago and there's only one candle, our sole light. So I think the best thing we can all do is to turn in.—And by the way, Ed, a couple of bankers came over late this afternoon and they have the spare rooms; but I have had a place fixed for you to-night, and to-morrow you can go to your own room. We can talk over family affairs and other news then. I'm sorry, but I shall have to take you to your room in the dark unless you have a lighting plant with you. Follow me; your luggage is up there already.

My uncle seemed so pleasant that my foolish fears were calmed for the moment, and I felt that I would have an agreeable visit, despite the first night's inconveniences.

He led me up a flight of stairs to a landing, opened a door and led me down another shorter flight. Neither of us had matches but we could feel and soon distinguish objects in the gloom. Stating that I would be all right till morning, my uncle left me. I undressed and retired. As I was doing so I felt the wall. It was lined with tile. The floor although covered with rugs was tile also. My foolish fit of terror again seized me. However, I tried to console myself with the thought that no foul play would befall me while those bankers were in the house. In a short time then I fell into a sleep broken by fitful dreams.

I awoke suddenly with a cold sensation in my back. As I gradually came to consciousness I stuck my hand over the edge of the bed and it plunged into water. Instantly I was awake and sitting up in bed. As I

listened I could hear the gurgling, and could feel the water rising over the bed. I was right in my suspicions. The strange tiled room, the absence of light, the fiction of the bankers—all was a dastardly plot to drown me.

I at once began to think of getting out of this tank, for I could not swim, and already the water was rising fast. Stepping off the bed into lukewarm water (probably at that temperature to lessen the chances of awakening me) I started towards what I thought was the stairs and door. At least if I was locked in I could stand on the stairs and if the door was not waterproof I could thus escape drowning. I came to the wall and began to feel along it as a guide to the door. As I progressed around the edge of the room I suddenly crashed my head against some object. Stunned, I sank to the floor, but the water on my face revived me. More cautiously I again started my journey around the room. I counted four walls and came to no steps. Had they been removed?

My terror increased as I saw each detail of the murderous plot worked out. The water was now neck deep and as one knows, who is unaccustomed to water at that depth, it is no easy matter to keep balanced. I might have crept back to the bed and stood on it till help of some kind came, but I did not know the location of this haven of safety, and I was afraid to leave the wall to hunt for it. I was lost in my own room. I was fast becoming weaker. The water began lapping at my chin; I felt that I must sink in a moment—rather a quick final plunge than this eternal creeping of the water over my face. Words can not describe my feelings. The realization that I was being murdered seemed to rob me of my strength, and to pull me down into the water.

I had almost lost consciousness when I heard a door open. I gasped out a cry. I heard a splash; some one seized me, dragged me up the stairs and out onto the landing. Help was brought and I was soon revived.

Next morning I investigated my strange experience without mentioning my suspicions to anyone. These suspicions turned out to be false, for all was true about the lights and the visiting bankers. Pressed for room my uncle had fixed me a bed in his swimming-pool. One of the servants, ignorant of

my presence, wishing to take a plunge had turned on the water which nearly resulted in my death. It was this servant's arrival at a most fortunate time that had saved me. My inability to find the steps I explained that I must have turned back in my journey around the room after I had bumped my head, and in that way failed to make a complete circuit.

I soon grew to know and like my uncle very much. Now whenever anyone boasts of nerve I remain silent, for I have been tried; but I never let my imagination run away with me as it did on that almost fatal night.

Cupid's Power.

(Anacreon, Ode 31.)

'Twas midnight when the sullen bear
Rolled down to meet Arcturus fair,
And weary mortals lulled to sleep,
Buried their cares in slumbers deep.
An infant at that midnight hour
Came sobbing to my silent bower,
Came to me shivering, and wept
While all the world in silence slept.
"And who are you?" I softly said
When all my midnight dreams had fled.
"O master, open, it is I,"
I heard an infant voice reply;
"I wander through the lonely night,
The clouds have hid the moon from sight,
And all is wet and cold and drear.
O master, open; do not fear."
And when I heard these words I rose;
Trimm'd my low lamp, and donn'd my clothes,
Opened my cottage door, and lo!
An infant entered with a bow.
'Twas Love; I knew him by his quiver.
The midnight breezes made him shiver.
I placed him near the dying flame
And warmed his hands, and feet, and frame,
And pressed the water from his hair,
Half frozen by the frosty air;
And when the embers' soothing ray
Had put all cares and fears away,
"Come," said he, "let me try my bow;
I fear my arrow will not go,
For I have wandered through the gale
Until my bow is stiff with hail."
He drew his bow, and swift the dart
Came flying to my very heart;
The prick was sharp, keen was the pain,
And Cupid wandered off again.
"Farewell, my friend," I heard him say,
As joyfully he winged his way;
"The rain has not relax'd my bow,
Nor do my arrows travel slow;
This, thou must own with all thy heart
Wherein is planted Cupid's dart." T. E. B.

Decoration Day Address.

CAPT. J. J. ABERCROMBIE, OF CHICAGO.

Rev. Fathers, Comrades, young gentlemen, and friends:—More profoundly than for many winged years does the pathos of our Memorial Day exercises appeal to me as I look among this gathered remnant of cherished comrades, and scan the faces of well-loved friends of Notre Dame to search in vain for the face of him to whom I listened with affectionate pride (it seems as though but yesterday) while he recited "Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg" as part of your memorial exercises but six short years ago; and in this community of sorrowful reminiscences I am brought to realize more keenly the great multitude of vacant places in our ranks where only a day gone by, as it were, there marched with touch of elbow a gallant comrade. And as I close mine eyes visions of the swift approaching years warn me of the departing day. Voices of the night chant solemn requiem for the passing boy in blue, and dreams reminiscent of tender melodies thrill my heart-strings as come again the soft low voices of the past with childhood's song and hymn that fade away to final voice in the inimitable love song to our "Captain King:"

Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.

Swift to the close ebbs out life's day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away.

To save the nation there went forth from the Northern States, 2,778,304 soldiers: 56,000 were killed in battle; 35,000 wounded died in hospitals; 184,000 from disease. Nearly 300,000 in all laid down their lives that you of the present generation might possess the land.

It was Wellington himself—the great "Iron Duke"—who said: "That the contemplation of a battlefield was sufficient to inspire the wish that never would there be a war." And you who have been of it and in it can echo his words.

How came the Union soldier to be called the "Boy in Blue?" Of the nearly 3,000,000 enlisted for the Union, 1,151,436 were 18 years and under—or 24 boys of 18 years

and under to every man of 25 years and over; stalwart, strenuous boys who became grim fighting men, impetuous and irresistible, shaped in the fiery forge of the God of War. And as I look on the fresh and ruddy faces of these boys around me my heart leaps within me in prophecy that no nation can overcome us while you remember the Boys in Blue whom you are here to-day to honor.

In the twelve months just torn from the calendar of years almost forty-five thousand survivors of the Civil War have joined their regiments after life's brief furlough; and as I ponder on the vast army of our sometime comrades who have taken their places in the shadowy battalions—whose camp is spread along the further shore of the Ultimate River—from out the silent space there comes the faint, mellow bugle call—"Put out your lights; good night; good night!"—to tell the nation of the passing of the last of her boys in blue.

Rome has its Pantheon in which is buried its heroes; Paris has its Hôtel des Invalides, and London her Westminster Abbey; but America has erected a Pantheon wherein the tablets are the hearts of the people, whose dome is the blue sky above the broad land, whose walls are lapped by the waters of the Occident and the Orient, and within whose confines are spread the fertile fields and broad acres where rise the humble mounds that mark her heroes' resting-places, made fragrant and beautiful with flowers and wreaths by myriads of her people, gathered in multitudes of places to-day.

The Master, too, has covered with his grass and blossoms, and made brilliant with the verdure of summer, the crimson spots that some time stained the land; and beneath peaceful skies the Blue and the Gray at last unvexed by strife, have passed the green threshold of the common grave, whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart:

O sun, that wakened all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly, softly, where they rest!

They fought, not for fame or glory or king or potentate, but for belief and principle, as location and surrounding had shaped their views. To us in the providence of God was given at last the victory, so that all men who should gather beneath the folds

of our Starry banner, should have equal rights and equal liberty to earn a livelihood without the whip of the master to drive him, or the ban of the mob to terrorize him.

As our most estimable and revered comrade, Archbishop Ireland, has said: "The Republic of America was a supreme act of confidence in man, a confession, such as never before had been heard, of human dignity and human ability. And never was the republic so strong in all the elements of life, so entrancing in beauty, so menacing to all the foes of democracy, as when the setting sun of Appomattox shone on her banner and revealed upon its azure field the presence of the full galaxy of its stars."

It is with justifiable pride then that we, who contributed to the victories of that republic, set aside a day in each year that its memories may be revived and its glories be recited in honor of those who have passed from amongst our ranks. Ours was indeed an army of the republic. It was no praetorian band, but the people in arms and in a righteous cause; and because of this when its appointed work was accomplished the veteran of yesterday's battles was impatient to exchange the sword once more for the plowshare and the bayonet for the pruning hook.

The character of our soldiers illustrates most strikingly the difference between our militarism and that of other days and continents. At their country's call they left partisan zeal, business absorption, and the comforts of home to fight for the American idea of citizenship, freedom, and humanity. In the heart of the fiery furnace of that four years' Civil War; New England and Western, Celt and Teuton, Scandinavian and Slav, were fused in a new amalgam never again to be dissolved.

No such army was ever organized in any land. They were men of reading and thought, almost universally, and every bullet they fired was backed by an intelligent idea. Freedom, justice, and humanity, was that idea, and it was gained before the war commenced by discussion on the farm and in the workshop; and that discussion was continued everywhere until every man knew exactly why he was fighting, and what he was fighting for; and from that discussion

(Continued on page 545.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

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.

Notre Dame, Indiana, June 3, 1905.

Board of Editors.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04
MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04 JOHN M. QUINLAN, '04
HENRY M. KEMPER, '05 CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06
WILLIAM D. JAMIESON, '05
JOHN F. SHEA, '06 EUGENE P. BURKE, '06
BERNARD S. FAHY, '05 WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '07.

Graduates' Day at St. Mary's.

Members of the Class of 1905, at our sister institution on the bank of the St. Joseph, have doubtless felicitated themselves and been congratulated by their friends on the fact that their graduation synchronizes with the Golden Jubilee of their *Alma Mater*. Not less cordially, however, is St. Mary's to be congratulated on having, at this epoch-making date, a graduating class so accomplished and so thoroughly representative of all that is best in the higher education of woman.

The consummate flower of perfect maidenhood, the "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls," is undoubtedly, in this twentieth century, the typical convent pupil; and those who were privileged to enjoy, on Sunday last, the brilliant and symmetrical programme of Graduates' Day at St. Mary's will be loath to believe that there can be found anywhere a more efficient or more successful staff of gardeners than the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Paraphrasing the statement of Dr. Boteler whom Izaak Walton quotes, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did," we are inclined to affirm that while the blessing of Providence supplemented by religious devotedness, thorough

scholarship, and notable executive ability could possibly have built up a better high-class educational institution than St. Mary's Academy, it certainly, in this country at least, has never done so.

We have no intention of commenting on the individual excellences of the programme presented. Of the musical numbers, indeed, any criticism we could write would perforce consist of glittering generalities. If, however, the vocal and instrumental selections that charmed the audience were artistically on a par with the essays and poems, in judging which we felt more at home, then the singers and players are exceptionally gifted and skilful. For the essays and poems were of distinctly superior merit, and several of them would assuredly attract attention even if delivered as post-graduate work in the most noted of our American universities. These young ladies of the Class of 1905 have beyond all question acquired the capacity to form definite ideas and sound judgments, to deduce conclusions logically from premises, to weigh evidence and estimate the value of proof, as well as to clothe their thought in fitting words and increase its effectiveness by a lucid, chaste, and individual style. Their papers furnished superabundant proof that they have been taught "to think and to reason and to compare and to discriminate and to analyze," have during their undergraduate course refined their taste, formed their judgment, and sharpened their mental vision until at present they have become not merely cleverly *instructed*, but well-educated and highly-cultured young women. Listening to them on Sunday afternoon, one felt prompted to add a couplet to Wordsworth's quatrain and characterize each as

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light"—
To gleam for aye a lustrous gem
In fair St. Mary's diadem.

—This week we had the honor and pleasure of entertaining the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne. Bishop Alerding came to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation on Ascension Thursday. Lack of space prevents us doing full justice to the ceremonies, until next issue.

Formal Presentation of Laetare Medal.

"The most distinguished gathering ever held in this city," is what the *Boston Pilot* styles the brilliant crowd of over five hundred representative prominent men and women who had come from far and near in order to attend the presentation of the Laetare Medal to Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Notre Dame's choice for 1905. As befitted the occasion the grand ball-room of the Hotel Somerset, the scene of the impressive ceremonies of Thursday evening, May 25, was elaborately decorated, and a select orchestra in the balcony enlivened with choice music the time spent in waiting for the arrival of the guests.

Precisely at nine o'clock Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other principal figures of the evening appeared upon the stage, and the exercises were forthwith opened by Rt. Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Boston, who, as acting representative of Archbishop Williams, presided over the ceremony.

After a brief address in which he explained the character and meaning of the Laetare Medal, and congratulated the recipient of such a signal honor, Mgr. Byrne introduced the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, President of Notre Dame, who had come to represent the Faculty of that institution.

Before pinning the medal on the breast of Mr. Fitzpatrick, Rev. President Morrissey paid him a glowing tribute in words of unfeigned cordiality and friendship—hailing him as "an illustrious representative of all that is worthiest in the ideal Catholic business man."

To this the medallist responded first of all with a hearty welcome to his assembled guests, and then proceeded to express in a most admirable manner his deep-set appreciation of the honor which he unselfishly attributed to his profession rather than to himself. His speech, which is given in full elsewhere in this issue of the *SCHOLASTIC*, was indeed a worthy "tribute of a grateful heart."

Dr. Patrick J. Timmins, of South Boston, and a personal friend of Mr. Fitzpatrick, in behalf of the laity, next replied with sentiments of worth and wisdom. In the

course of his remarks he took occasion to extol the foresight of those who established the Laetare Medal, and to eulogize Mr. Fitzpatrick for his virtues, and for his manliness.

Perhaps the most unexpected and yet one of the most thoroughly enjoyed features of the evening was Mr. Michael J. Dwyer's reading of an original sonnet of his own, a reprint of which we have the honor of publishing on our second page this week.

Some of the reverend gentlemen present were then called upon; Right Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, of South Boston, responding with a few words appreciative of his friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, followed with a brief felicitous address by the Reverend Father McGarry, C. S. C., of Washington, D. C.

"The Star Spangled Banner," rendered by the attendant orchestra, marked the close of the formal program, after which the guests formed in line, and after personally congratulating their host were introduced to Rev. President Morrissey, to whom they then paid their respects. The informal reception being ended, refreshments were served, and with this the evening's entertainment closed.

 Decoration Day Exercises.

Memorial Day is unique in the catalogue of national holidays in so far as it is the only occasion on which our government blends the spirit of patriotism with the vital breath of religion. On the annual celebration of our proto-president's birthday and of our country's independence we feel the warmest esteem and sincerest gratitude for what our forefathers did to establish and safeguard this mighty, progressive and ruling republic. The same tongues that then sing the praises of colonial heroes offer prayers of thanksgiving at the commencement of winter in acknowledgment of the many favors God continually showers upon this land. On the thirtieth day of May the heart-strings of loyal Americans vibrate with a double accord in the unison of religious demonstration and patriotic display. It is indeed proper that one day be set apart to repay with protestations of gratitude the price at which so many valiant heroes purchased the preservation of the

Union whose singular privileges we now enjoy. The inestimable debt can never be wholly effaced, but it must needs be honored: not by the cold expression of an indifferent eulogy, but by our suppliant intercession to the all-just Rewarder of every deserving deed. Nothing save the invocation of God can transcend the tomb and benefit the souls of the departed brave.

It was in the conviction of this Christian belief that the Memorial exercises were opened at Notre Dame with the Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated by the Rev. Stanislaus Fitte. From the church the students betook themselves to Washington Hall where the patriotic element of the festivity was not neglected. Notre Dame is distinguished above all American universities in having its own Grand Army Post—a slowly-thinning company that is formed almost entirely of members of the Holy Cross Congregation. This illustrious band numbered within its ranks some of the most renowned chaplains that served during the War of Secession.

What these priests achieved in the camp and on the field while performing their sacerdotal duties was perhaps equaled by the telling fire of their secular *confrères*, many of whom now rest in undisturbed slumber in the cross-spotted bivouac, tented by the starry blue under which they fought the battles of their country and of their God. The eleven crusaders whose survival continues the existence of Notre Dame's veteran post are ably commanded by Bro. Leander who holds a merited place in the affection of the students as was recently demonstrated when his friends of Corby Hall presented him with an expensive banner.

That the boys fully appreciated this unwonted privilege of sitting with such a dauntless band of soldiers was clearly manifest from their expressive countenance and indicative attitude especially during the initial performance, "The Star Spangled Banner," played by the University band. The succeeding number on the programme was the reading of Governor Hanley's Memorial Proclamation by Mr. Kemper. Then followed the national air, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," sung with a lusty voice by the collective audience. This being concluded, Mr. Jamieson recited, with proper force and

trained expression, the well-known classic, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg. In contrast to this rousing appeal came the pathetic and descriptive poem which Mr. Clarence Kennedy read. His interpretation was heartily applauded by the audience, who, in turn, sang the impressive, untiring strain: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Captain J. J. Abercrombie's address, the final number delivered in the Opera House, was in itself superior to the totality of all the others, which is assuredly no mean or extravagant praise. His speech is printed elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC and stands on its own indisputable merits. The Captain had enlisted in the 127th New Yorkers when but a boy, and rapidly rose to his high position by dint of that military pluck and prowess which made his father the far-famed general. If he feels honored in his patriotic peerage (far better than chance nobility) we can by no means blame him, but rather regret all the more keenly that God had not spared him his only son to pursue the remarkable record.

Exactly six years ago when Captain Abercrombie favored us with a speech in the Community cemetery, his dearly-beloved son read Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg. As the orator was on the point of commencing last Tuesday the remembrance of his docile, affectionate and grateful Joseph, pictured the angelic face of an absentee to his paternal eyes vainly scanning the audience, and awakened an emotion in his fatherly heart that well-nigh choked him. His talk was very instructive and warmly appreciated in particular because it differed so widely from the general tenor of Memorial addresses. He exhorted the boys to cherish the patriotic survivors whose very presence among them is an inspiration to all that is beneficial to country and meritorious of heaven. In eulogizing Father Cooney the speaker paid a passing compliment to our journal for which we express our grateful acknowledgment. The concluding exercises were the raising of the flag and the decoration of the graves of our G. A. R. members while the college band played the mournful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." Conservative critics who have witnessed many a Decoration Day at Notre Dame say that Tuesday's celebration was one of the best ever held. H. M. K.

(Continued from page 541.)

had further developed a creed that in the creation and preservation of the American Republic the hand of the Almighty appeared from first to last; that His will begot it and that the consummation of all their efforts would be but God's promise redeemed; and out of their sentient faith in this creed was born the Greater America of to-day.

It was not the stimulation of industry directly (as the result of the war) that counted most in the growth of our nation; but rather the effect of war training in developing captain's qualities among our citizens. Our soldiers were not mere reckless dare-devils, but grim, determined men, struggling not for war, but for peace; certain that, if knowledge brings its sword, knowledge takes the sword away. From private up to general they learned the arts of command and self-repression; they learned adaptability; they learned to aim high and win.

Let the memory of these soldiers and patriots who kept your state in liberty and protected the institutions that have made your republic the educator of the world in true interpretation of freedom and humanity, be your care as you go on through life; for the nation that cherishes the graves of its defenders and assembles to honor them, is the nation that preserves and enlarges its national life. And you of a later generation who stand before me to-day will live to see American ideas and American civilization dominate the world. To you may come the opportunity to follow her star of destiny to the furthestmost parts of the earth. If then you would have your nation achieve the life that leads to honor and success mark well the lessons of true patriotism and high citizenship that permeate every instruction tendered you by these gracious, kindly men chosen to "Allure you to brighter worlds and lead the way."

Turn we now to those who sleep around us. We cherish with highest regard the fragrant memory they leave behind them of battles valiantly fought and work well done. Americans in manhood and in brotherhood such as were contemplated by the founders of our republic, we honor them and mourn their passing from among us; not from official station, not from great wealth, not from any of these usual sources of power

(Let it be an inspiration to you, my boys), but through the love and confidence they inspired; through their truth and love of justice, and, best of all, through their comradeship in the Glorious Army of the "Captain King" and the brotherhood of peace and Christian love.

And your chief counsellor, philosopher and guide, who too sleeps here amidst these peaceful surroundings wherein he wrought so well and dwelt beloved and honored of men. Dear Father Corby!—how longingly do we recall those sunny summer days, when all the world seemed bright and glad, as side by side we walked and fought the battles of our war-time days again in delightful reminiscence:

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Your welfare pleased him, and your cares distrest;
To you his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

Hail and farewell, then, beloved friend and comrade, the passing years shall only serve to add gracious harmony to the loving memories we hold so dear.

And on this, a fresher mound so lately risen in this peaceful city of the dead, what wreath from memory's garden could I weave, what chaplet of loving thought could I prepare, more tender and complete than the eloquent tribute of sympathy and affection that has been tendered by your student body in their journal of scarce three weeks ago. In our hearts they find a loving response, and I may but quote the closing lines of Arthur Barry O'Neill to bid a last fond farewell to dear Father Cooney, Comrade and Friend:

Full many a soul the memory will keep
Of him who in the Lord late fell asleep.

In farewell thought, then, Reverend and dear Fathers, young gentlemen of Notre Dame, my boys all, let me charge you: lead in kindly friendship and regard along life's narrowing highway this little band of comrades who yet abide among you. Cherish them graciously and with loving care, for just beyond, clear in the light of the setting sun, looms the hither shore of the Eternal Sea. Life's declining day has already enwrapped them in its fading rays; soon shall it be to-morrow for the last gallant comrade—for them and for me:

And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which we have loved and lost awhile.

The Senior Banquet.

The concluding weeks of every scholastic year are noted for their many social functions which aim to dispel the sorrow of parting friends and to celebrate the prolonged adjournment of college organizations. Of all student fraternities there is none more prominent nor more cordial than the graduating class, which, being welded by four years of intimate relations and mutual interests, is on the eve of disbanding. This brotherly spirit is deeply rooted in the class of 1905 and made their final gathering all the more significant. In true business wise the Seniors met one night to consider the question of their banquet, and early the following morning had the immediate preparations perfected. The Senior banquet was not only successful beyond the pale of criticism, but was an added instance of the speedy determination and resolute perseverance that characterize the ever-fortunate although anomalous band of thirteen.

With the chiming of the vesper hour the unfledged graduates proceeded towards town. And as the appointed time was slowly drawing near the restless company of banqueters paced about the Turkish room of the Oliver Hotel, whetting their appetite with eager anticipation. Their dignity—let that be the word—would not suffer them to be a second late. A veritable bed of carnations graced the board and scented the air with the richest fragrance. Nothing was wanting to the jovialty and festivity save the genial presence of our Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey.

That there was a continued outpour of humor and laughter may be readily surmised when we reflect on the jolly crowd that grouped about the round table. An erudite pestle-grinder could have informed any T. A. of the quantitative analysis of the first course. Those who decry the nomenclature of Jacques Bonhomme when confronted with a French menu rested at ease in the assurance that one of their comrades could give the Parisian accent to every dish advertised, and, what is more, the obliging *monsieur* never hesitated to supplement his knowledge of orthoepy with an ingenious translation. Despite their barbarous terminology, the

viands fully agreed with the epicurean feasters. Chicken broth, turkey, vegetables, ice-cream, strawberries, dash, and double-dash followed one another in rapid succession.

Then as the "soft blue veil of the vapor" began to cloud the atmosphere, Mr. Salmon, President of the class, and toastmaster of the occasion, arose to deliver the first of the after-dinner speeches. He chose for his subject the very fitting quotation: "Speak the speech I pray you." In concluding he called upon Mr. J. C. O'Neill to respond to the toast "Our Future." The latter acquitted himself very creditably, gratifying his auditors with flattering prophecies and amusing them with mirthful anecdotes. Mr. Worden succeeded him with a serious and scientific dissertation on art, particularly the prevailing school of art called "impressionism." His interesting and instructive speech was keenly appreciated and led the hearers to anticipate an equally enjoyable talk from his classmate, Mr. Clarence J. Kennedy.

This talented scholar of no mean dramatic fame was equal to his comrade's expectations. The Muse of poetry inspired him to parody the "Boys" of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His clever version of that popular composition provoked a hearty applause. Seer-like he read into the future, foretelling the glorious career of the "Boys of 1905." He sang the praises of his colleague in medicine, Mr. Worden; the celebrity of his theatrical rival, Mr. Jamieson; the exploits of the enterprising O'Neill, and in the same tone made happy allusions to every member of the class.

No sooner had the bard resumed his seat than Mr. Stevens arose to profess his gratitude and admiration for all the "Faculty" had done for himself and his fellow-companions. Thereafter the toastmaster called upon Mr. Kemper who, as poet of the class, recited a composition written for the occasion and expressing his fanciful simile on the "Gold and Blue." Mr. Jamieson, the official chronicler of hard facts, brought the assembly back to *terra firma* by summarizing the "History of the Thirteen Immortals."

In speaking of the Seniors' reunion this session he expressed his sincere regret for

the absence of Messrs. Cullinan, Sherry and Record. Waxing more enthusiastic with the recollection of delightful memories he recalled the presentation of the flag, rehearsed the all-absorbing question of the Easter dance, spoke of the fitness of a similar function at Commencement, and lastly suggested that his companions unite in spirit every 27th of May by sending one another at least a postal card.

The toastmaster deferred all immediate discussion by resuming the engaging business on hand, and again "set the ball a-rolling" with a story he had heard from an Eastern collegiate. The incident served as a fitting prelude to Mr. Fahy's well-selected toast on "Good Fellows." As orator of the class and holder of the elocution medal he vindicated his reputation by his brief, pointed and delightful talk on a subject with which he was above all able to deal, for all it required of him was to make objective his own true self.

Next, the History and Economic class arose *en masse* and divined the vacillating issue of "Our Future Politics." The prospective statesman, Mr. O'Connor, reminded his confrères that they were soon to tread another path leading not to the gilded dome surmounted by the statue of the Blessed Virgin, but to a greater dome over-spread with the national emblem of which the heavenly Mother is the chosen protectress. Not wishing to relinquish his fond aspirations to the presidency, he condescended to leave the opposition to one of his comrades; but we would lay no wager on the latter's chances, for Dan is an energetic republican.

Mr. Rayneri who presided over the recent Cuban banquet, had ample experience in after-dinner oratory, with credit demonstrated the benefit he derived from it in responding to the toast "Forward." His speech was in the main characterized by his usual traits of precision, brevity and force. The drift of his exhortation centred about the Miltonic line: "Awake! arise! or be forever fallen." Mr. J. W. O'Neill chose for his toast the very fertile topic, "Gleanings from a Gilded Dome." He purposed to show by what golden links we are bound in an infrangible chain to the endearing seat of our four years' life of happiness.

Another senior distinguished himself in the person of Mr. Trevino whose speech on "Friendship" was perhaps the best prepared of the day. He recounted the many advantages of an amicable relation at college; regretted that his own intimacies must soon discontinue, and assured all that his kindly feeling towards them would never diminish by absence nor grow cold by distance.

Last but not least of the orators was the illustrious John R. The considerate Mr. Voigt fearing that "The Others" were not allotted an equitable share of encomium took upon himself the responsibility of equalizing the difference. In his thoughtfulness he even went so far as to toast the valedictorian of another generation whose name it would have been superfluous to mention. Then, too, John is no misogynist and many a *mademoiselle* would have sunk beneath the weight of compliments he heaped upon the weaker sex. His unqualified panegyric provoked an answer from Mr. Kemper, who, in consequence, had to restore the tranquillity of the company by reciting the ill-starred adventures of an "Interviewer."

Mr. Jamieson seconded this attempt in elocution by entertaining the class with the difficult selection entitled: "She Wants to Learn Elocution." The recitation of this piece won for him the Barry prize a fortnight ago and showed with what ease and skill he could handle the most complicated and diverse parts whether in classical dramas or dialectic monologues. His readings from Shakspeare were particularly praiseworthy, but they were not quite so racy as his interpretation of Robert Burns, inasmuch as Mr. Jamieson was born in Scotland and its dialect is as natural to him as it was to the Ayrshire plowman.

The climax of the evening came with Bernard Fahy's incomparable recital of "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor." Though he had not seen the poem for many months all who heard him on this occasion agree in saying that he surpassed himself by far and that he had never before drawn such a wealth of feeling out of that pathetic composition. It was assuredly a worthy end to a function that proved a constant source of growing amusement to the members of the class of 1905.

H. M. K.

Track Notes.

STATE TRACK MEET.

The University of Indiana won the State Meet held in Bloomington last Saturday. Purdue finished second, and Notre Dame third. The feature of the meet was the work of Sampse of Indiana and Glover of Purdue in the pole vault. Both men cleared 11 feet 9 inches. The bar was then raised to 12 feet 2 inches, but both failed in the attempt to break the world's record. Glover appeared to have the best of it as he missed but one try up to 11-9, and that one was the first attempt. At 12-2 he went above the bar in his third attempt, but came down upon it and pulled it off.

Sage of Purdue and Draper of Notre Dame each broke the record in the discus. Sage hurled it 121 feet 7 inches and Draper 120 feet 3 inches. Sampse of Indiana came within a quarter of an inch of the state record in the high jump, clearing the bar at 5 feet 9½ inches. Verner of Purdue was the highest point winner of the meet, and this year was easily the "star." He won all three of the distance runs; breaking the record in the half-mile, which was really the best race of the day. In this event Keefe ran second and forced Verner to smash the record to win, the time being 2:01 1-5, as before it was 2:01 3-5. Keefe took the lead and ran the best race of his life. He led up to the last sixty yards, then Verner who had been running second crawled up and finally passed him, coming in about four or five feet ahead of Keefe who finished in 2:01 4-5.

In the quarter-mile another state record was upset; Thompson going the distance in :51 2-5 and breaking the old record of :52 3-5. O'Shea of Notre Dame ran second, and although Thompson defeated him by a good margin, O'Shea easily out-classed the rest of the field and ran the fastest he has ever gone in his life.

In the last two years, Draper has without any trouble been the "star" all-around man, and this year the same was conceded to him; and had his ankle permitted him to do anything near what he is capable of doing, he would undoubtedly have added another medal to his list. It was evident from the start that he was anything but

"right," as he limped when going at full speed. He won his heat in the high hurdles and also in the low. But the heat and semi-final of the hundred had his ankle in a bad way for the final heat of the high hurdles which he lost to Seward of Indiana; and Buckley of Indiana beat him out for second.

Scales won second in his heat in the high hurdles, won the semi-final, and was in the lead when he fell over the third hurdle in the finals. Even though he might not have won, he would have surely been placed. His work in the high hurdles for this his first year is good, and is certainly full of promise for the future. Coad won his heat in the 220-yard dash, but ran out of his lane and was disqualified.

Draper won the shot put, shoving out the weight for forty-one feet three inches; won second in the discus, and third in the high and low hurdles, making ten points in all. O'Shea ran second in the quarter, and Keefe second in the half, and to these three men we owe our sixteen points in the meet.

Keefe's race puts him in a class with the best half-milers in the country and in another year he will do two minutes.

100-yard dash—Joseph, Indiana, first; Kercheval, Indiana, 2d; Lee, Rose Polytechnic, 3d. Time, 0:10 2-5.

120-yard hurdles—Seward, Indiana, first; Buckley, Indiana, 2d; Draper, Notre Dame, 3d. Time, 0:16 3-5.

Discus throw—Sage, Purdue, first; Draper, Notre Dame, 2d; Banks, Indiana, 3d. Distance, 121 feet 7 inches. Old record, 117 feet.

One-mile run—Verner, Purdue, 1st; Rutledge, Purdue, 2d; Barclay, Indiana, third. Time, 4:36 4-5.

440-yard run—Thompson, Indiana, first; O'Shea, Notre Dame, second; Tillette, Purdue, third. Time, 0:51 2-5. Breaks state record of 0:52 3-5.

Shot put—Draper, Notre Dame, first; Banks, Indiana, second; Ray, Indiana, third. Distance, 41 ft. 3 inches.

High jump—Sampse, Indiana, first; Miller, Indiana; Clark, Purdue, and Dapprich, Purdue, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 9½ inches.

Half-mile run—Verner, Purdue, first; Keefe, Notre Dame, second; Thompson, Indiana, 3d. Time, 2:01 1-5.

16-lb hammer throw—Thomas, Purdue, first; Banks, Indiana, 2d; Hurley, Purdue, 3d. Distance, 156 ft. 2 in.

220-yard dash—Turk, Rose Polytechnic, first; Joseph, Indiana, 2d; Kercheval, Indiana, 3d. Time, 0:22 4-5.

Pole vault—Sampse, Indiana, and Glover, Purdue, tied for 1st; Van Dorman, Purdue, 3d. Height, 11 feet 9 in.

Broad jump—Turk, Rose Polytechnic, first; Kercheval, Indiana, 2d; Sparks, Wabash, 3d. Distance, 22 ft. 1 in.

Two-mile run—Verner, Purdue, first; Reed, Wabash, second; McKinney, Wabash, third. Time, 10:33.

220-yard hurdles—Buckley, Indiana, first; Seward, Indiana, 2d; Draper, Notre Dame, 3d. Time, 0:26 4-5.