

~ The ~

Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, COMMENCEMENT, 1906.

No. 34.

To Notre Dame.*

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, A. B.

A STRUGGLE, not a psalm, has been thy way,
Mother, since first with tired, half-frozen feet
Brave Sorin and his band that blessed day
In snow that whitening all thy borders lay
Stood beauty-awed, and soft, with reverence meet,
Mindful of Heaven's Queen and her fair name,
With lifted hearts they named thee Notre Dame.

The winds that streamed across thy lands austere,
The chill of frost, the drought of summer's sun,
The dread of pest and hunger often near,
These might have torn e'en braver hearts with fear.
But they, our fathers, when each day was done,
Each difficult day that tested every vow,
They met and prayed and laughed beside the plow.

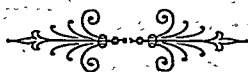
The pioneers, an iron age they knew:
With share and pick and axe they made the road,
And so thy powers with thy borders grew,
Thy fame passed all the quickening country through
And to thy shrine like pilgrims students flowed.
So, silver was thine age thus richly blessed,
When silver lay the beard on Sorin's breast.

Long since thy golden age has taken start,
Thy golden age that ne'er shall know eclipse;
Mistress of Christian schools, thou dost impart
More than of books, the culture of the heart.
And we thy youngest sons with reverent lips
Pronounce, ere on our single path we go,
This pledge that all our loyalty may know:

Thou of the stars, believe us, Lady Queen,
This knighted band on bended knee who wait
The benison of parting at thy gate,
Ere in the nearing fray our arms be seen,
By Day, that quickens all thy lawns to green,
By Night, that here her starred locks e'er will plait,
By Life, and all it holds,—its love, its hate,
Thy sons go forth high-purposed, strong, serene.

What time we feel the strain of manhood's fight,
Which comes with sternest test in peace's day,
On earth and sea, what way our footsteps
roam,
Know thou our hearts are lifted to thy light,
Believe we go illumining life's way
With lessons learned beneath thy golden dome.

* Class Poem.



Baccalaureate Sermon.*

BY THE REV. JOHN T. O'CONNELL.

The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers, and not leave us nor cast us off: But may He incline our hearts to Himself, that we may walk in all His ways and keep His commandments and His ceremonies and all His judgments which He commanded our fathers.—III. Kings, viii, 57-8.



When one stands in the pulpit of this Basilica there comes an almost overpowering sense of reverence and dread—"The place where thou standest is holy ground." One may well be fearful where prophets and apostles have spoken; hardly may we stand or minister here, for the glory of their service hath like a cloud filled this house of God. To recall them is to picture the history, in America, of religious and intellectual development whose movement, ever onward, found unflinching help and best example in the life of this great school—from the days of the log cabin and the black-gowned teacher of the children of the forest, down to this hour, wherein we look out upon a golden city of learning that yet rings the music of the churchman's voice, telling the wondrous story of Notre Dame by the statue of its Founder; wherein we await the showing of the power and the thrill of oratory of those who shall come after—the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to loose.

But if early desire for its advantages, unwavering interest in its work, tender regard and friendship for its leaders and scholars can give title to be here, even in this day of its brightest promise, generous Notre Dame du Lac will acknowledge the loyalty of the least worthy of its adherents and give him no mean place in the rank of those who have been honored by her favor. In this solemn hour the Prince of Peace from the holy place blesses this assembly of Israel's chosen children, strong in heart, pure in mind, honest in character, that in the broad world they may not make void the teaching of many years, but that every soul may find life in serving God.

* Delivered Trinity Sunday, June 10, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Solomon was firmly seated on the strong throne of David his father. He could yet feel the press on his head of the old King's hands and in his ears sound strange and meaningful a father's last word: "I am going the way of all flesh: take thou courage, and show thyself a man." And now the gift he had sought was his, his wisdom known to the ends of the earth. Before him the King of Tyra had demeaned himself unto vassalage; at the city's gates the forward messengers from Sheba tell of the Queen's coming, while off in the desert, the nodding plumes and rich dyes and the glint of gold and silver and polished metals mark the winding way of the camel train that bears the tribute of Ophir and Ind to Salem's King.

Not a signet ring or coronet or jewelled collar does he think a gift worthy of a king, but 20 cities that he gives in fief to Hiram that rules by the sea. The walled towns of strength guard the land of tribes that had once been wanderers on the long way that reaches down to Egypt. When later this man, mighty and wise, would tell the glory of his reign he need but say: "I, Ecclesiastes, was king over Israel in Jerusalem." Yet on that great day when he stood in the midst of the temple and saw, spreading out in vast measurement from court to court, the work which even David dared not approach, when Heaven's beauty touched the Holy House from the golden oracle where rested the Ark to the place of the molten sea and of the altar of holocaust, this inspired king asks not power or dominion, not long life or fame, but "that all the people of earth may know that the Lord He is God.... Let our hearts also be perfect with the Lord our God, that we may walk in His statutes and keep His commandments as at this day."

No doubt these thoughts fill our souls under the stress of surroundings that give us a deeper consciousness of God's presence. Christian training is never apart from Him who is wisdom's source. Whether it be beside His altar, where His presence draws us nigh to vision, or when the uttering of His name rouses to a wakeful sense of His care; it may be in the hard task of the school or where glad cries and healthy sport are prompted by towering trees and waters running crystal and fields

that live,—everywhere an object, a force, a teacher, tells us about God and what we are to Him.

In our young life, under guidance and restraint, of readiness to be drawn by teaching, of willingness to take things of faith without adding doubt to doubt, of trust in power and knowledge far beyond our own, we are with God and see His providence in every turn of our ways. Our rule is His truth; our code of morals is unchangeable as He is unchangeable. We are yet too simple to be casuists, too honest to be withholding in our service. To dare the edge of the precipice frights conscience as much as a leap into the yawning dark beneath. But if the Apostle was not too secure to find a law in his members fighting against the law of his mind, if even the choicest spirits of the school of Jesus were weak and faltering and traitorous and untrue away from the virtue of His bodily presence, may we not be wise in mistrusting ourselves when with a suddenness, we can understand only in after time, we are cut from our moorings and allowed to drift in that stream where rocks and shoals lie about us and still waters seem ever far away? When to our lips rush the words of the endangered, "Lord, save us, we perish!"—in the troubled sea of our soul a voice sounds above the roar of winds and the crash of waves—conscience rousing us to our best efforts in the name of the holy principles and noble ideals that are the portion of the son of every Christian school.

The son of the blessing coming faint from the field heard the unmistakable challenge: "Sell me thy first birthright." And the savory smell and the craving hunger made him forget honor and destiny and chief-taincy: "Lo, I die, what will the first birthright avail me?" Had he thought of father's hope and ancestral promise, could he have foreseen the King of Nations, the glory of Edom instead of Israel in the ages of ages, the bitter cry that chilled the heart of Isaac and the hopeless asking: "Bless me, also, my father," had never been uttered; nor would he have heard the almost mocking reply: "Thou shalt live by the sword and shalt serve thy brother."

When we speak of the "world" to-day we hardly mean the natural order in oppo-

sition to the supernatural, or the plain tendency to follow the vices and concupiscences from which we are not free; but rather an undercurrent of thought and morality, which, while seeking the approbation of evident truths and universally accepted precepts in its logical results, runs counter to the law which the finger of God has traced upon our hearts. We are an impatient people. We consider effects and not their causes nor the means by which they are reached.

It is not so long since we stood in awe of that later-day Midas whose every touch made purest gold. Never in the world's story did men so amass wealth, until it seemed as inconvenient a power as the gift of the Phrygian of fable. The youth of our land was made ambitious by tales of riches such as the weird imagery of the Orient never had described. Like some Indian Rajah sat the kings of commerce, drawing riches from secret caverns, with ready slaves ever digging in the depths. But when some one escaped from the toils and asked the surprised world to tear off the flimsy veils that covered our national idol, it was found that its house of gold was builded on dishonesty, on bribery, on prostitution of power, on betrayal of trust; that the marvelous business tact was common robbery; and the fruits of this enterprise and unparalleled progress were murder, suicide and shame.

In the disgrace of it, in the death it brought, there were not wanting those who could see little wrong because it was hard to localize or individualize the injustice, the persecution, the oppression, which were so far reaching that the fullest power of government could scarcely bring a remedy. What was it but the attempt to sanctify greed and selfishness and to make the commonness of a vicious practice the reason of its justification? Yet who shall say that at times the eyes were not seared by the flash from Sinai in which stood the awful words: "Thou shalt not steal." Thus is conscience, like the huge snake's victim, covered with the beastly slime of distorted public opinion and deadened so that it may be the more easily devoured.

The danger to the young is greater because it is sneaking, insidious; wears a garb of

propriety that is beautiful to the eye; has the favor of men who stand well before their fellows, but to whom a sincere standard of manly worth was never applied. And it may be the recollection of the meanness of its methods that quickened the conscience until its owner declared it a disgrace to die rich. He was wiser than his kind, and noted that those who yesterday might have stood against the world, to-day not only are not revered, but the pity they receive is not free from contempt.

He might have known that honesty in getting brings honor in possessing, and the crime is not in dying rich but in living a life of fraud, of oppression of the poor, of heaping a vengeance not all the goods of the world can turn aside. But some man arises to turn the world back to right; some one in authority is brave enough to pillory methods that are not less criminal because they are in vogue—such a man not only must himself be true and brave and patient and unflinching, but must have with him men of his own mould who believe that truth and justice are not whims of changing conditions, but are immutable because they are of God.

It is the same false world-conscience that makes possible the encroachment upon human rights. We need not speak of the grim fatalism of the Tartar-Cossack, nor yet of those who are too literal in their belief that a "divinity doth hedge in a king"—surely not of peoples who have never known a source of power but brute force. The conditions that force themselves upon our notice at times give us reason to fear for the permanence of those forms of government for which no sacrifice was too great for the fathers who believed that the privilege which Nature's God had bestowed could not be the sport of man or any body of men. Why then the unrest, the disregard for law, the crass socialism, the distrust of motives? Why should a distinguished but not philosophic city executive say that criminals are but the outcome of social conditions and that society and not its victim should be punished? These can all be traced to usurpation that has grown into custom until its severity becomes so unbearable that its victims are ready not only to rail at the special cause of their own

grievance but to defy all law. We have seen a once great nation pretending to the broadest liberty and showing herself to the world in the most inhuman form of tyranny. It was while studying her proud record and witnessing her shameful decline that Edmund Burke wrote that the days of chivalry were gone. Unchallenged, she to-day violates the tenderest sympathies and most sacred ties; strikes down at the bedside of suffering humanity the gentle creature whose mission is to give wretchedness hope; gloats over desecrated churches and boasts of polluting the young mind; sneers at God and is not ashamed to break the most solemn pact; scoffs at religion and enshackles the Church while professing to set it free; speaks of honor and trains its very soldiers to acts that degrade. And there is no outcry, and shall not be till for public life and the individual—however we may vary the application—there shall be but one standard and one conscience.

Here was an oppression that was made possible by centuries of a studied purpose to rob a nation of its chief glory. This intent was evident under every change of rule; was furthered by king and emperor and president. They were aided and abetted by leaders and parties and factions. To do away with a Christian conscience was the cloaked design of men who rallied the people under the catch-cry of liberty in which they did not believe, or of patriotism which they did not possess. Talleyrand was but one of his kind—the personification of a spirit that would make hypocrisy, not a tribute from vice but virtue's only meaning. It was the spirit that condoned trickery and made cleverness in outwitting the test of greatness; that has turned statesmanship into craft and has brought suspicion upon the very friendliness that may exist between nations. Is it a wonder, then, that in a world where expediency is the only gauge of morality the young man is confused and distressed, when, taking a real part in the life about him, he finds there are things done that make him long for home and school and directors—to return to the places where all was helpful, out of this delirium where all is hindrance?

There comes up the story of the old man, chief among the scribes, comely of counte-

nance, who lived when Antiochus ordered the Jews to conform to the ways of the Gentiles. They that stood by would bring lawful meats that he might pretend to eat of the unlawful and still be delivered from death. "But he began to consider the dignity of his age, and his ancient years and the inbred honor of his gray head, and his good life and conversation from a child." Here was the conscience of the world against the conscience of the man.

Strong still in the old Eleazar was the instinct of life. Nature was all lovely to look upon, friends were dear and honor was his before all the people. He remembered the lessons of the strict school in which he was taught; he thought of the young that might be scandalized. "Though I should be delivered," he said, "from the punishments of man, yet should I not escape the hand of the Almighty neither alive nor dead." "O Lord," he cried out of his torture, "I suffer grievous pain in body, but in soul I am well content because I fear Thee." He had seen the enshrined tabernacle in Jerusalem made into the temple of Jupiter Olympus; he knew of riot and lewdness in the holy places; that the Sabbaths were not kept; "neither did any man plainly profess himself to be a Jew." But the prayer of Solomon was in his heart: "I shall show myself worthy of my old age"—show myself a man, worthy of Israel, and the shepherd boy of Bethlehem, of Judas and Simon, the Maccabees—and he left "to the whole nation the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude."

We get back again to the Great Teacher who did not fear to go before a corrupt public and appeal to His own life for right to condemn the viciousness that held sway: "Which of you can convince Me of sin?" And He stood on the corners, and on the temple steps and by the seashore and at the river's brink to flay the publican and pharisee and scribe, the brood of vipers, because these, more than all the rest, had made public life and public worship a sham and a mockery; until the people He had come to save could not bear the rebukes that reached their inmost souls, and tried to stifle conscience by putting Him to death. Hear him declare woe to Corozain and Bethsaida and Capharnaum more wicked

than Sodom or Tyre or Sidon, where only the vicious could be ensnared. He is gentle but firm when He tells the woman by Jacob's well everything she had done. Note the blanched faces of those whose sins He is writing on the ground. Watch conspiracy after conspiracy that worked out His death because the plotters had been shamed by Him before their own dupes. And whom does He commend? Mary Magdalen penitent at His feet; Simon Bar-Jona confessing Him Christ; the centurion humbled at the thought of his coming but with faith greater than that of all Israel. Here, young men of Notre Dame, is your ideal; and His examples tell you His rule: be honest with yourself and you will be honest with your neighbor and with God.

I hear speaking to you, in words besides which these of mine are paltry, the Mother-School, more beautiful than ever in her age. Of her early struggles, of her many triumphs does she speak; of her changing fortunes, of the noble sons of her house, of her sacrifices so willing for her children, of her destiny that is proclaimed from her shining Dome. But the glory of Notre Dame is that yesterday, to-day and forever, she looks upon the heroic figure of Sorin and blesses God that she has been true as at this day to the spirit of the fathers.

If she has pleasure in sending forth the men that have grown in soul and body under her cherishing, it is because she believes that her sons will not prove unworthy of her solicitude or of the sacred traditions of this place. In every walk of life she can point to hundreds whose own honor is the honor of this mother; and to-day she calls upon you to show yourselves men, brave men, pure men, true men; men of straightforwardness, of openness, of guilelessness.

At your going this more than mother stands like the priest at the bedside of the dying, not to wait for death but to usher you into life. Her hand is raised in blessing, and hopefully she looks out into the world that is yours. "To thine own self be true," is her parting word, for she believes that the stored-up strength she has infused is your fairest, manliest gift; it is more than that: it made heroes in time past, it will enable you ever to look like honest men in the face of heaven.

I.—Conduct in Life.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, A. B.



THE members of the Class of 1906 came to Notre Dame to prepare themselves for life, and their college preparation is ended; it is right, then, that on the eve of graduation, we should recall what life is for. Most boys come to college to fit themselves for a higher position in life than they could otherwise occupy. This is correct, but it is usually superficial. Those who come to college do not know what the function of the college is; it is only those who are departing that know what its function is. The prime function of the college is to teach the meaning of life, and if the college graduate going forth into the world knows what life is for his education has been a signal success. When we came here the things that glittered before our eyes with most magnificence were, that we should become men of wealth and power; that we should have fine things to eat and drink, fine clothes to wear, luxurious homes and abundant means for travel. Our heaven then was very like to the heaven of Mohammed. We lived then almost altogether in the senses; but now we have learned to live, to some extent at least, in our minds and hearts.

We have found out that, though every man is seeking for happiness, the difference between the wise man and the foolish man lies in the object in which each one seeks for happiness. If wealth, position or pleasure of the senses were able to make us happy, wise men would seek after them; but they are superficial and external, they do not touch that far bigger and better part of us, our mind and soul. "All the glory of the King's daughter is from within," says the Psalmist, and our education has made us realize the truth of his words.

During these quiet years, in the solitude surrounding our studies, each of us may say with the poet:

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

Our education here has made us realize that true happiness can be found only in ourselves; and it has taught us, too, that during the present life our happiness will come chiefly from our efforts to educate and develop ourselves.

Emerson says: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through the labor and toil bestowed on that plot of ground which was given him to till." We know that because we are as yet imperfect, undeveloped and only the possibilities of what we may become, our happiness in this present life can come only from development. We have a work to perform before we can arrive at perfect happiness, and we shall be happy now only in proportion as we accomplish that work, which is the making of ourselves into true men.

It is told of Michael Angelo that seeing one day a block of marble in a street in Rome he said to a friend: "I see an angel in that stone," and taking the marble home he made it into a beautiful angel. There is a man hidden within each of us, and we may as well realize now—for if we do not, we will realize it later to our sorrow—that our work in life is to bring out the power and beauty of that hidden man. We are at the same time the marble and the sculptor. We are more, we are a battlefield whereon our evil and our virtuous natures struggle for supremacy. We are, as Hegel says: "The combatants, the conflict and the field that is torn with strife." The education we have received here has taught us what education means, and we are ready now to educate ourselves until we are fit to be fellow-citizens of the noblest men of our generation and, after that, friends of God for eternity.

Since, then, true manhood is our end, it is proper to inquire what means we must take to reach that end. Whilst at college we have, to a large extent, identified education with study; but now we are going into active life where study of an educational character can claim only a small part of the attention of many of us. Life is for action, and we can not choose but

spend most of our life in action. If we believe that Providence watches over us we must believe that everything we are obliged to do in life, if done rightly, will be helpful toward our end. Surely, then, since God requires us to develop ourselves and since "conduct is," as Matthew Arnold says, "four-fifths of life," God would be guilty of an inconsistency, if conduct were not conducive toward our development. According as a man's conduct conforms to the principles universally accepted as right will he come nearer and nearer to being a true man, and according as his conduct departs from these principles will he become a degenerate semblance of a man.

Learning and study have their functions; I do not wish to belittle them. No man can act right unless he knows what is right and what wrong. All leaders should be students in order to instruct the people in their duty and to form their opinions rightly. The greatest authors wrote about life and man, and nowhere can more encouragement be found, for one striving to become a true man, than in these great books. He who is not acquainted with them is not so fortunate as he who is. The greatest book of all, the one essential book, is the Bible, and the lesson it teaches, from the Book of Genesis to the Apocalypse of St. John, is the lesson of conduct. In the Old Testament the laws of conduct accepted by the world, the ten commandments, are laid down; the history of good and bad men, of good and bad nations is set forth in such a way as to show the happiness of the one and the misery of the other. In the New Testament we meet Jesus Christ, the ideal type of manhood, with His Sermon on the Mount and the new law of charity, teaching both by His word and example the absolute necessity of living up to the commandments of God. Then there are the plays of Shakespeare, so interesting and Christian, teaching always that "the wages of sin is death," but the reward of virtue, life and happiness. History and biography, too, which hold up the wicked man as "A fixed figure of the time, for scorn to point his slow, unmoving finger at," while they hold the virtuous man up for admiration from generation to generation. Therefore, although study is not essential, it is the handmaid of noble

action, and I believe that the college graduate who has received training such as Notre Dame imparts, is inexcusable if he does not keep by him, throughout life, a few books, among them the Bible and the Following of Christ, as trusty friends and advisers.

Important as study is, however, it is only secondary; conduct is the essential means of attaining to manhood. We need only point to history to prove this. Luther, Voltaire, Henry VIII., were all men of great learning and brilliancy; but they perverted their gifts, were a curse to humanity, and it seems that it had been better if they were never born. In our own day there was Oscar Wilde, "A man who had put to him all the learnings that his time could make him the receiver of," but who started out on his own confession to drink in all the pleasures of this life, no matter at what cost to principle, and he ended wretchedly in the jails of England. Turn on the other hand, and see the honest laboring man, the pure, kind, mother or sister who by the beautiful sincerity, devotedness and religious circumspection of their lives cast a radiance of sweetness and love about them before which the greatest genius, unaccompanied by virtue, must bow rebuked. Oh, it is most important for us to understand and treasure in our hearts for our daily thought this fundamental lesson: that we are what our daily conduct makes us! We can not put manliness off and on as a new garment; everything we do has its effect in making us noble or in making us degenerate.

The temptation sometimes comes to college men to overestimate the value of showy knowledge. One of the most pitiful things for all concerned happens when a boy graduating from college goes back home and endeavors to impress his family and old neighbors with a sense of his superiority, and treats with indifference or contempt the very persons who have stunted themselves of pleasures, and, perhaps, necessities, to raise him to a condition better than their own. Learning of this kind is vanity, dangerous, unpardonable vanity. The person who has not yet learned to appreciate virtue in preference to all learning, humility to vain pomp and display, the kind, self-sacrificing spirit to the haughty, overbearing

one, no matter in whom these are found, has not yet begun to value men at their true worth. The college graduate ought to penetrate deep into life, and be thoroughly convinced that there is nothing admirable or lovable in life when virtue is absent; and he ought to be big enough in mind and heart to value more the friendship of a poor, uneducated but virtuous man than that of a proud capitalist or scholar whose conduct is unchristian.

The fruit of the tree of right conduct is character, and the presence or absence of character makes all the difference between a real, heroic man and the mere physical and mental structure of a man without the vitalizing principle. A fully developed character is the reward of a life of conduct in conformity with the precepts of reason and religion. Every good act, every kind, wise word, every good thought, every prayer has its effect in building up this most admirable thing in the world. Every evil word or deed has its effect in tearing it down. Character it is that gives a man his personality; it is the thing that is loved, feared and respected.

The characterless person may stand for a certain amount of physical power; he can dig a ditch if there is a boss present to watch him; he may have a good intellect; he can keep books, he can run a factory, but all who deal with him must beware or he will cheat them. If he is a lawyer he will not scruple about the cases he undertakes; if a politician, he may be brilliant, but he will not refuse a bribe. When in virtuous company he will assume a virtuous air to quiet his conscience, but when those around are dishonest or immoral he will be dishonest or immoral. Not so the man of character, who, from continually living up to principles that his conscience approves, is the same in secret as in public; who, though all his friends should leave him and take another course, will not follow them if he believes they are wrong. A child could do business with him as safely as the shrewdest merchant. The man of character acts according to principles, and principles do not change with persons and places.

All our great men were men of character—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Webster. We

have as our President now a man of character. President Roosevelt has displayed over and over again his sterling manliness in doing what he thinks right in spite of powerful opposition, and the American people admire and love him for it. The man of character is the only leader, the only patriot, the only statesman. He alone is happy and able to make others happy, for he finds in himself that which others vainly seek for in excitement and pleasure.

In our country now there is great need for men of character; there is so much corruption and dishonesty that a man who can be trusted is treasured by the people as priceless. The people are coming to a more just appreciation of virtue. The cry is for men of character; men who can be trusted with the people's money; men who can be trusted with the people's lives and souls. The various professions of law, medicine, politics are being crowded with brilliant men, but there is one class of which it can never get enough, and this class is composed of men of character. If we want to succeed, even temporally, all we need do is to become men of character, men who would die for a principle, and the American people will seize on us as treasures of priceless worth.

Let us, then, Men of 1906, so live our daily lives as to develop our characters and become true men; let us encourage one another to be virtuous; let us each strive to "glorify God on earth and finish the work which He will give us to do," so that, though we must separate now, we may be all reunited in eternity.

Packing.

Gee!

The pile of junk

I've got to put

In this small trunk

Makes me feel sick;

And yet,

I must be quick

Or I won't get away

To-day.

Here goes for those non-packable old clothes—

Why all this sweat?

A pile driver I'll get.

T. B.

II.—The Lay Apostolate.

THOMAS A. E. LALLY, PH. D.



THE Church is the mother of civilization. Civilization there was before her coming, it is true, but it was civilization without a soul, lacking the one thing necessary to give it lasting form and life. Athens had had her palmy day, and Rome, too, her purple time of triumph. Pericles and Augustus had written large their names on the tablets of mortality that bear witness of those who have helped to lift their race. But where are they now, cities and men? Athens and the Rome of old are dust, and of their great kings but the name remains. High was their exaltation and great their glory, but their work was all but vain. They sought to civilize by power, not knowing the elemental law that governs human life in all its important phases: that what is done for the individual and for the race must be done within where dwells the kingdom of God. Indeed of that kingdom they knew not nor would, till twelve fishermen of the sea come from almost the humblest class of the great Roman realm, stood forth and proclaimed it. Fools, these fishermen. They stood in the market-place and taught, and through the fields and by the seashore. They spoke because they must speak, and their philosophy was as strange as the mission of its preachers. Not only in their own land did they utter the word of wisdom, but crossed mountains and seas, hungered and thirsted, suffered and bled and died that they might teach and preach their doctrine. It was only when men, animated with a spirit like this, went forth, preaching a gospel not of fear but of love, and preaching with power; when the oaks of Ireland bowed around the Sacrifice of the Mass; when the voices of the missionaries echoed among the pyramids along the Nile and over the snows of frozen Canada; when men heard and lifted up their hearts; it was only then that civilization came in the one true sense of the word.

But this power for civilization and the

uplifting of mankind was not peculiar to the first missionaries and did not end with them. It is a vital, energizing force in the Church to-day, as the history of Catholicity in our own country so emphatically attests. The missionary spirit is with us now by right of inheritance. There is not the smallest break in the long chain that binds the bold Paul of Tarsus with the lonely Damien of Molokai. The spirit of self-sacrifice, so manifest in the early missionaries of God, burns in the heart of every priest to-day, both secular and religious. The true pastor to-day is the nearest possible likeness of Him who called Himself the Good Shepherd. The woes of his flock are his woes, its joys are his joys. Now, as of old, the parish priest is the custodian of knowledge. He is pious and utterly devoid of ostentation; there is no one to applaud his numberless silent acts of heroism and virtue; his only reward is the consciousness that he is performing the work God has sacredly charged him with. His life is like the Master's; he does all things well and asks one thing only: that he may see the fruit of his labors in the ever-growing perfection of his spiritual flock. Indeed, all the efforts of all the clergy are directed toward the uplifting of the laity, and the only thing the priests ask of their charge is co-operation with them. Nor have the priests been disappointed in their expectations. Great as the success of the ministers of the sanctuary has been in all ages, it was hardly ever accomplished without the earnest help of the laity.

In every country indeed great laymen have left their good works as monuments of devotion to their religion and their country. Their lives were models of excellence, beacons of light and truth, to which men turned for guidance both in time of trouble and in time of triumph. The history of the Church is filled with such men; men who knew that the promulgation of the faith was a duty binding them almost as sacredly as it did the clergy.

Such a man, possessed of such a sense of his responsibilities as a Catholic gentleman was O'Connell, the great apostle of liberty and justice and religion in Ireland; a man who gave up everything for what he believed to be right—the preservation of his religion

and his country. He knew that Ireland's hope lay in her Catholicity; that having preserved it for over a thousand years she must still cling fast to it if she wished to retain her individuality as a nation. He believed and tried to make others feel that religion was the great stimulus of action; the great controlling power to which men could appeal; the very foundation of liberty, and that its overthrow meant, in the long run, the destruction of the State. He was before all an active Christian; he not only had the faith, but he practised the virtues which characterize the true Christian. He taught the common maternity of the Church for the enlightened and the illiterate, for the white and for the black. He had a loving heart and a noble soul devoted to his country and his God.

Behold the result of the divine work of Ozanam, the greatest French layman, in founding the St. Vincent de Paul Society. What zeal he manifested; what trials he underwent; what difficulties he had to overcome to make it a success.

Again there was that light of the Church Montalembert, who, although perhaps less famed, was no less sincere and earnest in the moral integrity of his character. History shows that although defeated and deprived of everything but his honor and his good name in upholding his honest convictions, he was right, and that had the people followed his advice France would not be disgraced to-day by the blackest events since the Revolution—the expulsion of priests and monks and nuns and the governmental confiscation of church property.

Or picture, if you can, the situation of the Church in Germany in the days of Bismarck and the May laws. Her rights were usurped, her powers curtailed and her integrity threatened when the little giant Windthorst vindicated her rights by establishing the Catholic party that broke the power of the unconquerable Iron Chancellor. How noble in conception, how diplomatic in execution and how far-reaching in results were the concessions he wrung from his great antagonist. He showed that religion was compatible with civil liberty and an absolute necessity for civic virtue; that then, as in the beginning, religion aimed

at the protection of the weak and in bringing about a sense of the brotherhood of man.

In America we look with veneration on the work of O'Reilly, Brownson, Donahue and others, the pride of the Church and the glory of the laity. Men who became great by the difficulties they surmounted in the cause of the right; men who were true, temperate and sincere; men who were not afraid to champion the truth before the world; men who loved justice and honesty and who hated iniquity; men who above all were complete and sole masters of themselves. These men were lay apostles, and a race of such men is more desirable than any other boon that can be asked for country. Disdaining all that is low and mean, they do not gain for themselves at the loss of others; they know and try to make others feel how precious it is to live in such a free, generous and prosperous country where they have every opportunity to make themselves more perfect men. As private citizens, they are upright and honest; as politicians, they never ask what may be advantageous but what is right. Thoroughly American, they are jealous of our constitutional privileges and quick to resent any encroachment upon them. They realize, in a word, that their honor is the honor of their country.

This is one of the great fields of the layman's apostolate. To teach by one's life, the truth that is light, the prudence that is strength, the resignation that is happiness—this is one of the divinely given missions of the lay apostle; whether rich or poor, to be industrious, believing as a Christian that labor was intended to be the common lot of man. The true layman knows that the covering can not hide the heart beneath; that noble actions are the offspring of noble thoughts. This is the layman's field for missionary activity, the great wide apostolate of his life, where what he does will preach with a far greater eloquence and persuasion than what he says. To be first of all a man, and then a true and enlightened Catholic, this, he knows, is the summit of natural glory to which we can attain on earth.

History shows that a country can not be greater than the men she produces. We

read the grim, sad story of former republics, Athens and Venice and Rome, and then turn to our own, wondering if hers will be a similar fate. The lay apostle is to decide.

From the young layman of to-day the Church expects more than she did in the past. Our country is the freest; her wealth the greatest; her fields the most fertile; her store of opportunities the most unlimited, and her laws the most just. At every forward step her citizens discover new roads leading to fresh fields for material development; but in this great whirl of commercial advancement, mankind are apt to neglect the man.

To remedy this we need an ideal type of character for which the present age turns to the young layman, and especially to the Catholic college-bred man who has been trained for the business of life in the environment of religion, among most elevating influences; who has been taught that a successful life consists in making of oneself a noble soul, in possessing a loving heart and a clear mind with honest convictions. It expects him to serve his country by his honesty, courage and religious example. To him, who, in the full strength of young manhood, greets this new century, whose opening years give promise of a future so vast, the words of the poet admirably apply.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

The lay apostle is needed in all countries and all times, but he is needed most in our country and our time, for we are learning, partly from our own bitter experience, partly from that of other countries, what pressure must be overcome, what dangers encountered, and what temptations resisted in the achievement of national perfection. To us the message comes with redoubled force; the voices of our fathers of the past, the prayers of our friends and kindred of to-day and the cries of the unborn posterity unite in one earnest appeal to the young layman, warning him that he be mindful of his trust, that he reflect bright in his own life the spotless honor of the Church, and pass down to his children, blazing with all its old-time glory, the torch of wisdom and of truth.

III.—The College Man and Civic Duty.

EUGENE P. BURKE, A. B.



Class of 1906 are about to go into the active world, to leave the quiet of study life, and to enter the bustle and struggle of the hard, practical life of the land. We will work in parts of this country that are far distant from one another; our time will be occupied with interests that are widely different; but as citizens of the United States we have duties which are alike to us all. As members of the body politic we will have questions which we must help for answer and problems which we must help to solve, and it is therefore practical that we consider what ought to be our point of view regarding our civic duties.

All government, if it would endure, must have its root in morality; all national life, like all human life, must be guided and controlled by moral principles, if it would rightly develop and prosper. But the life and character of a nation is moulded by the lives and characters of her citizens, and their devotedness to moral principles is the truest sign of their country's prosperity. A man might rake the stars with skyrocketts and thunder forth patriotism from a Fourth of July cannon and yet be at heart an unworthy citizen; a man might love and cherish this broad land,—its mountains and valleys, its forests and fields, its rivers and streams—and yet be at heart an unworthy citizen. Love of the great truths that nourish human life, some one has said, is higher than mere love of country, for a true patriot must, first of all, be a good man.

Can we expect to find true patriotism in a man who does not respect the dignity of his own nature; who degrades and corrupts it by dishonesty, sensuality or injustice? Can we hope that any government will endure when the hearts and minds that direct it are corrupted by avarice or dishonesty? Can we believe that a man who is neglectful of his duties toward the God who created him or the parents who bore him, toward the wife who honors him, or the children who reverence and respect him—can we believe that

such a man will be loyal and devoted toward the country that guards and protects his civic rights? No! By their fruits you shall know them. Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. So too, the fire of genuine love of country burns only in those hearts that are regulated and controlled by sound moral principles. As graduates of a Catholic university, therefore, our duty to the State rests in this: that we keep fresh and healthy the moral life of the country which is the surest sign of its permanency and prosperity.

In order to accomplish this, in order to diffuse throughout our national system this healthy moral life, we must begin at home with ourselves. We must, first of all, nourish and develop in our own hearts and characters those virtues which we hope to impart to our fellow-citizens. The new doctrines of Christianity were easily understood and adopted by the Jews of old because they saw them worked out in the lives of Christ and His disciples; but the teaching of the Scribes and Pharisees was vain and empty because they were as whited sepulchres, outwardly appearing to men beautiful, but within full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness. All oratory is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; all the arguments of keen intellects will not persuade the heart, if the truths which the orator seeks to impart and concerning which arguments aim to convince, are not manifest in the life and actions of the speaker. We can not make our fellowmen just and honest if we are not just and honest ourselves; we can not hope to inspire in others a spirit of devotedness and self-sacrifice toward our country, if we are not ourselves devoted and self-sacrificing toward our parents or wives or children whose interests are so closely united with ours.

When we have looked well to ourselves, when we can truly say that we live for principle, we find a broad field to work in, and it is our duty to enlist with those who are fighting, not with hostile nations—for this is a time of peace—but with those internal enemies who, inspired by motives of self-interest, might undermine the foundation of our national government.

The material prosperity of our country

has indeed been phenomenal. Our corn feeds the people of all Europe; our cotton supplies their mills; our ingenious inventions and our transportation facilities have made it possible for American merchants to compete and undersell in their own markets the merchants of the whole of Europe. But while our material progress has indeed been great, has not our devotion to moral principles decreased? We must not be pessimists, standing in the broad sunlight of life only to see the darkness of its shadows; but at the present day have not abuses crept in which are vital; and may not the evil doing of those in influential positions weaken the moral life of our people? We seem to be dominated by greed; to be more unscrupulous of the means by which wealth is acquired. Dishonesty and corruption have insinuated themselves into our political, commercial and social life.

Some of the men whom we have chosen to direct our civic affairs have proved unfaithful to their trust; the leaders of our great industries, urged on by a mad thirst for wealth, have used any means to increase their riches, while their laborers have enjoyed only a meagre share of prosperity. In social life the spread of divorce has faded and chilled the beauty and warmth of the family, and our newspapers reek with shocking crimes that darken and soil the lustre of American life.

What is the cause of it all? Where can we find the reason for this apparent weakness in our moral life? The reason is not far to seek. The irreligion in America to-day is at the bottom of it all. Men seem to be too busy to think of God or religion. They have forgotten the teaching of the divine Author of Christianity, that we can not serve God and Mammon, and, dazzled by the happiness that the world offers, they have neglected the Author and Source of all genuine happiness. A great part of the two generations of men and women who make up the political and social life of our day, have been brought up in our schools without any definite dogmatic teaching. Religion has been changed to suit the whims of men, whereas it ought to direct and control all human action. All sound morality can be firmly founded only on pure religion, and when this is neglected the moral life of our

nation becomes weak and uncertain. This is the want that we are to supply. The world needs religious men; men who are devoted to God; who realize the beauty and power of a life of virtue and goodness. How are we fitted to supply this want?

Granting that we have the natural ability of ordinary men; that we are at least as well prepared as other college graduates, we have this much more: our training has been thoroughly religious; we have been taught to look upon the great Christian truths as sources of inspiration and encouragement; we have been trained to mould our characters and direct our actions by religious principles, and to feel that the greatest and the truest happiness does not consist in acquisition but in right conduct,—in charity, in honesty, in manliness and sincerity. As graduates of a Catholic university, therefore, we have this duty to our country: to keep the spirit of religion strong among her citizens, a work in which we will but perpetuate the labors of our fathers. It was a Catholic explorer who first planted the Cross upon these shores and woke the sleeping echoes with his exultant *Te Deum*; Catholic missionaries first penetrated the American jungles and brought light and salvation to the savage Indian; Catholic soldiers were among the first to shoulder arms when our country seemed threatened with disunion; and Catholic priests and Sisters ministered to the spiritual and bodily wants of American soldiery during the Civil and Spanish Wars. It seems, then, particularly a duty of Catholics to keep fresh this moral life and to be front-ranked among the soldiers who battle with civic dishonesty and corruption.

During the last few years there has been in America a general reawakening of the civic conscience. Men have arisen in different parts of the land whose lives are dominated by moral and religious principles; who are more deeply concerned that our politics should be just and honest than that our country should be the leader of the commercial world. They have stood for the people's rights, and they have prevailed. The head of our nation is an example of this true American. In the face of great opposition he has advocated legislation that opposed the unjust power and influence

of great corporations and rich capitalists, and he has spared no labor that justice might be done the people. Men are heard to say that they stay away from the primary elections because of the dishonesty and corruption that is rampant there. Let us not be of their number; let us enter heart and soul into the life of the nation; let us be concerned with all civic questions; but let us support what is conducive to the good of the nation, and vigorously oppose whatever seems to threaten its moral life. We ought not to be carried away by every popular outcry—for the unthinking multitude is so often wrong. We have been trained to think, and we have rules by which we can judge the right and wrong of national policies.

The good work has been begun; every day tells of new victories in the battle against dishonesty and political corruption. Popular opinion is on the side of the reformers, and America must come out of it all stronger and cleaner. We come to reinforce the good workers. We realize the principles at stake and the meaning of true patriotism. This is not pessimism, that we look squarely at the faults that exist. We appreciate whatever is beautiful in our country; we rejoice in her power and material prosperity; we honor and respect the men who act from sentiments of true patriotism, but we must be wary, too, when our country seems threatened from other sides; when dishonesty and corruption seem to work in among civic officials, and money is powerful to buy votes in legislatures or at the polls.

Let us go forth then with our civic duty well in mind—to strengthen and preserve the moral and religious life of our country; to keep high and pure the standard of American citizenship; to make our lives an inspiration and source of encouragement to the men with whom we come in contact; to demonstrate that a man can be successful in business and yet be just and honest in all his business dealings; to bring to the State a devotion to right principles which we have nourished in our private and family life, and thus to make this time of our college life, this time of preparation and study, bear fruit a hundredfold in the harvests of later life.

Valedictory.

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, PH. B.



OR the first time in our school-life vacation comes to us unwelcome. In the years when we saw other classes go out we wondered at the general air of sadness among the graduates. To-day that experience comes home to us with pathetic force; what we once thought would be an occasion of unmixed joy is proving to be tinged with sorrow, for it means farewell to Notre Dame, our mother for the past few years. The sincerity of this feeling can hardly be doubted when account is taken of the friends we have made, the fond associations we have formed and the happy years we have enjoyed here. Of all of these we are now about to take leave. The things that made life here will soon be gone from us never to return save in sweet memory of our happy college days. When we are grown old and gray we shall realize even more fully than we do now what these years have meant for us, and then in sadness and in gratitude we shall breathe a prayer for the success of Notre Dame and for all that made up our school-life here.

It is not my intention to dwell upon what our class has accomplished or to speak of our shortcomings upon the campus or in the lecture room. The Class of 1906 has had ideals, and, however imperfectly, we have always striven for the right. Nor need I speak in words of praise of the work of the Faculty, of their virtue, their patience, their kindness to the men of '06. The Faculty need no praise among those who know them, and to say that they always do their best is the perfect eulogy. We do not as yet realize fully what our teachers have done for us, but we shall not be long in learning the value of their help and in forming a true appreciation of their labors. Let us not linger, therefore, on the feelings of regret which come to us with our departure: they are too tender for expression in speech. What I wish to say in behalf of the graduating class is this: From the bottom of our hearts softened by this final

farewell we thank you, our teachers, our fellow-students and friends; we thank all who have come into our life here at Notre Dame for what you have done in bringing us toward this day, in helping us to become good citizens and better Christians. And I pledge the Class to prove the sincerity of my words by their gratitude in after-life.

Notre Dame, like most of our Catholic colleges, is an entirely self-supporting institution. What advances she makes are through her own efforts alone. She has had no Rockefellers or Carnegies, yet she counts among her own sons many who have reaped the rewards of success in highest degree. In no body of alumni is the sentiment of loyalty stronger than in the men of Notre Dame, but this sentiment has not as yet externalized itself in action. If the Class of 1906 can in the least degree overcome that seeming forgetfulness and secure practical loyalty to our College we shall consider our efforts well spent. Notre Dame has great and urgent needs, and we who have been with her for the last few years know under what difficulties the Faculty are laboring. It is the intention of the graduating class to be faithful to their *Alma Mater*, and when success comes to them to strengthen her hands by giving material aid. Till then we can best help her by showing that we are true sons by living and doing as she, "Our Lady" indeed, would have us live, honestly, religiously, uprightly. The twentieth century will have need of men with high ideals, and we have but to look around us to be convinced of this. Corruption and graft exist in our politics and our government, a low standard of morals is found in public and private life, avarice reaching into crime prevails in the business world; everywhere it seems to be forgotten that there is a nobler life to be attained. It rests with the young college man of to-day who has breathed such an atmosphere as this of Notre Dame to do his share toward bettering the world through the beauty and purity of his own life. The men of 1906 feel that they can never go far wrong, if they have as their ideal the life that Notre Dame has taught them to live.

Brothers of '06, you have heard me pledge our Class to loyalty and practical

gratitude to Notre Dame. Success will come to some of us, I hope to all, and when it does come let us remember the greater Notre Dame that I have pledged the Garnet and Gray to support. We are not to leave the old place and in a few years forget the friends, the classmates and all that makes Notre Dame dear to us now. She has helped us and will help us again if we are ever in need, and I feel confident that she can depend upon us as faithful sons.

And so, Gentlemen of the Faculty and friends, we will take leave of you with this last promise of loyalty to Notre Dame. And as a first mark of gratitude we will say that best of farewells—Good-bye in its old significance—God be with you.

Where Did He Go?

“And you saw him, did you?” said the girl as she rested her chin on her hands and her elbows on the table.

“Of course I did,” he replied, “saw him as plainly as I see you now, gray-haired and old, and the look of those eyes and that awful grin will never leave my memory,” and he crossed his knees, lit a cigar and began:

“It was a week or two before Kate’s wedding; she had picked out that house across the river to have it ready for the wedding day, and all were lending a hand to make things shine. The first time I went there I found no one at home; Kate had gone over to mother’s for supper and was careful to lock the door behind her. I wanted to see the interior of the house, so I went to a side window and looked in. I remember everything so vividly—the shadows were beginning to grow long and the golden bar across the west had nearly fused into darkness as I peered into that room. There he was, a man old and grey, his face wrinkled with age, sitting at a table playing cards with himself and muttering from under his drawn lips. Beside him on the table was a bottle of wine, or some kind of liquor and a bright silver blade glittered on his black belt. When he saw me he turned his livid eyes upon me, and one look was enough. My heart never beat so fast before or after that encounter. I turned breathless

from the window and started across the lawn. All my folks laughed at me when I told the story, but seeing me so frightened they afterward took it seriously and with an officer we went to the house. The door was opened, the room examined, but neither wine nor cards were to be seen, and though they examined everything carefully they found no old man. An old table which no one had seen before was in the room but the cards were gone. Of course they all called me a goose and told me to give up novels if I didn’t want to be a nervous wreck; but I, though I took all their jollying without complaint, said to myself, ‘I saw a man as sure as I see my hand, but where did he go?’ The next time I went to the house I was with my younger sister, who was no reader of novels, though a junior at high school. Luck or misfortune would have the place locked again and no one around. This time she went laughingly to the window, mentioning as we walked around to the side of the house my “tragic story,” but what she saw nearly put her into spasms.

“A man—man—knife—cards,” she cried, and we ran home breathless to the folks. It was enough to convince them, and Kate was going to give up the house had not mother decided to give it another trial. The third time we went there accompanied by two officers. It may seem incredible to say what we saw, but I am certain my mind was all right, and I give it to you as I saw it. The same wretched old man was at the table with his cards before him, drinking as fast as he could, large glasses of blood,—what else could it be? It was red and thick, yes, I remember distinctly, it was very thick. A silver knife was at his side besmeared with the blood. Horrors! I never want to see that face again. The officers placed one of us at each window to be sure the old man escaped through none of these, and they entered one at the front and the other at the back door. When they reached the room there was no man, no cards, no blood. All went in and saw only the bare walls, even the table could not be found.”

The young man picked up his cigar which had gone out, and the girl lifting her face from her hands said in a low voice:

“Where did he go?”

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, Commencement, 1906.

Board of Editors.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06

CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06	JOHN F. SHEA, '06
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	JOHN M. RYAN, '06
THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	JOHN C. MCGINN, '06
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	LEO J. COONTZ, '07
CORNELIUS HAGERTY, '06	EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07
WALTER O'DONNELL, '06	ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08

Sixty-Second Commencement.

THE Commencement exercises that ushered the class of '06 into the world were exceptionally good. On Trinity Sunday, June 10, the graduating class, in cap and gown, went in procession from Sorin Hall to the church. Here Solemn High Mass was celebrated by our Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Crumley as deacon and the Rev. William Moloney as subdeacon. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. John T. O'Connell of Toledo, Ohio. Father O'Connell has a wide reputation as a preacher, and his eloquent and instructive address to the graduates will long be remembered as a most important item of their Commencement exercises. On Sunday evening the band appeared on the front lawn, and for three-quarters of an hour the air rang with bewitching melody. On Monday and Tuesday the student body—with the exception of the graduates—spent two long days at their final examinations. On Wednesday morning at 8:30 a. m. St. Edward's Hall had its closing exercises. After the distribution of premiums and medals, our Reverend President, Father

Cavanaugh, made a short address. He said it was a source of great joy and satisfaction to find such a high grade of excellence among the students of the Minim Department, and complimented the Sisters of Holy Cross, who take charge of this Hall, on the remarkable order and discipline that prevails among the "Princes." He then introduced the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of Fargo, whose nephew was a member of the Minim Department during the past year. Bishop Shauley, who is well known among the students, having conducted their annual retreat last October, spoke of the great work done by the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the Minim Department, and complimented the Minims that they have added to the hardiness and health that come from youthful sports, the refinement and polish of the convent.

At ten o'clock the Regatta was held on St. Joseph's Lake. The SCHOLASTIC judged correctly when it predicted exciting boat races for this year's Commencement. All the oarsmen were well practised and the crews were evenly matched. There were three races, and all of them were close to the finish. In the evening the band made more music and put everybody in good spirits. Considering that the band is composed of practically new material their work was exceptionally good and they deserve much praise.

At 7:30 p. m. the Orchestra opened the exercises in Washington Hall with selections from "Wonderland." The University Orchestra has done excellent work during the year at the debating and oratorical contests, and their selections at the closing exercises crowned it all.

Mr. Cornelius Hagerty of South Bend, Ind., delivered the first Baccalaureate oration, treating the subject "Conduct in Life." Mr. Hagerty has been prominent in all contests of public speaking during the year, and he delivered his oration with that earnestness and force that won for him so much popularity in the preliminary and Iowa debates. The University quartette came next on the evening's program. They rendered "Star of Descending Night" skilfully, and for an encore they sang "Simple Simon," a humorous selection which "took the house."

Mr. Addis Emmett Lally, Denison, Iowa, followed with the second Bachelor oration, having for his theme "The Lay Apostolate." This was Mr. Lally's first appearance in public speaking at Notre Dame, and his words were received with most enthusiastic applause. The Quartette livened up things again with "The Tar's Song," and for an encore sang this local Limerick:

There once was a watchman named Dorin
Whose job was to watch over Sorin,
When a student came late,
His plight was to wait

While Dorin in Sorin was snorin'.

This is the last year of this Quartette; all the members graduating with the Class of '06.

Mr. Eugene Paul Burke, Chicago, Ill., delivered the third Baccalaureate oration, treating the subject "The College Man and Civic Duty." The orations appear on another page of this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The orchestra came again with selections from "The Society Circus" executed in that masterly way that marked all its work during the year.

The Oration of the Day, which followed, was delivered by the Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., of Washington, D. C. Dr. Stafford's reputation as a speaker is as broad as the land. He spoke of the duties which a man has toward his fellow-citizens and the State, and showed how the education which a college graduate receives fits him eminently to perform these duties. Doctor Stafford's manner is charming, and the close of his eloquent address came all too soon.

On Thursday morning the stage of Washington Hall was crowded with the large graduating class and the members of the Faculty. The Quartette opened the morning's exercises with "Home, Sweet Home," and Mr. Charles Leo O'Donnell, Kokomo, Indiana, followed with the Class Poem, which appears on the first page of this SCHOLASTIC. Mr. Alexander William McFarland then delivered the Valedictory. Mr. McFarland with deep earnestness and sincerity bade farewell to Notre Dame in the name of the Class of 1906. His words were sober and fervent and made every member of the out-going Class feel the true significance of his graduation day. The awarding of degrees and medals closed the impressive exercises that crowned a most happy and successful year.

The Community Cemetery at Notre Dame.

At the northwest corner of St. Mary's Lake is a little plot of ground, guarded by a row of locust trees on the west and by a grove of oaks to the east, wherein slumbers the dust of the men who have made Notre Dame. It is a picturesque and a holy spot. Removed from the bustle of the college town, it is nevertheless near to the heart of the community, for hither the seminarians from their beautiful home near by, Brothers and priests from the college and Sisters from St. Mary's frequently wend their way to say a prayer almost as much in invocation of the departed as in petition for the peace of their souls.

Especially at the present time is the cemetery a place of pilgrimage. The noble work accomplished by the devoted Brothers and priests there reposing has received something approaching adequate recognition, in the way of monument, in the two fine pieces of statuary recently erected there by the Very Rev. Provincial, Father Zahm, C. S. C. The first of these is a magnificent marble statue of the Redeemer resting on a pedestal that for delicacy of conception and fineness of execution is the rival of any like piece of art in the country. The style is modern Italian, the material the finest Carrara marble, the whole being twenty feet in height. This beautiful monument stands at the head of venerable Father Sorin's grave, honoring through him all the true men who are buried near him as they clustered faithfully around him in life. The front panel of the pedestal bears the following significant inscription:

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, although he be dead shall live (John 11, 25).

And everyone that has left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting (Matt. 19, 29).

A circular panel at the base of the pedestal has the following distich:

Quod Christo posuit Sorin pietate benignus
Hoc socii Sanctae Crucis amore colunt.

An English version of which might run:

What Sorin here for Christ in piety did found
His sons in Holy Cross with love promote.

The second work of art is a copy of a celebrated *Pieta* of Michael Angelo's in St. Peter's, Rome, placed in the centre of the graveyard. It is an exceptionally fine piece of work; the expression on the Blessed Mother's face, with its dumb, frozen grief, is especially worthy of note. The radiant whiteness of the marble in these two figures has splendid showing against the living green of the grass and trees. The large crucifix that formerly stood at the rear of the graveyard has been moved farther front as also the modest statue of the Blessed Virgin, dear to us as an heirloom from the past.

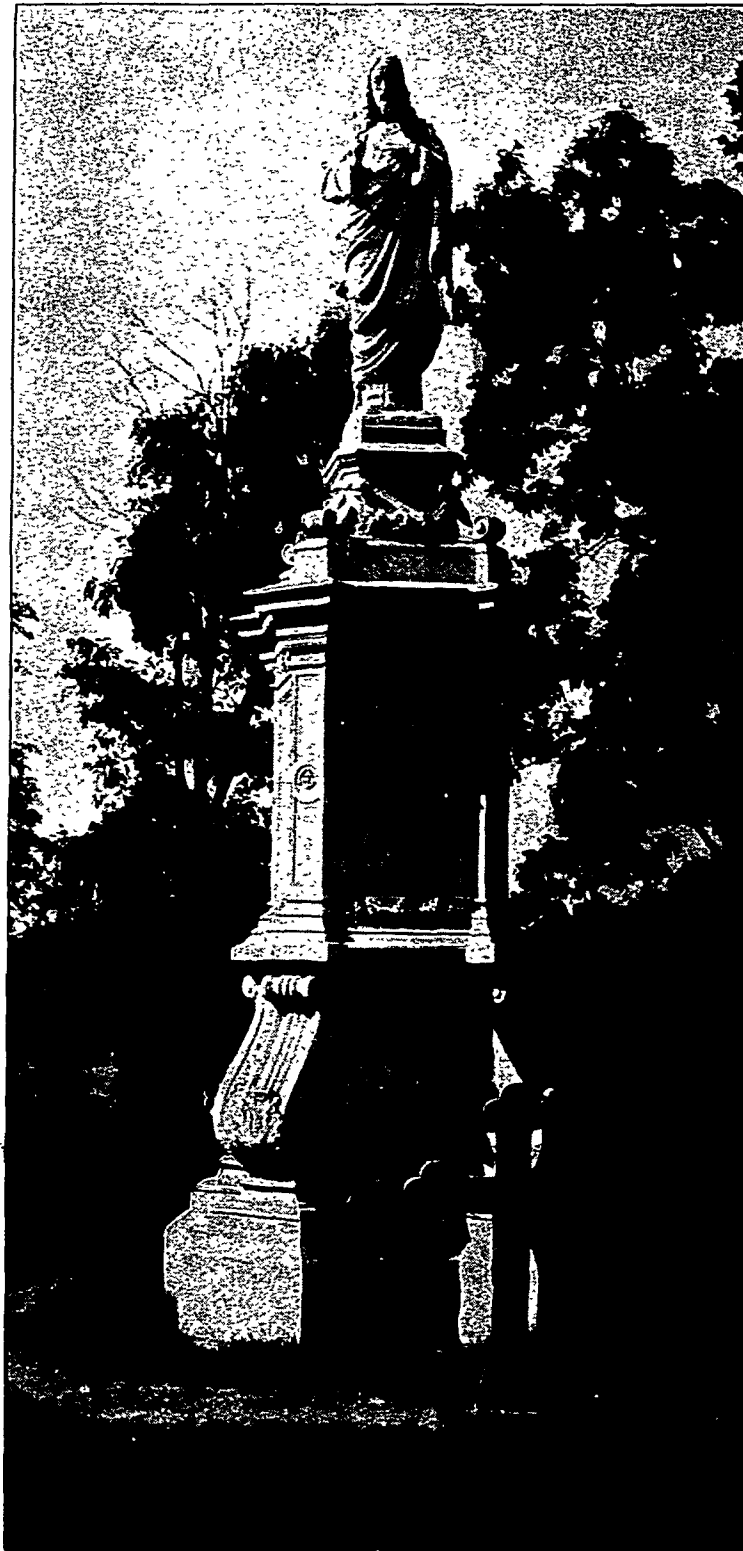
For the rest, the cemetery is much the same as it always was except that there are improvements in its care to correspond with its increasing beauty. There is still the simple cross at the head of each grave, signifying with quiet insistence the nature of the life led by the departed. The only graves that have a mark of distinction above the others are those of the men who were chaplains or soldiers in the Civil War. These have each a little marble footstone bearing their name, their military rank and the division of the army to which they belonged. And over each of these graves blows from Memorial Day to Memorial Day the Stars and Stripes reverently placed there by their comrades who still answer "present" to the roll-call of the living.

Thus, on one side of Father Sorin rests the great army chaplain, Father Corby, of the 88th New York Infantry, and on the other slumber the ashes of Father Cooney, chaplain of the 35th Indiana Infantry. Father Bourget's grave, Father Patrick Dillon's, Father James Dillon's, Father Paul Gillen's and Father Leveque's, all fly the nation's emblem for whose honor they were willing to lay down their lives. Father Carrier, who was also a chaplain in the Civil War, rests in peace in the community graveyard of the Canadian province near Montreal.

In the Brothers' section we find a similar distinction accorded the grave of Brother Sebastian, who was Thomas Martin, Co. 1, 1st Pa. Cav., also the grave of Brother Richard, known in Co. A, 38th N. J. Inf., as William Stoney, and the last resting-place of Brother Polycarp, James White, of the U. S. Navy. There is an interesting story in the life of Brother Polycarp, one that deserves repetition here.

As a boy James White was a great reader with a special predilection for ancient history. The

story of Jerusalem as related by the Jewish historian Josephus had particular charm for him and fired him with the desire to visit the land of Palestine, especially the parts made sacred by the life of Our Lord. To gratify his love for travel and adventure he became a sailor in the British navy, and within a few years had the



satisfaction of having touched at all the ports of consequence in the world. Not as yet, however, had he had an opportunity of gratifying that early wish of his heart, to visit Nazareth and Jerusalem. After a time, however, he got a position on board the private yacht of an English officer heading on a cruise for the Holy Land.

One evening after they had reached their destination and were enjoying the cool breeze that stirred the olive leaves along the gardens of Nazareth the officer expressed a wish for a drink

of water brought from the well of the Holy House at Nazareth. Mr. White volunteered to bring his officer the desired draught. As he approached the vine-hung well he thought of the many steps made thither by the Blessed Virgin and her Son from heaven, and as he looked down into the clear depths of the water that had so often mirrored the face of God it occurred to him here would be a good place to ask some special favor of Jesus and Mary. So he knelt down by the gray stone and prayed that somewhere on the broad track of the world

that he was weary roaming he should find a place where he might rest and work out his soul's salvation in peace.

As the tired sailor thus humbly prayed by the well at Nazareth, suddenly he saw, as it were, in vision, a structure, a fac-simile of the tomb of Our Lord, placed in a little wood, and behind it he could see the glint of limpid waters. As he looked in wonder on the spectacle an old man with a venerable beard flowing down his breast appeared near the tomb and said to him kindly: "You may stay here, my son, and

work out your soul's salvation in peace."

From that hour James White was a changed man. No longer was his wandering about aimless and to no purpose, it was directed by the desire that consumed his whole being to find that spot near the representation of Christ's tomb where he might live and die in peace. His wanderings brought him to America at the dread time of the Civil War. Here his experience as a sailor stood him in great stead, and he soon became chief gunner on Admiral Farragut's

gunboat. After the war he wandered westward, and one day, he never could say just how, he found himself in South Bend. Never, he afterward related, was he so disgusted with a city and never before in his life had he been so severely tempted. He was on his way to the station when a fellow-traveller asked him if he had been out to see the university.

"What university?" Mr. White asked.

"Why," the gentleman answered, "the University of Notre Dame, one of the coming colleges of the country."

"Oh, you don't need to tell me any-

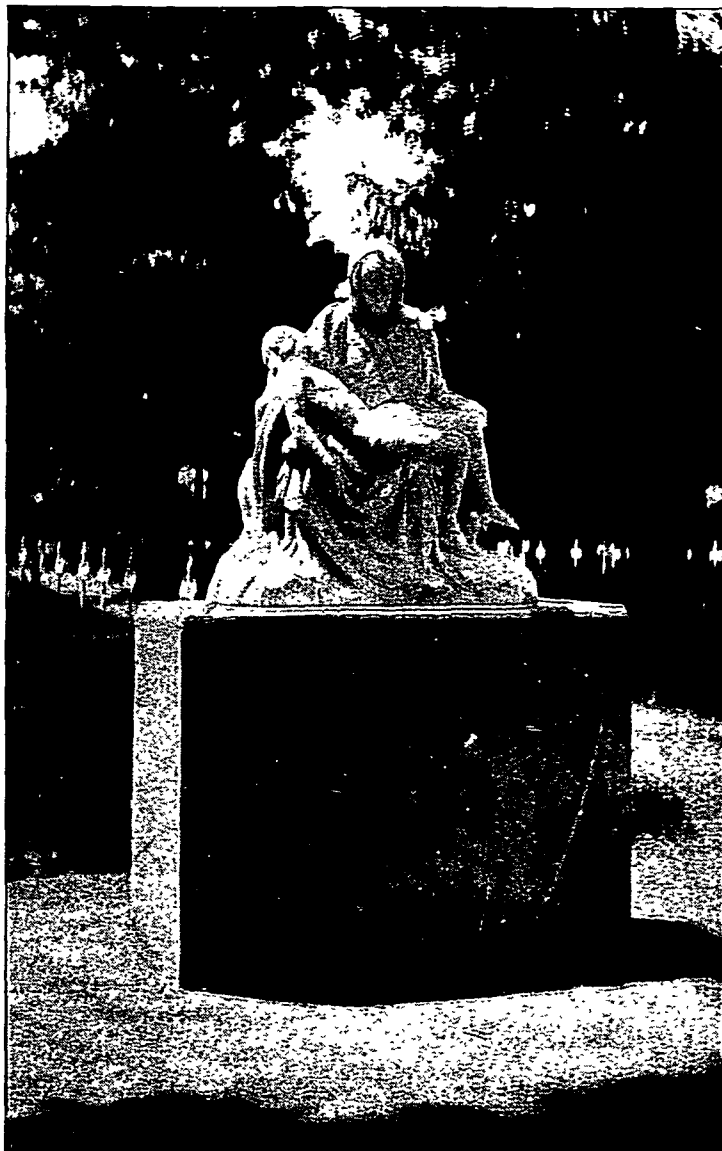
thing about schools here, I've seen all the great universities of the world and they're all alike."

"But," the stranger persisted, "Notre Dame is unique. You never saw so many shrines; the new fac-simile of the tomb of Christ—"

"What?" Mr. White was at once interested.

"I say, they opened recently on the bank of the lake a shrine representing the tomb of the Saviour."

Mr. White did not wait to hear any



more. In a few minutes he had taken a carriage for Notre Dame, and immediately on arriving here asked to be shown to the new fac-simile of the Holy Sepulchré. It was only a step to the shrine, and the moment James White saw it in the green woods with the bright waters rippling behind it he knew that his prayer by the well of Nazareth had been heard. Still he was not quite satisfied; he was if anything a sensible, practical man, and he did not care to bind himself with promises till he had consulted some one with authority in such matters. Accordingly he asked to see the superior of the place, and was soon shown into the presence of Father Sorin. Then what doubts still lurked in his mind immediately vanished, for here was the very figure and

"Mike" Hastings.

Too late for publication in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC came the announcement of the death of Mr. Michael Hastings, known to all at Notre Dame as "Mike." He was one of those lovable characters who grew old with Notre Dame, and there are few old students who will not recall some pleasant meeting with the gardener of St. Edward's Park. For forty years Mike has labored at Notre Dame and has brought sunshine to all who met him. Who does not remember that cheerful "Good morning!" or the pleasant Irish ditty which he was wont to sing as he trained the plants and vines of St. Edward's Park.



face he had seen many years before by the well at Nazareth, and when he stated his case, the very same voice he heard in that far-off sacred garden said to him: "You may stay here, my son, and work out your soul's salvation in peace."

Brother Polycarp died at the advanced age of eighty-four, a model religious of Holy Cross. That fac-simile of the Holy Sepulchre stood where now towers this magnificent statue of the Redeemer whose pedestal bears those most consoling of all words to the religious—"And everyone that has left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting."

Mike loved Notre Dame, and he was ever ready to lend his hand when he could be of any service. In 1879 when the Main Building of the University was destroyed by fire, Mike Hastings took fifty dollars from his small savings to contribute to the relief fund. A few years ago the University gymnasium was totally destroyed by fire, and contributions were received from students and friends that made it possible to erect the new gymnasium in a short time. "Mike" came again with his true spirit of loyalty and contributed twenty-five dollars to the fund. Only this year his name appeared on the list of contributors to the Sorin Statue fund for twenty-five dollars. It was this spirit of loyalty that

made Mike loved and admired by those at Notre Dame and will make him long remembered in their prayers.

On June 6 his funeral services were held in St. Joseph's Church, South Bend. The Rev. Peter Lauth, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, sang the Mass, and at the close our Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, preached a beautiful, touching sermon. He dwelt on those beautiful qualities that made Mike so well loved by all who met him, and held him up as an example of devotedness and loyalty worthy of imitation. After the funeral services in the church, the procession went to Cedar Grove Cemetery where Father Cavanaugh blessed the grave and recited the final prayers. Many of the Brothers and Priests of Holy Cross, and a number of Sisters from St. Edward's Hall were present at the funeral. May the old students into whose lives Mike brought a ray of sunshine join with his many friends at Notre Dame in a deep and earnest prayer for the repose of his soul.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS was conferred on

The Rev. D. J. Stafford, Washington, D. C.
The Rev. John T. O'Connell, Toledo, Ohio.
The Reverend Morgan Madden Sheedy,
Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Henry N. Moyer, M. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Frank Allport, M. D., Chicago, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on

Henry Michael Kemper, Chicago, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LAWS was conferred on

Edward Hermann Schwab, Loretto, Penn.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on

Albert Ernest Blin, Craon, France.

Eugene Paul Burke, Chicago, Illinois.

Charles Louis Doremus, Plœzal, France.

Louis Henry Faineau, Angers, France.

Edward Joseph Finnegan, Chicago, Ill.

James Henry Gallagan, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Thomas Aloysius Hammer, N. Y. City.

Cornelius J. Hagerty, South Bend, Ind.

John Marie Lecroq, Goven, France.

Hugh B. MacCauley, Providence, R. I.

John Connor McGinn, Providence, R. I.

Charles Leo O'Donnell, Kokomo, Indiana.

William Charles O'Brian, Columbus, Ohio.

Francis Xavier Zerhusen, Covington, Ky.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS was conferred on

Walter J. O'Donnell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

John Michael Ryan, Chicago, Illinois.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY was conferred on

John Francis Shea, Holyoke, Mass.

Alexander W. McFarland, Wapakoneta, O.

Addis Emmett Lally, Denison, Iowa.

THE DEGREE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING was conferred on

John Francis Cushing, Chicago, Illinois.

James Allen Dubbs, Mendota, Illinois.

William Patrick Feeley, Joliet, Illinois.

Harold Preston Fisher, Paducah, Ky.

Samuel J. Guerra, San Luis, Potosi, Mex.

Albert Alton Kotte, Cincinnati, Ohio.

John Patrick O'Shea, South Bend, Indiana.

Maurus Joslyn Uhrich, Spokane, Wash.

Anthony J. Stopper, Williamsport, Penn.

Harry Norman Roberts, Bloomington, Ill.

THE DEGREE OF MECHANICAL ENGINEER was conferred on

Matthew A Campbell, Wheeling, West Va.

THE DEGREE OF MECHANICAL ENGINEER IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING was conferred on

Nathan Silver, Chicago, Illinois.

Charles Edward Roesch, Indianapolis, Ind.

Arthur Pino, Arequipa, Peru, S. A.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING was conferred on

Evarist Raymond Batlle, Barcelona, Spain.

Joseph Joachim Batlle, Barcelona, Spain.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on

Arthur Funk, Lacrosse, Wisconsin.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN BIOLOGY was conferred on

Emilius Morancy McKee, Versailles, Ky.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS was conferred on

Michael Joseph Brown, Philadelphia, Penn.

Terence Byrne Cosgrove, Seneca, Illinois.

Richard William Donovan, Chicago, Ill.

Clayton Charles Golden, Monroe, Mich.

Francis John Hanzel, New Prague, Minn.

Roscoe Patterson Hurst, Hudsonville, Ind.
 Thomas Francis Healy, Rochelle, Illinois.
 Thomas Michael Harris, Lee, Illinois.
 Daniel Lawrence Madden, Chicago, Ill.
 Ralph Cleveland Madden, Mendota, Ill.
 Frank Artemus McCarthy, Britt, Iowa.
 Lawrence Michael McNerney, Elgin, Ill.
 Albert Benedict Oberst, Owensboro, Ky.
 William Edward Perce, Hanover, Illinois.
 Stephen Francis Riordan, Chicago, Illinois.
 Francis Joseph Shaughnessy, Amboy, Ill.
 Joseph E. Valdes, Manila, Philippine Islands.
 Ernest Melvin Morris, South Bend, Ind.
 Joseph Walter McInerney, South Bend, Ind.
 William Patrick O'Neill, Mishawaka, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF GRADUATE IN PHARMACY
 was conferred on

Samuel Wade Applegate, South Bend, Ind.
 James Sylvester Brady, Chicago, Illinois.
 Martin Clement Hoban, South Bend, Ind.
 Michael John Marquez, Havana, Cuba.
 Eugene Alphonsus Rush, Chicago, Illinois.
 John Worden, Ossining, New York.

CERTIFICATE FOR THE SHORT PROGRAM IN
 ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING awarded to
 Charles Henry Brenneck, Somonauk, Ill.
 John Bell Moran, Detroit, Michigan.
 Theodore H. Nabers, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 John Charles Quinn, Pittsburg, Penn.
 Jacob Stuhlfauth, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Commercial Diplomas.

A COMMERCIAL DIPLOMA was awarded to
 Clarence William Burns, Alexis, Illinois.
 Richard William Dalton, Hunting, Indiana.
 Frank Thierry Dannemiller, Canton, Ohio.
 Emil Frossard, Marietta, Indian Territory.
 John Daniel Lynch, Monmouth, Illinois.
 Francis Joseph Oelerich, Chicago, Illinois.
 Louis Palomar, Guadalajara, Mexico.
 Francis Quiros, Sanora, Mexico.
 Rudolph Jacob Schmitt, Toledo, Ohio.
 Frederick Henry Strauss, Chicago, Illinois.
 B. Louis, Notre Dame, Indiana.
 Rex Edward Lamb, Buchanan, Mich.

Prize Medals.

THE QUAN GOLD MEDAL, presented by
 Mr. Henry Quan, of Chicago, for the student
 having the best record in the Classical

Course, Senior Year, was awarded to
 Charles Leo O'Donnell, Kokomo, Indiana.

THE MASON GOLD MEDAL, presented by
 Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, for the stu-
 dent of Carroll Hall having the best record
 for the scholastic year was awarded to

Richard Bruce Wilson, Chicago, Illinois.

THE MEEHAN GOLD MEDAL for English
 Essays, presented by Mrs. James Meehan,
 Covington, Kentucky, was awarded to

Charles Leo O'Donnell, Kokomo, Indiana.

THE BREEN GOLD MEDAL, for Oratory,
 donated by the Hon. William P. Breen,
 LL. D., '02, of Fort Wayne, was awarded to
 Edward Francis O'Flynn, Butte, Montana.

THE ELLSWORTH C. HUGHES GOLD MEDAL,
 presented by Mr. A. S. Hughes, Denver,
 Colorado, for the best record in Mathe-
 matics (Civil Engineering Course), was
 awarded to

Harry Norman Roberts, Wilmington, Ill.

THE O'KEEFE GOLD MEDAL, for the best
 essay on a legal subject, donated by Mr.
 P. J. O'Keefe, of Chicago, was awarded to
 Michael Joseph Brown, Philadelphia, Penn.

THE CHICAGO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION GOLD
 MEDAL for Christian Doc. was awarded to
 Thomas Patrick Butler, Alleghany, Penn.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine
 in Moral Course A was awarded to

Jacob Philip Young, Huntington, Indiana.

THE QUINN GOLD MEDAL for Christian
 Doctrine in Moral Course B, 1st Division,
 presented by the Rev. John J. Quinn, A. B.,
 '83, Pastor St. John's Church, Peoria, Ill.,
 was awarded to

Leonard Michael Fuller, Muscatine, Iowa.

THE FITZSIMMONS GOLD MEDAL for Chris-
 tian Doctrine in Moral Course B, 2d Division,
 presented by the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons,
 Rector of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago,
 was awarded to

Guy Gibson Bailey, Mackinac Island, Mich.

THE MOONEY GOLD MEDAL for Christian
 Doctrine in Moral Course B, 3d Division,
 presented by the Rev. Nathan H. Mooney,
 '77, Rector of St. Columbkille's Church,
 Chicago, was awarded to

Felix S. Cajulis, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

THE BARRY GOLD MEDAL for Christian
 Doctrine in Carroll Hall, Second Course,
 presented by the Reverend F. J. Barry,

Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, was awarded to

Wilfred Washington Rice, Vicksburg, Miss.

THE COMMERCIAL GOLD MEDAL for the best record in the second year of the Commercial Department was awarded to

Frank Thierry Dannemiller, Canton, Ohio.

GOLD MEDAL for the best record in the last two years of the Preparatory Latin Course was awarded to

Sylvester A. Hosinski, South Bend, Ind.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD, presented in memory of the late Hon. Clement Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana, for debating work, was awarded as follows:

THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS to

Cornelius Joseph Hagerty, South Bend, Ind.

TWENTY DOLLARS to

William Augustine Bolger, Clifford, Mich.

TWENTY DOLLARS to

Wesley James Donahue, Chicago, Illinois.

FIFTY DOLLARS, presented by Rev. Louis Moench, Mishawaka, Indiana, for debating work, was awarded to

Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

Terence Byrne Cosgrove, Seneca, Illinois.

Patrick Mervan Malloy, Salix, Iowa.

THE BARRY ELOCUTION MEDAL in the First Section, donated by the Hon. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, was awarded to

Hoyt Watson Hilton, Chicago, Illinois.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Elocution in the Second Section was awarded to

John L. Weist, Walla Walla, Washington.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

THE ABERCROMBIE GOLD MEDAL for General Excellence was awarded to

Charles R. Weber, Chicago, Illinois.

THE SORIN GOLD MEDAL for Elocution was awarded to

Francis J. Schick, Terre Haute, Indiana.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Composition was awarded to

Fidelis N. Burt, Galesburg, Illinois.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Improvement in Piano was awarded to

Clyde L. McNabb, Chicago, Illinois.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to

Antoine E. Cartier, Chicago, Illinois.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Composition was awarded to

Arthur Arnold, Chicago, Illinois.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to

William H. Grove, Decatur, Illinois.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Letter-Writing was awarded to

Charles J. Smith, Chicago, Illinois.

First Honor Awards.

[First Honors are awarded to students of Sorin, Corby, Brownson and St. Joseph Halls who have attained an average of at least 90 per cent for scholarship and deportment during the scholastic year. The first honor awarded for the first year takes the form of a diploma; that awarded for two years of satisfactory work is a gold medal. This medal may be renewed from year to year.]

FIRST HONOR GOLD MEDALS were awarded to

Evarist Raymond Batlle, Barcelona, Spain (Renewal).

Edward Patrick Cleary, Momence, Illinois.

James Vincent Cunningham, Chicago, Ill.

Francis Derrick, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Frank Artemus McCarthy, Britt, Iowa.

Franklin B. McCarty, Lynn, Mass.

Edward A. McDonald, Texas (Renewal).

David McDonald, Seward, Illinois.

Anthony J. Stopper, Williamsport, Penn.

Frank A. Zink, Canton, Ohio (Renewal).

First Honor Mention.

Michael Joseph Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thomas Patrick Butler, Alleghany, Penn.

Francis Lysaght Dupen, Superior, Wis.

William Patrick Feeley, Joliet, Ill.

James Dominick Jordan, Scranton, Penn.

Alexander William McFarland, Lima, Ohio.

Stephen Francis Riordan, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph Edward Valdes, Manila, P. I.

Michael Aloysius Diskin, Scottsdale, Penn.

Leonard Michael Fuller, Muscatine, Iowa.

William Ambrose Hutchins, Columbus, O.

John Bernard Kanaley, Weedsport, N. Y.

Palmer McIntyre, Hanover, Ill.

Robert Fasold Ohmer, Dayton, Ohio.

H. Beckmann Ohmer, Dayton, Ohio.

Robert Etris Bley, Bunker Hill, Ill.

Felix Segundo Cajulis, Cavite, P. I.

Rufino F. Garcia, Magsingal, P. I.

Leo Dominick Hamerski, Winona, Minn.

Daniel de la Paz, Gapan, P. I.

Carmelo M. Reyes, Lipa, Philippine Islands.

Joseph Teodoro, Bay Laguna, P. I.
 Jacob Philip Young, Huntington, Ind.
 Francis Xavier Cull, Miamisburg, Ohio.

Department Prize Medals.

[Gold Medals for Department are awarded to pupils of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls who have spent two full years at Notre Dame and whose department during the whole time has been exceptionable.]

CARROLL HALL.

GOLD MEDALS FOR DEPARTMENT were awarded to

Juan B. Gallart, Cuba (Renewal).
 Stephen H. Herr, Chattsworth, Illinois.
 Bernard H. Lange, Oil City, Pennsylvania.
 Edward L. McDermott, Kane, Penn.
 William P. Ryan, Lake Forest, Ill.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

GOLD MEDALS for Department awarded to

Raymond A. Connolly, Chicago, Ill.
 William E. Cotter, Chicago, Ill.
 George L. Comerford, Minooka, Ill.
 Neil Gray, Detroit, Mich.
 Albertus Hilton, Chicago, Ill.
 Edgar Kobak, Chicago, Ill.
 Clifton Louisell, Manistee, Alabama.
 George A. Milius, New York City.
 John McNair, St. Louis, Mo.
 T. R. O'Donnell, Montpelier, Indiana.
 Francis W. O'Reilly, Topeka, Kansas.
 Edward F. Peil, Racine, Wis.
 Walter L. Smith, Round Bottom, West Va.
 Richard Tello, Cuzco, Peru, S. A.
 Charles R. Weber, Chicago, Ill.

SILVER MEDALS FOR DEPARTMENT were awarded to

Godfrey M. Roberts, Armour, South Dak.
 Herbert R. Pulver, Chicago, Illinois.

Certificates.

[Certificates are awarded to those pupils of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls who have followed the courses of the University at least two terms, and whose department during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

CARROLL HALL.

CERTIFICATES FOR DEPARTMENT were awarded to

Richard Bloss, New Orleans, Louisiana.
 Manuel Concha, Cuzco, Peru.
 Lee Dillon, Denver, Colorado.

James Gormley, Chicago, Illinois.
 Harry Meenach, Seattle, Washington.
 John Miralles, Guantanamo, Cuba.
 Raphael Rousseau, Guantanamo, Cuba.
 William B. Ryan, Cairo, Illinois.

St. EDWARD'S HALL.

George K. Brady, Chicago, Illinois.
 Horacio C. de Baca, Denver, Colorado.
 Alfredo C. de Baca, Denver, Colorado.
 Charles M. Berteling, South Bend, Ind.
 John M. Comerford, Minooka, Illinois.
 Alfred A. Cassinelli, Chicago, Illinois.
 Perry C. Coryell, New Castle, Colorado.
 Lionel J. Conaty, Chicago, Illinois.
 Lawrence J. Carter, Chicago, Illinois.
 Lloyd A. Fanning, Chicago, Illinois.
 Hudson M. Fordyce, Butternut, Wis.
 Louis M. Fritch, Chicago, Illinois.
 Robert B. Gotfredson, Detroit, Michigan.
 Charles A. Hannah, Chicago, Illinois.
 Joseph F. Hein, Tony, Wisconsin.
 John H. M. Holladay, Greenville, Missouri.
 Harold S. Katz, Chicago, Illinois.
 Clarence W. Katz, Chicago, Illinois.
 Joseph Kryl, Chicago, Illinois.
 Edward J. Keefe, Detroit, Michigan.
 Lester G. Martin, St. Louis, Missouri.
 Winfred E. Martin, Chicago, Illinois.
 George E. Moran, Chicago, Illinois.
 Richard P. C. Mose, English Lake, Ind.
 Clyde L. McNabb, Chicago, Illinois.
 John J. M. McGrath, Mexico City, Mexico.
 Milton A. Mann, Rogers Park, Illinois.
 Thomas B. O'Connell, Chicago, Illinois.
 Joseph C. Peurrung, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Girard J. Robinson, Pittsburg, Penn.
 Joseph G. Sheahan, Winnetka, Illinois.
 Louis B. Veazey, Pratt, West Virginia.
 Carl B. White, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The Practical Loyalty of '06.

On Friday morning, June 15, the class of '06 presented the University of Notre Dame with a check for \$500 as the foundation of a fund for a new residence building to be called Alumni Hall. The young Bachelors realize that the amount in itself is not large, but it is their belief and hope that all old graduates of Notre Dame, and especially succeeding classes, will take the project to heart and do all in their power to further its realization.

