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MR. JOHN F. FITZGERALD, LL. D.

The Winged Years.—Class Poem.

GEORGE P. SCHUSTER, A. B.

DARKNESS! the shock of quaking tides unknown,
 The nude winds, laughter over carrion bone
 Long left to blacken on the briny floor:
 The surge of hate, and death's undying moan,
 Sad shrieking sin and palsied failure's gore—
 Such is the life our flickering lamps explore.

Mother, thou hast the soundings of the sea;
 We cannot glimpse the hallowed castlery
 Or where the shores of Arcady may bloom.
 Wouldst send us forth unguided, foolish-free,
 Upon the waiting wastes of yonder tomb
 Where sharling ships crash into sightless doom?

'Tis thus we ask and thou dost answer well:
 Vessels there are that ride no watery swell
 But heaven's swinging roads unanchored pace
 Running the sceptred stars a gladsome race.
 In sunset's purple empery they dwell,
 And rift the veil that folds the moon-maid's grace.

Such flight be ours abreast the wings of life,
 Mayhap through clouds with cloying sorrow rife.
 The moon must mourn, his death too has the sun,
 But both are regal in a victory won.
 Their darkness is another dawn begun,
 Our banners too are blazoned with our strife.

Mother, thy hands those sacred seas unbar,
 Thy cross our compass and thy throne our star:
 Steadfast we sail in aisles of glowing glory.
 A jewelled galleon seems each humble dory.
 'Tis not the mart that molds the toiler's story
 But the temple builded on the beach afar.

Baccalaureate Sermon.*

BESIDES the honor of it, which I keenly appreciate, it was indeed a great pleasure to me to receive the invitation of your distinguished President to address an audience with whose needs and aspirations my educational experience has given me some degree of familiarity. As a bishop of the Catholic Church, I felt it my duty to lend at least the encouragement of my presence here to-day to the work of Catholic higher education which for seventy years Notre Dame has been doing so magnificently. What I shall say to you, young gentlemen, who are leaving Alma Mater with her laurel wreath upon your brow, can only be a repetition of what she has said to you again and again during the years that you have been the objects of her tender care. To sum up all the lessons of those years I bid you merely look upon her name: "The Catholic University of Notre Dame."

True to her title of university, Notre Dame teaches all knowledge, thus preparing her students for whatever walk in life they may choose, whether it be business, agriculture, the mechani-

cal arts, politics, the professions, or the holy priesthood. But in whatever she teaches, she has a single eye to the *education* of her students. "*Unum versus omnia*," may be said to be her motto. Her one purpose in all her teaching is, not so much to fill the mind with knowledge as to develop and strengthen and perfect the mind itself; to give it elasticity and breadth, so that it may be able to grasp and comprehend whatever may be known, to communicate to it a vitalizing and illuminative force that will enable it to leaven and correlate the dead mass of facts and events. This more than the mere imparting of information is the aim of Notre Dame. In one word, her object is to give you a liberal education.

As beneficiaries of her training you are called upon to carry to the very outer circle of your influence the gospel of liberal education. To the question, What good is a liberal education? I answer by asking what good is a healthy body?

* Delivered in Sacred Heart Church, Sunday, June 13, 1915, by Right Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Montana.

We all think a healthy body is a good thing because we try to keep it healthy and to restore its health when lost. We try to increase its health by food and drink, fresh air and exercise. We have a mind, too, certainly not inferior to the body, and we should strive to endow it with that perfection which corresponds to health in the body—that subtlety, that elasticity, that reach, that grasp, that enlargement and fulness, that vitality, that illumination which will enable it to exercise its functions with ease and grace. This state, or habit, or perfection of the mind, is obtained only by a liberal education. So education is good for the mind itself, even if it serve no ulterior purpose, just as health is good for the body, even if it does nothing else. As health makes the body beautiful, so does education make the mind beautiful, and the beautiful is the spice and the glory and the splendor of life. It exalts and ennobles and fills with joy the possessor and the beholder. Intellectual culture, then, or liberal education, is an end in itself. It is worth having for its own sake.

To the further question, What good does a liberal education do? Of what use is it for man's life in the world? I could answer by asking, Of what use is a healthy body? Just as you will tell me that a healthy body enables a man to do well all the things that body can do, so I tell you a liberally educated mind enables a man to do well all the things that the mind can do. If you point out to me the wonderful mental accomplishments of men of little or no education, I can signal out the marvelous physical feats of men of meagre bodily strength. And just as you will admit that these could do such things more easily, or could do things still more wonderful if endowed with greater strength of body, so you must concede that those with the added power of education could accomplish, if not greater things, at least could accomplish the ordinary things with greater delight and ease.

Yes, mind is power, as well as body is power, but the liberally educated mind is the greatest natural power in the world. Compare it in the various activities of life with the mind which has received only the instruction that directly fits it for its work.

Is it business? A multitude of witnesses will arise to tell you that the young man who enters the countinghouse at twenty-one with an education which had for its direct purpose merely to open, to invigorate, to strengthen

the mind, will, if diligent and devoted, outstrip in business capacity at the age of twenty-three a companion who from his sixteenth year has continuously occupied a similar position. I speak not here of those whose foolish pride would grasp the top of the ladder disdaining the lower rounds. These must always fail. My statement applies only to those whose heart is in their work, whose spirit is that of those brave men "who while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night." Industry is an essential condition of success in any walk of life; but it is the intellect of the college graduate quickened by disciplinary studies and formed to habits of method, of analysis, of comparison that gives him a decided advantage in business over his companion of the mere business course.

Is it the professions? A great European university after a trial of ten years declared that the graduates of the commercial schools were not on a par with the graduates of the classical schools in the pursuit of professional and philosophical studies, and that unless the plan of admitting both on an equal footing be changed national scholarship would soon be a thing of the past. The reasons given were slower development, superficial knowledge, lack of independent judgment, inferiority in private research, less dexterity, want of keenness and defective power of expression. If the student of the practical and merely secondary education is not a match for the fellow of the college course during the time of his training for the professions, how can he compete with him, other things being equal, in the arena of practice?

Is it the great enterprises of the industrial world—mining, manufacturing, trade, commerce? We sometimes hear it said that labor does it all—that labor is the source of all production. Such a statement is made only by demagogues who would make political capital out of labor. Competent experts have calculated that seven-twelfths of the production of great enterprises is due to ability and only five-twelfths to labor. It is the ability to organize, to foresee and forestall difficulties, to open up markets, to compete, to govern, to direct, to improve, to furnish occupation, to create opportunity which makes the largest contribution to the success of great industries. Whence that ability? Barring exceptional natural genius, it is the product of mind developed by education. The railroads and the mines will not even admit to their

engineering shops as an apprentice the young man who has not received a collegiate or at least a high school training. I hope the day is not far distant when all the schools of law and medicine in the United States will agree to receive only graduates of a full collegiate course.

Is it agriculture? Farmers formerly had little patience with the college man who would presume to instruct them in agriculture. It was their boast that actual experience on the farm was worth more than all the book knowledge in the world. Now they are regular attendants at Farmers' Institutes conducted under the auspices of agricultural colleges by professors whose remote education for their positions has been in most instances purely collegiate. More, they are sending their sons to college in greater numbers the better to prepare them for the life of a farmer in America in the twentieth century, and instead of sending them late in the fall and taking them out early in the spring as they used to do during the two or three years they gave them at college, they are insisting on a regular attendance during a much longer period. They realize that it is only the trained mind that can detect the scientific side of farming, and by scientific experimenting contribute to its advancement. They are alive to the fact that mental culture sweetens the cup of toil and counteracts the debasing tendencies of material occupations, and that if their sons are to be kept on the farm and spared the pitfalls of city life there must be more of it.

Is it statesmanship? Not to speak of the ward politician, and his partner in the state legislature, now happily passing away, who have been our presidents, the governors of our states, our senators and our representatives in the national congress? As a body they have been college men, large numbers of them having been taken from the learned professions. In fact, I may say a liberal education is regarded by the American people generally as an essential qualification in the candidates for such offices. Even the college professor or president is beginning to be looked upon as being capable of combining high intellectual attainments with the practical wisdom needed in a chief executive.

As for the *priesthood* and the *religious life*, the laws and customs of the Church from time immemorial have made a liberal education

a necessary preparation for the study of the sacred sciences. This it was in the days when the Church was lifting Europe from barbarism and creating Christian civilization that enabled the clergy and the religious orders to keep the torch of science burning, to preserve the Scriptures and the classics, to rescue from oblivion the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle and make it serve the cause of revealed truth, to develop the sciences of law and medicine, to create Christian architecture, and the Christian arts of painting and sculpture, poetry and music, to teach Europe the science and the art of agriculture, to lay down the principles of good government and direct the affairs of state. The establishment of the cathedral schools and their development into the monastic schools and then into the great universities of the thirteenth century is both the cause and the effect of the liberal education of the clergy and of the wonderful things which that education inspired and accomplished. And even to-day wherever the priest is given the sceptre of leadership in the things that make for the moral and material betterment of his community, this is due in no small measure to the power of his superior education.

In our modern world the laity are called upon to take an active part in dispensing the blessings of civilization. If they would perform their task with credit to themselves and profit to the people they must imbibe that broad and liberalizing spirit of intellectual culture which in former times made the action of the clergy so beneficent. And I may say in passing that heretofore in America, Catholic laymen have not had their share of the high positions in state and nation. This was due to their lack of higher education more than to any other cause. In the past, poverty could be pleaded as an excuse for not securing the higher education,—the excuse is no longer valid. Many have acquired wealth, and the great body are in easy circumstances, while institutions like Notre Dame have been multiplied all over the land, ready, like the fabled Briareus of the hundred hands, to lift our young men up to those intellectual heights where knowledge is as pure as the air of our mountains, as sweet as the water that springeth from the rock, as strong as the everlasting hills.

Excellent and useful as is education in perfecting the mind and in imparting to it power

and influence, it would be incomplete if it did not perfect and strengthen the will. Knowledge is indeed power, but it is a power for the good of the individual and society only when steadied by virtue and morality. This was the teaching of the father of our country who declared knowledge and virtue to be the two essential supports of the republic. Going further, Washington affirmed and proved that virtue and morality can not be sound and enduring without religion. This thought is at the very root of the whole educational system of the Church. Notre Dame emphasizes this thought when she proclaims her to be a *Catholic University*. Yes, if religion with its wisdom from above and its eternal sanctions is necessary to strengthen virtue and direct knowledge in the man and the citizen; surely it should be the most active force in the education of those who are being prepared for manhood and citizenship. And if this is true of all education; it is emphatically true of the higher education of college and university by which are created intellectual aristocrats and leaders of the people.

Young gentlemen, as graduates of a *university* your mission is the apostolate of the higher education, but as graduates of a *Catholic university*, you will be looked upon as the exponents and exemplars of religion. The time has gone by when the clergy were regarded as the only teachers and defenders of Christianity. This is the century of the laity. To the Catholic layman the world looks for information on religious subjects which it will not seek from the priest. To him it voices its disapprobation of Catholic teaching and practice. Not to be able to furnish the information or supply the proper defense, while it might be pardonable in the uneducated layman is inexcusable in the graduate of a Catholic college. It would be a reflection on his Alma Mater and would augur in him the lack of appreciation in his duty as a Catholic gentleman in the surroundings in which Providence has placed him. It is a time of great crises in the world; the principles of Christianity are losing their hold on the minds of men; the family is disintegrating, vast social changes are putting to the test long-established teachings. The Church alone possesses the forces of truth and grace which will save society. She depends on her intelligent Catholic laymen to assist her in their diffusion. What a glorious opportunity

is open to the graduates of our higher institutions of learning!

But, gentlemen, to be worthy defenders of the faith you must be models of Christian morality. In your private lives you must be sober, stainless and above reproach. The strictest honesty should characterize all your dealings with your fellowmen. You should account it your duty to take part in every movement that makes for the moral and material uplift of your community. It should be your proudest privilege to defend your country's flag and to spread abroad the blessings of liberty and peace of which it is the embodiment.

Be generous. "Freely have you received, freely give." The greatest expression of gratitude is generosity. Not only should you pour out the treasures of your richly endowed minds and consecrate the devotion of your loyal hearts in the defense and exaltation of the Church, but you should assist, as far as your worldly means will permit, in the upbuilding of her institutions. And I speak here not only of her institutions of charity and benevolence which have won the admiration and esteem even of her enemies, but especially of her institutions of learning, and more particularly of those which impart the higher education. These it is, more than all the others, that have given to the Church that intellectual and moral power which has made her a positive force in the solution of the world's problems. These, more than all the others, should appeal to the generosity of men like you who have been their chief beneficiaries. Time was in this country—and that not long ago—when only non-Catholic men of wealth contributed to the endowment of schools of higher learning. Thank God, wealthy Catholics are beginning to remember during life and in their wills those noblest and most life-giving of all the Church's works—her colleges and universities. May their number increase.

Young gentlemen, as products of her intellectual culture and Christian training, Notre Dame sends you forth to-day. She is proud of her work. Her heart swells with joy as she adds your names to those of the thousands she has sent before you into the world to enkindle the fire of high thoughts and noble aspirations. She is your mother, Alma Mater, the mother of your mind and heart, and she will ever watch your course with maternal affection.

And you will love her in turn. You will

cultivate her spirit, cherish her traditions, sing her praises. Her memories will be the music of your lives, bringing you cheer and comfort in your days of sorrow and adding to the fulness of your joy when skies are clear. And as the days lengthen, her influence will grow, spurring you on to noble deeds, warning you of danger, or perchance, calling you back to the sweet path of duty. Against the winning appeal of her maternal voice you can not, you will not, harden your hearts.

What is the secret of your love for Notre Dame, which time and distance can but intensify? Is it her stately buildings, her broad campus, her well-appointed laboratories, her rich libraries, her well-stocked historical museums, her priceless paintings? These are but the trappings which compel the admiration of the beholder. The secret of your undying love for Notre Dame are those glimpses of her heart which she vouchsafed to you while she nursed you in the arts, in science and religion. The heart of Notre Dame are her teachers. From the faces of these all aglow with devotion to their holy calling, there have radiated streams not only of knowledge but of faith, and hope and love, and coming daily within the circle of their influence you have necessarily grown in wisdom and virtue. As you grasp them by the hand to speak a parting word and listen to their fond God-speed, your heart will register a holy vow that never in thought or deed will you be faithless to the sons of Sorin, or the institution which their consecrated lives have made great and powerful.

Age.

They will not come again, the days of youth,
The silver laugh of childhood dies away,
And down the heathered hill we slowly move
Feeble and old and gray.

We look not to the fields as oft we did,
In the rich rosy days of long ago,
Summer is fled, and we must toil amid
Whirlwinds of blinding snow.

The golden sunset lures us gently on
Beaming a moment in our drooping eyes,
And as we pause upon our homeward way,
It reddens all our skies.

Then from the hoary headed hills beyond
Softly the silent shades of even creep
And one by one we lay our burdens down,
And clothe ourselves in sleep.

A. McD.

BACHELORS' ORATIONS---International Peace.

I.—Economic and Social Argument.

PATRICK HENRY DOLAN, A. B.

WHEN the United States and Great Britain prepared to celebrate their centenary of peace a few months ago, millions in Europe and America hailed the approach of a new era in international relations. Disregarding Europe's fifty years of continuous preparation for war, and forgetting the inevitable results of such preparation, they believed that the millennium of international justice and brotherhood was at hand. And then came the present conflict, the mightiest in history to shatter men's dreams and fondest hopes.

The grim lessons that this war is daily teaching will bring men to a realization that a movement toward permanent peace must be on a practical basis; it must appeal to men as they are; it must take into account the human motives and underlying desires that have caused the great wars of modern times; it must understand that each age brings its own conditions and institutions, and expresses the world-old human desires in a new form. The peoples of the great nations must understand that war is not only unreasonable, generally unjust, and tremendously expensive, but that it has ceased to be profitable, that victory and foreign possessions make nations no richer, but poorer in every way. This great economic truth being thoroughly comprehended, it will not be difficult to secure the other necessary conditions for permanent peace,—the limitation of armaments and the establishment of a supreme international tribunal of justice. Cynics will tell you that we shall always have war; that the possibility of peace among nations is the merest dream, but they are wrong. To-day our wars are primarily the result of greed,—greed for financial gain. Show men that what seems to be gain is really loss, and you will change their attitude in the matter of war as to the efficacy of their methods, as to the desirability and practicability of permanent peace.

When a country increases its territory, its wealth is not necessarily increased, for the wealth may remain in the hands of the people who own such territory; but on the contrary, the wars to secure these possessions, and armaments

to protect them, make nations poorer. Germany can have the wheat and wool of Canada and Australia now, by paying for them, and if Germany were to conquer Canada and Australia, she would still have to buy these products, since slavery and serfdom no longer exist. When Germany annexed Alsace, no individual German secured a mark's worth of Alsatian property. The people of that country sell goods to Germany to-day as they did when they were under French rule. For the last half century, England, as mistress of the sea, has been grasping territory in every corner of the globe. Yet Switzerland, with not a single foreign possession, is two and one half times greater in *per capita* wealth.

Nor do armaments foster commerce. The German navy is only half as strong as England's yet before this war, German merchants were steadily winning British foreign trade. And Holland, with practically no navy at all, has to-day a foreign trade three times greater than that of England. Switzerland, with no standing army, is as prosperous as Germany with all her mighty forces;—in fact she does proportionately triple the volume of foreign business. If England were to destroy the German navy, German competition in commerce would not be checked. Although Germany might not have a single ship there would be sixty-five million men, women and children to go on working with their brains and their hands, so that their competition would commercially be as great as ever. All this indicates clearly one great salient fact,—that the prosperity and wealth of a country do not depend on the size of its possessions, nor on its readiness for aggression and defense. It is the thrift, the frugality, and the industry of the people that make nations wealthy, and these cannot be captured.

And yet fabulous sums of money are spent on wars present and future. England and Germany in fighting each other are not only losing their own best customers, but have spent more money in ten months of war than the profits of a hundred years of trade will compensate. In less than a year eighteen billion dollars have been poured out, and each day fifty million are added to that total,—over two million dollars an hour. Think of it! Between yesterday noon and noon to-day, fifty million dollars have been spent in the destruction of human lives. It costs two thousand dollars to kill one man. Add to this

the fact that in times of peace the peoples of Europe have devoted seven-eighths of their annual income to preparation for war. Two billion, five hundred million dollars are spent each year for the maintenance of armies and navies. In England the money expended for military purposes is five times greater than that expended for benevolent undertakings and works of social betterment; in France it is ten times greater, and in Germany twenty. This program continued means nothing less than financial ruin.

In our own country, four hundred and seventy million dollars are expended every year in preparation for war,—more than seventy-two per cent of our entire revenue placed on the altar of Mars by a people who boast of their efforts to establish peace. The almost unbelievable fact that there remains only twenty-eight per cent of our immense revenue for all the other purposes of the government is one calculated to prompt the most heedless to wonder whither we are drifting! With the sum that is spent in preparation for war, we could build at least thirty-nine Lincoln highways across the continent each year. With that sum we could cover the entire cost of the construction of the Panama canal and have nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars left. With that amount of money we could dot our land with colleges, we could prevent the great annual floods of the Mississippi, with their losses of life and property.

No country gains from competition, since an increase of armaments is met by a counter increase of others. But every country loses. The toilers must pay for it all, while millions of their numbers are on the verge of starvation. Then war comes, and the toilers pay again,—in ruined homes, in desolated fields, yes, very many of them pay for it with their lives. When wars and armaments mean this fearful cost,—starvation and misery; commerce and disturbance of credit all over the world; and unarmed peace means undisturbed industry, commerce increased, and the uplift of humanity when peace means this, how long will men continue to prefer war?

But greater by far than all economic losses entailed by war is the social injury that war entails. Life is the most precious thing on earth. But within the last ten months five million men have laid down their lives on the battlefields of Europe, and we know not how many millions more are to follow. Imagine every man, woman,

and child in this state a bleeding corpse, and you have not equalled the loss of lives in this ten months of slaughter. It is when we reflect that the population of the State of Indiana does not equal that number that we begin to understand the enormity of this war. Think of the heaps of unburied dead; think of those human sacrifices to the greed of commerce, the flower of European manhood wasted, the destined fathers of future generations destroyed; think of the young men taken by millions from home, from education, from business, and subjected to the demoralizing influences of the camp and the trench, and thus polluting at the very sources the life of the next generation; think of the suffering of the cripples, of widows and homeless children. Only the weak are left to father the races of to-morrow and these are "so degenerate," says Collins, "that they and their offspring are a care and a burden rather than a help to the nation." This spilling of its best blood is a waste no nation can afford. And in war this is just the kind of blood that is sacrificed. It is impossible to drain civilization and to injure the future generation without doing harm to society and state. Whatever burden society lays or permits to be laid on the shoulders of its citizens and children it must ultimately bear upon its own. Some one has well said: "Europe has been set back a century because she substituted the present war of nations for the promotion of a federation plan." When this conflict is over, the work of the European world must be carried on by cripples, women and children. Already their piteous cries have reached us, and these are but the preludes to the wails that are to follow.

The shock of this war is felt even in the far-off missions. From bishop after bishop goes up the cry for help in this hour of trial. Bishop after bishop writes that his men who were saving souls and civilizing barbarians have been called to the firing line to help kill off mankind. The divine command, "Teach ye all nations" is spurned. Just when the harvest is ripest, the reapers are destroyed.

But what pen can describe the moral aspect of war. The keynote to the woe and misery of war was struck by Cicero when he wrote "the law is silent during war." Then it is that vice and crime run riot through the land; then it is that virtue and honor are held so cheap that men fear for those they love rather than

for themselves. This conflict is no exception to the rule. Never before were there baser sensuality and laxity of the marriage laws than in the last ten months in Europe. All this corruption and pollution is sustained in the name of patriotism. Patriotism,—the dishonor of women, ruin, death. Patriotism—if this be patriotism, let us pray God that we may never see the day when such patriotism shall rule over our land.

Undoubtedly when the curtain is dropped upon the European battlefield the people who survive will understand that war is not profitable in any sense, and that it lies within their power to put an end to it, if they will. They will see that foreign possessions have not made them richer, but poorer in every way; they will see clearly that from an economic and social point of view war is thoroughly disastrous. It is here that our hope lies, with the people themselves. The economic futility of war and the economic advantages of peace are arguments that will appeal as never before to the minds of men. And these are the arguments with which the advocates of peace must commence and persuade the world. We must make men see, in the times of peace that war is unprofitable, and undesirable. This great economic truth being thoroughly comprehended, the other conditions for permanent peace will follow. It is not enough that we remain passive in the movement for peace; if present conditions continue, we must believe from every point of view, economic, sentimental, rational and Christian, that peace is better than war and practice our belief. We must think peace, believe in peace and work for peace. It is time for every man to rise in righteous anger and clamor for the abolition of war. For humanity's sake, for the betterment of society, for the cause of purity and right against corruption and evil, let us work for peace, universal and lasting peace.

Alma Mater's Boast.

These are my monuments, the sons I reared,
Whose lives are white, whose wills and hearts are
strong.

When bronze and stone have crumbled into dust,
Their works shall live in story and in song.

These are my pearls, the deeds my children do,
They will adorn my brow adown the years,
The deeds of love and truth thrice nobly done

By men who never bent to hates or fears. R. D.

II.—Moral and Religious Argument.

GERALD SAMUEL CLEMENTS, LL. B.

THROUGHOUT all the long ages since men first formed themselves into organized society, down to the present time, war has been an established institution. Men and nations have built and burnt, have saved and slain, have oppressed and resisted oppression, men have poured out their blood on the field of battle, their bones have bleached on the plains and mingled with the dust of centuries that have passed over them, and all because of war, the fierce desire for martial triumph and the glory of conquest.

Without doubt many of the wars of the past have been just, and on the battlefields of history man has struggled against man, each supremely confident in the belief that his was a fight for principle, that upon his side lay justice and right. And when the men of the nation have marched down to the field of battle to do and die for the eternal principles of freedom and liberty, who is there to say that theirs was not the cause of justice?

But while men are justified in the use of force as a last resort in resistance to oppression, and while even in an unjust war each side may believe itself to be right, yet, I say that the practice of settling disputes between nations by means of trial by battle, which has resulted in ceaseless conflict since the dawn of history, is absolutely opposed to the moral nature of man. First, because it is an irrational method of settling differences between rational beings; and second, because it is inconsistent with the true underlying spirit of Christianity.

When differences as to personal and property rights arise between individuals, the just and reasonable man carries his grievance to the law, and laying his cause before the bar of justice, demands that his rights be vindicated. He does not seek blood as a compensation for the violation of his rights. He realizes the futility of attempting to adjudicate a legal right by means of personal combat, and has long since cast aside the delusion that the duel is a just method of settling purely personal difficulties. How comes it, then, that on the occasion of a serious disagreement between nations, rational methods of adjudication are cast to the winds and forgotten? Force may be lawfully used as

a last possible resort for the settlement of disputes, but as a matter of fact it has usually been the very first to which the nations have had recourse. Instead of being the most extreme measure to be used for the protection of national rights, it always has been, and seems to be now, kept ever in readiness as the first-hand adjudicator of international difficulties. The nations are composed of men who would abhor the thought of adjusting their private differences by personal combat, except as the only possible means of protecting themselves. But men seem to forget that as a nation they are but a collection of individuals and that the principles which apply to their relations with one another, obtain just as truly between themselves as a nation and other nations.

Reason demands the settlement of justice between nations just as much as between individuals, but you might as well intrust the fate of nations to the turn of a wheel or a roll of the dice, as to expect justice to arise out of the smoke and blood and chaos of battle. Justice is a matter of mind not of muscle; and for men to expect that a just and equitable settlement of international questions can be reached through the overpowering force of a million troops, or the keenness and foresight of a strategic leader, is as vain a delusion as ever clouded the human brain. To the victor belong the spoils, and the spoils of war are garnered by the mighty and the favorites of fortune.

War not only fails to settle disputes justly, except in cases of rare coincidence, but it also fails to settle them with any degree of permanency. War is rather a perpetuation of difficulties. It is the endless turnstile of history. Nations are conquered, treaties are made, each sanctioning the result of the last, and the nations are said to be at peace. But beneath these seemingly placid and calm waters of reconciliation there flows a strong and fiercely boiling undercurrent of hatred and a longing for revenge. It is the *lex talionis*, the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and the conquered nation is no sooner compelled to submit to terms of peace imposed by the victor than forthwith it sets itself to make ready against the day when with all the grand wild glory and pomp of martial force, it may once more proceed against its ancient enemy to reclaim the spoils of war. To-day we are witnessing the fulfilment of a prophecy which the great international thinkers of the world have long

been making. We are beholding a world war; and the questions which men hope will be settled by this great conflict, are but the same questions over which other battles have been fought, for which other men have died, and concerning which other treaties have been made. Two of these I shall mention.

When the ruthless hand of the "Iron Chancellor" shattered the second empire of France and tore from her grasp the fairest of French provinces, a treaty was made over these provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, that there would be no more war. But it was not to be. Beneath the treaty of 1870 the flames of enmity smouldered, until a few months ago, war was again declared, and Frenchmen are now dying that the tricolor may once more wave over their beloved Alsace and Lorraine. They are fighting over a question which fifty years ago was believed to have been permanently settled.

The other question which I shall mention—a readjudication of which is being sought in the present war—is the centuries old struggle of Russia for an outlet to the sea. The frozen and icebound harbors of the Baltic afford but poor egress to the world for the great Eastern Empire, and she has long been trying to secure for herself passage to the Mediterranean through the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. England, France, Turkey, and Russia have struggled over this very question, and treaties have been made settling the matter, as it was then thought, but to-day the waters of the Dardanelles run red with the blood of the Teuton and the Frank, the Briton and the Turk. The matter is not yet settled, nor will there be an end to the dispute arising from this question, even if Russia is successful in her effort to force her way. The resting-place of nations is not yet reached. The control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles by Russia means that the Indian possessions of England will be in constant danger. And the lion of England will never allow the great bear of the North to creep down into Asia, and threaten the rich and wonderful land of India. The occurrence of such an event,—and it is perfectly in line with the present trend of international affairs,—can mean only another great upheaval of the world powers. England and Russia will engage in a war to the death, and the flames of Hell will once more sweep over Europe, blood-soaked with the wars of centuries.

Here we have concrete examples, absolutely

up to date, of the inefficiency and failure of war as a just, politic and permanent adjudicator of international questions. War is but the ceaseless treadmill upon which the nations of the world have been forever tramping, tramping, tramping, always in the vain hope that the time may come when by conquest and force of arms the nation will have been made all-powerful, its people wealthy, and its government everlasting.

With the coming of the Redeemer, the rise of Christianity, and the spreading power of the Pope and Christian princes, one might have thought that these vain struggles for gain and glory would be no more. True, the Popes of the Middle Ages established the Truce of God, and time and again offered mediation to the warring principalities, but to bring these rough and ready men of feudal times to a realization of the folly of forage and war was a task too great; and now despite the fact that this is the Twentieth century of the Christian era, justice is still driven from the highest places, still there is in vogue the antique trial by battle, as vain and foolish as the primitive ordeal by fire, and still the warring crowns of Europe call upon the God of the universe to prosper them in their senseless struggles for national and territorial domination.

The true Christian attitude was expressed in the words of that saintly pontiff, Pius X., when shortly before his death he was approached by the Austrian envoy with the request that the papal benediction be bestowed upon the arms of Austria. He refused, saying: "I will bless nothing but peace." And these few words express the real, true spirit of Christianity.

The most we can say for ourselves is that Christianity has entered gradually the life of the individual, and in many ways ennobled and purified it, that we hope for the growth of its influence through the centuries, and that some day the thoughts of men and nations in regard to war will be regulated by the Sermon on the Mount. There is no more reason why the mind should be shocked by the evils of war than by many other evils. We shall not get forward by an excess of horror, by emotional exaggerations, by fostering illusions. We shall advance, not by ignoring the past, but by reasoning and building upon it, and by cherishing a Christian faith which does not evade or color facts, but helps us to work patiently with the material of reality.

III.—Possibility of Peace.

JOSEPH CLOVIS SMITH, PH. B.

EVERY great moral movement must draw its strength and inspiration from the people. If you would develop institutions and ideals, you must educate the people to that end; if you would reform political or social evils, you must have their active support. Long years are required to bring men to realize the desirability of an improvement, and still longer years to rouse them to action. It took a century to abolish negro slavery, and three centuries to put an end to duelling. The movement to abolish international warfare is slowly but surely achieving the same success.

Strong as is the appearance to the contrary, we are at the present moment on the threshold of a great forward movement toward world peace. For many years, men have been coming to realize the truth and force of the argument that it is the very antithesis of reason for rational beings to settle their quarrels by force, that the suffering and injury to humanity caused by war is a terrible waste, and that the slaughter of fellowmen ill becomes the followers of Christ. Now they are beginning to comprehend that not only is war socially, intellectually and morally undesirable, but that it is also an economic futility which profits no one, and injures all. It is this great truth which is transforming the theory of peace into a practical program. The task ahead is to complete this transformation, to thoroughly convince men of the wrongfulness of war, and to persuade them to have no more of it. Once the people actively demand it, world peace will become a reality.

The peace movement took practical form about a century ago, when a few far-seeing men perceived the necessity of educating the people in the idea of peace, and began to establish peace societies. The first one in America was founded in New York city in 1828, and the movement has grown until to-day, we have six hundred peace organizations with hundreds of thousands of members (friendship societies in which all nations are represented), peace leagues in nearly all our American colleges, and over a hundred boards of trade and chambers of commerce actively interested in peace. What is still more important, the workingmen,

those who pay the taxes and stop the bullets in times of war, have declared for world peace through the official pronouncement of the American Federation of Labor. The movement toward peace, my friends, is a great living, growing thing; it is time for all of us to recognize this, and to square our practice with our ideals by joining actively in the work.

It is especially fitting that we, as Americans, should do this. From the very beginning, our government has occupied the first place in the practical movement toward peace. As far back as 1873, in the Jay treaty which established America's independence, there was a provision for the arbitration of undecided questions. After the war of 1812, there was again resort to arbitration, and when the struggle with Mexico ended in 1848, a clause was inserted in the treaty by which arbitration was to be the main reliance for peace between the two countries in the future. That peace has never been broken. In 1871, the United States and Great Britain made the greatest step toward peace that had been taken up to that time, when the Alabama claims, a threatening boundary dispute, and the fisheries question were all settled by arbitration. Thirty years later, we invited all the nations of the world to join in a plan for the peaceful adjustment of quarrels, and in 1895 put our theories into practice when the Venezuelan boundary question was settled in court, thus actually averting war between this country and England. And when the Hague Conference was established in 1899, the first delegate to advocate an international parliament was Bartholdt, the American, and the first case taken before the Hague tribunal was taken by the United States. This is a record of practical achievement of which Americans may well be proud, and it evidences the leading part that this country has played in the development of world peace from the stage when it was but the dream of altruists, to the establishment of such a sound means of future progress as the Hague Conference.

But America's work did not cease with the foundation of the Hague. At the second meeting of the nations in 1907, the United States presented a proposal for compulsory arbitration, which was accepted in regard to contract debts. This Conference also established an international Prize Court, but stopped short of the formation of a Supreme Tribunal, with

the power of enforcing its decisions. America went ahead, however, and in 1911, President Taft procured the agreement of England, France, and Germany, to a plan for the peaceful settlement of all disputes, even those affecting national honor, with a few specific exceptions. The treaties barely missed the necessary two-thirds vote in the United States Senate, because some of the Senators feared they had not the Constitutional power to take such a step. But the important fact is that the three most powerful nations on earth were ready to conclude a permanent peace with this country,—certainly the greatest advance the world has ever seen. Not discouraged by the temporary setback at the hands of the Senate, the United States negotiated agreements last summer with twenty-three South American and European countries, providing for the abstention from force for a year, in case of disputes, in order to cool men's passions, and secure a just decision in the case.

America has done more than make treaties, however; she has demonstrated that they will actually work. For a hundred years she has kept an unviolated truce with her greatest historic and commercial rival. Nineteen times serious difficulties have threatened war, and nineteen times arbitration has been used successfully because both peoples wanted peace. To-day, the four thousand miles of border from New Brunswick to Seattle has not a single gun or fort—America's demonstration to the world that permanent peace is possible, practicable, and workable.

There are millions in Europe and America, however, who believe that the great conflict now raging has blasted all such hopes. Coming after forty years of persistent striving for peace, it must stamp as folly any further effort. Yet faint-hearted peace lovers, and avowed militarists should alike take thought from the fact that this conflict, while greatly deplored by the leaders of the peace movement, has not surprised them. They have not been blind to the military spirit rampant about them. The vast armaments which Europe has been building for half a century, together with the false economic doctrine that territory means wealth, made a great war inevitable, and none saw this more clearly than the men of peace who dreaded it most. They beheld Europe turned into an arsenal of guns and powder, with the dawn of each summer's day sounding

the reveille for millions of her sons training in arms, and they knew that under these conditions, national lust for territory could easily kindle the flames of war.

And yet, though realizing all this, such men as Andrew Carnegie, ex-President Taft, Oscar Strauss, and many others, whose keenness and far-sightedness we cannot deny, have gone on steadily, preaching the advantages of peace and the futility of war, and striving in every possible way to rouse peoples and governments to action. These men would not advocate a doctrine which could be proved false and useless by a war they knew to be inevitable; it is equally evident that they would not continue to advocate peace with even greater earnestness in the very midst of war, if they believed that war exposed the hopelessness of their efforts. On the contrary, their one great aim has been to stir men to action, by impressing on them the horrors of war,—and nothing can do that better than war itself; they have been trying to make plain to all, from the statesman to the most humble toiler, the comparatively new idea, that in our age even the conqueror loses, and no one gains.

Again, war itself makes the strongest evidence in the case. Consider conditions in Europe at this moment. Twelve million men are in arms, and four millions have fought for the last time. Death comes from the sky, from under the sea, in poisoned gases on the winds of heaven, in unceasing stream from gigantic guns. So terrible is it that it is driving one soldier in every ten insane. Away from the battle front, there are three million widows, and six million orphans. For each drop of blood shed in battle there is the tear of a mother at home; for each moan from a dying soldier's lips, there is the piteous cry of a starving child. The destruction and suffering cannot be measured,—they are simply beyond human imagination. Is it any wonder, then, that men should shrink from a repetition of these horrors, and turn to World Peace with a fervor surpassing anything in the past? One of our most famous war correspondent's writes: "I have heard in Germany, as I have been hearing everywhere in England and from America, that as far as it is humanly possible, this must be the last war." And as an English statesman declares, "whatever may be said of the ruling and privileged classes, it is certain that the common people are ready for peace."

After the conflict has ceased, the sentiment for peace will grow still stronger. Wars are not over when the fighting ends,—they must be payed for. With a terrible burden of taxation pressing upon them, constantly sapping the fruits of their industry while their children grow up in toil and ignorance, men will realize, within the next few years as never before what war really means. Added to all this suffering and cost, there is the final bitter truth that war benefits no one, but is a direct financial loss. During the last twenty years, Europe has learned that even in times of peace, steadily increasing expenditures for armaments have meant a steadily decreasing value of national securities. All this points undeniably to the fact that in the future, wars will be shunned,—depleted bank accounts, if nothing else, will soon convince men of the necessity of active efforts for peace.

That is what we want when this war is over,—action, tenacious, eager, persistent action. We must give focus and direction to the popular will, and set up a definite program. Already a well-defined endeavor is under way in this country. Last month, a committee of one hundred prominent Americans met at Cleveland to formulate a plan of procedure. They drew up tentative outlines of a supreme court of the nations, with powers similar to our United States Supreme Court and with similar functions. To make certain the acceptance of the decisions of this court, a league of peaceful nations is proposed who shall maintain an armed force sufficiently large to overcome resistance. All these suggestions had been previously approved by the five national and international peace congresses held since the war broke out. The committee of one hundred has been made a permanent organization, and next Thursday, June 17th, it will meet again at Philadelphia to decide on plans for the education and organization of public opinion, so that the people will support peace proposals made by the national government at the end of the war, and also to secure the formation of similar councils in foreign countries.

The time has come, my friends, when we can have peace if we want it. The lessons from across the sea must not be lost, for as surely as we disregard them, so surely will our own land, sooner or later, suffer the same terrible fate. There rests upon each one of us the great

personal responsibility of bringing home, in every way we can, the lessons of this war; of strengthening public sentiment in favor of peace, and of rousing ourselves and our neighbors to action. The council of one hundred gives us a definite practical starting point, and we must support it with all the ability and influence we possess. It is a task for strong hearts and clear heads, but if we act with firm purpose, America can make peace what she made Democracy,—the realization of a splendid dream.

Valedictory.

EMMETT G. LENIHAN, PH. B.

IN a little quiet corner behind the church lies the grotto of the Immaculate Conception. There, sheltered by the huge, overhanging rocks, the gentle face of the Virgin looks down in infinite peacefulness and serenity, filling all who come under her protection with profound sentiments of happiness and content. That figure symbolizes, as no other can, the faith and purity and sense of security pervading the whole University. Inspired by her maternal love and devotion, and supported by her patronage, Notre Dame more than fulfils the purpose for which it was founded.

Every year a thousand young men are sheltered within the hallowed walls of this old school. And here they are taught more than the mere academic lessons of learning, for the spirit of duty, of loyalty, of true manhood, and the everlasting doctrines and principles of Catholicity are instilled in every breast. In this way is provided that most necessary of all qualifications for success,—a sound and eternal religion to guide us in the paths of righteousness and truth.

It is necessary that we be thus fitted for life, for he who is best fitted will best survive in the struggle. Out in the great world are many obstacles to be overcome, many wrongs to be righted, many tasks to be accomplished. There are unwise and unjust laws to be repealed; corruption to be eliminated from politics; illegal corporate interests to be restrained; the fires of bitter partisanship and race hatred to be quenched; the degraded and depressed victims of avaricious employers to be relieved; Socialism, with its loathsome, clutching tentacles

of immorality and corruption, strangling American institutions and pure American family life, must be destroyed.

For us there is another and greater evil. There have arisen in this country hosts of bigots, of human vultures, who profess to fear the danger of Catholic development and aggression. With libidinous language they assail the purity of priests and sisters of Catholic homes and institutions. Here lies a field of duty for every Catholic college man. As those great rocks of the grotto uphold and protect the statue of the Virgin, let us be the bulwarks of her religion, warding off the lecherous attacks of its defamers, denouncing its vilifiers and calumniators, seeking ever the course of justice and truth. Taught with infinite solicitude by the noble priests and lay instructors of this University, we have been fitly prepared for just such a work. If we can free the Church from these false and unjust attacks, if we can, but to a small degree, live up to our ideals, if by the example and lesson of our lives we can make this a better world to live in, we shall not have labored in vain. Let this then be our ambition. To-morrow we shall enter eagerly upon our sacred duty.

But to-night, we have only the feeling of the sadness of farewell. Too deep for utterance, for the lips quiveringly refuse them expression, they lie hidden in the most sacred recesses of the heart. When four years ago we left our homes, our mothers, we came with wonder and lofty aspirations into a new home, into novel and strange surroundings. We learned to love our new home and our new family with great love and fervor, second only to those which gave us birth; for we have been guarded and protected with true maternal devotion. Our lives have been shaped in the right course, our ambitions pointed to the proper goal, our thoughts and actions made to conform with high and pure ideals.

Now our foster mother, bestowing in gracious plenitude her blessings upon us, turns us back to our blood mothers with the faith and confidence that we have become finer and nobler men. Many of our parents are here to-night, and we know that their love for us is so great that their hearts swell with pride at whatever success we have achieved, meagre though it be. But there are a great many mothers who could not come, who are waiting far away, yearning for our return, whose every

thought is of our welfare, whose every desire is for our happiness and content. Many have been the sacrifices they have made; many have been the lonely evenings when their thoughts strayed far away to their dear ones at school; many have been the silent heartaches we may have caused them. But always they have loved us and believed in us. Justly burdened with these sacred responsibilities of duty and devotion, we cannot evade, we cannot forfeit our trust.

It is time for our final farewell. It is not likely that the class of 1915 will ever be all together again. In former years when we left, it was with the knowledge that we would soon return again. And so the pain of parting was lessened. But it is not so this time. Some of us may come back to the familiar places where we have spent so many happy hours. We may again see the teams of the gold and blue battling on the athletic field for supremacy; we may again walk along the shaded paths and visit the favorite haunts of our campus; we may again listen to the quiet lapping of the peaceful rippling waters of the lake;—but there will always be something lacking. New faces will appear on every side; we shall miss the old friends, the hearty handshake, the gladsome sparkle of joyous eyes. That will never be again.

But even though we be widely scattered, even though varied occupations and diverse interests lead us into distant foreign climes, there is one bond that will always draw us together in an inseparable union of intimate, brotherly affection, and thrill us with the heart-swelling sentiments of loyalty and devotion,—and that is our love for Notre Dame.

Now we must say Good-bye,—Good-bye to our college life, to our friends, to all our fond, familiar surroundings. Farewell, Old School; we are leaving you, Good-bye, Notre Dame, Good-bye.

To-day We Build.

A little boy at play upon the sand,
Rearing his golden castles in the sun,
Unmindful of the swift returning tide,
That shall destroy the marvels he has done.

So we like children play upon life's beach,
Building to-day in happiness and glee,
Forgetting that our work will fall before
Life's fast returning tide—Eternity. G. H.

With the Toastmaster.

WE are reaching the end of a mighty good dinner; the very excellent speeches are due and are coming, and we are reaching the end of a mighty pleasant reunion. To-day our day is done for us as Alumni of Notre Dame—we have had our yearly fling. To-morrow is the day—Graduates' day—that you and I stood at anywhere from one to forty years ago—yes, as I look around this room and see Colonel Hoynes and Judge Howard and Mark Foote and Father McLaughlin and others, I guess even longer ago than that for some of us. To-morrow, the class of 1915 becomes part of the glorious history of Notre Dame's Alumni—becomes one of us; and from to-morrow on, you gentlemen of the class of 1915 will have the pleasure—and there is no other pleasure in the world like it—of being the sole architects and arbiters of your own fates. And to you, gentlemen of the class of 1915, we, of all the classes that have gone before, wish you good luck, and may God speed you!

To our distinguished guests of this evening, both clergy and lay, I voice the heartiest sentiments of this University and her sons when I say, may you often be with us and the next time not far away. I was charmed a month ago by the beauty and grandeur and poetic loveliness, by the almost riotous richness

of wonderful California. I have admired her institutions of learning; I have been captured by her Mission Play, and I have been captivated by the charms of her people; but, like all the other best things in life I have found them right here at home—at Notre Dame—so I had to leave the lovely shores of that wonder-

ful California by the Pacific, and find here at home the most enjoyable thing about California—her most distinguished and most favored sons, the distinguished gentlemen who gave us last night in Washington Hall, two of the really great efforts we have ever listened to at Notre Dame—the Hon. Joseph W. Scott and the Rev. Clarence Woodman, Berkeley, California.

The gentleman at my right is farther from being a stranger to me than perhaps to any of you. He is no stranger of course to any student of good municipal government in this whole country. Wherever efficient, clean and honest city government is known, his name is known. To be six years the chief executive of one of America's oldest and most cultured cities, one of the great cities of the world, is



BYRON V. KANALEY
PRESIDENT OF THE ALUMNI

honor enough. I was in Boston when he, a much younger, although not a less handsome man than he is to-night, led the attack alone and smashed one of the most corrupt and most powerful political rings in the history of American municipal government. I have been charmed in his lighter moments by his singing

of "Sweet Adeline"—for at times even Homer nods—and I have been enthralled in his more serious moments by some of his greatest forensic efforts, and they rank with the masterpieces of American political oratory, and to-morrow night we will have the very great pleasure and very great profit of listening to the distinguished gentleman on my right, the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts.

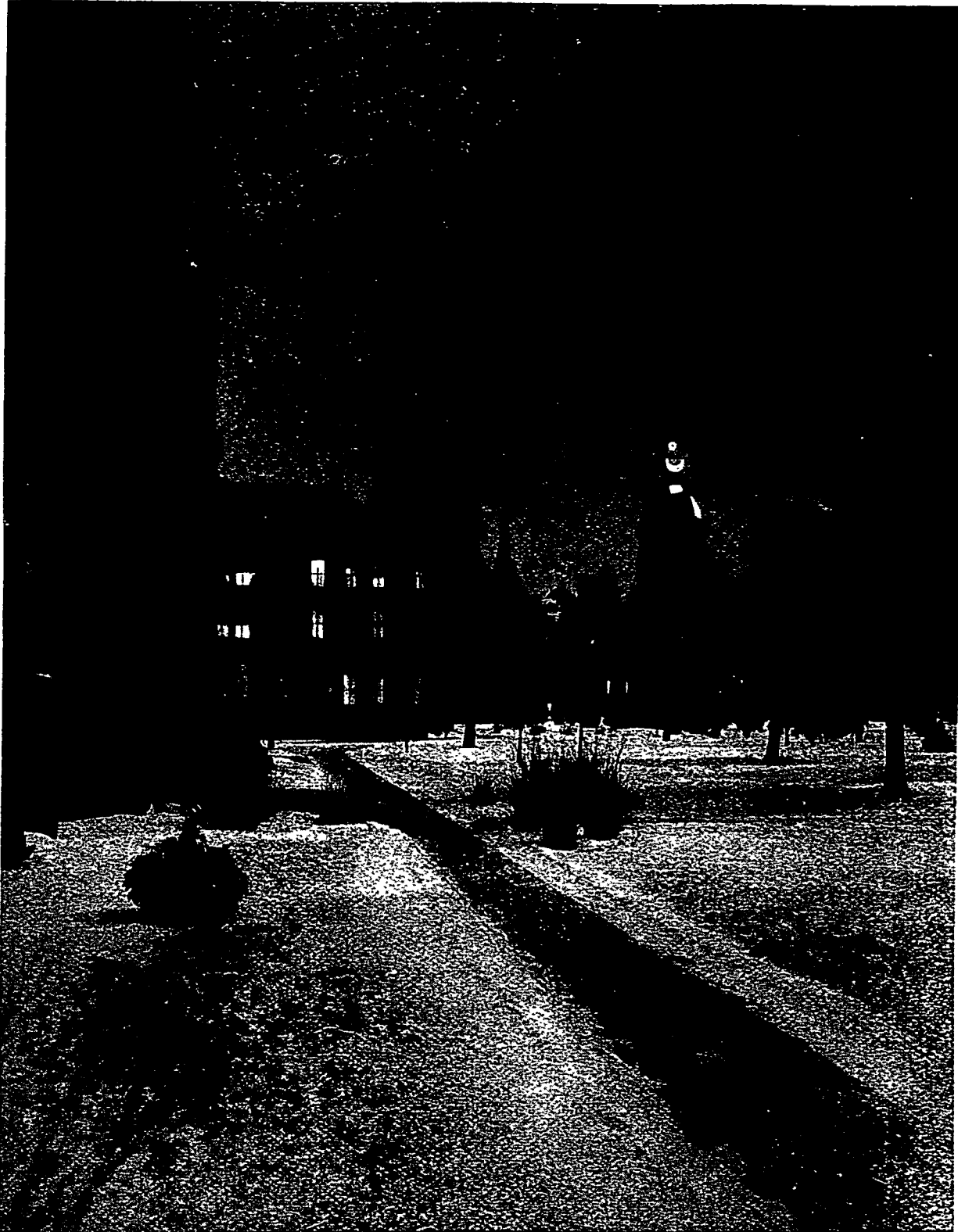
To this old college itself, to all that makes Notre Dame—to hallowed church, to romantic lake, to shady nook, to memoried room and study-hall; to yonder campus, consecrated by the sturdy tramp of generations of carefree students, to the men of this noble brotherhood and priesthood and the lay teaching body; to yon tree, to yon student hall, to yon pump, to yon athletic field; for fifteen hundred alumni living and dead, for the thirty-five thousand old students who at one time or another have called this place home, I say, to you, we have returned to you to-day with an affection which it seems only the sons of this institution can be blessed with—that no matter how far from yon gates our footsteps roam the mention of your name always quickens the heart-beat, and whether on the ocean or on the land, at home or abroad, the mention of Notre Dame always strikes a chord that is responsive to the best that is in us.

We come back here every year because we love Notre Dame, because we love her history and her traditions, and principally, I guess, because we know she loves us. She is indeed a wonderful institution. I have seen, now, I think, every scholastic institution of importance between the two oceans; it has always been a hobby with me to go, whenever possible, to see the great institutions of learning of America. I have in common with our distinguished guest, Mr. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts, often walked amid the gloomy splendor of Harvard's walls, and doubtless like him also have often wondered just *what is* to be Harvard's destiny. I have rested many a time in the shade of the elms of Yale. I have admired Princeton's quiet beauty. Dartmouth of rugged New Hampshire has told me her story. The wealth of Columbia and Pennsylvania and Chicago have impressed me. As a member of the Notre Dame Baseball Varsity in my less corpulent and unbespectacled days I have had the very great pleasure of participating in the goodly walloping, on their own fields, of the Univer-

sities of Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Purdue, Indiana and the other colleges of the Middle West. That Varsity team had as its pitcher the redoubtable Ed Rheulbach, one of the real gentlemen of baseball; Rheulbach whom Johnny Evers, pride of Boston town, said was always five years ahead of his time in baseball thought. Our catcher was one of the great back-stops of Notre Dame's athletic history,—gentle, lovable Lawrence Antoine, who was the first student I ever knew at Notre Dame, and who died within the twelve-month, honored as few men are at his age, already a leading figure in the electrical construction world. died in the performance of his duty in far-off South America.

A few weeks ago I visited the only college in America that in my opinion measures up to our Notre Dame in beauty of surroundings, in simplicity of college life, in the quiet that conduces to fruitful study, and in mental and physical accomplishments,—Leland Stanford University. One of the students of Stanford was taking me through that beautiful place—and indeed it is beautiful,—and, knowing I was a Notre Dame man, said to me, as we were watching Stanford's baseball team put on the finishing touches preparatory to competing the following day for the baseball intercollegiate championship of the far West—he said to me: "When we read of your victories at Notre Dame we are both sad and glad—sad because many of your best men come from out this way, and we believe we could use them here; glad because you are like us in many respects aloof from the large cities, in a spot designed for effective study,—small numerically like us, and, like us, just a little more than able to hold your own with all the rest of them." He said "Stanford feels kindred to Notre Dame." I was very glad the next day that Stanford won the intercollegiate championship.

I have seen them all—and I wouldn't give one of Brother Philip's wonderful plants that please the eye so much on yon beautiful campus for all the elms of Yale; I wouldn't exchange the hallowed memories of Corby's statue for the bronze figure of John Harvard. The June moon shines to-night, it seems to me, more softly and radiantly on yonder natural lake than ever she does on Carnegie Lake at Princeton; and beautiful as the spell is that is cast over one by the half hour of music in that



Night comes and sets thy beacon in the skies,
A woman starry crowned with starry eyes,
That will forever with a solace meet
Above the glimmering moon beneath her feet.

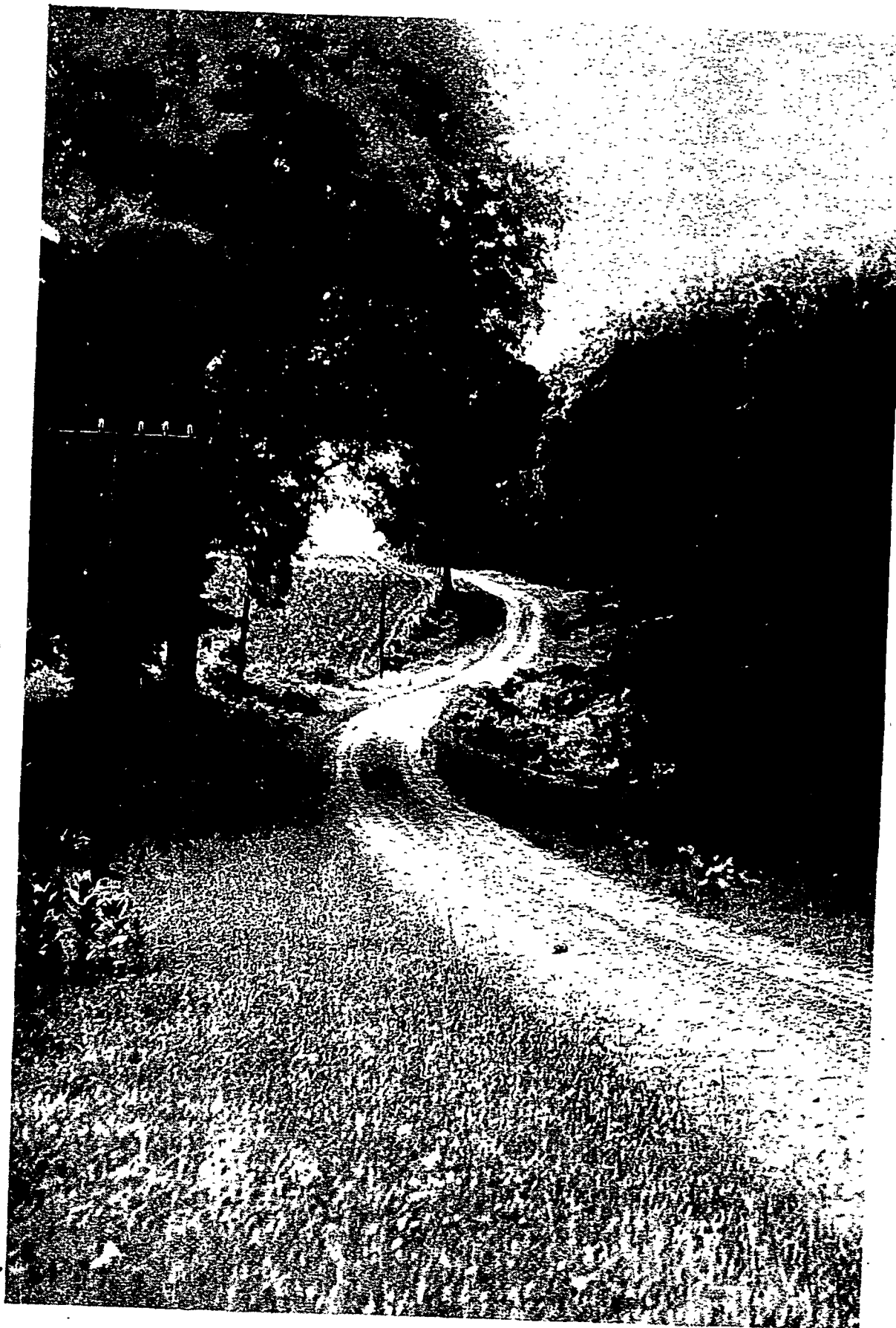
wonderful Greek theatre at the University of California, still a deeper spell and a sweeter one, is cast over you and me by the gentle chimes in yonder tower noting the passage of the sweetest hours of our year—when we come here for our day or two—those sweet chimes that to-night, after we are done here, as we are in our rooms about this University, will remind us that time is fleeting and that all things of earth vanish and have their day except the eternal verities—such as Justice and Charity and Truth and above all Love—love of home, of country, of our University—this wonderful university so beloved and so loving.

I shall not go much further before introducing to you the real pleasures of this evening. Things don't come as trippingly to my tongue now as they did fifteen years ago when I was gently baiting umpires on Cartier Field and participating in our intercollegiate debates alongside of—in spite of what Clovis Smith and Lenihan and the rest of the crack debaters here now may say,—the best debaters Notre Dame has ever had—forceful Judge Farabaugh, the logical Hon. Tom Lyons of Oklahoma, graceful Father Maurice Griffin, soon, we hope, to be bishop (he sits here now opposite me and he came a long distance to be with us), and persistent Father George Gormley, persistent because he was always just at my heels for that much-coveted forty-dollar Studebaker debating prize. If I remember correctly the famous class of '04 used to get away with that forty dollars in one evening's session of a few hours sitting—and that forty dollars produced more real oratory and heated and interesting debating at Louis Nickles than ever it was responsible for on the stage of Washington Hall. Since those good old days, however, all our class of 'c4 cling pretty closely to the seat of another one of Mr. Studebaker's institutions, namely, one of his sprinkling carts.

Times have changed in many ways here, and always for the better. I went to Syracuse last Thanksgiving Day to see Notre Dame whale Syracuse 20 to 0. It was the last game of an unusually hard long schedule. It was the final game for good for seven men on the team. At the splendid banquet given us by some old Notre Dame men in Syracuse, every Notre Dame athlete was there. I inwardly rejoiced. In my time the only members of the team who would have been there would have been the

manager and coach and those who were hopelessly crippled by the game, and these only by direct imperative wire from the President of the University delivered to them shortly before the banquet. The rest of the team would have taken charge of the principal theatres of the city, the street car system and the sidewalks. I am glad times have changed. I remember one of our baseball trips to Bloomington to play the University of Indiana.

The proprietor of the Gentry House, the best hotel at that time in the city, had left strict orders with the night force that we were not to be admitted. Why? Because the year before the University of Michigan Football Team had without ostentation, and also without compensation, in the still watches of the night, wrecked the place. To further protect his interests against the invading "Huns"—"Huns" being short for hungries—he had locked the side door of the hotel which would be first reached by us on our way up from the station—and then stood guard himself at the front door. We arrived in Bloomington at one A. M. from DePauw University whom we had beaten the day before. Rebuffed at the Gentry House, which had all approaches mined, we set sail for good old Colonel Bundy's Hostelry—The "Bundy House." Colonel Bundy had retired for the night after locking all approaches to his inn except the office door, and after having left strict and profane orders with his son, who was the night clerk, that we were not to be admitted, for he told his son that although Sidon and Tyre had nothing left of them, not even stone upon stone, still they had considerable more left of them than would his hotel if the Notre Dame team spent the night there. We attacked the Bundy House and the son with all the eloquence at our command and with Coach Bobby Lynch leading the eloquence; it was some eloquence—the son was verbally anesthetized and told us if we would go up quietly he would give us rooms. The son led the procession: Bill Higgins of Boston, present neighbor of our distinguished guest, Mr. Fitzgerald,—Higgins is now in the State Senate of Massachusetts, helping to make the laws he used to break—Higgins brought up the rear of the procession, carrying on those broad shoulders of his the cigar case which he had taken off the counter and which contained about fifty boxes of cigars. I took from the walls of the office a memento that I prize to



THE OLD BERTRAND ROAD

this day—a pen and ink sketch of the Colonel looking his piratical best, drawn by a famous cartoonist who had whiled away a summer there. The rooms had neither lock nor key. I was bunked with gentle Ed Rheulbach, gentler "Shag" O'Shaughnessy and gentlest Lou Salmon. We were on the third floor of the hotel. There was a big wood chunk stove in one corner and the windows of the room were French windows. We put the bed against the door, tore out the stovepipe; each of us took a corner of the immense stove and gave her a one-two-three out through the window and three stories to the pavement below. I have heard noises before, but, believe me, that was some racket. A minute later the bald head of the Colonel showed itself out of the window below and this beautifully worded thought was wafted on the midnight air to our waiting ears: "Those devils from Notre Dame are in the house!" The Colonel appeared in another minute in our hallway clad only in sulphurous language and a very thin night shirt. While doing fancy cursing in down-state Indianese outside our door, Dan O'Connor, who is sitting right over there, leaned over the transom of the room across the way and with one hand let the doughty Colonel have a large pitcher of water on top of the head following same with a smart and instantaneous crack of a bed slat in a well-known but seldom on public occasions mentioned, part of the Colonel's anatomy. This last attack resulted in the shouting and exceedingly profane retreat of the Colonel and the bringing on of a sheriff and posse from across the street. Led by Generals Bobby Lynch and Byrne Daly we retired from the hotel, Bill Higgins taking with him the Colonel's marriage certificate which was framed and which hung in Bill's room. It may surprise Mayor Fitzgerald to know that the Hon. William P. Higgins, now a pattern for the young of Boston, was arrested the following day at the State University of Indiana Baseball grounds, and compelled by the entire police force of Bloomington—the police force was a large man—to march to the 4th Avenue hotel—the last haven of refuge left for man or beast in that town,—and dig up and produce for the morally aroused Colonel his marriage certificate.

Times have changed here and I for one am profoundly glad of it, but somehow or other, once in a while in the evening—when the work and care of the day is done and when the sweetest

hour of the day is come—the children's hour—I like, with guilty conscience to mentally roam back to the Colonel, to Rhuelbach, Salmon, Higgins and the rest—to the stove and the marriage certificate.

I will not ramble on further. My life, like the lives of most of you since leaving here, has been a life of verbal repression and not expression, and therefore I will now introduce to you the first speaker of the evening.

We have reached the end of this reunion. For you and me who count ourselves more fortunate than most college men in being able to say of this great institution that she is our Mother—for you and me, the end of this most pleasant reunion has come. We are not here in such large numbers as we had hoped, but there are sufficiently good reasons why. The times are perilous, grim war is brooding over the entire world, no man knows what the next minute will bring, and the sons of Notre Dame are scattered far and wide, for this is one of the most cosmopolitan of the colleges of the world—that in unusual times as these many of our brothers of this association feel it a solemn duty to be near their businesses, their families and their homes. No one knows how soon or where the tocsin of war will sound. May God grant the United States may maintain her neutral stand with honor and without war; may it be so ordained that we may, without undue favor to any, look upon the Titanic struggle of arms of our brothers all across the waters, but if it should so fall out that we must draw the sword to protect our citizenship or our citizens against either side or against both, I can here and now, and do here and now, on behalf of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, solemnly assure the President of the United States that the influence of this great Catholic institution will be where always it has been—as strong as Notre Dame in all her might can make it—will be unswervingly unhesitatingly and without stint with the forces of this government; with this government right or wrong, in whatever cause or against whatever foe our country may deem it righteous to draw her sword. The Catholic Church has always stood for rightfully constituted authority, and in this crisis, as in all crises passed and all crises to come, our Church and her sons will be found where she always has been from Concord to San Juan, strong and

valiant, ever fighting for the cause with all the force of her militant power and teaching an example to this young republic.

And I sent to President Wilson to-day by the authority and at the request of our Alumni, a telegram to the effect that, if needful, he may depend upon the sons of Notre Dame to do their share, as they have always done it, in upholding and maintaining equally honorable peace or honorable war.

Taught at our mother's knee one of the great lessons of the Catholic Church to bow our head always to the righteous mandates of legally constituted authority; educated in this University where every day from yon flag-staff is flung to the breeze our country's flag; raised in the atmosphere of this college where one of the most beautifully solemn days of the year is Memorial Day; calling this college Alma Mater, which possesses the only college Grand Army Post in the whole length and breadth of this Nation; where every year one of the most solemn ceremonies is the presentation of the Stars and Stripes by the graduating class to this University; a college where at one end of its campus stands Corby of Gettysburg and at the other Shillington of the *Maine*—the President and the Nation may know from the past—the future—that we of Notre Dame, true to our heritage, true to our education within these walls, true to our reverence for the ideals, the teachings and traditions of this University, can be none other than first in loyalty, first in devotion and first in service to the needs of the American Republic. To be a son of Notre Dame and worthy of her is to be a son true to family, country and God.

I would like to close this reunion with the words of the great Bishop of Peoria, Bishop Spalding, who loved this institution through all the years of his life, who often has been a most welcome guest at this table, when he said on a great occasion these memorable words: "May we take new courage from the happy omens of this day; let us bless the Eternal Father that we are here to work for the Church and for America in doing what men can do to create a University which shall irradiate light and love, be a centre of union and peace, and a nursery of the higher life."

And what more fitting than that we should close with that old song for Notre Dame—old in history but young in destiny—Auld Lang Syne.

BYRON V. KANALEY.

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XLVIII.

JUNE 26, 1915.

NO. 36

The Seventy-first Annual Commencement.

The Seventy-first Annual Commencement of the University was opened on Saturday evening, June 12, and was attended by the largest gathering of alumni and visitors that has ever been present at the closing exercises at Notre Dame. Early in the afternoon the old boys from various parts of the country, as well as the parents and friends of the graduates, began to arrive, and the large audience that greeted Mr. Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, when he was introduced by President Cavanaugh in Washington Hall, was an inspiration to the speaker. Whatever else may be said in praise of Mr. Scott's oratory, it is certainly forceful and pleasing, and the hour and a half spent with this strong, rugged character, seemed little more than a few minutes, while the lessons imparted to the graduates, drawn altogether from the speaker's experience with men as one finds them to-day, will, we believe, long linger in the minds of all who had the pleasure to be present on this occasion. Mr. Scott took for his theme the "Duties of the Catholic Layman of the Present Day," and explained in as clear and concise a manner as possible just what the graduates of a Catholic school must be prepared to meet. The outside world, he said, will have the same respect for your religion that you have, and if you are a weak-kneed individual who permits men to sneer at things that should be dear to every Catholic heart, you will be a disgrace to your Church and your college, and will usually be thought little of by your fellowmen. He warned the graduates against seeking trouble from non-Catholics by going about with a chip on their shoulder, but he insisted that when trouble was thrust upon them, as is often the case, they should meet it like men and fight for the principles of truth if they wished to be respected and esteemed even in a worldly

sense. Father Woodman, C. S. P., director of the Newman Club in the State University of California, was then introduced by the President and gave a short, well-balanced talk on the value of little things in life.

SOLEMN MASS.

On Sunday morning at 8:15 the clergy in surplice and biretta, the faculty in their academic robes, and graduates in cap and gown, formed in procession in the corridor of the Main Building, from whence they escorted the Right Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to Sacred Heart Church, where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. Bishop Alerding was assisted by Rev. John Cavanaugh, as assistant priest, Rev. Matthew Walsh and Rev. Matthew Schumacher as assistant deacons, and Rev. Ernest Davis and Rev. Thomas Burke as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Right Rev. John Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, Montana. Bishop Carroll is a most pleasing speaker and the excellent character of his address, its singular appropriateness and practical character, will be readily seen by a perusal of his sermon which is published in full elsewhere in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Following the Pontifical Mass, the officers of the graduating class carried the flag, presented to the University by the class of 1915 on Washington's Birthday, to the sanctuary to be blessed by the President of the University, after which all moved in solemn procession to the flag-staff where the new flag was for the first time raised aloft to be a sign in the heavens of the love, devotion and patriotism of the Class of 1915.

BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The eighth regular meeting of the Alumni Association of the University of Notre Dame was held on Sunday afternoon, June thirteen, nineteen hundred and fifteen, at five o'clock, Byron V. Kanaley, president of the Association, in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were adopted. The president of the association then announced that he had been informed by Rev. President Cavanaugh of the University that the members of the Class of 1915 had passed their examinations and would receive diplomas of graduation. On motion they were admitted to membership and a

committee composed of Messrs. Frank O'Shaughnessy and Harry Hogan was appointed to conduct them to the meeting. The oath of fealty to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, to the Constitution of the Association and the principles of Alma Mater was administered by Frank O'Shaughnessy, '00. The president then announced that a specially pleasing item of business would command the attention of the members, and called on Clement C. Mitchell, '02, who in the name of Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. O'Brien, '95, presented a portrait of Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., '78, seventh President of the University. Mr. Mitchell said:

RIGHT REV. BISHOPS, VERY REV. PRESIDENT AND FACULTY, BROTHER ALUMNI, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND *Father Morrissey*:—

Last advisedly, for of yours is my first and last impression of the University. *Father* advisedly, not that I have forgotten all the honors and titles which have been so deservedly given you, but because I think the word *Father* is one of the two words in our language which express most of affection, is the one word which express the *summum bonum* of masculine affection for his fellowman.

This portrait whose artistic merit I am not competent to criticise, but which appeals to me as wonderful, because, while producing a perfect likeness without ever having seen *Father Morrissey*, the artist has caught the spirit of strength which has always characterized him. This portrait is a gift to the University from a man who has been his friend and ours for many years, The Right Rev. Frank O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Michigan, Doctor of Laws, Notre Dame, 1895, twenty-years to-day. A lasting memorial of the impression *Father Morrissey's* character has made upon Mgr. O'Brien.

Last night we listened to eloquent addresses in Washington Hall. Neither of those gentlemen were ever students here. Yet each expressed a sentiment which is a fundamental principle at Notre Dame. One that fidelity to small things is necessary to real success, the other that recognition of the motives of men as well as of their actual accomplishments, is true appreciation.

If there were any doubts in my mind about attending this reunion and there were none, those doubts were dissipated Friday morning when I received this telegram from *Father Moloney*, saying that *Father Morrissey's* portrait had arrived from Italy and would be placed in our hall of Fame to-day, and invited me to participate in these ceremonies.

It is very fitting for Notre Dame to thus honor such an illustrious son. This learned scholar, this eminent divine, this famous educator, this kindly and rugged christian gentleman, who has not only aimed, but also accomplished.

But, Brothers, isn't it beautifully becoming of her in doing so to go back fifteen years to the days when he was President of this University, and to select

from the students of that day an humble and uncouth boy whose intimate relations with Father Morrissey had engendered an unfailing love for him? I say, isn't it beautifully becoming of her to do that, and send to so obscure a son as I an invitation to participate in this ceremony. Is it any wonder, gentlemen, that we love Notre Dame? She practices her teachings by honoring Father Morrissey for what he has done and by expressing her faith in those of us who have not accomplished but whose purposes she believes are right. And, gentlemen, if my head were as full of sense as my heart is full of sentiment for him, then what I say here to-day would go down in the annals of the University as a classic.

Fifteen years ago, when I first came to Notre Dame, circumstances brought me intimately in touch with a great personality. A veritable bundle of energy, a strong, forceful man, God-fearing, and man-loving, without femininity or affectation, a man whose hand-clasp is an embrace, whose sympathy is a support in trouble, whose friendship is a veritable gift from God.

That man was then, and is now, exerting all that great force of which I speak for the betterment of mankind in general, but for the betterment of those with whom he came personally in contact in particular; and that, I perceive, to be the mark of true greatness.

I care not what a man's ideas of humanity may be, how magnanimous his opinions on mankind, nor how beneficent his conceptions of human relationships. If he exerts no influence for good upon those individuals of the race with whom he comes in personal contact, then he exerts no influence for good at all.

Father Morrissey never met a man who forgot him; certainly he never associated with a man who was not impressed with somewhat of his vigor of character. His whole life has been devoted to doing and not to discussing. He exemplifies the teaching of this University which seems to me could be epitomized as being that "What the world needs is not little men to do great things ill, but great men to do little things well."

And so to-day, through the generosity of Mgr. O'Brien, we make this fitting acknowledgment to him, by placing in our hall of Fame this permanent and lasting testimonial, giving future generations an opportunity to see what manner of men accomplished the great labor of upbuilding this institution, to develop in them an affection for him such as we bear for the sainted Sorin. This canvas can wonderfully impress; but alas, no artist's brush can paint a soul, no chisel carve a character for man. Still it is a great gift and we appreciate it.

For the University and the Alumni, I thank Mgr. O'Brien for this good gift. For myself, I thank the University and you for the compliment paid me.

For the University, for the Alumni, for Monsignor O'Brien, and for all humanity whose privilege it has been to know him, I thank God for the man.

Father Morrissey responded briefly, making special reference to the loyalty of the Alumni. Byron V. Kanaley, 'c4, in the name of the Association then presented a portrait of Rev.

John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., the present incumbent in the office of president of the University.

MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

I have a duty as president of your Association and indeed it is a peculiarly pleasurable one, that has to do with a certain man in this room who is decidedly of us and among us, but who spiritually and mentally is far above and beyond us. He embodies our faith, our hopes, our aspirations and our affections. His has been a labor of love, and to-day we love to honor him for his labor. The Alumni of Notre Dame have sought in some way to do him fitting honor and by honoring him to honor ourselves. It is the unanimous opinion of all the living alumni of this institution, all of whom have joined in doing this honor, that the supremest pleasure that we could give to the generations of students who are to come after us and who perhaps may never have the great opportunity of knowing him, that the greatest pleasure that we could give them, him and ourselves, would be to place his features upon canvas so that future generations of our boys here, and he and ourselves, could look upon an exact reproduction of what we conceive to be a saint, a scholar and a man—the beloved head of this great University, our President, the Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh. And so, Father Cavanaugh, I present to you this picture with the love and loyalty of all the Alumni of this great institution of which you are the beloved and honored head.

Father Cavanaugh made response in a few words of thanks, saying that the devotedness of the Alumni to Alma Mater had been an inspiration to him as it had always been to his predecessors.

The treasurer's report showed total assets of \$4211.67 divided among real estate mortgages \$2790, deposits in bank \$1408.43, postage, etc., \$13.24. The secretary announced the names of the following members who had died since the last meeting: Charles Toner Cavanaugh, A. B., '91, A. M., '95, died June 28, 1914; William Augustine Fagan, B. S. B., '97, died Nov. 13, 1914; Louis L. Bastrup, LL. M., '96, died Nov. 16, 1914; Joseph Thomas Dixon, LL. B., '11, died Dec. 8, 1914; Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, elected '08, died Dec. 27, 1914; Lawrence Marshall Antoine, E. E. M. E., '04, died Jan. 31, 1915; William Rockhill Nelson, LL. D., '11, died April, 1915.

A committee composed of G. A. Farabaugh, James Kennedy, Harold Fisher, Joseph J. Sullivan reported the following resolutions of condolence:

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, The Alumni Association in its regular annual meeting assembled has learned of the death during the past year of the following members:

Charles Toner Cavanagh, A. B., '91, A. M., '95, died June 28, 1914; William Augustine Fagan, B. S. B., '97, died Nov. 13, 1914; Louis L. Bastrup, LL. M., '96, died Nov. 16, 1914; Joseph Thomas Dixon, LL. B., '11, died Dec. 8, 1914; Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, elected '08, died Dec. 27, 1914; Lawrence Marshall Antoine, E. E., M. E., '04, died, Jan. 31, 1915; William Rockhill Nelson, LL. D., '11, died April, 1915.

THEREFORE, Be it resolved that we, the members of the Alumni Association, extend to the mourning relatives of these our departed brothers sincere and abiding sympathy, adding thereunto the hope and prayer that our dead are even now enjoying the blessed vision promised to those who serve God and persevere in their services to the end.

The building committee of Alumni Hall reported that after careful consideration of the depression in business and the uncertainty of the war in Europe, it was thought advisable before proceeding to make an active canvass for funds to await further expression of opinion from the Association in the annual meeting. In the discussion that followed the report, it was the unanimous opinion that activity in collecting money be begun at once, the only variance in opinion regarded the extension of time over which installment payments should be spread. The method of raising the necessary amount to begin building operations was finally left to the Building Committee. A subscription list was then opened, and in a short time ten thousand dollars was pledged. The Building Committee were then instructed to make active canvass for further subscriptions. It was decided to call the building Old Students' Hall or some other appropriate name which would embrace all those who had been students at Notre Dame, since they would wish to make use of the building on their visits to the University. A discussion arose over the motion to send a copy of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC to each member of the Association. This matter was finally left to a committee composed of Harry Hogan, Joseph Lantry and Robert Sweeney. The committee reported favorably on the resolution.

The following old students were then elected to membership: Louis C. M. Reed, New York City; Joseph Byrne, Jr., Newark, New Jersey; Rev. Edmund O'Connor, St. Paul, Minnesota; Forrest Fletcher, Chicago, Illinois; Harry Ferneding, Peter Kuntz, Jr., Dayton, Ohio; William C. Wilkin, Bay City, Michigan; Isaac N. Mitchell, Sr., Cuero, Texas.

Officers were elected for the year 1915-16:

Honorary President, Very Reverend Edward McLaughlin, '75, Clinton, Iowa; President, Angus McDonald, '00, New York City; Vice-Presidents, John McIntyre, '84, Milwaukee, Wis.; Maurice Neville, '99, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Neeson, '03, Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert Milroy, '12, Aurora, Ill.; John T. O'Connell, '13, Chicago, Ill.; Harry M. Newning, '14, Houston, Texas; Secretary, Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., '90, Notre Dame, Ind.; Treasurer, Warren A. Cartier, '86, Ludington, Mich; Trustees to serve two years, Thomas Hoban, '99, South Bend, Ind.; Clement C. Mitchell, '02, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Michael Shea, '04, New York City. The meeting then adjourned for dinner.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

The Alumni Banquet, which was held in the Brownson refectory at eight o'clock, brought together the largest number of old boys that has ever returned for Commencement. Men scattered in every state of the Union who had not seen each other in years, gathered at the same table to talk over old times, and the beaming smiles and hearty handshakes in evidence everywhere was ample proof that the evening was to be one of joy and happiness. Bob Sweeny from San Francisco sat beside Angus McDonald of New York City, and both agreed that the country was a small place after all, while Louis Reed who has been in every country on the globe, returned after a ten years' trip to say that there was no place quite so lovable as the old campus grounds and no faces so bright as the old familiar ones of boyhood. Byron Kanaley, as president of the Alumni, was the toastmaster of the evening, and his opening speech of welcome was as beautiful a tribute to the Old School and her graduates both in thought and sentiment as we have ever heard. No one who was present at that occasion will forget the words of the president which brought forth laughter and tears, recalling to the minds of everyone "old golden memories hidden 'neath the years." We have heard college speeches of all varieties and types, but never perhaps did words ring truer and hold deeper meaning than those uttered by the toastmaster at the 1915 Alumni banquet. Mr. Kanaley then introduced in turn President Cavanaugh, '90, John C. Shea, '99, James J. Conway, '85, Louis Reed, '00, John B. McMahan, '09,

William D. Jamieson, '05, and John F. Fitzgerald, LL. D., '15. All these speakers were exceptionally good, and the sincere loyalty expressed for Alma Mater bespoke the spirit of love that inspires the graduates of Notre Dame.

The following Alumni were present:

Ackerman, Francis X., '04, Attley, George E., '10, Benitz, William L., '13, Bertling, John B., '80, Birder, Jacob V., '13, Bolger, Rev. William A., '07, Boyle, Rev. Joseph J., '12, Bracken, Robert Louis, '08, Burke, Rev. Eugene P., '06, Burke, Rev. Joseph H., '04, Burke, Rev. Thomas E., '07, Caparo, Jose Angel, '08, Carroll, Rev. Patrick J., '11, Cartier, Warren A., '87, Cavanaugh, Rev. John W., '90, Cleary, Edward, '09, Clements, Walter L., '14, Coffeen, Walter H., '13, Conway, James J., '85, Corcoran, Rev. Wendell P., '07, Crumley, Rev. Thomas, '96, Daly, Hugh James, '12, Davis, Rev. Ernest Al., '04, deFries, Erich Hans, '13, Derrick, Francis Leo, '08, Devine, John Francis, '12, Devitt, James, '13, Donahue, Rev. Wesley James, '07, Donahue, William M., '14, Dorais, Charles E., '14, Draper, William, '07, Doremus, Rev. Charles L., '06, Dubbs, John, '03, Dwan, Rev. Patrick, '00, Farabaugh, Gallitzin A., '04, Finnegan, Rev. Edward J., '06, Foik, Rev. Paul J., '07, Foote, Mark, '73, French, Rev. James J., '90, Furlong, Thomas, '13, Gavisk, Rev. Francis H., '14, Greene, Edward L., '95, Griffin, Rev. Maurice F., '04, Hagerty, Rev. Cornelius J., '06, Hartung, Paul E., '99, Havican, Thomas Aloysius, '12, Healy, Michael, '82, Hayes, Francis Harold, '14, Hebert, Rev. Peter, '10, Henley, James G., '93, Hines, James F., '09, Hoban, Thomas M., '99, Hogan, Henry Grattan, '04, Houlihan, Patrick, '92, Howard, Timothy E., '62, Hoynes, William J., '77, Hurley, Ira W., '14, Jamieson, William D., '05, Kanaley, Byron V., '04, Kanaley, John Bernard, '09, Keach, Leroy J., '08, Kennedy, James Francis, '94, Kirk, H. J., '13, Lantry, Joseph T., '07, Larney, Edwin John, '14, Lavin, Rev. Walter, '11, Lee, Jay I., '12, Lennartz, Rev. William P., '08, Maguire, Rev. Joseph A., '96, Maguire, Rev. Thomas O., '09, Martin, Paul R., '13, Maurus, Edward Joseph, '93, Meersman, Peter John, '13, Mertes, Albert T., '00, Miller, Raymond, T., '14, Milroy, William J., '13, Mitchell Clement C., '02, Mitchell, N., '91, Moloney, Rev. William A., '90, Moriarty, Rev. Michael L., '10, Morrissey, Very Rev. Andrew, '80, Murdock, Samuel T., '86, MacNamara, Rev. George J., '04, McCue, Martin J., '79, McDonald, Angus B., '00, McDonough, Harry Francis, '10, McGinn, Rev. John C., '06, McInerny, Joseph Walter, '06, McInerny, William Allen, '01, McLaughlin, Very Rev. Edward J., '75, McMahan, John Burke, '09, Newning, Harry McCarthy, '14, Nieuwland, Rev. Julius, '99, Nolan, James Daniel, '12, O'Connell, John Francis, '13, O'Connell, Rev. John T., '06, O'Connor, Daniel J., O'Neill, Rev. Arthur Barry, '91, O'Neill, Ronald S., '14, O'Neill, Terence J., '13, O'Reilly, Very Rev. Thomas C., '09, O'Shaughnessy, Francis, '00, Oshe, M. M., '12, O'Sullivan, Patrick T., '11, O'Sullivan, Patrick, '74, Oswald, Rev. Michael F., '98, Parish, Varnum A., '08, Peak, John E., '12, Powers, Frank,

'94, Probst, Rudolph Otto, '11, Quan, H., '75, Quinlan, Rev. James J., '09, Quinlan, Rev. Michael, A., '93, Reed, Louis, '00, Ryan Arthur W., '14, Ryan, John, '06, Ryan, Vincent dePaul, '13, Schindler, John W., '09, Schumacher, Rev. Matthew A., '99, Schwartz, Samuel, '13, Shea, John Cornelius, '11, Shaughnessy, Frank, '00, Shenk, Robert R., '11, Smith, Joseph, '14, Spillard, Rev. Daniel J., '64, Stace, Arthur, '96, Steis, Henry Albert, '85, Steers, Fred L., '11, St. George, Max. J., '08, Sullivan, Joseph John, '01, Sweeney, Robert J., '03, Vagnier, Rev. Thomas L., '68, Vurpillat, Francis J., '91, Walsh, Rev. Matthew J., '03, Walter, Martin E., '14, Wasson, James, '13, Wilkin, William, '95, Worden, John, '05, Zerhusen, Rev. Francis X., '06.

REQUIEM MASS FOR DECEASED ALUMNI.

At eight o'clock Monday morning, a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the deceased members of the Alumni Association. Rev. Daniel J. Spillard of the Class of '64, acted as celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. Thomas O. Maguire, '09 and Rev. Michael Moriarty, '10, as deacon and subdeacon.

ALUMNI vs. VARSITY.

One of the features of Commencement week which attracts wide attention and is always well attended by visitors and students is the Alumni-Varsity baseball game which was played this year in a drizzling rain, a rain, however, which did not succeed in dampening the enthusiasm of either players or spectators. It was an interesting contest from start to finish, the Alumni winning out by three scores. The stars of yesterday were in the best of form, and the regular representatives of the Gold and Blue were not equal to the task of whipping their daddies. After the monogram sweaters had been awarded to the baseball and track men by the president of the Alumni, ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston pitched the first ball and the game was on which resulted in a 2 to 5 victory for the Alumni. The oldest of the old boys who took part in the contest was Angus McDonald, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, who took up his old position at first base and played a good game.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

The closing exercises were held Monday evening at eight o'clock in the University Opera House and were attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. President Cavanaugh read the following telegram from the Vice-President of the United States:

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,

June 14, 1915.

FATHER CAVANAUGH:—Congratulations on this

auspicious occasion. Regret that duty keeps me away.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

The Quartet then sang an altogether new arrangement of Home, Sweet Home. The Class Poem was read by George P. Schuster, the Valedictory was delivered by Emmett G. Lenihan, and the Medals and Diplomas were awarded by the President. John F. Fitzgerald, the orator of the evening, was then introduced and gave a spirited talk on the "Opportunities of the Catholic College Graduate." Mr. Fitzgerald's long public career is well known to all and his power as a speaker is widespread throughout the country. He gave just the kind of address one might expect from a man of his varied experiences and he will long be remembered by the Class of 1915.

All in all, the Commencement was one of the most pleasant and successful ever held at the University, and we wish to heartily thank the Right Rev. and Rev. Clergy, the Faculty, the Alumni and the guests who helped to make it so.

Degrees and Awards

The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in course, is conferred on Regidius Marion Kaczmarek, A. B., M. S. *Thesis*: "Studies in Viola (chiefly histological)."

The Degree of Doctor of Laws is conferred on a prelate of distinguished zeal and ability, whose successful labors in the field of Catholic education have made his name a noble tradition, the Right Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Montana.

On a man whose brilliant talent is reinforced with indomitable energy, whose fine leadership has been inspired by loyalty to his race and his creed, and whose devotion to the ideals of American citizenship is a noble example to the youth of America, John Francis Fitzgerald, of Boston, Massachusetts.

On an orator of stirring eloquence and a patriot of clear vision and absolute devotion, whose loyalty to Church and Country has won for him the admiring love of his fellowmen, Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, Cal.

On a priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, whose scientific achievements are as notable as his zeal for religion, and whose learning and eloquence have always been at the service of every good cause, the Rev. Clarence Eugene Woodman, C. S. P., of Berkeley, California.

On a priest whose devotedness has found expression in a new form of Catholic journalism, and whose labors for the spread of truth has borne fruit in every section of America, the Rev. John Noll, of Huntington, Ind.

The Degree of Master of Arts is conferred on Walter Louis Clements, A. B., of Springfield, Kentucky. *Thesis*: "Lincoln's Power of Logical Thought and Expression;" on James Mortimer Riddle, Litt. B., of New Orleans, Louisiana. *Thesis*: "The Political Status of Catholics in Colonial New York under the

Dutch and English Rule;" on Martin Emmett Walter, Ph. B., of Mount Carmel, Illinois. *Thesis*: "The Political Status of Catholics in Colonial Pennsylvania."

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred on Patrick Henry Dolan, Springfield, Illinois; John Joseph Kroll, Chicago, Illinois; Stanislaus Kuszynski, Chicago, Illinois; John Margraf, Notre Dame, Indiana; George Peter Schuster, Lancaster, Wisconsin.

The Degree of Bachelor of Letters is conferred on John Maurice Culligan, St. Paul, Minnesota; Hilton Warner Goodwyn, Weston, West Virginia; Kerndt Michael Healy, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Francis Bernard Remmes, Andover, Massachusetts; Brother Walter, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy is conferred on Norman Cletus Bartholomew, Bechtelsville, Pennsylvania; Alvin Berger, Howe, Indiana; Mark Lindsey Duncan, South Bend, Indiana; Edward George Gushurst, Lead, South Dakota; Arthur James Hayes, Chisholm, Minnesota; Albert Anton Kuhle, Salem, South Dakota; Emmett George Lenihan, Clarion, Iowa; John Joseph McShane, Indianapolis, Indiana; Edward Fyans Peil, Racine, Wisconsin; Robert Leonard Roach, Muscatine, Iowa; James Edward Sanford, Charlevoix, Michigan; James Clovis Smith, Rochester, New York.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Biology is conferred on James J. Lynch, Laurens, Iowa; Father Manuel Fernandez, O. P., Bonchatoula (Rosaryville), Louisiana.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred on Wilber Wallace Sim, Nebraska City, Nebraska; Thomas Joseph Shaughnessy, Chicago, Illinois; Joseph William Stack, Jefferson, Ohio; Richard Vogt, South Bend, Indiana.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Architecture is conferred on Vincent John Eck, Williamsport, Pennsylvania; Harold Henry Munger, Perrysburg, O.

The Degree of Civil Engineer is conferred on Jose Fernando Bracho, Mexico City, Mexico; Frank Octave Bartel, Blue Earth, Minnesota; Norman Hugh Ranstead, Chicago, Illinois.

The Degree of Mechanical Engineer is conferred on Keith Kenneth Jones, Missoula, Montana; William Andrew Kelleher, Cosmopolis, Washington; Joseph Stanley Pliska, Chicago, Illinois.

The Degree of Chemical Engineer is conferred on L. D. Keeslar, South Bend, Indiana.

The Degree of Electrical Engineer is conferred on Stephen Emmett Burns, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Joseph Richard Farrell, Macedon, New York; John Stanislaus Malkowski, Chicago, Illinois.

The Degree of Engineer of Mines is conferred on Ignacio Quintanilla, Mexico City, Mexico.

The Degree of Bachelor of Laws is conferred on John Timothy Andrew, Butte, Montana; Robert Louis Byrnes, Elkader, Iowa; Hardy Joseph Bush, Newark, New Jersey; Gerald Samuel Clements, Owensboro, Kentucky; Dwight Paul Cusick, Crooksville, Ohio; William Michael Carroll, Woodstock, Illinois; Edward Dean Duggan, Greenwood, Indiana; Louis Frazer Durrell, San Antonio, Texas; Charles Thomas Finegan, Boise, Idaho; Hilton Warner Goodwyn, Weston, West Virginia; Thomas Hugh Hearn, Urbana, Ohio;

John Felix Hynes, Albia, Iowa; Raymond Gross Kelley, Richmond Indiana; Joseph Francis Kenney, Pittsfield, Massachusetts; James William Lawler, Oil City, Pennsylvania; Ernest Philip LaJoie, Saginaw, Michigan; Harold Daniel Madden, Rochester, Minnesota; William Joseph Mooney, Indianapolis, Indiana; James Anthony Matthews, Ashland, Wisconsin; Thomas Simon Mee, Sterling, Illinois; Rupert Francis Mills, Newark, New Jersey; Denis Sullivan Moran, Indianapolis Indiana; Edward Paul McCamic, Wellsburg, West Virginia; Charles Herman McCarthy, Minneapolis, Minnesota; James Patrick O'Donnell, Walkerville, Montana; John Henry O'Donnell, Cortland, New York; Edward Francis Riley, Minonk, Illinois; Howard Joseph Rohan, Cincinnati, Ohio; William Cornelius Stack, Superior, Wisconsin; Charles Patrick Somers, Springfield, Ohio; Raymond John Sullivan, Macgregor, Iowa; Henry Bartholomew Snyder, South Bend, Indiana; Leo Louis Tschudi, Dubuque, Iowa; March Forth Wells, Dowagiac, Mich.

The Degree of Graduate in Pharmacy is conferred on Theodore Joseph Sauer, Elwood, Indiana.

Certificates for the Short Program in Electrical Engineering are conferred on Arthur Roderick Carmody, Shreveport, Louisiana; William Edward Farren, Cleveland, Ohio; Galvin Hudson, Memphis, Tenn.; Charles Vincent Meanwell, Ypsilanti, Michigan; William James Shea, Chicago, Illinois.

Certificates for the Short Program in Mechanical Engineering are conferred on Santiago Aranibar, Peru, South America; Arthur Roderick Carmody, Shreveport, Louisiana; Francis Michael Carmody, Shreveport, Louisiana; Dennis Timothy McCarthy, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Certificate for the Short Program in Architecture is conferred on Raymond Joseph Eichenlaub, Columbus, Ohio.

Class Medals.

The Quan Gold Medal, presented by the late William J. Quan, of Chicago, for the student having the best record in the Classical Program, Senior Year, and a money prize of twenty-five dollars, gift of Mr. Henry Quan in memory of his deceased father, is awarded to George Peter Schuster, Lancaster, Wisconsin.

The Martin J. McCue Gold Medal, presented by Mr. Warren A. Cartier, Civil Engineer, of the class of '77, for the best record for four years in the Civil Engineering program, is awarded to Jose Fernando Bracho, Mexico City, Mexico.

The Dockweiler Gold Medal for Philosophy, presented by Mr. Isidore Dockweiler of Los Angeles, California, for the best essay on some philosophical theme, Senior Year, is awarded to George Peter Schuster, Lancaster, Wisconsin. *Thesis*: "The Psychological Crux-Matter and Form."

The Breen Gold Medal for Oratory, presented by the Honorable William P. Breen, of the class of '77, is awarded to Joseph Clovis Smith, of Rochester, New York.

The Barry Elocution Gold Medal, presented by the Honorable P. T. Barry, of Chicago, is awarded to William Cyril Henry, Chicago, Illinois.

The Meehan Gold Medal, the gift of Mrs. Eleanor Meehan, of Covington, Kentucky, for the best essay in English (Senior), is awarded to George Peter Schuster, Lancaster, Wisconsin. *Essay*: "The Present Condition of American Catholic Literature."

Medals for Debating are awarded to Timothy Patrick Galvin, Pierceton, Indiana; Emmett George Lenihan, Clarion, Iowa; Joseph Clovis Smith, Rochester, New York; Patrick Henry Dolan, Springfield, Illinois; George Peter Schuster, Lancaster, Wisconsin; Ernest Philip LaJoie, Saginaw, Michigan.

Money Prizes for Debating work are awarded as follows: Twenty dollars to Timothy Patrick Galvin, Pierceton, Indiana; fifteen dollars to Emmett George Lenihan, Clarion, Iowa; ten dollars to Joseph Clovis Smith, Rochester, New York.

Ten dollars in Gold for Junior Oratory, presented by Mr. James V. O'Donnell, of the class of '89, is awarded to Timothy Patrick Galvin, Pierceton, Indiana.

Ten dollars in Gold for Sophomore Oratory, presented by Mr. John S. Hummer, of the class of '91, is awarded to William Cyril Henry, Chicago, Illinois.

Ten dollars in Gold for Freshman Oratory, presented by Mr. Hugh O'Neill, of the class of '91, is awarded to Matthew Aloysius Coyle, Madison, Wisconsin.

Obituary.

The sympathy of the University is tendered to Mr. Eugene McBride of Sorin Hall on the death of his sister, who passed away quite suddenly at her home in Pittsburgh, Pa. We bespeak prayers for the repose of her soul.

Personals.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Helen Alice Conlin to Mr. James Leo Hope (LL. B., '11) in St. Rose's Church, Portland, Oregon, on June 29th. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations and best wishes.

—The Right Rev. Mgr. Frank A. O'Brien, (LL. D., '95) has been elected President of the Michigan Historical Commission for the coming year. This notable tribute to Mgr. O'Brien reflects honor on the Commission, while at the same time it is a just recognition of the public spirit and scholarship of Mgr. O'Brien.

—The newspapers of South Bend, Washington, refer in highly complimentary terms to the address delivered on Memorial Day by Mr. John J. O'Phelan (LL. B., '04), Prosecuting Attorney of Pacific County. They pronounce it interesting and instructive, masterly and eloquent.

Locals.

—Wednesday, July 14, Ringling Brothers will camp in Elkhart with their big Circus. This will be a splendid opportunity for the summer students to make up for the disappointment caused by not seeing Barnum & Bailey when it was in South Bend—it happened along on examination day. There is nothing quite like red pop and peanuts to take the blue out of summer students.

—The deciding game in Interhall Baseball was postponed until Sunday, June 13th, for the sake of the Alumni. Sorin probably wishes now that it had been played earlier in the season when the proximity of home and mother would not have disturbed their athletic abilities. By an easy victory the Main Building added the Mayer Cup to its collection.

Lynch started out with all the speed in the world. But in the fourth he and his support weakened at the same time and the "Bookies" coralled four runs. However, total this besides Brownson's fifteen "joy bringers" was as the St. Joseph river compared to the mighty

Pacific. Lockard finished the game for his hall and allowed his opponents only two hits.

—Friday morning at eight o'clock, Right Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, Bishop of Fort Wayne, ordained to the priesthood Rev. Thomas Lahey (Litt. B., '11), Rev. William Carey (A. B., '11), Rev. Peter Forrester (A. B., '11), Rev. William Minnick, Rev. John Devers, Rev. Angus McDonald. The ceremony took place in Sacred Heart Church at Pontifical High Mass, and Bishop Alerding was assisted by Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., as assistant priest, Rev. James French, C. S. C., and Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., as assistant deacons, and Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C., and Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C., as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass. The newly ordained priests have just completed a four-year theological course at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., and have been following special studies at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. They left for their home cities on Saturday where they will celebrate their first Solemn Mass on Sunday morning, June 27.



BY THE LAKE

Edward
Carroll

Of course!