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## Class Poem, 1919.

BY BROTHER EDMUND, C. S. C., '19.

I.

O FOSTER Mother, 'tis the parting hour,  
And kneeling at thy feet we ask  
That thou with riches of thy love wouldst dower  
The life before us and the task  
For each of us designed in ages that  
Force back the gates of time and flow  
Unto eternity, where Throned God sat  
Amid majestic silence. Lo!  
From out the awful void He gave decree  
And all His works were present—even we.

II.

No creature purposeless our God has made,  
And we His Father's Heart may thrill.  
Yes, even the very flowers that bloom and fade  
In their short hour obey His will;  
The dewdrop glistening in the dawning air  
Must spend itself in sacrifice.  
But we are men that one day hope to share  
The unseen glory of the skies.  
Our smallest task may yet the greatest be  
If, Alma Mater, it but honor thee.

III.

Thy blessing, then, we ask, for duty calls  
And, Mother, we must bravely go,  
Nor count the cost of pain. No shadow falls  
Upon the road. We see hung low  
A gleaming light that ever shows the way  
Before us: 'tis the moving star  
That made a dancing path but yesterday  
Across the sea to fields afar,  
And many of thy sons with purpose high  
And knightly followed, gallantly to die.

IV.

God sowed the seed of Freedom, and the grain  
Grew ripe beneath His glowing smile.  
What if He reaped the harvest? Shall the rain  
Of tears fall from our eyes the while  
Our hearts are filled with thoughts of those we love?  
And shall we sigh with winds that blow  
From out the western sea and chant above  
The stubble plain as on they go  
Remembered dirge? Or shall we for their sake  
Glory in giving and let joy awake?

V.

The memory of their death is that bright star  
Whose light shall guide us on Life's way  
Until we reach the blessed goal afar;  
And though remembrance of us may  
Soon perish, and the nation never weave  
Our story in her flag with gold,—  
Yet when the God of Armies will receive  
Our spirits, may we then behold  
Our Service Flag—a blaze of stars on high  
That shows men how to live and how to die.

## Baccalaureate Sermon.\*

BY THE RT. REV. FRANCIS BICKERSTAFFE-DREW, LL. D., '17.

**M**Y LORD BISHOP, Father President, Reverend Fathers, and dear Children: Jacob, stricken in years and blind, looking back over the long and sometimes tortuous course of his life, said: "The angel who hath blessed me all my life long until this day, who hath redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." Well, to-day is what you call commencement, a word which when I first heard it, frankly puzzled me. It seemed strange that at the very end of a scholastic course, at its completion, should come "commencement," but, once explained, how simple! You have come, those of you whose years here are ended, to a greater threshold. After all, your time here has been to prepare for a larger school and a wider field all the rest of your time. Those of you who have finished your years here stand here to-day at the threshold through the open door of which you see stretching in front of you shimmering in the morning light of hope and promise a very fair prize. It must be that you are to-day more than ever telling yourselves the things that you will do with the seventy golden coins of life the King has put into your hands and how you will spend them.

Here it has been your business to listen and to learn. And now comes the time of action. And I suppose each of you promises himself to do much,—that he will carve his name upon his day, just as perhaps he has scratched his name upon a tree here. There are some of

you who come back here to-day who have already gone forth into those promises and are asking yourselves, perhaps with some misgiving, how they have been kept. It is a very great thing that year by year they should come back to this place, so that whatever high purposes they had on the day when they left, they might renew them; that the courage they had then, the courage of ignorance, may be resuscitated, in spite of the chill of later knowledge.

Everyone whose time comes to-day to leave

this place must necessarily ask himself what he has done, as well as ask himself what it has done for him. After all, the greatness of a university depends upon its teachers and its teachings. One could imagine a great university without one roof of building, and one could imagine a university with numberless magnificent buildings, which should be like a skeleton, from which life, flesh, heart, blood, breathing, conscience, emotion have all fled. Which of you yourselves helped to make this place? In your hands, how has its tradition been? Because, remember the tradition of this place, however paradoxical it may sound, is much older than the



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tradition of your country during the same time. The generation of a school or a university is so short that it reaches its maturity very much sooner than any country, and it is very conceivable that quite a new country might have old universities. What generations of youth, after all, have flown through these halls! What hopes have been here! What promises!

So, now that the day comes, for the last time as it were, you must assemble here as students before this altar, you must feign ask yourselves what you have done for the place

\* Delivered in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Sunday, June 8, 1919.

you have had your share in making during these last four years. How have you done it? Have you ennobled it, deepened, elevated, or frivoleed it? You must ask. There must come some answer, and perhaps the answer is flecked with light and shadow. You remember times of triumph and times perhaps when you have given up triumph. Well, now, whatever it has been, it is finished and you can not alter it. That is the worst of all our deeds here on this earth, trivial or noble, they stick. You have had masters; you have had lessons. They have been willing to teach you. Have you been willing to learn? They can teach you no longer. From them you can have no further lessons, but do not, therefore, think that school days are over. You only pass out of these doors into a much wider school, with many masters kind and cruel. From them you will have to learn, perhaps at some great cost to yourself; but learn you must.

Put yourself now to-day at the Feet of the Great Master of all, head of the great school. He has been teaching here behind all the others. All their authority has been but His own shadow. Whatever they may have taught you has been learned from Him and He goes on teaching to the end, silent perhaps like all great teachers. The letters that He is always pushing together spell always one word, the word that you and I always are most reluctant to learn. From His first coming, from the wintry stable at Bethlehem to His last moment, when turning to His Father he said to Him: "Father, to Thee I commend now my spirit," there is always some message in His teaching. The letters were in many shapes and many turns, but they always teach the same sublime word that we find hard to learn,—love, above all. The reason we find it so hard to learn is because we have never loved. We find it easy to love those whom we have benefited, however worthless or repulsive they may be. If we have done them good and have been benefactors, we find in our hearts a glow which goes out to them. But how hard it is to love those whom we have injured. Yet we would never dream of hurting them as we hurt Him, whose friendship has been inexorable and who is all-good. He is only God, and He must take what He can get from us, our second best, our very worst, with the discomforting third part of an hour now and then, not too often, and always He goes on with His teaching, pushing the letters together,

spelling out the things he has done and putting them before our eyes, not bragging but pleading; and does it ever occur to us to say why we should be here? What, after all, can it matter and whose business is it, the saving of our souls? If all the souls in this world were lost, would one ray be drawn from the sun of His glory? And yet He can not bear to see one soul lost. You remember what St. Mary Magdelene of Pazzi said once when she was considering the life of Christ: "Surely, Nazarene, Thou hast made a fool of Thyself for the love of man!"

No wonder the Greeks said the Cross was foolish. It was all contrary to such an idea of godhead as theirs, that God should climb down from His Heaven, creep as it were on hands and knees into this world. And why? Because, otherwise He could not subject Himself to insult, could not permit Himself to be spat upon, and buffeted, and lied against, and called friend of the wine-drinker, the publican, the sinner; because otherwise He could not show what you and I ought to be,—and so He left His Father's throne and His own to bend down to us. And are you and I to be so mean as to have the same notion of Him?

Well, the four years of your time here are passed now. They have slipped out of your hands and you can never get them again. But, after all, they have been only preparation. If there is anything missing, change it! Let it be warning for the future, what your days have been. There are many guests here to-day, some that you have not seen for a long time; some of your own kith and kin; but there is one amongst you, of whom it was said a long time ago: "The Master is here and calleth you." We hear of a vocation very often, and as a rule people seem to think it means only the calling to the priesthood; but that is only one of many vocations. Some become servants, peasants, tillers of the soil, actors, singers, painters, physicians, lawyers, men of commerce, poets. Where any one of these is true to his calling it is because God has called him. Because there are many who will not think of their calling to earn money as any call from God, for that reason there are many who debase the honest calling by which their bread comes to them.

Each one of you must listen as the Master calls and watch well the road by which He asks you to come to His feet. It may be that some of you are called to come back to minister here at this altar before which you have been wor-

shipping these years past. But that must be the minority. As for the rest, whatever calling chooses you or you choose, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, who justifies all things you do in word or in work. Make, as it were, the sign of His holy cross upon the thing you do, whether it be as an actor, a man who sells food across the counter, a foreman, a manufacturer, a man of commerce. See that you can write the cross upon your work, and that will keep it clean and you clean.

Looking back during the years passed you will think of the lost opportunities that you have had. How very much you might have made of your years here! Let it simply be a warning to make much of the years that are to come. In one sense you must be prepared for greater loneliness than you have had here; outside in that larger school, the school-fellows are not so comradely. They are more rivalrous. And there, lest you should feel the loneliness of it, take care that you ask the Schoolmaster to be Himself your friend and intimate. It is very easy. As you walk along the roads of life, if you will but look over and over again, you will see His hand leaning upon your shoulder, touching your breast. The arms are kind. There is no reason why you and He should be strangers, except by your own choice. Bid him be absent and He will stay away. Call Him and you will find Him very close. There are times when, if you choose, you can hear his voice as plainly as they heard it on the mountain sides in Galilee. But do you want to hear it? Is it not the fear of His voice that makes you tremble, not the fear of seeing Him? No; it is because you dread that he will forbid the things dear to you, that He will snatch out of your hands the things sweet to your mouth and give you austere food.

I can imagine that, looking back to this place, in the years as they slip by, out of a kind of tender, golden-hazed memory, figures will gather out of those shining clouds, just as in the pictures of the great Italian masters when we stand closer we see that the cloud is made of countless angels' faces blended together; so, looking back to this place, you will find that the whole crowd of memory is a group of faces—comrades and masters; living and dead. You can hear again the echoes of their voices, their laughter, their chaff, perhaps their reproach.

Well, there is one Voice which you will surely hear, if only you will listen, coming from

yonder place, where all these twenty centuries (there, and in other places like it), He has been waiting. How little He has ever said! He has bidden Himself to be silent. "I will neither cry out nor lift up my voice in all my holy mountain." He takes for Himself that White Disguise; He will *force* no faith upon us. Those who choose may declare, 'A Disc of bread, and He is the Bread of our Life; our food.' You will see Him stretching out His hands towards you through the thresholds of this place, calling to you, "Mine! Mine! Mine!"

By many titles you are His: Did the world beget you? Did the flesh die for you? Did the devil become man to suffer for you? "Mine! Mine! Mine!" Consider over and over again, every day, all the ages long, what His plans for you have been. As you may be here and there, up and down life, surely you have time for one word, "Master! God!" Be no thief! Surely it is a mean thing if we rob one another, but if we rob Him! They say that the malice of the crime is measured by him against whom it is committed. If it be thievery to steal from one of ourselves, what a complete sacrilege it would be to steal from Christ our soul for which He died. It was His, first, by the right of creation; it was His, secondly, by the bitter right of purchase, for which so great a price was paid, because foolish man had sold himself.

### Three Great Catholics of the War.

(A Trilogy of Bachelor Orations.)

#### I.—MARSHALL FOCH.

By Louis J. Finski, '19.

As we linger in the gallery of the world's greatest generals and study the portraits of the men who have won the confidence and shaped the destinies of peoples, we note in those silent faces one characteristic common to such men. They appear hard and cold and stern. In the faces of many of these men is a suggestion of materialism, of simple, hateful selfishness. But at the end of the long gallery is a portrait of a very different kind of man. On his countenance there is indeed sternness, resolution, reserve, and strength. The lines are strongly marked; trials and cares have cut them. Yet there is that Latin gentleness evidencing a man of heart, of kindness. There is humanity in it. There peers from his eyes something of that human simplicity which stands for the best

and greatest in mankind. It is the portrait of General Foch.

Ferdinand Foch was born on October 2, 1851, in the foothills of the Pyrenees. His parents were of the great middle class. His mother was of an old Spanish family, his father an employee in the French civil service. Even in his early school days at the Jesuit college of St. Michel he was set upon entering the army. To prepare himself for admission for the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris, the artillery academy of the French government, young Foch went in his seventeenth year to St. Clements at Metz.

The nineteenth of July, 1870, brought the declaration of war against Prussia. Foch expected to return to St. Clements in August and view the beginning of the French victorious march into Germany. But the first days of August brought a quick and terrible disillusion. There came astonishing news of French defeat. Metz was soon under siege. In September came the second catastrophe at Sedan. With the first call for new levies Foch presented himself as a recruit in the infantry, but the war ended before he could render any aid to his beloved France.

With his country's misfortune and humiliation fresh in mind, the young soldier returned to his studies, more determined than ever to equip himself for the service of France. In 1874 he was graduated from the artillery academy. His ability brought him gradual promotion, and in 1907 we find him at Paris a brigadier-general and a member of the General Staff. During the same year there came a great surprise to Foch when he was chosen from among distinguished generals and by the "anti-clerical" government, director of the College of War. When Foch suggested to Clemenceau that one of his brothers was a Jesuit, the statesman replied: "I know all about it; you will make good officers for us, and that is the only thing that matters."

Foch's appointment was one of the greatest factors in the effectiveness of French arms in the recent war. For, while Foch was director of the College of War he had under him the officers who were to become leaders and distinguish themselves later in the great French Army. Foch remained director of the College of War until 1911 when he was raised to the rank of general and given a command at Chaumont on the upper Marne. A transfer to Nancy placed him in charge of the Twentieth Corps

of the Second Army. It was here that Foch was stationed when the great war cloud broke. At the very first clash of French and German forces at Morhange his skill won for him the command of the Ninth Army Corps. A little later in directing this unit the general found his first real opportunity to put into effect the result of his lifetime studies. With the Germans within fifteen miles of Paris and threatening to envelop the entire French army, Foch executed his supreme strategy; in conjunction with it he sent this telegram to General Joffre, the commander-in-chief: "My right has been driven in, my left has been driven in; therefore, with all I have left in my center I will attack." Materially and physically at that hour Foch was beaten, but no one knew better than he the value of the human element in attack. His indomitable spirit and courage was infused into every man of his unit. It was the spirit and dash of this unit that first mastered the Germans and started them on the retreat which meant ultimate defeat. The work of Foch later at Ypres and again in Italy served further to inspire confidence in his generalship.

In the critical days of early 1918 the Allied commanders agreed that the appointment of a generalissimo was necessary to successfully meet the terrific German drives. Accordingly on March 26, 1918, the Allied governments placed the supreme command in the hands of General Foch. Thus came the crowning recognition of the genius and worth of this great soldier. To have won the confidence of all the Allied nations and to be trusted by them with the direction of their armies and their cause in this life-and-death struggle of the nations was as high a tribute as any soldier or man has ever received.

Foch the soldier and general, through sheer genius, ranks to-day among the greatest generals of all time. But it is Foch the man who will linger longest in our memories and our hearts. Marshal Foch is one of the few great generals of France who has stood aloof from politics and parties. Even the fiercest of anti-clericals has never expressed the remotest fear that this earnest Catholic soldier would lend his hand to political intrigue. Marshall Foch's only political ambition is that which Leo XIII so wisely recommended to the Catholics of France, a rally to the loyal support of the Republic. This trait of Foch's character harmonizes with his simple life and modest ways. He is a worker

and his ways are the simplest. In this age of personal advertisement he shuns publicity. That is why there is a noticeable lack of personal anecdotes in his biography, such as are common with most public men.

In his writings Foch dwells on duty and discipline as the guiding ideals of a soldier. They have been the cardinal principles in his own great career. But no true impression of the man can be had unless we bear in mind that with Foch the idea of duty and discipline has a higher sanction than military tradition. From his boyhood days the religion he was taught in his Pyrenean home and later in the Jesuit colleges has been something not merely to be professed but to be practised. It has been the underlying force in the shaping of his life and work. Never in Foch's life, least of all in those moments of great worldly success, when strong men often grow proud and haughty, has this great Generalissimo omitted the simple practices of his Catholic faith. In the campaign of Lorraine and in the early days of the Marne when Foch was not at his headquarters behind the lines, but among his men on the battle-front, he was more than once seen kneeling among his officers and men at Mass celebrated under the open sky. At Doullens and Fravan he attended daily the early morning Mass and in the leisure moments of the day went again to pray before the tabernacle. On the morning of the most critical day in the fight in the marshes of St. Gond he appealed to the chaplains for their prayers. On the eve of the last great effort in the critical summer of 1918, he asked for the prayers of the children of France. On the evening of July 17th, when he had issued the final orders for the great advance of the next day, he told the members of his staff that he wished to be left undisturbed for an hour. Their anxiety for the General, wearied as they knew by the constant efforts of recent days, was relieved by the thought that he was to take a brief rest. How he spent that hour was revealed by a mere chance. A telegram came which required his immediate attention. He was sought for and found alone in a little chapel kneeling in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

Such has been the career of Marshal Foch. He is at once the great teacher from whom we learn the high and noble lesson of faith and perseverance and the practical man of affairs who has illustrated most successfully the lesson he has taught. As one of his biographers says of

him: "Foch's own maxim explains his entire life—'Pray as if everything depended on God; work as if everything depended on you.' How fitting that this man whose portrait will perhaps bring to a close the gallery of the world's greatest generals should be such a noble type of Catholic layman and such a striking example of Catholic education. Is not here a proof of the Church's teaching that a really great man must have an education of the heart, the soul, as well as of the mind and body; that an uncompromising faith and morality must be the fundamental teaching in all true education. How weak and futile is it for little minds to assert that too much care and responsibility precludes attention to Christian duties, when a Foch with the responsibility for the destiny of the civilized world on his shoulders and in the greatest crisis found time to devote himself to the Faith of his fathers. What a splendid life to hold up before the Catholic youth of the world. What a concrete proof of the soundness of the Church's teachings. He seems like a great figure come forth from the medieval days when love of God was the inspiration of grand achievement. Simple, earnest Catholic faith has been to Foch the compass guiding the course of his whole life. And it is a faith such as this that has won for him the immortal title of 'The Gray Man of Christ.'"

## II.—Cardinal Mercier.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

Conviction is a great motive-power of human achievement. Just as the seed sprouts and grows and bears more abundant fruit where the soil is fertile, so also do moral principles, when championed by men of conviction, "live and move and have their being" more abundantly in the destiny of the human race. Every advance in civilization, every conquest made by Christianity has been due to principles working outward from the mind of man. Without conviction, order would give way to anarchy, vice would make virtue her foot-stool. Conviction of the teaching of Christ made the martyrs of the Colosseum; conviction of the natural independence of the human person freed the slave; and today conviction of the sacredness of moral law has made Cardinal Mercier the greatest moral figure of the world-war.

Desiré Mercier was born in the Belgian hamlet of Brainé l'Alleud. Early in life he gave signs of a priestly calling and in time he became priest,



bishop, cardinal, and primate of Belgium. A few years ago he was comparatively unknown, and to the few who knew him he was a zealous churchman, a great scholar. It was only in the development of a mighty conflict that he came forward as one of the most striking figures, indeed the most striking moral figure, of the world-war.

In early July, 1914, Belgium was at peace with all the world. Before that summer ended, she lay prostrate in the agony of martyrdom. Her neutrality had been gratuitously outraged. Into her cities and homes, her schools and cathedrals a savage war-lord had entered and had left them but gruesome ruins. Along every roadside were strewn her massacred sons. Why this ordeal, why this harrowing sacrifice? Could she not have published a formal declaration against her invaders—that all the world might see and understand the folly of armed resistance? Could she not have fired a single gun in mock defiance and still have remained faithful to her pledge of neutrality, made to England and France? If she would grant the German armies free passage through her territory, she would be unmolested, yea, richly rewarded. If she held sacred her promise, then she must expect penance for heroic fidelity. The whole world knows well her prompt decision. It knows too how the Belgians rallied around their king, and sacrificing their goods, their homes, their lives, for the vindication of a moral right, challenged the German hordes before Lièges and Namur. We all remember how the little band fought on, staying the great armies of Germany till England and France could get ready to meet them.

But visualize to yourselves the circumstances of captive Belgium, the scene of disheartened mothers and wives, of orphaned, hungry, dying children, of the figure of Cardinal Mercier, humanity's moral spokesman. Sure of ultimate victory, imperial Germany lengthened the list of her cruelties, forgetting that some day she would have to answer. On Christmas day, 1914, Cardinal Mercier issued that memorable pastoral, "Patriotism and Endurance." How instantly it quickened the heart-beat of Belgian courage! All Belgium rose up, not like a mob clamoring for its victim, but like a peaceful people demanding reparation for the injury that had been done them. The Cardinal went about preaching patience and restraint and loyalty to moral principle, and did not cease even

when the hirelings of Kultur forbade him.

He would not be inactive. He circulated his pastoral letters one after another throughout Belgium. He fearlessly upbraided the German government for countenancing the inhuman conduct of its soldiers. And because he spoke the truth against this injustice, they sought to confine him to his residence, and a second reign of terror visited the world. Oh, the horror of those days when the innocent were shot down in the name of justice, when the love of country and of God's law was a capital crime!

Bribes the Cardinal spurned. Silent he would not be; and failing in their iniquitous threats, the foe sought to discredit him before the world. They questioned the truth of his allegations against German brutality. They would stigmatize him as an unreasoning zealot, a disturber of a contented people. Yet, when he refuted their edgeless arguments, when he demanded an impartial tribunal to judge of Belgium's wrongs, they were more baffled than ever. Not once did he utter a rash word nor betray his outraged feelings in an indiscreet act. Like Sir Thomas More, he was importuned by another Henry VIII to yield a little, to compromise his moral principles and in the end all would be right. Like Pope Pius VII, he was menaced by another Napoleon demanding that right should pay homage to might. And because, like More and Pope Pius, he dared to say "no," because he would not compromise one iota of his principles and convictions, they would have hurried him off to a dungeon and death. But they dared not harm him. They feared the power of his moral courage.

For more than two years Belgium's oppressors had scourged and racked her body, thinking that misery and slow death would wring from her an avowal of their right to rule. From the ruined churches of Lièges and Namur, from the cathedrals of Antwerp and Brussels, from all Belgium came the cry: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Then, one Sunday morning in November, 1916, Cardinal Mercier stood in the pulpit of St. Gudule, in Brussels. The sunlight streaming into the old chancel illumined his tall, stately figure, the serene face, the thin gray hair, the dark, far-seeing eyes. Out beyond the up-turned faces before him, out beyond the German soldiers stationed at the doorway, he fixed his gaze and he saw in fancy the frightful spectacle of two long years. He saw long lines of Belgian workmen herded into cattle cars and carried

into Germany as virtual slaves. He saw those same lines returning months afterward, decimated by German dungeons, wasted and dying men. He saw the fair forms of Belgian children blighted by disease. He saw peasant mothers pausing before wayside crucifixes, asking the good God for courage, for more courage. And gathering inspiration from this vision, his words rang down the old cathedral: "You shall know the truth: and the truth shall make you free." A tense silence fell. Beneath his exhortations to patience and endurance was the pathos of a father sorrowing over the woe of his children. Then leaning forward in the pulpit, the power of immortal conviction in his words, he addressed them: "This I say to you, my brethren, without hatred or thoughts of retaliation; I would be unworthy of this episcopal ring placed by the Church upon my finger, unworthy of this cross placed by her upon my breast, were I to hesitate, in obedience to any human passion, to proclaim that violated right remains right all the same, and that injustice supported by force is injustice none the less."

What a miracle of patriotism, of fidelity to moral principles his words inspired! And the gray German soldiers stood spell-bound at the door-way. Is it not surprising, I ask you, that armed might should shudder and pause before unshielded right? Is it not surprising that when the greed for plunder has been satisfied and the brass of victory tarnished, even the agents of evil, seeing the vanity and nothingness of earthly glory, should instinctively stop in reverence before the spokesman of right and justice? Is it not surprising that the great German empire, intoxicated with success at arms and fearless as yet of any human power, should allow one man to taunt her with her crimes, to denounce the philosophy of Kultur and exalt the moral teachings of the Catholic Church? It is the instinctive respect which might pays to right.

Looking back now at those awful days, we are appalled by the wonder of it all, the triumph of moral principle over the organized forces of conscienceless might. Standing at the gateway to civilization was the aged Cardinal with the vandal hordes pressing upon him—and they entered not in. In his seminary days at Louvain, Mercier had pondered over the tomes of St. Thomas Aquinas, absorbing their wisdom, noting their influence on the progress of humanity. But the world, busy about material pros-

perity, had forgotten St. Thomas and had formulated a new and very different philosophy. Forty years ago Bismark declared that "not by speeches and resolutions are the great questions of the time decided, but by blood and iron." To-day Bismark's policy has been discredited and the moral principles, the Catholic precepts so ably championed by Cardinal Mercier, have been vindicated before the world. On the solemn day of his episcopal consecration he vowed to God and the Catholic Church "never to forsake the truth, to yield neither to ambition nor to fear when it should be necessary to show love for it." This has been the mission, this the achievement of Cardinal Mercier, the greatest moral figure of the world war.

### III.—Pope Benedict XV.

BY JAMES HAROLD McDONALD, '19.

Men will not soon forget the summer of 1914. The world was quiet and happy; the hearts of men were care-free and gay; the summer with its beauty and happiness was in its first full splendor. Suddenly from the plains and valleys of Europe there went up the cry of war. In a twinkling the peace of the world was broken by invading armies; cities and towns gave up their youth and manhood to the bugle-call that rang from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. London resounded to the steps of moving armies. Belgium saw the red towers of flame enkindled by a foe in her peaceful cities and watched from afar the crumbling spires of Louvain. Legion upon legion of intrepid Frenchmen daily marched out to the fast retreating front of battle, while throngs in Berlin acclaimed the dawn of Germany's "day". One by one, France, Belgium, England, Russia, plunged into the struggle with the Central Powers. It was a summer of woe. No one in Europe dared conjecture what the morrow might bring. Amid this "pentecost of calamity", in this day of terror, the Father of all Christendom lay dead in the Vatican at Rome. Heart-broken by the thought of millions of his children embroiled in war, Pope Pius lay dead. And men whispered that in him had died the Christian order: that now, at last, the voice of Rome might never again be even a moral power in Europe.

It was not to be so. Into this scene of war and bloodshed came a man, chrismed of Christ, on his finger the Fisherman's ring, on his head the papal crown. His name went out upon the



world, as he whom Malachi had foretold to be the pope of religion despoiled and laid waste—Benedict, the blessed. Scarcely four months had elapsed since the saintly Pius had placed upon his head the Cardinal's hat. He was holy; and he was a trained diplomat, a disciple and secretary of Cardinal Rampolla, prince of diplomats. Political men predicted his policy. Some desired to see him cast his authority on the side of Austria and Germany. Others were sure he would favor the Allied nations. Many expected him to flaunt before the world his protestations of neutrality, but said he would not, could not, be neutral. It was indeed a difficult position into which the Pope had come. Never before, since Peter, the first pope, struck with remorse at the "Quo Vadis" of Christ, turned again his fleeing steps toward the Eternal City, had there been greater need of human qualifications and divine guidance in a pope.

You know, as you know the events of your own life, the history of the last five years. You remember with what thrills of horror the world saw the great nations of Europe take up the mighty quarrel; you remember the fire of hate and malediction that flamed in every land; you remember how all Europe was divided into two great camps; how the tides of battle ebbed and flowed; how patriotism burned; how the air men breathed was steeped in hate. This indeed was that critical day upon whose issue all future history would depend; nations must stand or fall by their alliances in this war.

What side must that most ancient European power, the Papacy, take? Germany would fain have claimed the Holy Father's moral support; Austria would have him bless her soldiers on the eve of battle; the allied nations would have prized him as an ally. But neither side could enlist his favor to the prejudice of the other. With a father's heart he looked out upon Europe; with a father's love he yearned to have the fratricidal slaughter at an end. He saw in vision Him whose vice-regent he was; he heard the words by which Christ consecrated the first pontiff, "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep." That surely was the mission of the Pope, to nourish the hearts and souls of men with the consolations of God. Well did Benedict know that his kingdom was of no single nation or group of nations. National religions might serve national ends; but his realm extended from the eastern coasts of China to the western slopes of the American Sierras. His heart

burned with the deep compassion of a father to see the realm divided and convulsed in war. As Christ wept over Jerusalem, so Benedict in our day for the sins of his people wept over the world. The millions arrayed against each other in deadliest hate were all his children. By what virtue of fatherhood could he compose the quarrel, he who is the vessel of God's law, he, the vicar of Christ, the highest of the high judges of human action.

No,—his vision was wider and grander; he looked to the spiritual welfare of his children. There was once a time when Europe was universally Catholic, when constant standards of justice and morality were everywhere recognized, when the Holy Father was acknowledged to be the one rightful mediator, the supreme and final arbiter of political conflicts. That condition does not now exist. States have forsworn allegiance to a stable standard of morality and have substituted the balance of power and political expediency. To the divinity of the Church they have opposed the divinity of the state. With agnosticism in philosophy and diversified heresy in religion, there has appeared a self-centered nationalism which exchanges for conscience and the natural law an undisguised utilitarianism. Yet, as the world will ever reverence that long line of popes whose names recall the noblest peacemakers of all time, as they will ever bless Leo the Great for saving Italy from the Huns, the apostolic beneficence of Gregory the Great, and the sagacious world-interest of Leo XIII for making this world happier and holier, so will future generations cherish the name of Benedict, our Holy Father, the great pope of the World War. For this is his achievement—that in a day of materialism, when the only acknowledged power is the power of matter as expressed in the magnitude of industry, in the universal faith in scientific accomplishment, in the almost irresistible strength of armaments, he stood alone, unarmed, without alliance, in the isolation of his beleaguered palace, the incarnation, the living exemplification of moral power.

That is it—moral power. In that night of woe when Germany's gray legions set foot upon neutral Flemish ground, and, treating that heroic land as a state in the most ignoble vassalage, broke the solemn word of treaty and shamed for all time and in the hearts of all men the sacred name of international honor,—where was the neutral nation that protested? Where

was Spain, where was Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland? Where was our own United States? One voice alone rang out in protest the voice of Benedict, the voice of justice and indignant neutrality. "While not inclining to either party in the struggle," he exclaimed on the occasion of this outrage, "we occupy ourselves equally in behalf of both and at the same time we follow with anxiety and anguish the awful phases of this war and even fear that sometimes the violence of attack exceeds all measure. It belongs to the Roman Pontiff, whom God has made supreme interpreter and vindicator of the law, to proclaim before all men that no possible reason can make lawful any violation of justice.

Without power to force a conciliation of the nations, the Holy Father directed his efforts to pleading with the belligerents and alleviating materially the sufferings of all the sorely suffering peoples. Newspapers and publicity agents said nothing of his labors; quietly, but arduously he worked. First were his efforts to secure a truce on Christmas, 1914. They failed for lack of unanimity among the nations. This is but one instance of numberless labors of charity. Through his mediation thousands upon thousands of disabled prisoners were transferred to their homes. Ten thousand crippled soldiers were allowed a refuge in Holland and Switzerland. He arranged for letters to be sent from invaded regions, for securing to prisoners rest on Sundays, for bringing about temporary hostilities and identifying graves of Allied soldiers who had fallen in the Dardanelles. The condonation of innumerable death sentences was due to him. His mercy sent financial relief to Belgium, to Poland, to Montenegro, to the Italians and French in invaded areas. His money went to Luxembourg, to East Prussia, to the German prisoners in Russia, to the Serbians and Lithuanians. It would be tedious indeed enumerating all Pope Benedict's important efforts to secure help for the needy, consolation for the distressed. Throughout the long years of war, this work was constant. While blind critics indicted his neutrality and mocked his moral sovereignty, the destitute victims of war blessed his father's love.

In the larger outlines of his fatherhood the glory of Benedict and of his office is no less revealed. Three times he appealed to the peoples and the leaders of the warring nations to hasten the end of the strife. His third appeal suggested

a definite basis of settlement and marked the dawn of peace. It opened a way for President Wilson's fourteen points and outlined the only possible way to peace. "The moral power of right," he says, "must take the place of the material force of arms... Instead of armies there must be arbitration with sanctions to be settled against any state that should refuse to submit international questions or abide by decisions..... A spirit of equity and justice must prevail with concessions on both sides."

Pope Benedict's enunciation of these principles of justice very effectively made possible the way to peace, by provoking from both sides explicit statements of war aims. For this service—a service no other prince could render—he will be remembered as the Pope of Peace. Impeachments of his neutrality have been forever silenced by the reverential and direct replies of belligerents to his Peace notes, and when on an eventful day, in the face of every obstacle France and Italy could oppose, Woodrow Wilson was received in the throne room of Pope Benedict, every doubt of the Pope's neutrality and of his moral sovereignty was for all time dissipated.

Holy Father, Benedict XV, when the cities of our pride will have been sublimated in the primeval dust; when our children's children will have begot unnumbered generations and the vivid history of these times will have become the unrivalled romance of the ages, your name be then, as now, a sweet fragrance, a name of glory and of godly beauty, an inspiration to man. In you has been realized in the years of war's chaos the fullest splendor of the vicarship of Christ. Father and friend of the poor, the weak, the suffering, no human power, no national feeling could make partisan the ardor of your love. You knew the power of love when all others were madly battling in hate; you knew the power of sympathy when for want of a thinking heart the world was made desolate with desolation; you knew the power of God's word to heal the sick, to lift up the heart-broken, to bring peace at last. It is noble to be a man; it is sublime to be, like you, a man of God. It were vain to try to guild the golden glory of your deeds. No monument of perishable stone needs to add its fleeting lustre to your name. It is in the undying memory of men's hearts and in God's own eternal record of service that your imperishable memory is preserved.

## Valedictory.

GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

Four years ago when the members of this class came together for the first time, the future stretched before us, a golden vista, a lane of years, at whose far end this day was dimly seen. The mile-stones on that highway have been other commencements, commencements whose exercises were shadowed by the clouds of war, whose valedictories were spoken amidst the stir of martial hosts. At that time drums were heard to beat, and the flags were seen flying stiff in their fluttering pride, as rank after rank passed on to war. Later, of a sudden, came the great shout of triumph, and flowers made sweet the city streets as the soldiers were welcomed home, with their thin brave lines and tattered but glorious banners. Our commencement is loud with the voice of victory and the closing of our college days is glad with its exaltation.

We are proud that we have merited to have the seal of our Fair Mother's approval set upon us, and yet in our happiness there is an element of sorrow that we must now see the severing of those ties which have made of students and professors one family under the mystical motherhood of the spirit which is Notre Dame. But all things pass and as we stand on the threshold reviewing the happy years that are gone, facing the new life that is to be, we halt for a moment to pay a tribute of love and loyalty to those who have most influenced our lives, who have been the source of our inspiration and the secret of our strength, and by whose aid we shall strive always to live worthily.

First, there is the thanks that we owe our parents for having made this day possible. For many of us, the happiness of this evening is the result of a father's ungrudging toil, of a mother's cheerful, loving sacrifices. Gratefully and gladly do we take this occasion to honor publicly our mothers and fathers. There is no other power on earth so potent to lead a man along the paths of duty as the presence or the memory of his mother. To be worthy sons to our mothers, we need only to realize the confidence which the Church places in us, and to fulfil the expectations of our Alma Mater.

Holy Mother Church reposes large confidence in us. She took us from the cradle to lay us at the feet of God that He might bless our lives. At

every moment she has been our guide and support. Through her Sacraments and wise counsels, she has preserved us in the midst of temptation. She has shown us the way to true life. Of us, as graduates of a Catholic university, she will demand a service worthy of the training we have received. To-day more than ever before is there need of the educated Catholic layman. With the institutions of civilization tottering before the attacks of anarchy and materialism, with a world in chaos awaiting re-construction, the Church confidently expects the Catholic university man to do his part for God and for humanity.

Tonight we part with the companions who have shared our lives for years. The classroom and the field will know us no more. The friends we part with now can never be replaced. These days have been days of dreams and inspiration; in a sweet communion of ideals we have entered into the souls of friends and bound them to us with hoops of steel. Had the past been less bright, less happy, it would be much easier parting; but now there is nothing left but the last hand-clasp and a hearty god-speed.

It is a great and solemn moment in the life of a college man when he comes at the end of years of earnest work to receive his diploma, the token of his Alma Mater's approbation. It is a moment replete with the joy of good accomplishments and yet most melancholy in the hard parting it involves. It is the moment when we must bid farewell to the school which we lovingly personify as our Fair Mother. We see her as seated on a throne, a laurel wreath upon her brows, a serene depth in her quiet eyes, and all the treasures of the earth's wisdom in her gracious, generous hands. She has stored our minds with knowledge and has taught us how to live. Her humble votaries, we are now come before her throne for the last time. Standing here we pledge that we will live as she would have us live, that we will ever remember the eternal truth which she has taught us, will ever practice the lessons of everlasting justice which she has imparted.

There is farewell on our lips, O Notre Dame, there is love in our hearts, O Fair Mother. We are leaving now, and as we pass we pray that where God's work is so well done, God's love may ever abide, that where we have been so generously nurtured, the blessing of the Lord may descend an hundredfold.

### Notre Dame's Roll of Honor

The Notre Dame Men who gave their  
Lives in the World War

D. A. L. ALDERMAN  
PAUL BLUM  
SERGEANT PHILIP CALLERY  
CAPTAIN GEORGE A. CAMPBELL  
SERGEANT GERALD S. CLEMENTS, LL. B., '15  
WALLACE COKER  
LIEUTENANT COLBURN J. COLBY  
WILLIAM F. CONNOR  
LIEUTENANT JAMES DESMOND  
WILLIAM EGAN  
LIEUTENANT JASPER FFRENCH  
LIEUTENANT STEPHEN FITZGERALD  
ARTHUR FUNKE  
FRANK GOYER  
GILBERT HAND, LL. B., '17  
ARTHUR JAMES HAYES, Ph. B., '15  
AL S. JAMES  
LIEUTENANT J. JONES  
JOSEPH RAYMOND KINSELLA  
CHARLES BASSETT LAWRENCE, E. E., '14  
CASIMIR LISEWSKI  
FRANCIS LOGUE  
CORPORAL G. C. McADAMS  
SERGEANT WILLIAM McCANN  
HARRY McCAUSLAND  
LIEUTENANT ARNOLD J. McINERNY  
GERALD McKINNIE  
CAPTAIN RAYMOND MCPHEE  
CHARLES MURPHY  
LIEUTENANT PAUL NOWERS  
CAPTAIN JEREMIAH E. MURPHY  
LIEUTENANT DESMOND O'BOYLE  
LIEUTENANT GEORGE O'LAUGHLIN  
FRANK O'ROURKE  
EUGENE LESLIE PARKER  
LIEUTENANT CHARLES B. REEVE, LL. B., '17  
LIEUTENANT CLOVIS SMITH, Ph. B., '14;  
A. M., '17  
SERGEANT JOSEPH ARTHUR SMITH  
CHARLES STEEVENS  
LIEUTENANT MELVILLE SULLIVAN  
FREDERICK P. TRUSCOTT, E. E., '13  
SIMON E. TWINING, Ph. B., '13  
EDWARD VEAZY  
THEODORE P. WAGNER  
CARL WILMES  
PETER WOJTALEWICZ

### The Grail of God.

(For the Notre Dame Men Fallen in the War).

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. O'DONNELL,, C. S. C.,  
CHAPLAIN, U. S. A.

WHEN we come home to Notre Dame  
As we shall, after all,  
Our eyes will look with newer light  
On tower and field and hall,  
But shadows on the cindered path  
Before our steps will fall.

The shadowy form, the soundless feet  
Of boys who used to go  
A few short years, or even months,  
With high heart to and fro  
Along these walks that never now  
Their moving feet may know.

The young, the beautiful, the strong—  
No more our ears shall hark  
Their footsteps or their voices here  
By daylight or by dark:  
It has come home to us; the word,—  
Death loves a shining mark.

Illustrious, they are by death  
But made more lustrous still,  
Nor can their sun forever sink  
Behind a western hill  
Whose lives are in their country's blood  
And all her being thrill.

Grown sudden men, they quit their books  
And girt them for the wars:  
Who would have guessed what destinies  
Were written in their stars  
Here where the peace of heaven broods  
That never conflict mars.

They went their way, high-hearted, clean,  
Not any fear availed  
To daunt their soul, nor any foe  
Might boast that they had quailed,  
Though over them in foreign fields  
The daisies have prevailed.

Let be of sorrow, ring the bells  
In thunder from the tower,  
It is a triumph that we keep  
In this memorial hour,  
For all their country's greatness now  
Is borrowed of their power.

Life does not come with living,  
'Tis not a thing of breath;  
Life is that glory's portion  
They have who drink of death,  
The Grail of God that giveth peace  
And sleep that quickeneth.

## Addresses at the Dedication of the Hoynes College of Law:\*

I.—BY FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00.

Twenty-three years ago I came to Notre Dame to study law. I had the usual sense of semi-responsibility so common among young fellows, and the task of forming in me the habits of work and study was no easy one for the professors. They, however, were of stern and rugged fibre, and with patience and persistence they helped to harness my fractious mind. With some leading and much driving I went away after four years of residence here with some knowledge of law and some cultural training that served as the foundation upon which I had to build a career as a lawyer and a citizen.

I have never been able to show my appreciation or make any just return for what I owe to this dear old University and its faculty. But here I make a public profession of my unbounded love for Notre Dame and my abiding faith in its great future. This is a day to rejoice the heart of the Law alumni, for we dedicate here the Hoynes College of Law. We can well rejoice on the occasion which marks the opening of a bigger, broader, and better school of law at the University, but we more proudly rejoice that this big, fine school of law is dedicated to bear the name of our beloved old law professor, Colonel William Hoynes; and greater still is our happiness that Colonel Hoynes is here today to witness this signal honor which his years of unselfish zeal have earned for him.

The College of Law at the University has grown in the esteem of the faculty and student body through the years since my day. When I came here the classes were small in number; the law class of 1893, my first year, had but three graduates; and my class of 1900 had only thirteen. Colonel Hoynes had all the labor and responsibility of the classes, and he met his task with unflagging interest. He worked as hard and as diligently as it was possible for a man to work, and he sought to impress upon his students the need of hard work. He had the true conception of a lawyer's responsibility, and if we did not learn it until we got out into the world and met that responsibility face to face, it was because we had failed of attention to his teachings and his example of diligence.

\* Delivered in the courtroom of the new law building at Notre Dame, Sunday afternoon, June 8, 1919.

Colonel Hoynes had the confidence and respect of his boys at all times, and his door was always open to the student who asked counsel or advice. He grew in strength and wisdom with his years; his college of law grew with him and with the growth of the University, and today Notre Dame may with some pride point to its law alumni as worthy sons of Alma Mater.

I have seen the type of students who have come out of the University since my day, and I find that they are keen, bright, alert, and ambitious. They give promise of becoming leaders in the communities where they locate, and failure seldom attends their efforts. They learn here the fundamental principles which are to help shape and form their future careers. They become grounded in christian morals, the basic needs of citizenship. At no time in the world's history has there been a greater need for men possessing sound moral foundation, and one who has providentially pursued the course of studies that are given here has the fulness of moral concepts. It has been said that our country has been constructed by the lawyers of the nation. This is a natural and inevitable condition where democracy exists. The lawyer must first know and understand the principles upon which the rights of men are founded. If he knows merely municipal law without a proper knowledge of moral law, he has an unbalanced perspective. When his concept of municipal law and the rights of man are founded upon the eternal truths of christianity, then he possesses all the equipment which goes to make up the measure of true statesmanship. With the mastery of the law, with the study of men, and with the intimate knowledge which he must possess of the needs of communities as they relate to commerce and industry, the lawyer has the requirements to lead the citizens to a just fulfilling of their desires, and the statutes, which are but the crystallized desires and needs of the people, are of necessity the handiwork of the lawyer.

A university law school is a monumental institution, sending out its young men fortified, strengthened, and invigorated to understand and compose the problems of the people and hold the ship of state true to its charted course. It is a great honor to be one of the group of men who teach others to think rightly. We, who have passed the doors of this University and have spent our years struggling with the necessities of daily tasks, look back with a



spirit of restfulness and composure upon our student days. Though the years may have somewhat dimmed the vision of our eyes, it has not dimmed our soul's vision of this beloved place, and all of these recollections cluster about the men who helped to shape and form our careers. Out of this vista stands in my memory and in the memory of all the old law students of this University the beloved figure of Colonel Hoynes, stalwart, erect, dignified, but always kindly and sympathetic. He was indeed a leader and a teacher with a soul, and we glory in the fact that as the years go on and as the length of Notre Dame's existence multiplies with succeeding jubilees the Hoynes College of Law will stand as a monument to one who was one of our day and a part of our very lives.

This hall is not only a monument to Colonel Hoynes, but in it each of us feels that we have a part; that it is of our being, and our love. Notre Dame University is magnified by our esteem, by the tender kindness with which it has seen fit to bestow the name of our beloved old teacher upon its College of Law. Other universities have chiselled upon the façades of their buildings the names of men who have been munificent in their gifts. But that sort of recognition does not carry with it the tenderness or kindness or love which follows when a school bestows upon one of its untiring teachers a name that will go down through the years coupled with the University. Hereafter the name of Hoynes is grouped with the name of Brownson, one of the great thinkers of America; with Carroll, the great Archbishop of the Revolutionary days; with Walsh, the beloved president, whose life was given to the University; with Sorin, the illustrious founder of the University; with Corby, the grand old war chaplain, and Badin, the pioneer priest.

I would be unjust to the thought that is in the mind of every old student and guest here today if I did not say to Father Cavanaugh that the only sadness that obtrudes itself upon us is that you retire from the office of president of the University. Your work at Notre Dame has been truly great. In my esteem, Father Cavanaugh, you were always big in brain and heart and soul, and whatever post or position you may occupy, your status has been fixed by the thousands of students who have known you. Here at Notre Dame, you, like Colonel Hoynes, have ceased to be regarded as a creature; you are an institution.

Colonel Hoynes, I may appropriately say to

you that after your course has run and naught remains but a memory of your good deeds and your charming life, students will traverse these beautiful lawns and drink in the teachings in this College of Law. The hall which bears your name may become overgrown with ivy, but so long as Notre Dame stands so long will the name of Hoynes be known, revered, loved, and remembered, and to the uttermost parts of this country and even beyond the seas your name will be carried, graven upon the hearts of students who have gathered here in those sweet, impressionable days of student life, the period in which attachments, memories, and affections form, to last on forever.

## II.—BY CLEMENT CLINTON MITCHELL, '02.

Every institution, whether political, social or religious, is the result of an ideal. Every man of worth and strength in the world fashions his character in accordance with an ideal. In fact, every phase of a man's character grows toward an ideal as a plant grows toward sunshine. This institution has attained, or perhaps surpassed the ideal of its founders, but it is a result nevertheless of the preconceived ideal of Father Sorin and those other men of genius who saw it before it was. Like any other institution of lofty purpose, it has attracted to itself strong men whose ideals were the same as those of its founders, and these men in turn have become exemplars for the thousands of students who have gone through this great machine for character-building. Each of you, young men, have selected, or will very soon select your ideal business man, your ideal moralist, your ideal statesman—in fact, an ideal in each of the larger phases of life's activities, and the nearer you approach to the attainment of these ideals the greater will be your measure of success.

There is one strong, rugged character which has stood out prominently for more than a generation in this institution. He has left an impression of certain traits of his character upon those young men who have come within the sphere of his influence. He is a layman who is more than a priest. He is a lawyer who is more than a preacher. More than ten years ago I heard a great lawyer of National reputation, the guiding genius of a great American business enterprise, a specialist in chancery practice, say that his ideal chancellor was Colonel William Hoynes of Notre Dame University. On another occasion in a gathering of men of

letters, I heard a profound student say that his ideal American scholar was Colonel William Hoynes of Notre Dame. Since this is a time of personal tributes to a present friend, personal allusions may be pardoned. Therefore, may I say that my own impression of Colonel William Hoynes was not that of the ideal chancellor, nor the ideal scholar, but of the ideal American gentleman; the man who could do gentle things in a manly way and marly things in a gentle way!

Nearly twenty years ago, following a fad of that day, I made a photograph scrap-book in which were the pictures of all my friends—men and women, boys and girls,—and in response to some wanton whim, I wrote an inscription beneath each picture: a statement of what seemed to me the dominant trait in the character of each. Some were witty, some dull, some wise, some otherwise, and on the last page of that book, there is a photograph of a great, strong, rugged man, and underneath that picture are the words, "The manliest of men,—my friend, Colonel William Hoynes."

The impression of this man taken from this University by the thousands of men who have been here, has in each case arisen out of some occasion. Perhaps my impression of the ideal gentleman arose from one of these occasions. About twenty years ago there was a young man in the Law Department of this University who had reached his junior year. Nature had endowed him with no special gifts. He was long on ambition but short on funds. He had worked diligently, but not brilliantly. He had attracted no especial attention over his fellows from the dean of the Law Department, but as commencement approached that year and all hearts seemed light, his was heavy. He saw no possibility of returning to finish his law course. Just before commencement he was summoned by the dean of the Law Department to his office and there the dean inquired of this young man in the most apologetic manner (as if asking of him a personal favor) if he could, without offense, suggest to the young man that he return to the University the following year as librarian in the law library, and receive as compensation for this service his board and tuition in the University. Think of it! Offering in this gracious manner to that boy a boon almost beyond his comprehension. There is nothing in the annals of Lord Chesterfield, or Beau Brummel which approaches the gentility

of that great man on that occasion. That dean was none other than Colonel William Hoynes. And, if I may be allowed to revert to the language of the profession which he taught me, the boy who was called to his office was none other than "your orator". From that day on, a prayer of gratitude has gone from my heart to Colonel William Hoynes. He has made my future, and if I may again borrow from the language of the ideal chancellor's bill, "your orator will ever pray."

We have met today to dedicate a memorial to the man who has served as an ideal to thousands of us. I am very happy that it is not an idle shaft, serving only to mark the spot where a great man passed. This building is an institution, a temple dedicated to his "jealous mistress of the law," whom he has served so faithfully. It will be perpetually imbued with the spirit of usefulness to humanity, which has actuated his every effort. It will perpetuate the work which he has thus far so nobly advanced.

I had asked to be excused from this service today for two reasons. The first was purely personal and wholly selfish: public speaking is to me an ordeal. The second was purely impersonal and wholly unselfish: I love Colonel Hoynes. I had hoped that some other man of better parts and larger talents could come here and say in public what I feel privately; but my conscience tells me that the generous sentiments of Colonel Hoynes toward me will not permit him to mark the measure of my affection by the poverty of my expression.

### III.—BY PATRICK MERVIN MALLOY, '07.

I am one of the many men of this country whose hearts, at least, are at Notre Dame every June. I am one of those whose attachment for the place and its people grows stronger with the years. Like all the rest, I am glad to get back, to shake hands again, to renew old fellowships, to look around old corners, to relax in the easy conversation of old times, to breathe the free and freshened air of the campus, to live again, if only for a day, in the atmosphere of our beginning and our best ideals.

As a son of Notre Dame and a graduate of her law college, I am asked to speak to the text, "The first memorial to a layman at Notre Dame." I beg leave at the outset to restrict the meaning of my subject far within the limits of the assignment.

In sort of family fashion are we met this

afternoon, to dedicate another college building, one that will be devoted to the Law. We are here to record, in a formal way another accomplishment to the credit of Notre Dame. Here indeed congregate the forces of our love and affection. Built by the Fathers of Notre Dame, every dollar of its cost borne by the sons of Notre Dame, this beautiful building stands upon the campus, the proud accomplishment of our joint endeavor, the completed, the pleasing labor of our own hearts and hands.

Fitting it is, indeed, that above its door, deep-cut in letters that will never fade, there is a name which to the law men of this place is above all other names, one that has ever graced the great profession of the Law, one that has ever lent lustre to the name of Notre Dame. I speak of him who is a gentleman, a jurist, a graduate of the class of '77. For fifty years the head, the heart and soul of the law college, a layman, he stands alone in a class with Sorin and Corby and Walsh. Need I, could I, say more of him we love so well, Colonel William Hoynes, Dean Emeritus, of the Department of Law at Notre Dame, to whose honor and in whose name this building is dedicated to-day?

The Colonel will be glad to hear from one of his own the measure of his men's success. I want to tell him and to tell you that the raw material he has fashioned into lawyers has made good! Not one of those who have understood and had the hearts of men but has stood ready everywhere to fight for the things he was taught. They have never stopped since you started them. Those fellows have carried with a high courage your teaching, your rare understanding of justice to the very ends of the country. Thanks to your teaching and their own effort, they have won not only lawsuits, but place and prestige and honor enough for us all and to spare. There are no Bolsheviks among them. They are a part, and an enviable part, of the nation's solid sense. Their doctrine of liberty and justice is nothing new. If men wish they may find it written in the declaration of American Independence. They defend the truth held fast by Thomas Jefferson, that 'the law governs best that governs least.' They agree with Gladstone that the constitution of the United States is the greatest instrument of government ever struck off by the hand of man. Though they may never have voted for him, they acknowledge as their own the declaration made by Woodrow Wilson yester-

day: 'The heart of the world is under plain jackets and the savior of the world at its simplest firesides.'

My heart is warmed with a knowledge of what Notre Dame has done and will do in the broad field of men's affairs. Young, as we reckon the ages of universities, without endowment, save the grace of God and the dauntless spirit of scholarly men, she has won high place for herself in the field of education. In these latter days the voice of her President has been heard from coast to coast on matters of vital concern. He has been of the nation's councils, has sat in the conferences of her public men. With ardent eloquence he has spoken for the principles for which we stand. He has spoken, not indeed as a professor, not at all as the representative of a special class; to his own credit and your honor it can be justly said that wherever he has striven it has been for uplift, that wherever he has spoken it has been for the benefit of every man. Father Cavanaugh embodies the spirit of Notre Dame, because from him the world outside knows now, if it did not understand before, who and what we are. Men everywhere, thoughtful men, have been made to feel the contagion of that spirit which springs from this University of Notre Dame.

In full measure has Notre Dame ever served in the cause of liberty and justice. But yesterday she sent one thousand men to the battlefields of France to attest with their lives, if there was need, their faith in American ideals. In khaki, priests and students marched to the battlefields for the emancipation of their fellow-men. They fought beneath the two greatest emblems of time and eternity, the flag of human freedom and the cross of human salvation. Notre Dame has never for a moment lost step with the steady progress of the world; she has never for a moment lost touch with the truth of the past. In these days, uncertain days of readjustment, when the thoughts of men are being recast, let me assure the world that she will play her part. No narrow horizon will restrict her. She will move forward with that broad vision which sets no limits to the things that may be done in the world, and her banner glowing in the light of truth and purity will float in the morning air over the ramparts of this fortress of virtue and knowledge, telling all men that so long as the principles she teaches prevail in the world, liberty and justice shall not perish from the earth.

## IV.—BY THE HON. WILLIAM HOYNES, LL. D., '78,

*Dean Emeritus of the College of Law.*

Let me thank you, and from the fulness of a grateful heart I do so, for your participation in the dedicatory exercises of this spacious, serviceable and suitably equipped law building.

It symbolizes admirably the things that stand foremost in the conception of civilization and human welfare, as religion, education, justice, peace and progress. It implies the creative and wholesome side of life, as manifest in growth, advancement and tranquillity rather than in the retrogressive trend observable in slothfulness, enmity, vice, degeneracy, and the perverted activities of war. It stands for the safety and welfare of country and humanity in the declared right of every individual to life, liberty, property, and the free exercise of religious belief, in the light of conscience. It stands as a barrier against the persistent assaults and insidious encroachments of crime, moral delinquency, communism, anarchy, spoliation and rapine. Well may the law be hailed as the last and solely dependable barrier against the subversion of society and the recrudescence of the cave-dweller.

Such are some of the thoughts inspired by this imposing temple of Themis. From its welcoming portals, so signally honored by these exercises, thought naturally reverts to some of the more salient circumstances attendant upon its struggling inception. I trust it may be pardonable to touch briefly upon them, despite their necessarily personal relation.

After the Civil War, being one of the most youthful who actively participated in it, I matriculated here as a student, and thus became acquainted with Fathers Sorin, Granger, Lemonnier, Carrier, Gillespie, Brown, Hallinan, Corby, and other devoted and distinguished men whose names are lovingly enshrined in the annals of the University, and whose revered memory we fondly cherish. In their day Notre Dame ranked conspicuously high among contemporaries in educational standards, and early in 1869, as I remember, Father Corby sought to add a law course to its curricula. In line with the undertaking some of the students procured law books and pursued a course of reading in connection with their other studies. But the time seemed hardly ripe for the venture, and it fell into gradual obsolescence. Prior even to its inception I had decided to study law at the University of Michigan, and began work

there in the time of its most notable efficiency and popularity, when the distinguished Judges Cooley and Campbell and Messrs. Kent and Walker were the regular professors. After graduation and admission to the bar it became a puzzling question whether I should take up the practice of the law, with its attendant expense and problematical income, or enter the field of journalism in response to an alluring offer. Assuming that the position of editor would constitute a creditable landmark in life's record, not to mention its comparatively lucrative nature and independence as to duration, I turned to the proffered newspaper work, with which I was familiar from "case" to sanctum, and served as editor for several years.

In fact, I did not resolutely decide to give up journalism and turn exclusively to the law until 1882. It was very encouraging to meet with the success that welcomed me into the practice. Business came even before the opening of my office in Chicago, and continued thereafter steadily to grow. The outlook appeared to be exceptionally promising.

So it was when one afternoon in the Autumn of that year the Rev. Dr. John A. Zahm, Vice-President of the University, called at my office and stated, greatly to my surprise, that he and the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, who was singularly gifted and erudite as linguist, scholar and president, desired to have me give up my practice, move to Notre Dame, take charge of the Law Department and seek to build it up. I entertained then, as I do now, a feeling of deep affection for Notre Dame, its officials, and the devoted community so basically and essentially identified with it. But it was no easy matter to decide at once on giving up my satisfactorily lucrative and growing law practice, not to mention suggestions of certain friendly politicians as to a place on the bench. On reflection, however, I found no difficulty in dismissing such thoughts as unworthily selfish. I had not been so long in the practice as to feel deeply rooted in it. I was single, though not unconscious of the obligation of cherished family ties. Nor was I unmindful of the duties due to clients in the light of legal ethics, but considered it permissible to transfer my business and untried cases to a near friend of experience and high standing at the bar, who subsequently became one of Chicago's leading judges. On making this transfer I agreed to return, as pending cases were reached on the docket, and co-operate in their trial.

Early in the new year, in January, 1883, I came to Notre Dame and entered on the discharge of my new duties. The start was from the very bottom. There was no law room, no law library, not even a single law book. As there was but one regular law student, however, my own room served adequately for recitation uses, and the few law books brought with me from Chicago answered as a library.

I undertook to follow in general outline the system of teaching with which I had become familiar at the University of Michigan. It was what is known as the lecture system, differing materially from the case or text-book method. It was supplemented, however, by reference to the more important cases as subjects of study and recitation. It is a system possessing undoubted merit for serious and attentive students, and I followed it in preparing lectures ample enough to serve as treatises on the more important branches of the law, both adjective and substantive. It was incidentally a source of economy to students, in that it obviated the purchase by them individually of books. It was discontinued only when, by the pressure of publishers and others, rules were adopted in some states requiring applicants for admission to the bar to certify that they had studied a designated number of prescribed text-books. Then the latter and also case-books came into use and still remain the basic method of instruction.

As students increased in number a classroom became indispensable, and one was set apart for them in the main building. It served also as library. The Supreme Court donated to us on recommendation of Judge E. P. Hammond almost a complete set of its Reports, and the law library was thus founded.

The hope expressed by the able and far-seeing Father Walsh was that the Law Department would ultimately have an attendance of twenty-five regular students and probably eight or ten in the yearly graduating classes. Within five or six years this expectation was more than realized. It was substantially surpassed. The number of graduates rose one year to eighteen, although it ranged ordinarily from ten to fifteen. It maintained an encouraging comparison with the total number of graduates in the other collegiate branches, reaching from one-third to one-half of the aggregate. The general student attendance has since doubled and almost trebled, while in the college of law it has virtually quadrupled.

The customary period of study formerly prevailing was two years. This appeared to be inadequate to the American Bar Association, and the profession generally united in the strictures uttered in respect to the matter. Law schools were strongly urged to adopt a three years' course of study, leading to the LL.B. diploma, with an extra year for the LL.M. degree. Notre Dame responded promptly to the prevailing sentiment on the subject, and extended its courses accordingly. Nothing that could reasonably make for thoroughness and superior qualifications was overlooked. In fact, latterly, the law course has been extended to four years, a portion of the time being given to the study collaterally of such pertinent subjects in the collegiate courses as seem to make for efficiency and be most serviceable.

This step seems to be desirable, if not necessary, for it is becoming more difficult year by year to pass successfully the examinations conducted by State boards as a test of qualifications for admission to the bar. Needless to state, it is considered humiliating in some measure to fail in this test. Indeed, it tends not unfrequently to darken the subsequent career of the hapless victim. From this point of view one goes not far astray in declaring it to be the bounden duty of every law school to train and qualify its students to meet creditably that test and then to engage in the practice of the profession with due technical skill and proper educational equipment. It is an outrage not only on the courts, but also on the public, to pass as qualified certain inexperienced but presumptuous pretenders to legal laurels who are incapable of proceeding knowingly with the business intrusted to them, unless specially advised, guided and helped by the judges, or required to learn what they should know through mortifying mistakes at the cost of clients. A law school discredits itself by tolerating such methods. Its true course is to shun and unreservedly discountenance them.

High standing at the bar implies strenuous and protracted years of work. A law school, no matter how conspicuous or famous, can do but little more than lay the foundation for a successful professional career. A lawyer who would keep up with or attain to acknowledged leadership in the profession must work diligently, hopefully and even aggressively through all the years of his active life. He may, however, find a certain feeling of solace in the fact that



the judges of the highest courts, not excepting the justices of the United States Supreme Court, are obliged to work as arduously and assiduously as he himself must work in settling, and adjusting, and solving the legal issues and difficult problems frequently before them. They often differ among themselves on the law points involved in the cases with which they have to deal as radically and uncompromisingly as do he and his comparatively obscure professional brethren.

Such considerations emphasize the sense of responsibility that should be felt and acknowledged by the conscientious teacher. For myself I may be permitted to say in this connection that I have never been wholly satisfied with my work. Of course, I feel deeply moved by the kindly and touching eulogistic tributes of Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, Mitchell, Malloy, Senator Proctor and our beloved Father Cavanaugh, but I think their own generous impulses have notably heightened their friendly portrayal of me as professor and dean of the Law Department, or Law College, as now known. The law had not undertaken at that time to change and set forward the dial of the sun or the hours of labor, but I recall distinctly a frequently recurring wish that three or four hours could be added severally to the week days, so that the boys might have daily more hours for study and possibly one or two additional recitations. It was somewhat vexatious, I admit, to realize that this is an unattainable miracle. But I was eager to do, and longed for the time to accomplish, far more than it was possible to achieve in the circumscribed time at my disposal. From different angles I cogitated ways and means to extend the work, and fixed upon as helpful monthly written theses of wide range and semi-weekly batches of written answers to some of the more searching and difficult questions previously dictated to the class. The favored policy was to interest and encourage the student, for this would serve largely to eliminate from his work the element of compulsion. I considered also that if the fundamental principles of the law could be concisely and accurately inculcated, so as to arouse the interest and stimulate the reasoning powers to salutary emulation a dependable foundation would be laid upon which the student himself could build securely, substantially and successfully. A solid foundation was viewed as of prime importance, for upon such only could he build an enduring superstructure.

Once he becomes thoroughly interested and imbued with the spirit and morale of study the battle is half won. Entertaining such opinions, it was quite in order to give more attention to indoctrinating fundamental principles as a basic study than is customary in the average methods of law teaching. It was assumed that on learning with clear insight and accuracy the fundamental principles of law and equity, acquiring at the same time facility in analyzing, combining and applying them, they may serve as a key in solving almost any legal problem not dependent essentially upon statute. It was exemplified that basic principles thus understood could relevantly and decisively be applied to controverted facts in litigation, legally settling the issue, in a manner suggestive of our use of the letters of the alphabet in spelling for eye or ear the numberless words of our language, or our use of the simple numbers of the arithmetic in solving all sorts of account problems, no matter how varied their forms and ramifications.

The law is thus viewed as a science rather than as a mere art, which requires hardly more than that a precedent shall be found analogous to the searcher's side of the issue in controversy. Science seeks to convince the mind; art, to dominate the eye. Science implies principle and argument as basic legal weapons; art seeks an adjudicated case in point, and rests contentedly on showing its analogies to the favored side of the question at issue.

Though formerly we had but a small library—too small and circumscribed in standard authorities to supply requisite citations for the lectures then prepared, so that they might be published in book form, yet the students of those days acquitted themselves very creditably in their work. In fact, I never heard of any of their number regarded as at all capable and diligent who failed to pass triumphantly in examinations for admission to the bar, although representative graduates of even the most noted law schools failed vexatiously in the same impartial though searching tests.

But how changed! Now a building unsurpassed in size and equipment by any of the leading law colleges! What superb light through those great windows! How perfect the ventilation! How pure, sweet and wholesome the air! How attractive and suitable the rostrums, desks, tables and new furniture in the lecture and recitation rooms and the spacious library!

How simple by comparison was everything in the old days! With such accommodations and superior facilities for work would we or could we have done better in the old days? I presume we could, for the library is now more than thrice as large as it was then, and the time for undergraduate study is fully twice as long. Yet I cordially acknowledge a feeling of deep and abiding pride in the students of those days, so loyal in their proved affection for Alma Mater, so many in cheerfully accommodating themselves to temporarily adverse conditions, so honorable and true to one another in manifestations of the indomitable Notre Dame spirit, which ever aims at first rank in bar examinations, inter-collegiate debates, the professional walks and the exacting business affairs of city, state and country—the world at large.

These exercises, so cordial and enthusiastic, clearly indicate that we are all proud of this new College of Law and rejoice in the retrospect of its development from the humble beginning to which I have already drawn your attention. Animated by the spirit of loyalty and devotion to duty abidingly with it from the first it is certain to grow and continue growing in usefulness, importance and enviable repute.

I admit a deep sense of commingled gratitude and pride in acknowledging the honor of its dedication to me by the spontaneous decision and good will of the authorities of the University and the Congregation of Holy Cross, as represented by Rev. President Cavanaugh and Rev. Provincial Morrissey. My feelings impel me to express a deep sense of gratitude and surprise at being thus honored. It was wholly unexpected, and it would be disingenuous to attempt to conceal how deeply it moves me.

It was my intention on coming to Notre Dame to return and resume the practice of law in Chicago after four or five years, or after I had succeeded in putting the law department in running order. In fact, I resigned yearly for a time in order that President Walsh might not be embarrassed in the event of his wishing to make a change. Yet here I am, still at Notre Dame, placidly participating in this complimentary celebration, thirty-six years after my coming to the University as a professor. I have remained here contentedly and happily. I have found here the most kindly, unselfish, devoted, humane, religious and altruistic of living men—upright in thought, beneficent in act, philanthropic in purpose and personally

unblemished by contact with the world. It is an inestimable pleasure and blessing to live among and be associated with them. Here I have met men as undefiled and clean of soul as ever walked in God's favor or breathed in the genial sunshine the pure air of serene peace and happiness.

My years here have passed more swiftly and conformably to cherished ideals of progressive usefulness than could reasonably be expected anywhere else in the world. I aim still to go forward, and to keep going as long as life lasts, although the only layman and living person, as I am informed, to whom one of the beautiful halls at Notre Dame has ever been dedicated. But I note a tendency to turn more and more to my early occupation of editor, and I am counting upon being yet capable of rendering conspicuous service in the line of cherished aspirations as a writer.

In conclusion, let me say to every diligent and aspiring student that he must depend chiefly upon his own endeavors for success. No law school can do more than supply a fair equipment for starting. It does well if it succeeds in establishing a sound and durable foundation and directing and guiding with wise deliberation the study, thought, energy and ambition of the student. He may be confident that such foundation, broad and deep, can be laid here, and that everything practicable will be done to equip and start him on the road to capability, efficiency and success. But he must co-operate and work hard. The future is in his own hands. He is the architect of his own fortune. What was said on this vital subject in the humble and struggling law school of the past is equally true now in this attractive building, these beautiful recitation and lecture rooms, this spacious library, this amply equipped College of Law. It offers opportunities surpassing those of the modest and unassuming Law Department of the past, but nevertheless it will depend largely upon the student himself to achieve success and creditable rank in the profession. As the lines say:

"One ship drives east, and another west  
With the self-same winds that blow;  
'Tis the set of the sails,  
And not the gales,  
Which decides the way to go.

"Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,  
As we voyage along through life;  
'Tis the will of the soul,  
That decides its goal,  
And not the calm or the strife."

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## The Seventy-Fifth Commencement.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7.—The first number of the commencement program of 1919 was the "Camp-fire" held in Washington Hall on the evening of June 7th. For a time after supper and before entering the hall, alumni, teachers and prefects, graduates, and friends were gathering in groups on the campus where a most enjoyable hour was spent in reminiscence. At eight-thirty o'clock all went to Washington Hall and together opened the program by singing "America." Mr. Rupert Mills, just returned from overseas, acted as chairman. Mr. Mills, upon reaching Hoboken, had wired to ascertain the exact date of commencement, and learning that there was no time to spare, had come direct to Notre Dame.

Father Cavanaugh, in his few introductory remarks, explained that no one was expected to be "serious or sensible" at a camp fire. In his tribute to the returned chaplains, soldiers, and sailors, however, Father Cavanaugh himself was both very serious and very sensible. He welcomed to Notre Dame the returned warriors, as taking the places of the old heroes, the Civil War veterans, of whom so few are left here or elsewhere. He assured the new heroes that in them we had sent our best, and that their friends and fellows at Notre Dame had prayed for them as earnestly and welcomed them back as heartily as had the mothers throughout the land.

The chaplains were then called upon in turn to recount some of their experiences in the war. Each was limited to ten minutes, but the fact that all ignored the limitation was regretted by no one. Father Walsh gave summarily and yet at some length the story of his many and seemingly providential meetings with Notre Dame men in our armies in the United States and in France. Father Davis and Father McGinn followed with tales of camp-life and of battle, which at one moment had the audience in an uproar and at the next swept it with deep and tender feeling. Father Davis' labors in the army were exceptionally arduous until he was disabled by a severe gassing; and Father McGinn had many unique experiences within the eight months which he spent in a Southern camp and in his journey over the sea. Father Charles O'Donnell, who served first in France and then as the first American chaplain with our soldiers in Italy, was particularly interesting in recounting his last visit with his friend and fellow-poet, the-much lamented Sergeant Joyce Kilmer. He concluded his talk by reading a poem, "The Grail of God", which he wrote some months ago in honor of the Notre Dame boys who lost their lives in the World War. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, who served as chaplain with the British army through practically the whole war, in speaking to the returned soldiers was at his best. The Monsignor voiced his deep reverence for every soldier and especially for every Notre Dame soldier, whom he declared he is glad to consider in a very special way his comrade. He closed with the expression of a heartfelt wish that we may not only ostensibly honor those who will not return, but that we also pray frequently for their souls.

Three alumni, Lieutenant Mills, Lieutenant Ray Miller, and Lieutenant Bernard Voll, spoke on behalf of the returned soldiers. They were, according to the foreword of the chairman, the "dessert" of the program. Each of them had interesting tales to tell, which were greatly enjoyed. Mr. Mills gave a medley of his experiences at college and at war, giving a local flavoring to all he said; Mr. Miller exposed some of Father Walsh's most conspicuous blunders in his first days at camp; and Mr. Voll, who was wounded in the last days of fighting, after telling some of his thrilling experiences, read the honor roll of the

forty-six Notre Dame men who were killed in action or died in camp. The evening's entertainment was then most fittingly and impressively closed with the sounding of taps in memory of the dead.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8.—Commencement Sunday came to Notre Dame resplendent in all the festal glory of early June. The front campus with its smooth sward and trim shrubbery had been beautified until it looked like a fairyland park, and all around the University nature had made the fields and forests resplendent with the loveliness of summer. The day was formally begun at 8:15 o'clock by the celebration of solemn Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart. Preceding the Mass, an academic procession headed by Professor Benitz, dean of mechanical engineering, and composed in order of the lay members of the faculty, the graduating class in cap and gown, the clergy, the university choir in cassock and surplice, the clergy, and the ministers of the Mass, moved from the Main Building to the college chapel. The great bell in the tower boomed its commencement call for miles over the level fields, and as the procession entered the church the choristers burst into the thrilling processional, "O Paradise". The lay faculty and the graduates took their places in the front pews of the nave and the clergy proceeded into the sanctuary. The Mass was celebrated by the Reverend President, assisted by Fathers Walsh and Miltner as deacon and sub-deacon.

The choirs of Holy Cross Seminary under the direction of the Rev. Charles J. Marshall, C. S. C., furnished the music for the Mass. The "Vidi Aquam"; the introit, the gloria, the alleluia, the sequence, the offertory, and the communion were Gregorian. The mass sung was J. Asola's "Mass of the Eighth Mode for Four Equal Voices", a strictly polyphonic mass of the sixteenth century. It was sung a capella, as was the offertory motet, "O Sacrum Convivium", by J. Croce, a capella, likewise of the polyphonic style for four equal voices. Thus all the music at the Mass was an inspiring illustration of the regulations and requirements for true church music as laid down in the famous "Motu Proprio" on that subject.

The baccalaureate sermon, in the unsurpassed language that has made the preacher a foremost literary figure and characterized by an unction and impressiveness in keeping with its elegance and simplicity, was preached

by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew (John Ayscough), the well-known English war-chaplain and novelist. Immediately after the Mass, in keeping with the beautiful traditions of many years, the officers of the senior class bore into the sanctuary the large American flag presented by the class to the University on Washington's Birthday. In a few eloquently spiritual and ardently patriotic sentences Father Cavanaugh explained the significance of the ceremony and then imparted to the flag the ritual blessing of the Church. The banner was then carried in the academic procession to the flagstaff at the southeast corner of the campus. There the seniors lowered the flag of last year and raised to the skies their own, to wave for a year as a pledge of the loyalty and devotion of the class of 1919.

At 10:30 o'clock, Professor William Hoynes, of the Law Department, in the presence of alumni and guests, presented on behalf of the lay faculty to the Reverend President of the University an exquisite gold chalice as a token, on the occasion of his recent silver jubilee, of their esteem and affection. Father Cavanaugh in an address of grateful acceptance assured the donors that the years he had labored with them had been happy as well as fruitful and that he would always remember them when using their beautiful gift at daily Mass.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the new law building was dedicated. The exercises were unpretentious, but marked with a sincerity that paid a magnificent tribute to Professor William Hoynes, dean emeritus of the college of law, in whose honor the new hall was named. The ceremony of consecration was performed by Father Cavanaugh. Robert Proctor, '04, former state senator, officiated as chairman and in a short, earnest speech set forth the significance of the occasion. The four-part choir of Holy Cross Seminary impressively opened the exercises with a finely-rendered processional. Addresses were delivered by three of the old graduates in law, Francis J. O'Shaughnessy, '00, Clement Mitchell, '02, and Patrick Malloy, '07. All three of the speakers paid to Colonel Hoynes a richly-merited meed of public praise and gratitude. An "Ave Maria" was then sung by the choristers, followed by the address of the President of the University. The program of the dedication was concluded with a speech by Professor Hoynes, in which the encomiums of the speakers

of the afternoon were modestly disclaimed.

Two hundred and fifty members of the University Alumni Association responded to the roll call at the annual meeting and re-union which took place in Brownson Hall immediately after the dedication of the Col. William A. Hoynes College of Law. The assemblage of alumni this year was the largest in years; many of them came direct from overseas to visit their Alma Mater.

The meeting was opened with an address by the president of the Association, Harry Hogan, '04, of Fort Wayne. The class of 1919 was admitted into the ranks of the organization, after taking the oath of fealty to the American flag, constitution, and principles of the Alumni Association. The oath was administered by Robert Proctor, '04.

The secretary of the Association reported that 14 members of the Association had died since the last meeting was held. The list of the deceased includes: The Rev. James E. Scullin, Litt. B., '09; Dr. Washington Gladden, LL. D., '95; Lieut. Clovis Smith (killed in action), LL. B., '14; Gerald S. Clements, LL. B., '15; Steward M. Graham, '12; Francis Bloom, A. B., '81; the Rev. Joseph Geiger, Litt. B., '14; Fred Truscott (died in service), E. E., '14; Le Grande Hammond, LL. B., '13; Dr. William Onahan, LL. D., '76; Simon Twining (died in service), Ph. B., '13; Frank Hanan, LL. B., '07, LL. M., '08; Gilbert J. Hand (died in service), '17; John C. Larkin, LL. B., '83.

A committee to draft resolutions of condolence was appointed of the following: John B. Kanaley, Chicago; T. P. McGannon, Albany, N. Y., and Joseph Sullivan, Chicago.

The treasurer's report given by Warren Cartier, '87, shows that the finances of the Association are in a splendid condition.

Owing to the needs of the government in the conduct of the war and re-construction, no activity was displayed for funds for the Old Students' Hall; yet \$8,500 was subscribed toward the fund during the year. \$75,000.00 is in the funds of Old Students' Hall and \$5,000.00 in the general funds of the Association. A vote of thanks was given to the treasurer for faithfulness and activity in performing his duties. Subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were taken among the Class of 1919, and though the Class was small, due to war conditions, the subscriptions per man were the largest of any graduating

class. A committee was appointed to wait upon officials of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and lay before them the need of a permanent secretary for the Association and take up the project of raising funds immediately for the building of Old Students' Hall. The committee consisted of Warren A. Cartier, '87, Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00, Joseph J. Sullivan, '01, Clement C. Mitchell, '02, Byron V. Kanaley, '04.

The Committee on Membership reported favorably on the election of Rev. Bernard Ill, C. S. C., Notre Dame, and Albert Dannemiller, Brooklyn, N. Y., and they were admitted to honorary membership. The names of the following for honorary membership were submitted to the Secretary to be acted on by the Committee and reported at the next annual meeting: John E. Guendling, South Bend, Indiana; Earl S. Dickens, South Bend, Indiana; John F. Daly, Portland, Oregon; Henry E. Taylor, Chicago; Chester D. Freeze, Chicago; Dr. Frederick E. Seidel, Elkhart, Indiana.

A resolution was passed authorizing the incoming officers to give expression of formal endorsement of the work of Messrs. Walsh, Dunne, and Ryan, in endeavoring to secure self-government for Ireland, such endorsement to be in harmony with the stand taken by the Senate of the United States on the question.

Officers for the following year were then elected; Honorary President, Colonel William Hoynes, Notre Dame, '77; President, Patrick M. Malloy, '07, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Vice-Presidents, Lieut. Gerald Fitzgibbon, '06, Chicago; Paul R. Martin, '09, Indianapolis; Lieut. Rupert Mills, '15, Newark, New Jersey; Lieut. Joseph Pliska, '15, Chicago; Lieut. Harry Kelly, '17, Ottawa, Illinois; Lieut. Bernard Voll, '17, Philadelphia; Secretary, Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., '90, Notre Dame, Indiana; Treasurer, Warren A. Cartier, '87, Ludington, Michigan; Trustees to serve two years, Joseph Haley, '99, Fort Wayne, Indiana; F. Paul McGannon, '07, Albany, New York; Lieut. Raymond Miller, '14, Cleveland, Ohio.

At the close of the Alumni business meeting the members of the Association proceeded to the west refectory of the Main Building where a generous banquet had been prepared. After the feast, at which rare good-fellowship and merriment prevailed, talks were given by Messrs.



William McInerny, Joseph Sullivan, George Haller, John Shea, Joseph Healy, Byron Kana-ley, Thomas O'Shaughnessy, Warren Cartier, John O'Connell, and Patrick Malloy. The speeches were marked by a freshness of fancy, warmth of geniality, sparkle of wit, and a thrill of eloquence which made them a delight. Mr. John Hogan, who acted as toastmaster, eulogized the spirit of patriotism Notre Dame had illustrated so gloriously in the late war, and showed that the teachers of the University had been mainly responsible for the fostering of this spirit by inculcating into their pupils the principles of Christianity and true-blue Americanism. At the close Father Cavanaugh gracefully responded to the compliments paid him during the evening on his career as president during the last fourteen years. In the course of his remarks he said: "The University is about to enter upon her season of greatest glory. For I feel confident that Notre Dame is soon coming into years of large prosperity and unparalleled development." Then, touching briefly upon the subject of his imminent retirement, he continued: "I have been very fortunate in my work here, and I leave it without any misgivings, for there are at Notre Dame at least twenty-five men who would honor the position. I have been blessed abundantly in my labors, particularly with the cordial co-operation of my associates and with the grace of great friendships. . . . And I assure you that as I retire I would rather have the affection you have so generously shown than all the emoluments men seek and strive for. God bless all of you!"

For the entertainment of the visitors during the feast the Glee Club, directed by Professor John Becker, presented the following programme:

March	Selected
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA	
"Land Sighting"	Grieg
THE GLEE CLUB	
Selection	Kern
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA	
(a) "The Viking Song"	Coleridge-Taylor
(b) "The Americans Come"	Foster
THE GLEE CLUB	
"The Campfire"	Kirsch
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA	
"Swing Along"	Cook
THE GLEE CLUB	
(a) "Ferrara"	Bullard
(b) "Notre Dame Song"	
Words by Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C.	
THE GLEE CLUB	

Between selections Joseph McGinnis, '19, sang several delightful solos. A novel "specialty" was presented between the last two program numbers by Charles McCauley, '19, Notre Dame's premier rag-time singer for the last four years. During one of two charmingly rendered Southern melodies a real pickaninny was brought forth and sung to by the syncopated artist, a "hit" which educed enthusiastic applause. A finale by the orchestra concluded the entertainment and brought to a close a very eventful and joyous day.

MONDAY, JUNE 9.—The Commencement trilogy of Bachelors' Orations were delivered in Washington Hall on Monday morning, June 9, at ten o'clock. "Three Great Catholics of the War" was the opportune subject of the speeches. Louis John Finski, graduate in law, opened the orations with a well delivered eulogy on "Marshal Foch." "Cardinal Mercier" was the subject of the stirring oration by Thomas Francis Butler, graduate in the classics. The closing speech, "Pope Benedict XV," by James Harold McDonald, classics, was a most carefully-wrought combination of thought and feeling. All three orations evinced careful preparation both in matter and in delivery. Such subjects have the advantage of being quite definite and of lending themselves particularly well to oratory.

The commencement exercises proper, held in Washington Hall at 8:00 P. M., Monday evening, June 9th, made a most fitting close to the graduating functions for the year 1919. After an opening selection by the University orchestra, the class poem of the year was read by Brother Edmund, C. S. C. (Indiana), Letters. The valedictory address by George Dewey Haller, (Michigan) Journalism, was of unusual merit and received enthusiastic comment from the two speakers who followed, Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew and ex-Governor Chase Osborne, of Michigan. The Hon. David I. Walsh, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, was on the program to deliver the commencement address, but owing to the stress of political business he was called back to Washington. His part of the program was graciously taken by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, whose address on the 'University of Life' was one of the most charming talks given by the speaker in his stay at Notre Dame. The extemporaneous remarks of ex-Governor Osborne were an eloquent testimony of his friendship and regard for the University

and contributed much toward the success of the program. The exercises closed with the episcopal blessing given by the Right Reverend Joseph M. Tacconi, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Hosian, China.

The following is the list of degrees and awards, as read by Father Schumacher, Director of Studies:

The degree of Doctor of Laws:

On a distinguished specialist in a delicate and difficult department of medicine, whose professional labors have brought fame to his city and whose benefactions to the poor through gratuitous service have endeared him to his fellowmen, Dr. Frederick Nathaniel Bonine, of Niles, Michigan;

On an exemplary religious, whose genius is as brilliant as his virtues are conspicuous and who represents in his devotion to religion and art the most beautiful traditions of the Ages of Faith, Dom Gregory Gerrer, of the Order of St. Benedict;

On a successful physician, a distinguished naturalist and an explorer of international repute, who has made notable contributions to the geographical knowledge of South America, Dr. Edwin Ruthven Heath, of Kansas City, Kansas.

The degree of Master of Laws on: Arthur Lawrence May, South Bend, Indiana;—Thesis: "Ultra-Vires Contracts of a Corporation."

The degree of Bachelor of Arts on: Thomas Francis Butler, Belvidere, Illinois; Donald Patrick MacGregor, Brantford, Ontario, Canada; James Harold McDonald, Galesburg, Illinois; John Stephen Roche, Limerick City, Ireland.

The degree of Bachelor of Letters on: Philip Vincent Beaghan, Springfield, Illinois; Brother Edmund, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana; Francis Sylvester Wyss, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy on: Edwin Walter Hunter, South Bend, Indiana.

The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Journalism on: George Dewey Haller, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

The degree of Bachelor of Science on: Martin William Lammers, Jackson, Michigan; Theodore Charles Rademaker, Marion, Indiana.

The degree of Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy on: Bernardo Restrepo, Medellin, Colombia, S. A.

The degree of Civil Engineer on: Patrick Joseph Murray, Holly, New York.

The degree of Mechanical Engineer on: Louis Pardue Doyle, Brooklyn, New York; Joseph Francis Lindeman, Troy, Indiana; James Emmett McGuire, Fowler, Indiana; Melchior Stanislaus Niemier, South Bend, Indiana; Augustin Otero, Havana, Cuba.

The degree of Electrical Engineer on: John Francis McCarthy, Butte, Montana; James Michael McNulty, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Edward James O'Connor, Louisville, Kentucky; James Michael Reid, Lancaster, Ohio; Humberto Maximilian Rivas, Santa Tecla, Republic of Salvador, C. A.

The degree of Bachelor in Architecture on: Everett Augustus Blackman, Paris, Illinois; Columbus Conboy,

Alexandria, Indiana; Maurice John Carroll, Kansas City, Missouri; Bernard Clairvaux McGarry, Ashtabula, Ohio.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws on: Charles Norbert Baglin, Rochester, New York; James Joseph Connolly, Peru, Illinois; Paul Fenlon, Blairsville, Pennsylvania; Louis John Finske, Michigan City, Indiana; Harry Francis Godes, Preston, Iowa; Aaron James Halloran, Springfield, Ohio; Louis Vincent Harmon, Auburn, New York; Verdin Hoarty, Streator, Illinois; Emmett John Kelly, Ottawa, Illinois; William Henry Kelly, McCordsville, Indiana; Charles Joseph McCauley, Memphis, Tennessee; Andrew Leo McDonough, Plainfield, New Jersey; Joseph Cyril McGinnis, Rock Island, Illinois; Paul Joseph Ryan, Johnstown, Pennsylvania; Armand Schellinger, Mishawaka, Indiana; Joseph Marshall Suttner, Spokane, Washington; August Aloysius Van Wouterghen, Moline, Illinois.

The degree of Pharmaceutical Chemist on: James Willard Hosking, Lansing, Michigan.

The Certificate for the Short Course in Commerce on: Clarence Wagner Bader, Whiting, Indiana.

The Certificate for the Short Course in Mechanical Engineering on: Roe S. Tappan, New Carlisle, Indiana; Robert Caldecott Wright, Woodstock, Illinois.

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, was awarded to Thomas Francis Butler, Belvidere, Illinois.

The Meehan Gold Medal, the gift of Mrs. Eleanor Meehan, of Covington, Kentucky, for the best essay in English (senior) was awarded to George Dewey Haller, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan;—Subject: "The Literary Aspects of the Celtic Renaissance."

The Dockweiler Gold Medal for Philosophy, founded in memory of his deceased father by Mr. Isidore Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, California, for the best essay on some philosophical theme, senior year, was awarded to James Harold McDonald, Galesburg, Illinois;—Subject: "Art and Morality."

The Mariano Placido Caparo Gold Medal for Electrical Engineering, founded in memory of his deceased father by José Angel Caparo, of the class of '08, for the best record in all the courses prescribed in the four-year program of electrical engineering, was awarded to Humberto Maximilian Rivas, Santa Tecla, Republic of Salvador, C. A.

The Breen Gold Medal for Oratory, presented by the Honorable William P. Breen, of the class of '88, was awarded to Cornelius Raymond Palmer, Chicago, Illinois.

The Barry Gold Medal for Public Speaking, presented by the Honorable P. T. Barry, of Chicago, was awarded to William Cornelius Havey, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Ten Dollars in Gold for Sophomore Oratory, presented by Mr. John S. Hummer, of the class of '91, was awarded to Michael Joseph Tierney, Rochester, New York.

Ten Dollars in Gold for Freshman Oratory, presented by Mr. Hugh O'Neill, of the class of '91, was awarded to Leo Ward, Melrose, Iowa.

### Obituary.

Word has reached the University of the death of Mrs. Edmonson, the mother of Delmar Edmonson, '18. Shortly before commencement Delmar was called home by the illness of his mother, but returned to the University when the doctors reported her condition as improved. The faculty, through the SCHOLASTIC, offers its sympathy to the bereaved family and promises abundant prayers for the repose of her soul. *R. I. P.*

### Local News.

—The University extends its cordial congratulations to St. Mary's College, of St. Mary's, Kansas, on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Granting of its Charter, and earnestly wishes that the work St. Mary's has so successfully carried on for the last half-century may continue to increase and be abundantly blessed.

—The summer session of the University, which will open with solemn Mass on June 29th, promises an attendance more than double that of last year. Many of the regular students have signified their intention of returning to make up work and to take advantage of the special courses offered. An interesting series of lectures will be given by outsiders, and the Open Forum meetings to be held in Washington Hall for the purpose of discussing problems of social reform and re-construction will, no doubt, be of interest to many.

—At the close of the Preparatory School the following prizes were awarded: the Mason Gold Medal—donated by Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, to the student in Carroll Hall whose scholastic record was the best during the schoolyear—to John William Scallan, of Petersburg, Virginia; the O'Brien Gold Medal for the best record in Preparatory Latin,—the gift of the Rev. Terence A. O'Brien, of Chicago—to Thomas Armond Kelly, of Chicago; the Joseph A. Lyons Gold Medal for Elocution, to Emery Stephen Toth, of Toledo, Ohio; ten dollars in gold for Preparatory Oratory—presented by Mr. Clement C. Mitchell, of the Class of '04,—to Edward Herman Wetzels, of New Orleans, Louisiana.

At the commencement exercises in St. Edward's Hall on the evening of June 4th, gold medals were awarded as follows: for general

excellence, to John Corcoran; for vocal music, to James E. Barry, Jr.; for composition, to John Flynn; for penmanship, to Ernest Taylor; for deportment, to Theodore Nelson, Robert Wood, Harold Dwyer, Bruce Opitz, John Gorby, George Weiher, William Donelan, George Cooper, John Campbell, John Huebner, Frank Orf; renewal gold medals, to Frederick Hoppe, James Oberwinder, Robert O'Laughlin. Certificates for completion of the grades were given to Edgar Bixby, Philip Donaldson, Frank Smola, Tom Murphy, Robert Kennedy, Robert Woodward, Charles Corley, Norton McNulty, John Worden, Dunlap Smedley, John James, Edward Smith, Charles Boedeker, Robert Boedeker, Richard Moody, William Menden, Paul Wood, George Wheeler, James McGreevey, Harold Ollier, and Donald Lewis.

### Personals.

—Honorable Patrick Lynch, Clerk of the Supreme Court of Indiana and a speaker of State-wide reputation, was one of the interested visitors at the recent graduating exercises.

—Forrest Fletcher, one of the famous hurdlers of the varsity of a decade ago, is in France with the A. E. F. It is reported that he has already garnered several decorations for distinguished service.

—"Chief" Meyers, prefect of Corby Hall and Coach of the "Prep" baseball team, has signed with the Cincinnati "Reds" as first baseman. The "Preps" have no doubt of Chief's ability to make good.

—Kenneth Fox, formerly of Carroll Hall, was here for commencement. Kenneth has just returned from the other side. While "over there" he had the good fortune of being allowed to visit Ireland.

—Mr. Charles Francis and wife motored from Chicago to Notre Dame with "Joe" Sullivan (Law '17), the assistant city attorney of Illinois' metropolis. Mr. Francis is the Commissioner of Public Works there.

—Reverend Benedict Brown, O. S. B., of St. Meinard's Abbey, Ind., a student at Summer School last year, is the editor of a new periodical, "The Grail." We wish the Reverend Father every success in his new enterprise.

—Professor John Cooney, dean of the department of Journalism, returned recently from Kentucky where he delivered the commencement

addresses at St. Xavier's College, Louisville, and St. Mary's College at St. Mary's.

—Reverend James Moriarty (A. B. '10), formerly a pole-vaulter for the varsity, paid his usual visit during commencement week. Father Moriarty's visit has been so regular that it has almost become a regular part of the commencement program.

—"Dan" Hillgartner, a graduate of last year, visited the University during commencement. "Dan" is manager of classified ads outside Chicago for the *Chicago Tribune*. He was on his honeymoon when here and is at present the "baby benedict" of the Alumni.

—Mr. M. J. O'Donahoe, Litt. B. and M. A. of the Irish University, visited the University during Commencement. Mr. O'Donahoe, a writer and publicist of note on Irish politics, had an interesting article on the Irish question in a recent edition of the "America."

—The Very Reverend Dr. Gavisk, Rector of St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Chancellor and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Indianapolis, was at the University for commencement. Father Gavisk was recently elected president of the National Association of Catholic charities.

—Mr. C. A. Paquette (B. S. '90; Litt. B. '91; C. E. '91; M. S. '95), now the chief engineer of the Big Four Railroad, came from his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, to spend the commencement days at the University. Mr. Paquette was much impressed with the growth of the University since his day.

—Word has reached us that Lieutenant Martin E. Walter (Ph. B. '14; A. M. '15; LL. B. '16) has been decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* for extraordinary heroism in leading his troops during the engagement before Etienne, Oct. 8, 16, 1918. The many friends of Lieutenant Walter will join with the SCHOLASTIC in offering congratulations. Martin is now at Camp Stuart, Va., but expects to be discharged soon.

—"Pat" Murray, the stellar varsity pitcher, has signed with the Philadelphia Nationals and is due to pitch against Cincinnati soon. Not long ago he received a long letter of welcome from his future teammate, "Cy" Williams, an old N. D. athlete and graduate. "Pat" visited with the "Phils" recently in Chicago and sat on the bench with them during the game. Notre Dame expects great things of "Pat" in the big league and she feels confident that he will be able to fulfill all her expectations.

—Under the auspices of Father Mathis, C. S. C. (Litt. B. '10), there will be a new periodical published for the interests of the Bengal Missions. "The Bengalese" will supersede the "Bengal Mission Notes". It will be published every month on a larger scale, and it is hoped that its purpose of arousing friendly sentiment for the Foreign Missions, particularly that of Bengal, will meet with the greatest success.

—Notre Dame students of recent years will be pleased to hear of the honorary degree bestowed by the University upon Rev. Gregory Gerrer, O. S. B. Father Gregory was given the degree of Doctor of Letters at the last commencement, and never was an honor better deserved. As a lover of art, an artist of great talent, and a constant laborer in that noble field there are few Americans better deserving of recognition. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the Reverend Doctor in the name of his many friends.

—Professor Cooney has received an interesting letter from F. H. Sweeney, (former student in Journalism) who is now a K. of C. secretary at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas. He says in part: "I get hold of the SCHOLASTIC once in a while but would like to get it more often. Father Carey '13, is chaplain here, and the both of us devour every bit of N. D. news we can get our hands on. Met Norbert Monning over at Dallas, where he is playing the oil game and by good luck he had a last year's *Dome* with him. I brought it over here with me and Father and I went through it from cover to cover, even to reading Jimmie and Goats' 'Where the cars stop.'"

—The following citation for bravery in action which has been accorded to Sergeant John Bouza, an old student of twenty years ago, adds another honor to his Alma Mater. "For courage and for faithful performance of duty. During the operations in the St. Mihiel offensive from September 11th to 13th, 1918, this soldier, then a private, was a messenger and constantly carrying orders of importance to points under shell fire, faithfully performed his duties at all times, and by his unfailing devotion to duty inspired great confidence in those about him. This soldier's devotion to duty is worthy of the highest commendation." Harry S. Berry, Colonel, 115 Field Artillery.

R. M. MURCH, '22.

## Athletic Notes.

WISCONSIN, 5; NOTRE DAME, 2.

Notre Dame suffered the fourth defeat of the entire season at the hands of the Badgers at Madison on June 7. Lack of practice weakened the Gold and Blue aggregation, and the game was practically donated to Wisconsin. The inability of both teams to hit held the score 1 to 1 for seven innings, but in the eighth the varsity infield went to pieces, committing four errors that netted Wisconsin as many runs. This was the last scheduled game of the year and the Gold and Blue closed the season with twelve victories and four defeats, the following men receiving their monograms: Captain Sjöberg, Captain-Elect Miles, Bahan, Barry, Bader, Murray, Lavery, Mohart, Connor, Scofield, Donovan and Wrape.

\* \* \*

## N. D. FOURTH IN CONFERENCE MEET.

Notre Dame with twenty-one points finished fourth at the Western Conference Meet held in Chicago on Saturday June 7th. Michigan, with the wonderful Carl Johnson, won the meet with forty-four points; Chicago, Illinois, and Notre Dame followed in order. Bill Hayes, of the Gold and Blue, tied the Conference record in the century, which he won by more than three yards in nine and four-fifths seconds. Critics declared him to be the fastest dash man ever seen at a Conference meet. Gilfillan won the discus with a heave of one hundred and thirty-three feet and took second place in the shot-put. Joe McGinnis placed third in the broad jump with a leap well over twenty-two feet. Douglas tied for fourth in the high jump, which Johnson, of Michigan, won at a new Conference record of six feet and three inches. Johnson broke the broad jump record, with a leap of twenty-four feet and one inch, and also won both the high and the low hurdles. Andy McDonough was not permitted to run the half-mile in consequence of a mistake by which his name had been omitted from the entry list. Andy could have placed had he ran. Most of the events had been "doped" correctly before the meet and few surprises occurred. Notre Dame was represented by the most enthusiastic crowd of "rooters" and the team did exceptionally well, even without the services of the valuable men, McDonough, Meehan, and King.

—P. S.

## The Baseball Season, 1919.

Pitted against several of the strongest college nines in the West, the Notre Dame baseball aggregation of 1919 made a most creditable record. The athletic year was begun under grave difficulties. The football team of last fall was severely weakened by the wartime enlistments and the basketball quintette was likewise crippled by patriotism. Naturally all eyes were turned to the baseball men and they more than fulfilled expectations. Coach Charles Dorais, former Notre Dame star on the gridiron, in his first year of coaching at his Alma Mater proved his ability to develop a winning nine. With only five old men in the game, he constructed a club that successfully faced the hardest schedule a Notre Dame nine has had in years. The most notable victory of the season was the decisive defeat of Michigan at Ann Arbor. This was the first time Michigan had lost to the Gold and Blue in several years; and although the Maize and Blue attempted to ascribe their defeat to luck, the *Detroit Free Press*, in commenting on the game, declared that Michigan was lucky in holding the South Benders to such a low score.

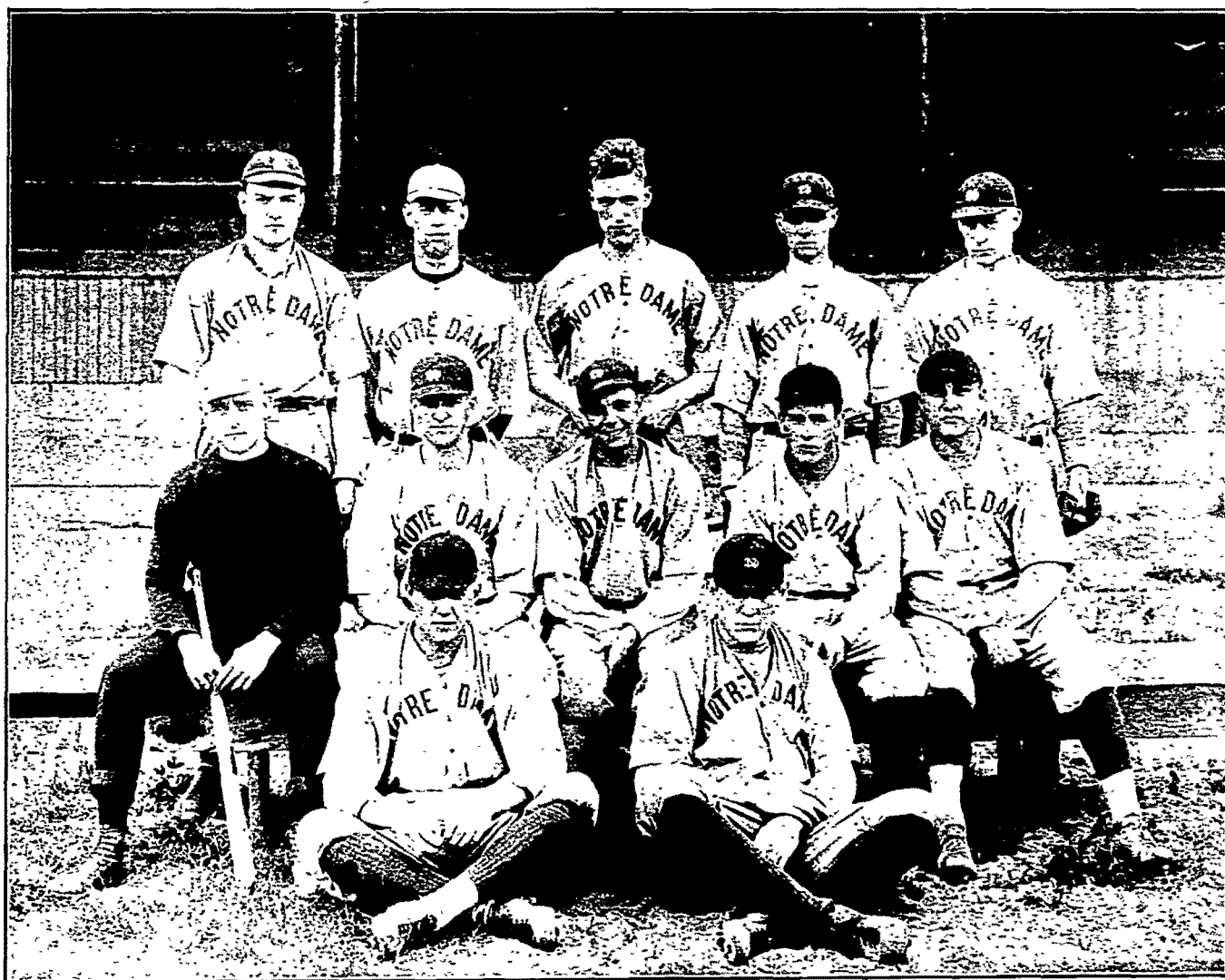
With the completion of this year's season Notre Dame lost four of her most consistent players,—Sjöberg, Murray, Bader, and Lavery. Captain Ralph Sjöberg has finished his three years of varsity baseball and will be ineligible next year. He was unanimously chosen captain last year in consequence of his excellent fielding around the keystone sack and his ability to hit when hits meant runs. The "Skipper" led his men through a successful season, always fighting hard and unwilling to quit even when injured. Too much credit cannot be given the Captain for his excellent leadership. Patrick Murray, the veteran southpaw, has been lost to the team by graduation. "Pat" has pitched remarkable ball during his career on the varsity. It was mainly through his efforts that Michigan was humbled. "Shamrock" was recently offered jobs with several major-league teams, which in itself speaks well for his ability on the mound. He has signed up for the season with the Philadelphia Nationals at a big salary, and he will doubtless "make good." "Chick" Bader has decided not to return to school next year, although he is still eligible for another year of college baseball. Bader has many times brought the fans to their feet by his thrilling catches in center field and as a lead-off man he



started many a rally that paved the way to a Notre Dame victory. Thomas Lavery also graduated this year after having pitched a most successful season. The only shut-out game of the year is credited to him, and the clubs who faced him considered themselves lucky if they got more than four or five hits.

For a time the backstop position was a perplexing problem for Coach Dorais, but Norman Barry was asked to don the mask, and "Cris" soon convinced all that he could handle the job.

position and it was his phenomenal fielding at Indiana that saved the day. As a hitter also Frank is among the best. Mohart reported for practice, uncovered his wonderful arm, and stepped into the third base position. His consistent hitting earned him the place as clean-up hitter, and there are few in the country that can beat his throw to first. "Benny" Connor took care of right field, and it was not long before the fans had dubbed him, "Home-run Benny." He is a good fielder, and with his two more years



THE N. D. BASEBALL TEAM, 1919.

Wrape,  
Coach Dorais,

Miles,  
Bader,  
Scofield,

Murray,  
Sjoberg,

Lavery,  
Connors,  
McGuire

Bahan  
Mohardt

Despite the newness of his position behind the bat, he quickly proved himself equal to it and stopped many an ambitious base-runner. The graduation of Philbin last year left a vacancy at first, to which "Pete" Bahan was moved in from the outfield. He acquitted himself in veteran style throughout the season.

When "Louie" Wolf left school the fans declared that no other man could take his place, but after they had seen Frank Miles make all kinds of impossible plays they were of a different mind. "Rangy" can scoop them up from any

of competition he should make the majors take notice.

Scofield filled the left field, and his work was as good as could be found. He has another year and should develop into a finished performer. "Dutch" Wrape, a product of the interhall league, hurled high-class ball, and frequently pitched two- and three-hit games which won for him reputation as a pitcher of real merit.

"Red" Donovan proved to be the best of utility men by winning his monogram, and in his two years more to play should make a mark.

"Bob" McGuire ably assisted Barry behind the bat and soon established himself as a hard and consistent worker, as did "Dope" Moore, who worked as utility infielder.

In the opening game of the year on Cartier Field, Wisconsin was treated to the short end of a 4-to-3 score; a week later Indiana was humbled 6 to 5. The Michigan Aggies, the next invaders, sprang a surprise by winning over the Gold and Blue, 2 to 1. The strong Illinois team was next encountered at Champaign, where the usual "jinx" attached itself to "Skipper" Sjoberg's crew, and they dropped two hard fought games to Coach Huff's men, 3 to 5, and 5 to 9. The varsity next journeyed to Wabash and Purdue, with the fighting Irish spirit fully aroused, and with the result that Wabash was shut out 13 to 0 and the Lafayette club trounced 16 to 6.

The nine then returned home with the expectation of meeting Michigan but "Jup Pluvius" drenched the diamond so thoroughly that hostilities had to be suspended. Invading Bloomington a little later, Notre Dame encountered the strongest opposition of the year, but succeeded in defeating Indiana, 2 to 1, in a game featured by brilliant fielding and timely hitting. The Western trip brought forth two hard encounters: the first with Ames, which resulted 5-to-5 tie in 13 innings, the second with Iowa, who dropped a fighting game to the Gold and Blue, 4 to 3. Iowa visited Cartier Field a week later and departed with a goose egg, while the home men had eight runs to their credit. Purdue was met the next day and barely escaped a shut-out, scoring but a lone tally against N. D.'s thirteen.

Eager to meet Michigan and more than anxious to cross bats again with the Michigan Aggies, the team left South Bend full of confidence. They returned with the same confidence, bearing with them the title, "Champions of the West." In the first game the M. A. C., although victorious on Cartier Field earlier in the season, met a team fully developed and running in top form, with the result that the Irish came away to the tune of 12 to 5. The next day Michigan lowered her colors to the Gold and Blue, and this victory practically brought to a close a most successful season for our varsity. The remaining scheduled game with Wisconsin was not played until June 7th. The final examinations so hindered practice that the team journeyed to Madison seriously

handicapped. The game resulted in a 5-to-2 victory for the Badgers. The season was ended by the annual Alumni game. Although the "Grads" incorporated such men as Miles, Bergman, Meyers, and other notables in their lineup, they were unable to stop the varsity, and the game was called when the score keepers developed writer's cramp.

The election of captain was held immediately after the Alumni game and Frank Miles, the star shortstop, was selected to lead the varsity for 1920. "Rangy" played a remarkable fielding game all season and his timely hits drove home not a few decisive runs. As a leader he should be quite as successful as Captain Sjoberg of this year and he will have the hearty cooperation of all his team mates in forming a winning nine for 1920. —B.-S.

#### Review of the Track Season.

The gloomy prospects at the beginning of the track season last February disconcerted but did not by any means dishearten Coach Rockne. For a time it looked as if Notre Dame would have the poorest representation in years. Then Ted Rademaker, having been discharged from the Army, returned to the University. He was soon followed by Walter Douglas, star high jumper on the 1917 track team, who had been in the service for two years. Mulligan, the little speed merchant from New York, extricated himself from the Army and came back. And glad, indeed, was the day that brought the news of the return of Earl Gilfillan, all-around star, who had secured his release from the Navy. Then "Eddie" Meehan, star half-miler of the famous relay team of 1917, came back to school at the middle of February and worked diligently for a month. A little later Andy McDonough put in a surprise appearance—and Coach Rockne began to smile broadly.

Earl Gilfillan figured as the individual star of the I. A. C. handicaps at Northwestern, in Chicago, on February 22nd, by winning the 50-yard high and the 50-yard low hurdles and putting the sixteen-pound shot 43 feet, 7½ inches. With a nine-inch handicap, he also took third in the 56-pound weight. Hayes made second place in the 50-yard dash, "Red" Douglas second in the high jump, and Burke fourth in the half-mile. Notre Dame, with Scallan, Burke, and Meredith, took third in the mile relay on a cinder track. The Gold and

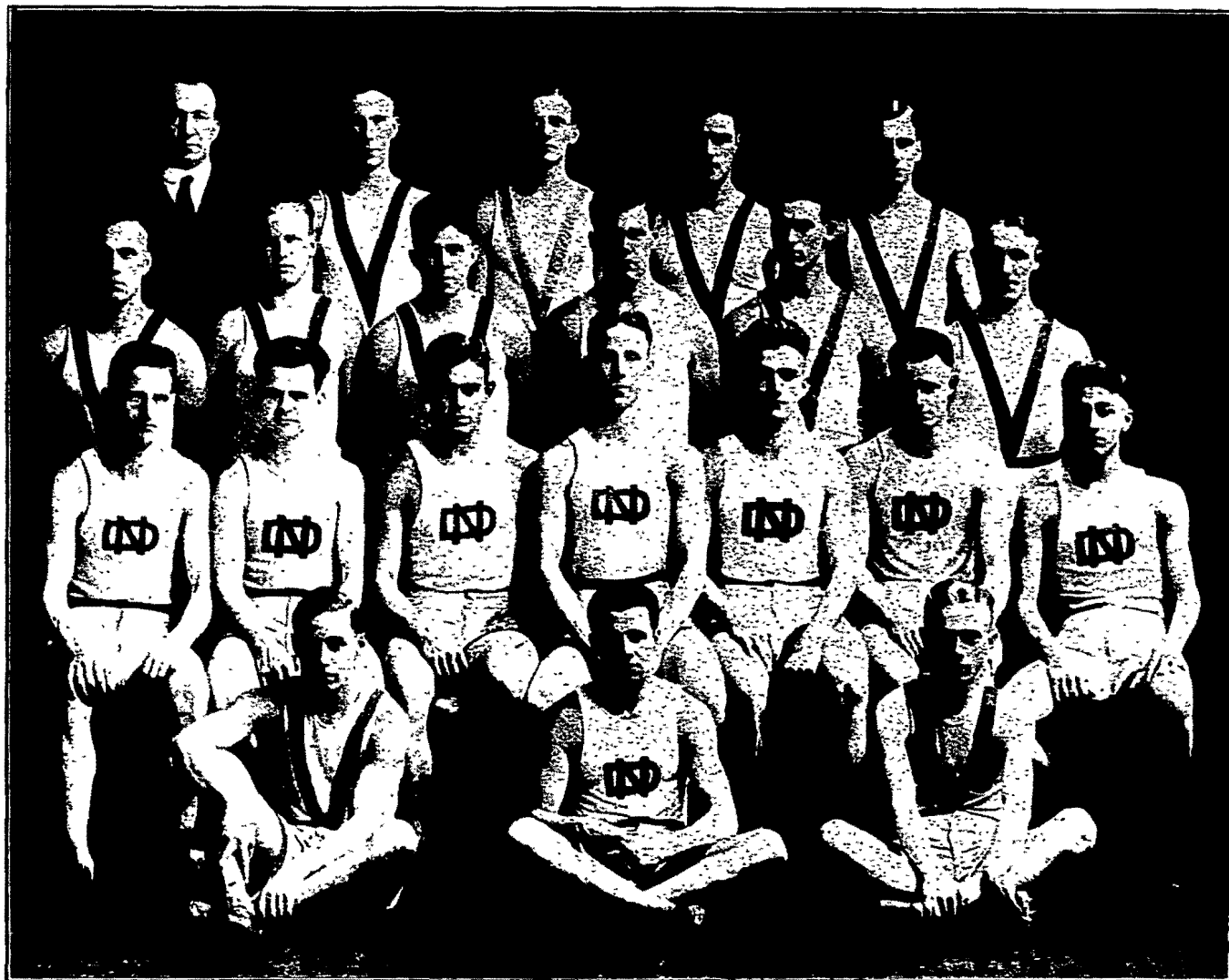
Blue finished second in the meet, with a total of 26 points.

Michigan ran away from Notre Dame in the first dual meet of the season held at Ann Arbor, March 1st. The wooden floor proved a serious handicap to our men in the sprints and distance events, and Gilfillan refused to take any chances in the hurdles. Johnson of Michigan gathered 20 of his team's 63 points. Notre Dame scored 23 markers.

A week later the Gold and Blue travelled to

by taking what seemed a good lead and maintained it until the visitors scored heavily in the half-mile. An unfortunate accident in the relay race, the last event of the evening, gave the Illinois team five points and the victory. The final score was Illinois 44, Notre Dame 42.

"Bill" Hayes and "Andy" McDonough became eligible for outdoor competition on the first of April. Rockne had them out practicing daily, and the two of them went along to the Drake Relays, at Des Moines, on April 19th.



THE N. D. TRACK TEAM, 1919.

Coach Rockne,	Hayes,	Meredith,	Barry,	Jenny
Smith,	Scallan,	Colgan,	Gilfillan,	Hoar,
McDonough,	McGinnis,	Powers,	Rademaker,	Sweeney,
	Shanahan,		Mulligan,	
				Ryan
				Patterson,
				O'Hara
				VanWorteghen

Madison and humiliated the Wisconsin team in a very close contest 44 2-3 to 41 1-3. All of the events were hotly contested. Again Gilfillan scored heavily, counting five tallies in the shot, three in the high hurdles, and a tie for second honors in the high jump. Much to the disappointment of the Wisconsin followers, Mulligan defeated their best in the 40-yard dash.

Two points spelled defeat for Notre Dame on March 15th, in the only indoor dual meet held here during the season. The home team began

Hayes took third in the 100-yard dash and McDonough distinguished himself for the second time in the two-mile relay. Meredith in the half-mile for Notre Dame kept abreast of his opponents, until Sweeney took up the running. Sweeney went as never before, keeping always within striking distance of the leader. He handed the baton over to the veteran McDonough, who ran the headiest race of his career, and delivered the stick to Eddie Meehan, with McCosh, the Chicago runner, five yards

in the lead. Inch by inch Eddie gained upon the Maroon star and fifty yards from the finish let loose a sprint that won by five yards.

Injuries and adverse weather conditions forced the two-mile team into third place at the Penn Relays a week later. The time made in the race was nine seconds slower than that set by the Gold and Blue at Drake. Gilfillan, after placing in the discus, injured his knee in the broad jump and was forced to withdraw.

With Gilfillan and Meehan out of the competition, Notre Dame lost a dual meet to Illinois at Urbana, on May 3rd, 77 to 49. Hayes took first in the 100 and the 220, stepping the century in :09 4-5 and thereby equalling the Western intercollegiate record. Sweeney took the mile, Hoar and Douglas the high jump, and McGinnis the broad jump.

A little later Notre Dame swamped the Michigan Aggies in a dual meet held at East Lansing, scoring 89 points to the Farmers' 31. The Aggies took only three firsts and lagged far behind in all the other events. Captain Ted Rademaker set a new mark for himself when he cleared the bar in the pole-vault at 12 feet 6 inches. In the javelin-throw Notre Dame scored a slam, King taking first, Smith second, and Frank Hayes third.

The meet with the University of Michigan on Cartier Field, May 23rd was the closest and most exciting track contest of the season. After having swamped Chicago a week before, the Wolverines came as unquestioned Western track champions, fully confident of staging a walkaway. They were considerably disillusioned. "Notre Dame undoubtedly lost the meet," said the *Detroit News*, for May 24th, "because of a recent injury to Gilfillan, its best athlete, who was unable to place in the sprint and hurdles but scored nine points in the weight events." With two events left the score stood 58½ for each team. Johnson leaped 22 feet and 10 inches in the broad jump for Michigan and took first place. McGinnis, of Notre Dame, took second and Westbrook, of Michigan, third. Notre Dame still had a chance to win by taking the relay. Meehan, star distance-man for Notre Dame, had injured himself, however, and Hayes was forced on the relay team. For three laps the runners kept neck and neck. In the final quarter Butler pulled away from McDonough, of Notre Dame, thus giving Michigan the race and the meet. Five field records were shattered in the carnival. New marks were set in the broad

jump, the discus-throw, the javelin-throw, the two-mile run, and the one-mile relay. Johnson, the all-around star, scored twenty-four points for Michigan. In only one event was he forced to lower his colors. In the 100-yard dash Hayes, for Notre Dame, after getting a poor start, breezed ahead of the Michigan flash and won the century hands down. He made the dash in ten seconds flat on a slow track. In the 220 Hayes won easily.

Notre Dame had easy going in the Annual State Meet, scoring sixty points—almost as many as all other competitors combined. Nine firsts went to the Gold and Blue. Hayes distinguished himself by again stepping the century in :09 4-5. Andy McDonough shattered the half-mile record of the State.

Were one inclined to credit the humorously pathetic "dope" stories printed in the Chicago papers before the Western Conference Meet, held in Chicago on June 7th, a dozen jerk-water schools would place between the select Conference teams and Notre Dame. But the experts' prophecies were not verified. Notre Dame vindicated herself for fourth place, being nosed out by Illinois. Michigan took the meet, with Chicago second. Illinois made 22 points and Notre Dame 21. In the century Hayes tied the Conference record of :09 4-5 and won the 220 with ease. Had he experienced any stiff competition, he would most likely have tied the world's record of :09 3-5 for the hundred yards. Gilfillan placed first in the discus-throw and second in the shot-put. "Red" Douglas tied for third in the high jump, and McGinnis took third in the broad jump. One of the disappointing features of the meet was McDonough's failure to run. He went to Chicago intending to win the half-mile, but on arriving at Stagg Field found that through a clerical oversight his name had been omitted from the list of entries. Rockne implored the Conference authorities, but they refused to allow McDonough to run, and he was thus denied the opportunity of gathering new laurels in a last college appearance.

The Freshmen track squad in its first and only dual meet of the season met Western State Normal at Kalamazoo on May 9th, and swamped the teachers, 72 to 26. The yearlings took first in eight of the eleven events. Wynne, Trafton, Burke, and Bailey starred for the Freshmen.

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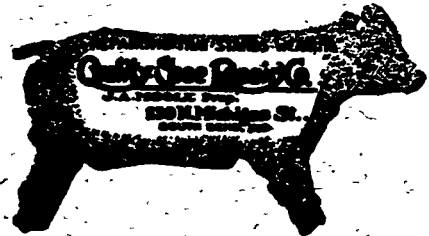


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