Exsulta.*

CHARLES L. O’DONNELL, ’06.

CANTICLE of joy be thine,
Virgin, O raise thy drooping eyes
And read aloft the flaming sign—
The meed of glory glorifies—
He lifts above thy sainted ways,
He who was with thee all thy days.

Thy turrets seek the vagrant star,
Thine orchards lean to the quickening morn,
Thy trodden pastures widen far,
Rains ripen all thy fields of corn.
What blessing o’er the earth He spoke,
Handmaiden, when thy purpose woke!

See gathered at thine ample knee—
Thou art a mother, maid withal—
The children He has brought to thee,
Daughters with earnest purpose all,
That gaze into the mother’s eyes,
Resolved her hopes to realize.

This is thy day of song, no time
Such joy has brought, though more may bring;
Snap't are the winter’s bonds of rime,
Blown is thy springtide’s blossoming;
Thy summer’s sun is stayed full high,
Raining its radiance from the sky.

They sleep who watched thy cradle days,
But with thy soul are still in tryst,
Singing on harps of light the praise
Thou tell’st on stones of amethyst.
Brown beads made record of their prayers,
Thou hast new beads, but faith like theirs.

And decades mournful thou hast told
In thy long rosary of years,
But He whose hands the planets hold,
Who lifts thee now, will stay thy tears,
Till Time, beyond thy convent bars,
Hath made the stations of the stars.

* For St. Mary’s Jubilee.
The Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's.

OON after the arrival of Father Sorin and his companions in what was then the western wilderness of northern Indiana, four Sisters left France to assist him in carrying out a Divine plan which all felt was to be accomplished in the near future yet knew not what it was: Even to the mind of the ever-hopeful Father Sorin, Notre Dame of the present day scarce dared to present itself and still less Saint Mary's. He did, however, feel the urgent need of establishing, side by side with his own institution for the education of young men, a sister institution for the education of young women. Thus as early as the year 1844 a small community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross opened a school and novitiate in Bertrand, Michigan, then a prosperous town. This little community grew rapidly in spite of all the disadvantages of so unsettled a country, and in the early fifties a house was founded in Mishawaka, Indiana. Not long after the ideal spot for the future St. Mary's Academy, which had always been in the mind of Father Sorin, was secured: a beautiful tract of land along the high banks of the St. Joseph River, a mile west of Notre Dame University and two miles north of South Bend.

So in 1855, just fifty years ago, the Bertrand and Mishawaka houses were removed to the present site of Saint Mary's Academy, and the splendid career of that now flourishing institution was begun.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross who conduct the Academy are a modern, active Order, founded in France in 1842 by the Rev. Basil Moreau, who also founded the Order of the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross. The two congregations, though closely connected in history and object and in close sympathy are independent of each other. The next year 1843 the four Sisters mentioned above arrived at Notre Dame so that this Order began its life in America almost as soon as in Europe.

Four or five years after the establishment of the house in Bertrand, to quote from the History of Notre Dame: "Providence sent to Father Sorin a pious,
talented young lady, who was destined to be to the Sisters of the Holy Cross almost what he himself was to the congregation of Priests and Brothers. Miss Eliza Gillespie, sister of Father Gillespie, left her gay life at Washington, where she had reigned as queen in the family of her relative, Thos. Ewing, then Secretary of State, and determining to lead a religious life was on her way to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy at Chicago, when she called to pay her farewell visit to her brother, the Rev. Neil H. Gillespie, at Notre Dame. Father Sorin became at once convinced that Miss Gillespie was designed by God to take charge of his young community at Bertrand; and she was also finally convinced that this was the will of heaven. She was sent to France to make her novitiate, and in due time received the veil from the hands of Father Moreau, then Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross. She returned, and under the name of Mother Angela became superior of the infant community which began at once to prosper under her direction."

Mother Angela truly was to St. Mary's almost what Father Sorin was to Notre Dame, and the mere mention of her name and character tells most of the story that it is possible to tell of the rise of St. Mary's from two small frame houses in the wilderness to the magnificent group of architecturally exquisite buildings of our own time. Of course, while Mother Angela was the animating spirit of the great work she would have been helpless but for the silent, heroic, patient devotion of many a Sister whose name, as far as this world's glory is concerned, has long since sunk into oblivion only to make it dearer to Him for whom the work was done. Mother Angela was a great soul, of a high, strong mind, and she guided the Sisters unerringly until her death in 1887.

From 1861 to 1865 the Sisters of the Holy Cross gave proof of how thoroughly American their spirit is as well as how truly Christian. They nursed the sick and wounded of both sides throughout the war—but there is no need to comment here on services that have been eulogized by the greatest men in our country. During the Spanish-American War, too, Holy Cross Sisters were to be found among the nurses of our armies.

The history of St. Mary's is one of uninterrupted growth. The first brick building was finished in 1862 and other buildings have been following at short intervals ever since. The community now numbers about one thousand and has foundations in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., Maryland, Virginia, New York, Texas, Idaho and California, having charge of the training of ten thousand children and young women and caring for more than four thousand patients annually in their hospitals.

St. Mary's Academy, the Mother-House of the Order, is now celebrating its Golden Jubilee, and as one enters through the beautiful stone gateway, the long avenue arched over throughout its length with...
ancient maples that leads to the Academy
he beholds a sight very different from that of
the few frame buildings in the woods that
marked its younger days. The natural beauty
of the location is still there, increased by the
hand of culture and refinement. It is no
exaggeration to say all nature has set her
seal upon St. Mary’s to give the world assur­
ance of an ideal home for the development
of young women. Eliza Allen Starr, writing
of St. Mary’s in the Catholic World for 1894
says: “I have always said after visits to
many lands that never could a convent take
the palm from St. Mary’s for its natural
beauty combined with all those attractions
which come from the associations of girl­
hood.” Nestling amidst oaks and maples,
where dwell all manner of birds and
builded high on the banks of the swift
St. Joseph, it is absolutely separate from the
din and noise of the world, and is in every
respect a true home of education.

The principal buildings are the Church,
which, even to an unskilled eye, is clearly
a masterpiece of architecture; the new Col­
legiate Hall, in every respect one of the
finest, buildings in the state; the academy
buildings; Conservatory of Music; St.
Angela’s Hall (the gymnasium); and St
Joseph’s Hall (the infirmary). There are
accommodations for five hundred students.

The methods of education in use at St.
Mary’s combine what seems most praise­
worthy in both American and European
systems, and one need feel no hesitation in
declaring that this Academy affords unsur­
passed, if not unrivalled, opportunities for
the complete education of young women.
This is the verdict of all capable persons
who have investigated the workings of the
Academy.

One can not put the products of a college
on exhibition as one might put the product
of a factory, and the flagrant abuse of the
gentle art of advertising in our day makes
a decent man chary about epithets and
superlatives. But the truth is that the work
done at St. Mary’s demands the superlatives.
Vassar and Bryn Mawr are deservedly great
names in the list of women’s colleges in
America, but St. Mary’s is as complete in
the curriculum and as thorough in the
teaching as either Vassar or Bryn Mawr.
The collegiate course as presented by the
Sisters of the Holy Cross is as large in
content and as inspiringly delivered as in
any of the heavily-endowed colleges for
women. When a pupil receives the bachelor­
degree at the end of her collegiate course
at St. Mary’s, it may safely be assumed that
she has arrived at a power and a culture
quite comparable to the best that older
and richer and more pretentious institutions
can create.

It is to be expected, of course, that in an
institution of this kind particular attention
should be given to music. The Conservatory
has already attained national reputation,
and the Sisters spare no pains to make the
course in music as perfect as possible.
Celebrated musicians frequently visit the
Academy, and on occasions when the stu­
dents are allowed to show publicly the
fruits of their training the results are always
a revelation to the visitor. A clever writer
in the Review of Catholic Pedagogy for
March, 1903, says:

“The work of the Conservatory has won
high praise from eminent musicians in this
country and in Europe. The achievements
of St. Mary’s students in musical composi­
tion are noteworthy, and an evidence of the
proficiency attained is a decidedly superior
hymnal made up of the work of the pupils.”

In speaking of St. Mary’s it would be
out of place not to mention the Art School.
One can not visit the institution without
being impressed with the idea that it is a
centre of art; Eliza Allen Starr, than whom
few have more right to speak on this subject,
says: “As to St. Mary’s Art School, we
believe that it is quite unsurpassed in the
thoroughness of its training or the study of
nature. There have been and still are artists
among the Sisters who are giving forth far
and wide among all their missions the best
principles of art in parochial as well as
academic schools, while at St. Mary’s are
monuments to those who have adorned wall
and sanctuary and sacristy with works
which will inspire devotion through the
coming generations, meriting for it the
name of ‘A Centre of Christian Art.’”

All this beauty of nature, architecture,
music and art added to the regular class
work, creates about St. Mary’s an atmos­
phere for the body, mind and soul that is
irresistible for growth. Place a person in
a malarial climate and he must breathe the
air and it must disease his system. Place
the same person in a clear, healthy climate, and
though he breathes as before he will—grow
strong and robust. There is an atmosphere
for the mind and soul, too; they must
breathe, and when they are confronted at
every turn by what is pure and beautiful
and true they must needs grow and thrive
and be filled with a holy ambition to come
into the full realization of all their faculties.
And what else than this can education
mean?

Nor is physical development forgotten.
St. Angela’s Hall is devoted entirely to
gymnastic purposes, and all the students
are enthusiastic about this kind of work.
The department is in charge of instructors
from the Sargent School at Boston.

But we have only one way of judging of
the quality of a tree and that is by its fruits.
St. Mary’s has daughters in almost every
state in the Union and in many places
outside the Union. These have formed
themselves into an “Alumnae Association,”
and it is edifying to see how they cherish
their Alma Mater. They feel that it is to
her they owe much of their virtue and
culture, and their grateful affection is admirable.
Every other year the members of the
Association meet at St Mary’s to renew
old friendships and to deliberate for the
welfare of the Academy. It is pleasant to
record that as a Jubilee gift, the Alumnae
Association placed in the church a splendid
pipe organ of completeest and most
modern equipment at a cost of four
thousand dollars.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross, and all
others who have been in any way connected
with the uprearing of this noble institution,
as benefactors, professors or pupils, have
good cause to make holiday in their hearts
at the rounding out of the fiftieth year of
St. Mary’s. One dares anything in the way
of hope and good wishes on so joyous an
occasion; but all who know the sacrifices
made and the superb results achieved in the
last half-century could hardly utter a better
prayer than that St. Mary’s and the
Sisters of the Holy Cross may be as visibly
blessed in the next fifty years as they have
been in the days that are sped.

Cornelius J. Hagerty, ’06.

Into the Years.

The wonder of the broad, gold moon
At-tremble in the dark-rimmed lake,
The suddenness of winds of June
That the fleeting ripples make,
Thou knowest, Queen: afar thy crown
Gleams with the captured lightning’s bars
As lone thou watchest, gazing down
The heaven’s dusky dome of stars.
The shadows, they are slow and fleet,
Mother of Light, dost see how near?
The silences, full, vibrant, sweet,
Of melody unthought, dost hear?
O Mother, of thy children’s hearts,
Now sleeping to the waves’ hushed song,
When soon each from thy guidance parts,
Do thou bethink thee long.

C. L. O’D.

Tangled Threads.

Robert A. Kasper, ’07.

My friend, Frank Hope, had won great
renown as a private detective, having solved
many seemingly hopeless cases during his
twenty years of service as head of the
Northwest Detective Agency. I had been
his companion for many years, and had
often accompanied him in his excursions
through the land of mystery. On one occa-
sion when I offered a suggestion, which, by
chance, proved to be a good one, he tapped
me gently on the back, and in his kind sort
said:

“Hall, you are a brick. I did not know
it was in you. Suppose you act as my
assistant, since I need some one to help me?”

I readily accepted the position, for I liked
detective work, and after the necessary
details were arranged, I had my few belong-
ings moved to his apartments on Blair St.
From that time on, I lent him an ever-
helping hand, inexperienced as I was; but
my teacher proved to be a very patient one,
and I progressed rapidly under his guidance.

He was a kind-hearted man, tall, dark,
and muscular. When he looked at you his
eyes seemed to penetrate your innermost
thoughts. It was difficult to deceive him,
and many a hardened criminal had become
submitive at his hands.

We had been idle some days, and I was
indeed glad of it, for my friend needed rest;
but our inactivity was not destined to last very long. One fine morning a carriage stopped at our apartments, and soon a tall, elderly-looking gentleman entered our study.

"Mr. Hope, I believe," he said addressing my friend. "My name is John Franz. I am president of the First National Bank of this city."

"Sit down," said Hope, as he offered him a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, last evening my only son, a lad of eighteen years, left our home about eight o'clock. He went to visit with a friend of mine, and promised to return at ten o'clock. He did not return, however, and about twelve my wife became so uneasy that she pleaded with me to telephone Mr. Kearns, the gentleman my son had been visiting. I did so, and he informed me that Frank had not been there at all as he had promised. My son is an honest lad, and would not deceive us as to where he was going. My wife was not home when he left. She returned about ten, after spending the day with a friend."

"What is your theory, Mr. Franz?" Hope asked.

"I can see no other solution but that Frank has been kidnapped. In the past few months I have received several threatening letters to the effect that if I did not send the writer a certain sum of money my son would be taken from me."

"Did you report this matter to the police?"

"No; I did not say anything about it. I paid no heed to the threat. The place given in these letters where the writer wished the money to be delivered was in each case a hotel. The letters were all typewritten and bore no signature."

"Have you them with you?"

"Yes, I brought all with me thinking they might be of some service to you."

He pulled from his inner coat pocket three letters, which he handed to Hope who after looking them over threw them on the table.

"Do you suspect anyone, Mr. Franz?"

"Well, sometime ago I discharged a clerk who was of a vicious turn of mind. And I believe him capable of doing most anything. His two cousins, who were also with me working as bookkeepers, left when I discharged Jones. None of them have been in town since leaving my employ, as far as I could learn.

"Have you informed the police of the disappearance of your son?"

"Yes; but the Chief advised me to put the case into your hands."

"How far is the Kearns' home from your place?"—"Just about three squares."

"Very well, Mr. Franz, I shall investigate the matter, and if anything important develops will let you know."

When Franz had gone, Hope at once took up the letters examined each thoroughly, and then spoke half musingly:

"These letters were all written by the same party. Notice that the paper in each case is the same, the envelopes bear the same postmark, "Meldon," and the words are stamped deep in the paper, and in each letter the depth of the impression is the same. I learn from this that the author was not an experienced typewriter, for a man of experience touches the keys lightly and leaves no such marks upon the paper. That leaves out the clerk, for he used a machine daily. I do not believe he would think of having another write the letter for him. Another thing, these letters were all written at the same time. Notice that the wording in each case is the same, and the paragraphs are identical. This is no coincidence. The ink has not faded much, which shows the letters were written recently. Hall, I am going out for a while. If anyone calls during my absence say that I'll return at six o'clock." No one called, but when Hope returned he informed me that the body of young Franz was found in the lake, about two o'clock that afternoon, by some lads who were fishing. Arsenic had been found in the stomach, and the lad had evidently been murdered.

"We will go over and see Mr. Franz this evening," my friend said, "as I wish a few points to be made clear."

At eight o'clock we presented ourselves at the house of Mr. Franz. The butler answered our ring and after taking our cards he ushered us into the study where sat one who was deep in the realms of bookland.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said; "I'm glad you have come. Be seated."

After we had found a comfortable chair, Hope began:
"Mr. Franz, I called this evening to make a few points clear. In the first place, what time did you retire on the fatal night?"

"I did not go to bed at all, Mr. Hope. I sat in the library reading expecting my son to come."

"Was your wife also up?"

"Until one o'clock, when she retired."

"Did you leave the library at all?"

"Yes, I aroused the coachman after one o'clock and had him hitch up the surrey. I returned home at three o'clock after a useless search."

"Were you alone?"

"Yes!"

"Why did you not take the coachman with you?"

"I did not care to disturb his rest."

"Well, Mr. Franz," Hope continued, "would you mind telling me why you took the surrey when the buggy would have been more serviceable."

"I first intended to take the coachman with me, but finally decided against that."

"Mr. Franz, kindly step to that typewriter in the corner and write out your version of the whole affair."

"I can do it in pencil as well."

"The typewriter, please," Hope insisted. Mr. Franz became white and faltered. Finally he said:

"My God, you know."

I was dumfounded at the outcome of the short investigation.

"I had to do it," Franz continued, "I had to do it for his mother's sake. It would have broken her heart had she known. For her sake try and keep it from her." He went into his pocket and produced the note; it read:

"DEAR PARENTS:—Forgive me for what I have done. I found I could not live and be happy. Good-bye."

"Your son,—"FRANK."

After Hope had read the note, he handed it to me and turning said:

"Mr. Franz, I can not blame you for trying to conceal the suicide. Rest assured I shall not enlighten anyone. May luck be yours. You have my sympathy. Good day."

On the way home I asked my friend how he happened to hit upon the suicide theory and he replied:

"From the first I did not believe the lad had been kidnapped. The Kearns' residence is only a few squares from the Franz's house, and the streets are well lighted and crowded at eight o'clock. Then it would be unreasonable to suppose that if the son had been kidnapped the guilty persons would not try to secure a ransom, for that is what they were after according to the letter. By murdering the lad at once they would receive no benefit. That did away with Mr. Franz's theory. Upon investigation, I found that young Franz had bought arsenic the day before his disappearance, and had been moody for some time. I also learned of the peculiar actions of Mr. Franz on the fatal night. No man of his social standing would go out with a carriage, without a coachman and it was clear to me that this act proved he had something to conceal. I suspected him as the author of the letters, and he proved it when he refused to use the machine when I requested him to do so. I hope the affair will remain a secret, for I can picture the poor mother if she learns the truth. The druggist has promised me strict secrecy, and I understand the verdict is death—parties unknown, etc. But here's where we get off. I'm tired."

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**Thoughts on Death.**

(Horace, Odes II. 14.)

**A**H! Pastumus, my Pastumus, the fleeting years glide on,
And piety can not prevent the wrinkles age must don,
Though every day you sacrifice three hundred bulls,
'tis vain
To think dread Pluto hard of heart will give you youth again.

Now he confines the tripled form of Geryon and Tityus,
And shall hold captive each of us till fleeting years shall free us.

In vain you flee from bloody Mars, and the wind tossed Adriatic,
In vain in autumn do you flee the southern winds erratic.

Cocytus black with languid flow, the ignominious Greek,
Sisyphus, doomed to endless toil,—each one of you must seek.

Behind you leave your house and land, behind your loving wife.
No tree except the cypress drear shall follow you from life.

A worthier heir shall quaff the wine now under lock and key,
And with the store you hold so dear the pavement wet shall be.

T. E. B.
A short, trim street—not long since it was a ragged lane—leads off High to the Old Cemetery. People passing along High may see that this little byway ends in a tanglewood of bushes out of which climb great sycamores hung with dark vines, and through an occasional opening in the green shrubbery they can see the white marble of old tombstones atilt at queer angles. Drawing nearer the place the visitor finds that the barb-wire fence which modern municipal devotion, pharisee-like, has put around the outside of the plot has been broken down in places, and through the openings well-marked paths lead into this quiet village of the dead.

In area the plot covers scarcely an acre of hillside, but it is a beautiful site, sloping slowly to the south where the restraining barb-wire seems to check the wild undergrowth. The west end of the cemetery is very high, as land goes here; along the summit runs a fence dividing the last earthly resting spot of many tired hearts on the one side from the fine toboggan-slide of the East-End youngsters on the other. Here is the nearest approach to a bluff the country can lay claim to, where the crazy old tombstones lean out over the sluggish Wild-Cat that creeps around the base of the hill two hundred feet below. A tame enough stream in spite of its name, this sleepy, purring, old creek, chiefly perhaps because most of the force is used out of it half a mile up stream where it has been harnessed to help turn the wheels of progress in the great factory there. Yet at certain seasons it grows vicious, or perhaps sportive, like a wild kitten, and tradition tells that once the Wild-Cat rose so high as to wash out the venerable bones of those who were asleep on the hillside. To this day handles of coffins may be found along the foot of the hill, and I know a spot on the slope where a little digging will discover a brown parietal bone. It was capital for us, I may say, this poor scrap of man, for after we had taken boys from the other end of town through the graveyard and had stumped them to climb the neatest trees, had beaten them at swinging on the cracking grapevines, and had scared them with stories of rattlesnakes, it was our crowning delight to administer this last blow to their sensibilities by digging out of its mouldy bed this old skull bone,—we knew their relish for dinner that day was gone.

But the tourist coming into the cemetery for the first time knows none of this. He sees but a vastly tangled lot of bushes, wild flowers and shaggy trees, among which paths, certain and well-defined, if uneven and crooked, work their way, meet, intersect and divide the place into a number of irregular sections. One of these large-licensed tracks wriggles through the brush to the centre of the graveyard where a mammoth willow tree grows over the grave of "Sarah McCool." The name is cut into a slab, old, broken down; and calculating from the dates thereon inscribed one learns that the deceased was a maiden of eighteen summers. "She was lovely, she was fair," run the ancient lines at the bottom of the stone. Tradition has it that her lover as he was passing away from the home of his birth planted at her head a sprig of weeping willow, I suppose to offer a tribute of sorrow there in his stead. But the tree has forgotten to weep, it looks aloft. And the lover,—it was sixty years ago when he planted this tree: I wonder if his heart still droops, if it even beats at all? If he were to come back, would he tarry long at the foot of the willow and dream back the past?

But of late the old cemetery has become prosified, few now resort thither; many of the old tenants have been taken up and removed to Crown Point, in fact, all, I believe, have been so taken off except those, like the cripple on the porch of the Probatica, whose relatives have moved away or are themselves under the mould. Crown Point, the new cemetery, is trimly kept, and between its fine trees the free sunbeams smite the lofty marble of many monuments. It is rumored that the city council proposes to tear down the barb-wire fence that now girds the old cemetery, bury the headstones that remain and convert the place into a suburban park. Meantime, the work of the city marble cutters does not slacken.
Public Ownership and Socialism.

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, '06.

At no previous time in the history of this country has the nation given vent to such a universal expression of antagonism to private ownership, and monopoly of public utilities as at the present. Very recent events, such as the agitation in Kansas against the Standard Oil Monopoly and the Chicago municipal campaign have aroused the entire land from coast to coast. Like a prairie fire, the wave of indignation and revolt against monopolistic oppression, which has been smouldering in long and silent endurance, is sweeping over the country. Even now New York is preparing for a municipal campaign on lines very similar to that of the Chicago mayorality contest just closed. But perhaps the most surprising incident in this recent turn of events occurred in Chicago during a celebration of the birthday of Jefferson, that great advocate of democracy and individual liberty.

In an address before a prominent democratic organization of that city, William Jennings Bryan said that it was high time for the Democratic party to "declare for a sweeping public ownership crusade that shall in the near future expand our city governments into great business organizations for the carrying on of street railroads and other enterprises, while turning over to national government the ownership of interstate railroad systems and telegraph lines." It is fairly probable that there will be a strong attempt made by public-ownership advocates to obtain control of the democratic party machinery with a view to conducting the next presidential contest on such issues. Mr. Bryan holds that public ownership is not inconsistent with democratic principles; that Jefferson's individualism would not have led him to favor the existing system of corporate control of the commercial arteries of the nation, but rather would have led him to advocate the ownership and operation by the public of every industry which is in its nature a monopoly.

The pending campaign in New York and the one just ended in Chicago are chiefly significant as an expression of American sentiment against corporations which have abused their privileges and have provoked the people to an exasperation that has gone beyond any relenting or compromise. "Chicago's state of mind is a distinct mark of progress and is typical of what the whole country thinks, or, rather, feels; and sentiment is a powerful faction."

But what is the cause of this great clamor against private ownership? Let us quote from an address delivered at a convention of the Citizens' Union of New York: "As a remedy for intolerable exactions of public service corporations and their corruption of the electorate, the city must have power to own public utilities, so that it may lease or operate them as occasion may demand." This then explains the cause clearly. The "last straw," as it were, has been added to the long-suffering public, burdened as it is with the abuses and mismanagement incident to private corporations. The more thoughtful of the railway financiers and other corporation leaders are beginning to realize that the real alternative now lies between the extreme proposals of governmental ownership on the one hand and submission by companies to fair and proper public regulation on the other. From this standpoint the position taken by President Roosevelt in his demand for further legislation to regulate railroad rates is seen to be the only safeguard for the conservatives.

True, in the last analysis of the question, people are confessing their own faults. For if they had always put the right man in office and had in years past insisted upon the right kind of city and state government, corporations would have been properly chartered and held to the right performance of their duties as public servants. The corporations on their side have only themselves to blame, if they should now suffer loss; for the long list of abuses misuses and improprieties against the public which they were enabled by their power and opportunities to carry on will have been the prime influence in their downfall. Our present corporate methods have resulted not only in the development of vast individual fortunes

(Continued on page 561.)
The Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's, which is to be celebrated next week, is an event which no loyal son of Notre Dame can regard without enthusiasm and gratitude. For fifty years our sister institution has been united to us in the closest ties of friendship and devotion, has rejoiced in our joys and sorrowed in our trials, and has been beforehand with assistance in times of embarrassment and bereavement. That the Sisters of Holy Cross should be one in sympathy with the Priests and Brothers of Holy Cross is only what might be expected from their common origin, their common mission as educators, the proximity of the Mother Houses in America, the hardships suffered in common in the pioneer days, and the triumphs that have crowned the work of both communities in later times. But mere sympathy is too weak a word to express the fine sisterly solicitude and the enthusiastic co-operation our Alma Mater has always found in the Daughters of the Cross. Even the stranger within our gates, as he passes through class-room and printing office and infirmary and kitchen and laundry, can not fail to notice the large part the Sisters play in the workings of the institution; and so it has been from the beginning. Devotedness such as theirs is sure of the hundredfold in this world as well as the reward unspeakable in the next; and the Sisters of Holy Cross have received of God as generously as they gave. The community has been multiplied marvellously; their schools and academies dot the land from ocean to ocean. St. Mary's is without question the peer of any woman's college in America as regards mere technical training, and so far as the graces of cultured and gentle womanhood are concerned, she stands in a place apart. For every Notre Dame man St. Mary's is the ideal Catholic academy, and even her own devoted children can hardly feel prouder joy than we feel in the laurels that fifty golden years will set upon her brow.

"The young man of to-day has not the same chance of success as had the young man of fifty years ago," is the cry of the modern youth beating blindly against the restraining bars of apparent failure while opportunity passes him by. In an interview published in last Sunday's Chicago Tribune, Mr. James Oliver, president of the South Bend concern which bears his name, delivers a telling blow to such a belief. There is an inspiration born of his hopeful and honest words: "This world is ever a just world, if it is strict, and it always finds places for the young men who deserve them. But to deserve them you must work just as hard as you know how; never let up after you have made up your mind to achieve anything. Work is the one and only basis upon which any success worthy of the name can be built." Surely this is not too much to expect of any man, least of all of a young man with his alchemic soul, his buoyant hope, and his unstinted and unstultified ambition. Work is a paying investment; its dividends are unceasing. Moreover, Mr. Oliver is all the better qualified to treat this subject, for he has worked and he has succeeded.

To accomplish what he has accomplished his advice to a young man is: "Be honest, first of all. Be honorable always. Do not deceive yourself into believing that the mere accumulating of money means success, for it does not. A man must live a good and useful life if he is to be called successful. Poverty is no handicap in the beginning,
rather is it a help; for too many advantages for the young man are apt to kill his ambition, and without ambition success is impossible."

True, we have received the same advice from many men, from plutocrats and from paupers; but let us bear in mind the fact that James Oliver has achieved his success in reality by following the very same rules which he lays down for others who would like to make out as he has done. Let this be an encouraging "go and do likewise" to the college graduate who is about to enter into the field of worldly life and labor, and a beacon-light to him in time of darkness and distress.

—The Commencement exercises at the Catholic University took place last Wednesday and were of unusual interest. Monsignor Diomede Falconio, who honored Notre Dame with a visit last year, presided, following a precedent established when the University was placed under the direct supervision of the Roman Congregation of studies. The Rev. D. J. Stafford, rector of St. Patrick's Church in Washington, delivered the Commencement Oration. Among those to receive degrees was the Rev. Dr. Schumacher who has been engaged during the past year in professorial duties as a member of the Notre Dame Faculty. In the Washington Post of June 4 we read the following: "The final exams resulted in the following successful candidates for degrees in Philosophy for the doctorate: Reverend Matthias Aloysius Schumacher, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame, whose thesis, 'The Knowableness of God, its Relation to the Theory of Knowledge in St. Thomas,' was considered one of the most erudite submitted since the inception of the University."

All those who have attended his classes know how highly the Reverend Doctor deserves such a rarely accorded compliment. The labor incident to the attainment of the Doctor's degree is indeed difficult and wearisome, and ability to add something new to the world of knowledge is rarely found. More especially when the work has for its object to explore the fields of thought and to cast a ray of sunlight into the mists of philosophic darkness, is success to be commended. The honor which has come to Doctor Schumacher was never more deservedly bestowed nor more richly merited, and the SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in congratulating him on his success. The thesis which has received such flattering notice will be reviewed in the Mid-Summer number.

—This year marks the Sixty-First Annual Commencement at Notre Dame, and the exercises set for it are fully equal to any that preceded it. We print herein the full programme for the week commencing with to-morrow, Baccalaureate Sunday.

**PROGRAMME**

**SUNDAY, JUNE 11**

8:00 A. M. ....................................................Solemn High Mass
Very Rev. President Morrissey, Celebrant
Baccalaureate Sermon
By the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., Notre Dame
2:00 P. M. ...................................................Solemn Benediction and Te Deum
**MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12-14**

Examinations

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14**

8:00 A. M. ...................................................Closing Examinations
6:00 p. m. ...................................................Dinner

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 7:30 P. M.**

Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall
Selection from "Carmen" .........................George Bizet
University Orchestra

BACHELORS' ORATIONS—THE SPIRIT OF THE LAWS

I.—Oration..............The Moral Law, Based on Liberty
Mr. William Duffin Jamieson (Illinois)
Quartette—"Breezes of the Night"..............Lamothe
Mr. Hugh B. McCarley Mr. Eugene P. Burke
Mr. John C. McGinn Mr. Frank X. Zerhusen

II.—Oration..............The Christian Law, Created by Charity
Mr. Henry M. Kemper (Illinois)

Piano—Concerto Opus 25.......................Mendelssohn
a. Molto allegro con fuoco.
b. Andante
c. Presto
d. Molto allegro a vivace

Mr. José F. Gallart

III.—Oration—The American Law, Inspired by Equality
Mr. John Reid-Boigt (Indiana)
March—"American Life" .........................G. D. Barnard
University Orchestra

Oration of the Day.................Judge Marcus, Kavanagh
Chicago, Illinois.

**THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 8:00 A. M.**

March—Victory .............................................Geibel
University Orchestra

Home, Sweet Home.......................................Quartette
Valedictory........................................Mr. Bernard S. Fahy (Georgia)
Conferring of Degrees...........Awarding of Honors
First Communion.

Thursday, June 1, the Feast of the Ascension, is destined to remain a happy and enduring memory in the hearts of those privileged youths who on that day were admitted to one more of the divine arcana of the Catholic Church, who received for the first time the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and also the Sacrament of Confirmation. During the few months just passed the aspiring class went through a thorough course of earnest preparation under the able guidance and tutelage of Father Corbett. Thursday morning saw the realization of their pious hopes and the consummation of their most ardent desires.

One could scarcely imagine a more imposing or beautiful scene than that which greeted the sight as the students filing two by two down the steps of the Main Building, formed in line for a solemn procession around the grounds previous to entering the church. First in order came the Minims, followed in turn by Carroll, Brownson, Corby, Sorin, Holy Cross, and St. Joseph Halls. The University Band were next in line, with the Senior and Junior classes in caps and gowns following, while after them came the little band of First Communicants, pure of heart and happy of face, carrying in their hands a candle, a rosary, and a prayer-book. The acolytes next appeared in front of the novices, clerics, officiating priests, the Bishop of Fort Wayne, and the lay professors of the faculty in hood, and cap, and gown. Every face in that long processional wore the same grave, pious look as they led these happy youths on their way to the Divine Banquet, the happiest of their lives.

Commencing at the Main Building the students marched slowly past the Opera House, Science and Mechanics' Halls, to the Post-Office, where it turned toward Sorin Hall, thence to the church,—the band all the while playing a hymn. When all were finally inside the church, after a very short delay the Solemn High Mass was begun. The officiating priests were: celebrant, Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey; deacon, Rev. James J. French; subdeacon, Rev. John B. Scheier; master of ceremonies, Rev. William Connor; Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne, being present in his episcopal robes. Father French delivered the sermon; and he appealed not only to the First Communicants but also to the older boys of the congregation to renew the vows and self-promises that they had made on some similar, happy day. The remainder of the services, the audible prayers of the communicants, the singing of the congregation, and the general solemnity of the Mass enhanced the value and impressed the more deeply in the hearts of his auditors the earnest exhortation of Father French. But the especial moment when this was most evident, was at the close when the entire congregation joined in singing, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." Words can convey but a slight idea of the sublime grandeur and solemnity of that moment.

At two o'clock that afternoon the students again assembled, this time to witness the administering of the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop delivered a brief preliminary sermon, which was characterized by his customary sincerity and kindness. At the administration of the Sacrament, which was begun by Bishop Alerding immediately after the conclusion of his remarks, four of the lay members of the faculty acted as sponsors. The ceremonies closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.


but also in a closely concentrated control of the corporate wealth that belongs to many thousands of shareholders. This control of concentrated masses of capital can be so exercised as to secure great and constant benefit to the “insiders.” Clearly the managers of the large corporations have too much financial power and their opportunities to become rich are greater than is for the best good of the community. Accordingly the radicals urge governmental control.

Now comes the important question that has been at the base of most of the comments made on the recent turn of events—the question that appalls some is dreaded by many and embraced by a few: “May not governmental activity in such a field of ownership as that advocated by Bryan and the New York organization and as carried out by Chicago and the Kansas legislature, be a decided step toward what is desirable by those many thinkers who are called ‘socialists?’” Allow me to quote from the political platform of the socialist party in the recent presidential contest:

“The object of the socialist is the ultimate and complete possession by the state of all production, commodities and services; state as sole employers; state distribution of productions; complete control of public utilities.” Inasmuch as public ownership is a step towards these principles, on the bare face of it I say that it is socialistic. But let us examine further. Our government, like every civilized government, has complete control of its postal system; we have education at public expense; in our municipalities we have lighting and water plants under public ownership; in fact, the nation does a thousand and one things for herself that might be done by private corporations. Nevertheless, I say that on the bare face of it, it is a direct tendency towards those principles upheld on the socialist platform. Many steps have been taken in other countries towards public ownership, without increasing the socialistic spirit, why then should they be deemed dangerous precedents here? I allude to England’s control of her telegraph and telephone lines, and to the continental countries controlling and managing their steam railways. I am not going into the merits of the system, but few sensible men will deny that there are industries which can best be run by the state, and yet these men need not be socialists.

Where then lies the seeming analogy between public ownership and socialism? We have seen that public ownership is advocated as a remedy for the abuses of monopolistic corporations. On the side of socialism let me quote Maxim Gorky: “America will become a socialistic state before any other nation as a result of the abuse of trusts.” Can we not see something savoring of similarity between the two? We must always remember that socialism makes more real progress through moral rather than economic arguments. Wherever private business fails to satisfy the moral sense socialism is the gainer.

“Private corporations,” say the socialists, “have proved, on the one hand, the economic value of organized monopoly, and on the other, the tendency of such organizations to tyranny and greed.” Hence whatever is accomplished to improve conditions of labor or purify methods of business, checks a movement which is in conflict with that individualism which has been the foundation of American life and character. The rising tide of public opinion may convince reluctant leaders of the United States Senate that they must yield to a moderate public opinion that demands not that the government purchase and run railroads and other public utilities, but that a more efficient kind of oversight and regulation be adopted.

As to our moral conduct we must insist upon higher standards of justice, better enforced laws. We must combat and overthrow corruption and political graft. We must also expect of the individual captain of industry, the man of affairs, a clearer and higher sense of duty towards his neighbors and fellow-business men, and towards the community at large, even when he faces some opportunity to enrich himself by securing advantages that would presumably mean an unfair loss to others. In this way, and this way alone, can we expect to combat socialism, that great destroyer of individual liberty. And if it is true that public ownership is socialistic, then we must combat it too by integrity and honesty in public and private life. For at the basis of all happiness in life is morality.
Athletic Notes.

The first game in the last trip was to have been played in Columbus against Ohio State, but rain prevented. The team then went to Crawfordsville to meet Wabash.

WABASH, 5; NOTRE DAME, 2.

Wabash took the second game from us by a score of 5 to 2.

Waldorf pitched for the Varsity and gave six hits, while Rubush held as to one and Valenti allowed two.

Our two runs came in the third inning and after that we were blanked for the remainder of the game.

Wabash scored two in the first inning. They scored three runs in the fifth and neither side scored the rest of the game.

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Base on balls—Off Valenti, 1. Two base hit—Coen, O'Neill. Home run—Diddle. Hit by pitched ball—Burns, Rubush. Struck out—By Waldorf, 9; Valenti, 1; Rubush, 10. Umpire, Duffy.

**

INDIANA, 2; NOTRE DAME, 4.

We played only one game with Indiana and won that by the score of 4 to 2.

Burns pitched for us and allowed four hits. We started scoring in the first inning. McNerny went to first on an error; stole second; got to third on a passed ball, catcher threw wild to third, McNerny scoring. Shea drew a base on balls in the fourth; stole second, and stole third on a passed ball. Shea led off trying to tempt a throw which the third baseman dropped and Shea scored. We tallied again in the sixth, Cooke coming in on Perce's hit. O'Neill hit, went to second on Waldorf's hit, went to third on the same; the ball was fielded to third and booted, O'Neill scored. Indiana's runs both came in the eighth.

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PURDUE, 3; NOTRE DAME, 1.

Owing to the extreme difficulty in obtaining a correct summary we must content ourselves with giving a brief sketch of the game put up by Notre Dame.

Through the inability of our men to hit Rodenbeck, Purdue won the second game from us by the score of 3 to 1.

It was a pitcher's battle and Rodenbeck won. O'Gorman gave but two hits and Rodenbeck allowed us only one. Combined with our poor stick-work, our men put up a rather loose game in the field, five errors being credited to them.

We scored in the first inning, but were shut out the remainder of the game. Purdue tied the score in the third, but in the eighth reeled off two more and won the game.
The Distribution of Athletic Medals in Minims.

With the closing of the scholastic session comes the annual awarding of medals to those students of St. Edward's Hall who have been victorious in the athletic contests throughout the year. Last Thursday evening the Minims assembled in their beautifully decorated play-room to witness this customary distribution of prizes. The Very Reverend President, Father Morrissey, and several other invited guests were present. Through the efforts of Brother Cajetan greater ceremony attended the occasion than in former years. And it was only proper to give more tone to the affair; for when one pauses to consider how hard the little men had striven for their honors, one realizes that the distribution is a serious matter for the young athletes.

Previous to the awarding of medals the competitive drills were held in the play hall. Under the command of Captain Emerson, the young cadets went through their manoeuvres in a very creditable manner. The judges were: Bro. Leander, Mr. L. Wagner and Mr. Knox. Following this was the distribution of prizes.

The Grand Gold Medal, presented by Capt. James P. Feehan of Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, for the best drilled non-commissioned officer of the Sorin Cadets in St. Edward's Hall, was awarded to B. Roe.

The Grand Gold Medal, presented by Mr. William Emerson of California for the best drilled private of the Sorin Cadets, was awarded to J. Brennan.

The Athletic Medal, presented by Mr. L. Symonds of Chicago, for the young gentleman having the best record as an athlete in St. Edward's Hall for two years, was awarded to Master Edward C. Yrisarri.

The Athletic Medal, presented by a friend for the young gentleman having the best record as an athlete for one year in St. Edward's Hall, was awarded to Francis Hill.

Special medals for their good will and general ability in playing on the first and second baseball teams were awarded to Masters F. D. Smith and C. Hilton.


The winners of the fourth nine championship were awarded beautiful little flag pins. After the distribution of these prizes came a surprise in the form of a letter from Father Morrissey to the defeated fourth nine. As a balm for their loss and as a token of his high appreciation of their good work he presented to each of the losers a little badge.

These ceremonies having been completed, the President arose and addressed the young gentlemen for a few moments, congratulating them on the wonderful success they had achieved during the past year.

Prof. Reno, President of the St. Edward's Athletic Association, then delivered a short talk on the great benefits which young men derive from athletics. In his very convincing manner he made it clear that a sound body is far more preferable for a man than is a great mind encased in a frail frame. His well-chosen words were received with many plaudits from the living examples of the strenuous life.

This gentleman having left the floor, some of the ancient pillars of the University delayed for a brief period the little men, who were anxiously looking forward to a dainty little luncheon which had been prepared by Brother Cajetan, who is ever on the lookout for the pleasures and comforts of his little wards.

Local Items.

—The crews that are to compete in the regatta next Wednesday have been employing much of their time in strenuous practice spins. In one of the try-outs the other day the Corby Hall crew beat their rivals under Enrique Canedo, in the “Golden Jubilee” by over a length. The other crews are about
Much to the delight of designing boys, Captain Abercrombie, a most intimate friend of Brother Leander, appeared among the members of the faculty who attended. After the rendition of “Columbia” by the entire assembly, Mr. Wagner advanced and in a brief speech presented the flag. Needless to say Bro. Leander was taken by surprise, and being overcome with emotion, the old veteran could scarcely do more than thank the boys in his own sincere way. After a pause the students called upon Captain Abercrombie who responded with a beautiful appeal to the boys to uphold the honor of the flag for which so many have died.

Bro. Leander wishes to thank his friends for their generous present, and also desires to gratefully acknowledge a unique gift that he received from the Captain’s daughter, Miss Marian Abercrombie of St. Mary’s Academy. Indeed the kind-hearted veteran takes untiring pleasure in displaying his presents, and spares no words of thanks or praise for the thoughtful donors.

—The following is the interesting program as arranged for Commencement week at St. Mary’s.

**Programme of the Week.**

**SUNDAY, JUNE 11**

8:00 A.M. .................................................. Solemn High Mass
Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Celebrant
Baccalaureate Sermon
By the Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C.

7:00 P.M. .................................................. Organ Recital
Mr. Harrison Wilde, Chicago

**MONDAY, JUNE 12**

7:30 P.M. .................................................. Address to Alumna;
Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., President
Notre Dame University

**TUESDAY, JUNE 13**

8:00 A.M. ..................................................Alumnai Mass
Sermom.................................................. Very Rev. D. J. Riordan, Chicago

10:30 A.M. ..................................................Alumnai Meeting

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14**

8:00 A.M. .................................................. Mass for Deceased Alumnai
Right Reverend H. J. Alerding Bishop of
Fort Wayne, Celebrant
Sermom.................................................. Rev. P. O’Callahan, C. S. P., Chicago

4:00 P.M. ..................................................Alumnai Banquet
Toasts by Visitors and Alumnai

**THURSDAY, JUNE 15**

10:00 A.M. ..................................................Commencement Exercises
Address.................................................. Right Rev. H. J. Alerding