

St. Mary's and St. Peter's Graduates Receive Diplomas

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES IN PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Graduates at St. Peter's and St. Mary's Have Been Awarded Diplomas and Honors.

PROGRAMS INTERESTING

Father Giglinger Makes Address at His Own School and at St. Peter's Today.

Commencement day in the parochial schools of the city was celebrated last night and this afternoon. St. Mary's school commencement exercises were held last evening when eight were awarded diplomas. This afternoon, at St. Peter's high school, a class of nineteen were given diplomas.

Programs of much merit were presented at the exercises of both schools. The essays and short addresses which were presented showed the effects of careful and conscientious training of the graduates by their teachers.

Father George Giglinger of St. Mary's was the speaker at both commencement exercises. He spoke last evening at St. Mary's and again this afternoon at St. Peter's. His addresses were enjoyed by the pupils of both of the graduating classes, and he embodied some sound advice to the young people who are just finishing an important period in their lives.

Graduation day is always a big event in the lives of the graduates and of their teachers and parents. This year elaborate preparations were made by the members of the graduating classes and by the faculties of both schools. This has been a busy week for the graduates of the parochial schools. On Wednesday afternoon the eighth grade pupils at St. Peter's were given diplomas, and a matinee was held at St. Mary's in which the class which received diplomas last night, appeared.

Two weeks ago, the juniors at St. Peter's high school entertained at a banquet in honor of the seniors. This was one of the enjoyable events in the commencement week program at St. Peter's.

At St. Peter's Today

St. Peter's high school auditorium was the scene of the commencement exercises of the class of 1914 there this afternoon. The room was prettily decorated and there was a large assemblage present when the processional march was played, and the graduates filed on to the stage. There are nineteen in the class who were presented their diplomas and certificates by the Very Rev. James Gillespie.

The members of the class of 1914 who have completed their work in that institution and who are going out into life's battle for themselves are: Elizabeth Catherine Bell, Catherine Loretta Chambers, John Francis Dickey, Charlotte Mary Egan, Lawrence Vincent Faber, Patrick Henry Farragher, Catherine Victoria Griffith, Theodore Joseph LaFeber, Marion Vincent Landman, Hazel Veneta Morgan, Margaret Helen McNally, Leo Michael Rogerson, Catherine Elizabeth Smith, Joseph Edward Tighe, Mary Agnes Tighe, Madeline Margaret Tobin, Madeline Anna Vogt, Florence Elizabeth Ward, Waleka Elizabeth Ward.

The class flower is the sweet pea, the colors are blue and gold and the motto of the graduates is "Animo et Fide."

The processional in which the high school choral class and Professor Zoellner's orchestra assisted, was played as the class entered.

Miss Egan's Salutatory. The salutatory of the class was given by Miss Charlotte Egan. Her subject was the class motto, "Animo et Fide," and her short address was excellently delivered. Miss Egan's efforts proved that the honors of salutatorian were in capable hands. She spoke as follows:

Today St. Peter's throw wide her portals and with blessings and good wishes bids the class of 1914 go forth into the world.

"Like knights of old with flags of faith unfurled
We join the ranks in heaven's name unrolled."

For years she has fondly cherished, protected and instructed us; with maternal attention she directed our steps

tions and impediments, acquire an intrepidity in braving, and a facility in banishing, difficulties. Such men learn to effect great purposes with small means, supplying the deficiency of the latter, by the resources of their own invention. This is one of the most remarkable features in the history of Columbus.

Shortly after leaving the university, he entered nautical life and according to his own account, he began to navigate at fourteen years of age, the pathless deep then known to man. Constant communication with the ocean, and years of watching the wonders of the sea and sky, had elevated his soul and purified his spirit.

The question of the day—the spherical shape of the earth, had become a settled belief with him, and he wished to prove the truth. Columbus was an enthusiast but no mystic; he was possessed of perseverance and indomitable will—he fixed his eyes on a great goal and never swerved from that purpose, though the whole nautical world banded together to deride and thwart its accomplishment. He worked his problem to the finish, and all he needed was the opportunity and the means to carry out his God-given inspiration.

The pages of history recount his wonderful success; his fairest dreams became a reality. No more convincing picture of his faith and courage can be given than the scene on board the Santa Maria, out on the trackless waters of the deep, surrounded by a band of sailors threatening to throw him overboard if he did not retract his course, but he stood firm and pursued his way until the welcome land was reached, thereby gaining the gratitude of all who from that until the present time have enjoyed the blessings of the "new world."

Columbus' triumph was not one of science, but a triumph of religion, and the flag which waves over his continent symbolizes the victory of intelligence over ignorance. Faith was the source of his inspiration, of his constancy, of his labor and fearlessness in the hour of peril.

Wherever hearts are bold or songs are sung,
The sons of Genius on the sailor wait,
And hail him Prophet of the mighty west.

Webster the Orator.

Lawrence Faber who prepared an essay on Daniel Webster, the famous orator and senator, had the following to say of his subject:

One of the great duties of this, our country, one to which she has ever been faithful, is the honoring of her great men; her heroes whose names are inscribed, not on plates of brass, but in the hearts of free Americans. Today I speak the praise of one of our nation's greatest sons—Daniel Webster—one gifted with a superhuman intelligence and a tongue of gold which poured forth a fiery stream of eloquence thrilling the hearts of his hearers.

Fortune showered many favors upon Webster, but none more valuable than that of eloquence. If we consider the influence and marvelous power of oratory and the magnitude of its achievements as recorded in the history of Greece and Rome, we can understand the triumphs gained by Webster whose irresistible eloquence chained the spirits of his hearers.

His very appearance was kingly, and when he walked along the street the people made way for him as for a king; his bearing was the fit companion of his genius and one of the great elements of his success.

Webster came forward into public notice gradually as a political leader by occasional speeches and addresses until at last he found himself famous.

He was of course, the greatest orator this country has ever produced; he need not fear comparison with any of his countrymen, nor even with the great English orators, Burke and Chatham to whom he has been likened. They have been more brilliant and possessed of richer forms of speech, but he was master of a unique style, masterly simple, and pure. He loved his native land with a deep abiding love; he did not battle for the country as Washington did, nor did he labor for its union as Hamilton and other previous statesmen had done, but his voice was ever on the side of freedom and his prayers that it might be kept intact.

From the first burst of boyish oratory in Dartmouth college, to the sleepless nights of his last illness, when waiting for death, he looked through the window at the flag fluttering in the breeze, his one thought was his country.

The tide of time which buries so many renowned men and glorious deeds, shall always carry on its bosom the fame of this giant of oratory.

The Patriot, Washington.

Theodore LaFeber read his essay on Washington, the father of our country, saying:

"It is at the tombs of great men that succeeding generations kindle the lamp of patriotism."

Rightly does each nation exult in the memory of her illustrious sons, their memory lives on, an inspiration to ages yet unborn, and a heritage of glory to the world. Breathes but the name of Washington—and American patriotism leaps into a higher flame. But why? It is the rehearsal

of an old story, a tale of a devoted patriot, leading an oppressed people to battle for their rights, a persevering conflict until the eagle of victory perched on the standard of the thirteen colonies.

During the eighteenth century, the Americans were, we know, an oppressed people, harassed by unjust taxes they rightfully rebelled; and were encouraged and enthused by their valiant leaders of whom Washington was the acknowledged head.

It is not necessary to dwell on Washington as a man. History faithfully portrays his noble character, and holds him up to all true followers as the model by which the youthful American is to be formed.

But what is it to be an American? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the destiny of this favored land; a love for her laws and institutions, a high conception of what this great new country should be; to hope like Washington, who in the darkest days of the revolution could still trust his country. Is it not to be a patriot, who thinks not of self? Other climes have had great warriors, Caesar battled for Rome and made her great, France had Napoleon who carried her banners of victory into every clime, but these men made the freedom which they won for their country, but a stepping stone to their individual power.

Washington spurned the offer of a regal throne; he found his country a slave and left her free.

But his work ended not here. Elected by unanimous vote, he for eight years stood at the helm, and guided the bark of state into a secure harbor.

Our system of government, shows clearly the constructive force and power of his far reaching, we may say, prophetic intellect. His "farewell address" gives a complete rule of conduct, which, if followed, can only produce good, for with a patriot's love for his country is mingled the worldly experience of the keen politician.

Washington's love for his country was great, but equally great is the love of that country for their hero. Even during his life time that love was manifested by all ranks; and no sooner had the doors of the tomb at Mt. Vernon closed behind his coffin, than the chorus of praise commenced and has but gained force with each succeeding generation.

"While down, far down the wave of years is brought
The glory of his name, for every age
Holds dear the memory of his life sublime."

Immortal St. Peter.

Joseph Tighe did full justice to his subject, "Ave Roma Immortalis." St. Peter as is shown in the following: Hundreds of years before Christ, the adage, "All roads lead to Rome," was daily verified, she was mistress of the then known world, her armies had penetrated every corner of the habitable earth and to be "a Roman citizen" was in itself a great distinction. Does the world wish a warrior? Caesar steps forth. A patriot? The noble Brutus claims attention. An orator? Cicero's eloquence shakes the very Forum. A friend of the poor and down-trodden? The illustrious Gracchi win the palm. And so on through the centuries to the great swordless conqueror, Peter, prince of the Apostles.

His entrance to the Eternal City was heralded by no blare of trumpets, nor did he dwell in the golden palace of the Caesars. He began his work among the poor and lowly, but he laid the foundation so well that though centuries have passed away, and as Macaulay says, "Thrones and dynasties have been overturned, the papacy still remains."

Great men have worn the ring, and ruled as successors of the divinely appointed fisherman from the shores of Galilee. Peter, "the rock," was crucified head downwards on the very vatikan where the most wonderful of God's temples now points its spires to heaven; thirty of his immediate successors wear the Roman emperors' red doublet and the Roman emperors' sandals, and still the number of the faithful so increased that when the edict of Constantine sheathed the sword, a vast army headed by its faithful sentinel, the successor of St. Peter came forth from Catacombs. Heresy fought and still fights, but in vain, for—

"the skeptic in vehemence swells
Against the church of God which
greater grows;
Serene, immovable, its strength dispels
The ever surging flood, and plainer shows
Its boundless strength, its perfect unity,
For God hath built it for eternity."

Putting aside all the other occupants of the Papal See, for their lives have become a matter of history, we turn to the pope of the present day, Pius X.—he, too, is a conqueror, the general who lays siege to the human heart by his love for children. Those who have met him say that the beholder is impressed instantly with his gentleness, but it is the gentleness of a strong man, secure of his position, not of weakness.

Let but a whisper threaten his flock, and that quiet voice would ring

forth in tones of command.

Then hail to Peter, the rock on which Christ built His church, the conqueror of time, the patron of art and literature, the sleepless sentinel on the watch-tower of faith.

Classmates, we glory in the name of graduates of St. Peter's school. Here from our earliest years we have been trained in the knowledge which fits men for earth, and doubly so in the lore of heavenly things; let us then cherish those lessons as pearls in time's treasury of jewels, and say with Fenelon:

"If all the riches of the Indies, and the crowns of all the kingdoms of the earth were laid at my feet, I would spurn them all, in exchange of my faith."

Praise for Edison.

Thomas A. Edison, scientist, was the subject of the essay prepared by Marion Landman. He dealt with his interesting subject in the following fashion:

All along the beaten track of history, heroes have illumined the world by the splendor of their achievements and enriched it by the treasure of their works, but these have passed away.

The hero I would praise, is still among the living—Edison, the great inventor. There is a power in that name, it thrills us, we feel it. It is a name that will live long in the history of the future, for it is the sad irony of fate that geniuses are seldom appreciated until after death.

Viewed from a standpoint of his inventive progress, when Edison appeared, every year was marked by some notable achievement. For the twentieth century has in it little of romance, it is purely scientific and commercial; we think in terms of machinery, elevators carry us up into the heights of modern skyscrapers; speak of the clouds and the thought suggests aeroplanes; automobiles take the place of the horse and the green country lanes are abandoned for the gravelled highway.

It was at this time Edison was born, and if we judge the man by his works, we shall style him "a child of the period."

The idea of attributing great successes to "genius" has always been rejected by Edison, as evidenced by his historic remark, "Genius is 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration."

He worked hard and steadily at each invention until he had perfected the plan and made it of practical use, ignoring the almost universal scientific disbelief in his ultimate success. "Dreamer," "fool," "boaster" were the epithets lavished upon him; but no sooner had the task been accomplished than he found himself confronted by the conditions which assail every inventor. The way had been blazed through the forest of difficulty and now every one could find the road. The consequence was, that in the words of one commissioner, "Edison kept the path to the patent office, hot with his footsteps."

The number of inventions great and small, already patented by Edison, is said to be over 700, but his incandescent electric light surpasses all his other inventions. Although many scientists since the time of Sir Humphrey Davy, who made the first electric light, endeavored to perfect it the invention, no one succeeded until the genius of Edison solved the problem. Perseverance is the soul of genius, and such has been the means by which Edison won success.

The Bard of Avon.

Leo Rogerson's subject was Shakespeare, the dramatist, and his sketch of the Bard of Avon follows:

Among the many illustrious names which shine as stars in the firmament of the world's history, none stand out more prominently than the Bard of Avon.

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women players."
This was Shakespeare's favorite metaphor on humanity, and to the drama or the enacting of phases of life he, in a measure, largely devoted his creative genius.

We derive our liveliest and best impression of old English life from his pages, though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact.

It hardly needs to be said that Shakespeare's labors in this kind are as far as possible from being the un-souled political diagram of history; they are dramatic revivifications of the past, wherein the shades of departed things are made to live their lives over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye; so that they have an interest for us such as no mere narrative of events could possess. He never fails to hold the mind in natural intercourse and sympathy with living and operative truth.

No one can read the songs of the Bard of Avon without knowing and loving the noble soul of the man who wrote them. It is not hard to trace his career; we see him as a boy in the forest of Arden, reposing "on a bank where the wild thyme grows"—or a man in London striving to take advantage of the tide, "which taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

His ideals were aristocratic and his efforts to please the fickle multitude must have weighed heavily upon him. The grand range of understand-

ing and sympathy that include an Othello, a Macbeth and a Hamlet could never undertake the importance of life; with rare wisdom he valued our brief existence.

A remarkable quality in his great character is the rare power with which he delineates such diversity of characters; his peerless Portia and noble Antonio are in startling contrast to the traitor Macbeth and his ambitious lady. Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," is one of Shakespeare's most perfect creations; he is the very incarnation of revenge and hatred; from beginning to end this character is complete in every respect and portrays not only the physical appearance, but the entire spiritual nature of the man.

We find this master hand in all the range of Shakespeare's writings; the artistic element is supreme and the character work is splendid; all other dramatists must yield the crown, for his plays are not written in cold blood; they call forth the man's whole energies and take hold of his sympathy and imagination.

Shakespeare, by general suffrage, is the greatest name in literature. There can be no extravagance in saying, that to all who speak the English language his genius has made the world better known and furnished more complete intellectual enjoyment. And even among those who do not "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke," large numbers are studying the English language mainly for the purpose of being at home with him in his soul-stirring tragedies, and mirth-provoking comedies.

O'Connell, the Liberator.

Patrick Farragher took for his subject, "O'Connell, the Liberator." How well he dealt with it is shown in the following:

"Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue
Or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accurst, asunder burst
That fettered the minds of men."

Around the name of O'Connell are entwined the saddest and yet the dearest memories of Ireland's past history. Never shall the name lose its fascination for the Irish heart, until the Irish race itself shall perish from the earth.

Poor, persecuted Erin held for centuries in utter subjection by a cruel conqueror, trampled, broken and cast down; and all, for what? For having persisted in clinging to the faith brought to her shores by the Apostle St. Patrick. This was her only crime. Hearts were broken, churches and homes destroyed, while the Irish people were hunted to the death, or driven to spend their days in foreign climes.

But see, a liberator, the great Daniel O'Connell, makes his majestic stride into the political arena where lay dead and dying the many hopes of his country. He swore that he would teach the British empire what it was to goad a nation into desperation, that he would force the English parliament to declare Catholics free to worship God as their forefathers had done; and this he would do, without shedding one drop of his country's blood.

Did he succeed? Ah! open the history of Ireland, read its pages and see how O'Connell united the people, placed them under the leadership of their priests, and by the sheer force of his magnetic eloquence wrested "Catholic emancipation" from English tyranny; he knew no fear, bravely he combated, and success was his.

Thus was the first step laid for Ireland to climb the ladder of prosperity, and on through the years, the nation, animated by the spirit of O'Connell which still burns in the heart of the race, has advanced step by step, until at the present era, the trumpet is about to sound out to the world, the magic notes of "home rule."

But when O'Connell had broken the chains of his country, did he then rest? No, England feared the "un-crowned monarch" of Ireland was confined in a traitor's cell, and his people goaded into rebellion. His heart was broken and sadly he turned to Rome, there to testify his undying love for his faith.

But ere he reached the eternal city, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator, his last words being words of love for his country and his God.

He was indeed a hero, one of those great men, whose lives leave "foot-prints on the sands of time."

"The Heavens Are Telling."

was the song given by the high school choral class with orchestral accompaniment.

Awards and Diplomas.

Father James Gillespie in a few well chosen words, then presented to the class their diplomas and announced the winner of the Christian Doctrine medal. Father Gillespie then introduced Rev. George Giglinger who was to make the address to the class.

Address to Graduates.

In his graduating address at the commencement exercises of St. Peter's high school, Father Giglinger remarked that success is not so much a thing of chance as of toil. It means, as Edison once said, 97 per cent perspiration and 3 per cent inspiration.

Much in life depends on a good start and on knowing one's capabilities and limitations. Great men are not born but made. Great talents may be buried and lesser talents be developed and come to the foreground. The deciding factor in this was tenacity of purpose.

Some graduates are buried beneath the surface and others are never heard from. He was glad, however, to be able to say that the graduates of St. Peter's high school stand high in this community and come up to the expectation of pastor and teachers.

Tribute to Father O'Reilly.

"The good work which was begun by Father O'Reilly of blessed memory, is bearing fruit a hundred fold," said Father Giglinger. "The graduates owe the school two things on which success in life depends, namely, knowledge, both secular and religious, and character training. They were imbued with sound principles but they were expected to apply them to life's conduct. Failures come from non-conformity of action to principle."

Father Giglinger told the graduates to go forth from this hall zealous for the honor and glory of Almighty God, active in His service and in the service of their fellowman and a credit to their alma mater.

At St. Mary's School

Commencement exercises of St. Mary's school were held last evening at St. Mary's hall before a large crowd that filled the hall. Previous to the awarding of the diplomas, a musical program was given in which children from all grades of the school participated and which proved to be very interesting.

Eight pupils received certificates of graduation as the class of 1914. They were: Mary Bevington, Colleen Mills, Marie Weiler, Marie Oertel, Ralph O'Leary, Edwin Busch, Bernard Deiling, and Marie Adams. The class address was given by the Rev. G. Giglinger, D. D., who presented the certificates to the members of the graduating class following his address.

The program opened with a duet by Misses Gertrude Dillon and Mary L. Dillon, "First Regiment March." Following this a chorus of children from the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades sang "Guten Abend." Joseph Marder and Joseph Stahl gave a violin and piano number, "Queen of the Valley."

Little Quakers Drill.

"Little Quakers Drill," a song given by a number of little girls from the first, second and third grades, was one of the most enjoyable numbers on the program. The girls were all dressed in little Quaker dresses of white and gray with Quaker hats to match. Those who took part in it were: Mary Cameron, Beatrice Franks, Margaret Lorig, Margaret Smith, Elizabeth Cameron, Rose Mary Ewers, Dorothy Kruse, Margaret Miller, Mary Reilly, Louise Abel, Elizabeth Bevington, Catharine Bruckmann, William Cahill, Leora Franks, Mary Hurley, Martha Schwiete, Catharine Sirkush, Emma West.

Drill by the Boys.

A trio, "Birthday March," was given by Colleen Mills, Helen Stahl, and Elizabeth Bruckmann, following which a hoe drill and song was given by twenty-two boys of the first, second and third grades. The boys were dressed like farmer boys, with overalls, blue shirts, bandana handkerchiefs, and straw hats, while each carried a garden hoe. Their drill and song was very amusing and won large applause. The following boys were in the number:

Harold Arnold, Carl Ewins, Albert Kraus, Delbert Lally, Louis Miller, George Schwiete, Francis Smith, Henry Ewing, Elmer Helms, John Maerz, Joseph Neyens, Joseph O'Shea, John Reimbold, Joseph Vogel, Timothy Boyle, Ernest Busch, Stephen Davenport, Francis Deiling, Anthony Franks, Francis Hurley, Edwin Laubersheimer, Joseph Roan.

The Peddlers' Parade.

A trio, "Evergreen March," was played by Florence Bell, Margaret Wilson and Grace Neyens. The "Peddlers' Parade," given by the children of the fourth and fifth grades, was one of the very interesting numbers of the program. The costumes used in this were very elaborate, the children being dressed in costumes of different nationalities. The following took part:

Fourth and Fifth Grades: ("Das Kuriose Maennchen," Joseph Marder; Pie Vender, Grace Neyens; Lemonade Vender, William Deiling; Cake Vender, Emma Mettenrich; Old Soldier, Veri Busch; Fortune Teller, Elizabeth Bruckmann; Blacking Brush Brigade, George Belt, Nicholas Deiling, Harold Laubersheimer, Raymond Madalaine, Carl Schwiete, Arthur Smith, Louis Tomlinson, Philip Vogt, Carl Weiler, Darby Wilson, John West; Baker, Richard O'Shea; Indian Woman, Marie Lehmer; Blind Musician, Joseph Marder; Pickle Vender, Marie Aizinger; Fruit Seller, Carl Winkler; Flower Girl, Martha Brady; Laura Lorig, Elizabeth Reimbold, Gertrude Reimbold, Clara Weber, Margaret Weiler; Preserve Vender, Carl Bevington; Candy Sell-

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