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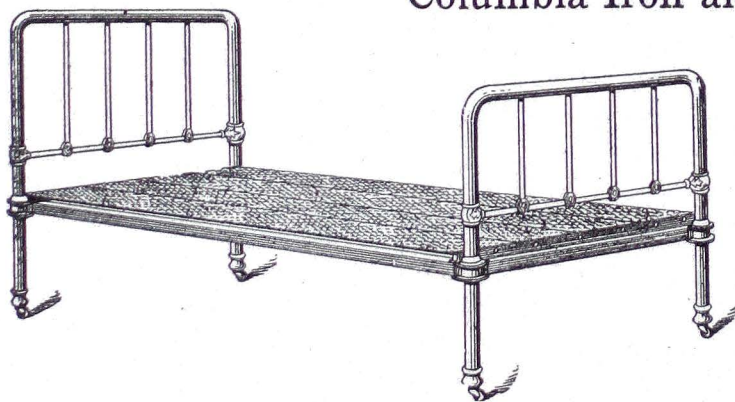
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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 35

March, 1918

Number 3

MY OFFERING

If I possessed ten thousand lives,
My Country, they'd be thine;
I'd sacrifice each, one by one
At Freedom's holy shrine.

And if a million throbbing hearts
Belonged each one to me;
The blood of all would gladly flow
To make the whole world free.

If myriad voices, too, were mine,
Each voice would sing thy power,
Proclaiming to the nations all
The dawn of Freedom's hour.

Dear Country, since I but possess
One life, one voice, one heart;
I'll gladly give each one to thee,
That I may do my part.

—J. A. W.



A FEW FACTS ABOUT LUTHER.

F. F. C.

The four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's nailing up of the ninety-five theses on the door of the Wittenberg Cathedral, October 31st, 1517, occurred last October. Now that the event has come and gone and the reading public has been entertained by articles for and against the central figure of this quadricentennial celebration, we are able to judge pretty well how far the world is under the spell of the Luther-legends which for so long obscured the light of true scholarship in the field of medieval history. The war, because of the many new adjustments, the new points of view, the new prejudices it has forced upon the world, proved a severe obstacle to anything like a noteworthy observance on the part of Lutherans of their natal day. The war then has many incidental blessings. As was to be expected, however, an attempt was made through secular periodicals to place before the world the Luther of fiction and Lutheran romance. Although many timely and scholarly articles have been published in Catholic periodicals all over the States, it may not be amiss to devote more space and effort to the subject. The present article is based almost exclusively on Grisar's work in 3 vols. entitled "Luther." References are to the English edition, Herder, 1914.

There are Luther legends on both sides of the fence. But this does not at all justify one side or the other in nurturing these fables. The highest aim of true scholarship is that truth may be known and spread far and wide throughout the world. Why not begin here and now even in this matter of Luther's character and work?

Luther's appearance at Worms is made abundant use of by Protestant writers who make it the basis for many encomiums and so dramatize his presence there as to impress the reader with none but the most favorable impression of their hero. The origin of these Worms legends must be attributed to Luther himself. In a letter written to his friends just a year after the event, July 15th, 1522, he openly avows no one was to be found at the Diet brave enough to withstand him in argument; that he had been condemned without a trial; and therefore he stigmatized the Diet as the "Sin of Worms, which rejected God's truth so childishly and openly, wilfully and knowingly condemned it unheard." (II, 69 sq.) As a matter of fact Luther was given a safe-conduct to the Diet and was guaranteed protection. He had nothing to fear for his person. From the "Minutes of the Worms Negotiations" published with Luther's assistance, it is clear that he was not condemned without careful discussion, though the Diet could do nothing else than condemn him since the Bull of Excommunication already promulgated placed the

question of his orthodoxy beyond the province of theological discussion.

Luther's first appearance before the Diet at Worms showed that he was in a state of mind far from confident. When asked whether he would retract the contents of his books, he asked for time to consider. He spoke in so low a tone that even those near him could scarcely hear him, and he seemed paralyzed with fear. Protestant historians take great pleasure in quoting Luther's final answer in the Diet. We have seen it stated as follows: "Luther's next appearance on the stage of the Reformation drama was in the epochal scene at Worms. There in the assemblage of the mighty highnesses of Church and empire, he made his memorable answer, which at the distance of four centuries still makes our hearts thrill within us: 'I cannot submit my faith to either the Pope or councils. Unless, therefore, I am convinced by proofs from the Holy Scriptures, or by cogent reasons, I neither can nor will retract anything. Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen.'" We add to this vivid dramatization of the hero of the Reformation a commentary of Carlyle: "This response of Luther marks the very greatest moment in the modern history of man, the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise: England and its Parliament, America and its vast work these centuries, Europe and its work everywhere at present—the germ of it all lay there. Had Luther in that moment answered other, it had all been otherwise."

First we must give the correct words of Luther and secondly offer a criticism on the observation of Carlyle quoted above.

As a matter of fact historians are agreed that the words: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise," are spurious. They never were uttered by Luther. He did say: "God help me, Amen!" but this was a formula much used at that time and one indicative of no special emphasis or bravado. The clear light of historical criticism robs the words of Luther of anything dramatic or spectacular. (II, 75 sq.)

Must we consider, at any rate, with Carlyle, that Luther, in his response as we have stated it correctly, stood forth as the champion of freedom of conscience and research; as an opponent of "a system that enslaved the minds and consciences of men in a tyranny which brooded as a nightmare over human progress and happiness?" Assuredly not! Neither was he a champion of the modern spirit, and much less can the English parliament, which took concrete shape over two hundred years before the incident in question, or the wonderful progress evidenced in our present day civilization, be attributed even in germ to the man who precipitated Europe into a disordered condition, which affected for the worse the religious, political, social and economic life of centuries.

Luther was no champion of freedom. The only freedom he proclaimed at Worms was the right for himself instructed, as he claimed

to be, by God, to interpret the Scriptures. (II, 72.) He did this in the face of a church which had for centuries acted as the custodian of the Scriptures and claimed the right to interpret them authoritatively. Luther failed to show how his privilege accorded with any known or unknown economy of the Gospel or with the mind of Christ. Besides this he advocated universal revolt against all ecclesiastical authority. The witness of a Protestant, Friedrich Paulsen, is this: "The principle of 1521, viz., to allow no authority on earth to dictate the terms of faith, is anarchical; with it no Church can exist. . . . The starting-point and the justification of the whole Reformation consisted in the complete rejection of all human authority in matters of faith. . . . If, however, a Church is to exist, then the individual must subordinate himself and his belief to the body as a whole. To do this is his duty, for religion can only exist in a body, i. e. in a Church. . . . Revolution is the term by which the Reformation should be described. . . . Luther's work was no Reformation, no 're-forming' of the existing Church by means of her own institution, but the destruction of the old shape, in fact, the fundamental negation of any Church at all. He refused to admit any earthly authority in matters of faith, and regarding morals his position was practically the same; he left the matter entirely to the individual conscience." (II, 73.) Here and subsequently the only liberty that Luther advocated was license—liberty and license to spread his revolutionary doctrines. He had no fixed principles on the question of obedience to rightfully constituted authority, or on such a question as the right of rebellion. On such questions he allowed himself to be selfishly guided by political expediency. At first he professed to uphold moderate and Christian submissiveness to imperial authority. Later he claimed the right of armed resistance to long-established authority in the defense and spread of the new doctrine. (III, 43-44.) Then, after defending for a time the revolts of the poor peasants whom his revolutionary sermons and writings had helped to arouse, he chose, as a matter of pure expediency, to urge the repression of the revolting masses: "Let whoever can fall upon them (the peasants), throttle and stab them openly or secretly," he exhorted the Princes; "therefore dear Lords, stab, strike, and slaughter them, wherever you can." (II, 201-202.) When the Lutheran state was in control Luther did not hesitate to defend the right of the secular power to repress by force Catholicity as a rebellion. Therefore we can conclude in the words of Adolf Harnack: "It is an altogether one-sided view, one, indeed, which wilfully disregards the facts, to hail in Luther the man of the new age, the hero of enlightenment and the creator of the modern spirit." (II, 72.)

Luther's act of posting up the theses on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenburg on October 31, 1517, however remarkable, was not done without consultation and encouragement. Johann Staupitz, Superior or Vicar-General of the Saxon or German Augus-

tinian Congregation to which Luther belonged, encouraged Luther in his first steps at reform. Even after 1517 von Staupitz, looking upon Luther's proceedings as directed only against abuses, entertained the most friendly relations with him. As early as 1451, the famous cardinal, Nicholas von Cusa, had been sent as legate to Germany by Pope Nicholas V, with whose approval he exerted every effort to correct prevailing abuses in the religious communities. It required then, no great moral courage on Luther's part to condemn what had been and was being condemned.

In his ninety-five theses, however, Luther goes beyond a mere condemnation of abuses. (I, 331.) For a long time he had been veiling the apostasy that was to come and was foreshadowed in the theses, some of which were positively heretical.

In theses 5, 20, 21, etc., Luther speaks of an Indulgence as but the remission of the canonical punishment imposed by the Church without any value in God's sight, whereas the doctrine of the Church, as Luther himself knew perfectly well, was and is that an Indulgence is the remission of the *temporal* punishment due to sin and therefore has a real value before the Judgment-seat of Almighty God. In other theses 58 and 60, Luther takes exception to the generally received teaching of the Church in regard to the treasury of grace over which the Church has control, and on which all Indulgences are based. In many other theses Luther gives expression to incorrect views in regard to grace and justification. These heretical statements were simply the result of his attempt to express Catholic doctrine in terms of his own ideas on grace and justification, questions on which he was fast becoming fundamentally unorthodox. Some of the theses are bitter satirical criticisms hurled at the doctrine of the Church without any attempt at distinguishing good and bad. A close study of Luther has convinced Grisar that these theses were no mere tentative statements calculated to stir up controversy with the hope that orthodoxy might be vindicated. They represent a well thought-cut position which their author had determined to take; and one which was quite in accord with his fundamentally erroneous theological views at the time. (I, 327 sq.)

Now there is absolutely no room to doubt that Luther knew what was the official teaching of the Catholic church in the matter of Indulgences. (I, 345.) He himself in his early years had given repeated and correct expression of it in his writings. As late as 1516 in a sermon on Indulgences he presents the generally accepted Catholic teaching correctly and makes it his own, although he must have known that it did not agree with his ideas of grace and justification. The point is that he knew the Catholic teaching,—that he chose to hide for the moment his own views in the matter is quite another consideration.

John Tetzel, a Dominican, was entrusted by Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop and Elector of Mayence, with the proclamation of

an Indulgence granted by Pope Leo X for the building of the new Church of St. Peter. During the years 1516 and 1517, Tetzel labored zealously in the dioceses of Maddeburg and Halberstadt. It was apparently in protest *Hurter "Theol. dogmat." ed. 11 (1903) t. 3, p. 499 seq., 509, against the preaching of Tetzel that Luther posted his famous theses on the door of the Wittenberg church on All Saints day for the eyes of the multitude which would assemble there for the Titular feast of the Church.

That Tetzel was an eloquent preacher and a man of unusual power must be admitted by all. That he has been unjustifiably calumniated is known to all who have read the documentary evidence available. It is important to note here that "what he (Tetzel) taught was, in the main, the same as Luther had previously taught regarding Indulgences." (I, 327.)

Tetzel's preaching on Indulgences for the *living* was theologically correct. Therefore it could not then, neither can it at this writing, be construed into a "sale of indulgences." For the teaching of the Church then as now the reader is referred to any hand-books of Catholic doctrine. In regard to the souls in Purgatory, Tetzel professed certain *opinions* which were not only not Catholic, but were even condemned by theologians of the time. One such opinion held by some schoolmen was to the effect that an indulgence gained for the departed was at once and infallibly applied to a definite soul for whom it was intended. The Papal Bulls of Indulgence did not support this view and Luther erred when he asserted later that the Pope had actually taught such doctrine. The Indulgence Commissaries were not prudent and often inserted even in their official proclamations as certain doctrine these views which were only of doubtful scholastic opinion. Tetzel, himself no great theologian, seized upon these pronouncements and made good use of them in his preaching. "He not only taught the certain and immediate liberation of the soul in the above sense but also the erroneous proposition that a Plenary Indulgence for the departed could be obtained without contrition and penance on the part of the living simply by means of a money payment." (I, 341-344.) The preaching of such theological errors was a grave abuse which occasioned much scandal. Such conduct, however, was not in conformity with approved Catholic teaching, either then or now. The Catholic Church has always condemned the sale of indulgences as Simony of the grossest kind. While we do not propose to wink at the abuses that undoubtedly existed at this time, yet we insist that a distinction be made between such abuse and the official Catholic teaching.

Luther himself in his writings is responsible for most of the charges of error and gross abuse on Tetzel's part. He attributes to Tetzel six "horrible articles" in one of which he condenses his teaching in the following ribald rhyme: "As soon as money in the coffer rings, the soul from Purgatory's fire springs." Much stock has been

made of this rhyme by Protestant writers. Grisar is authority for the statement: "The saying about the money in the coffer cannot, indeed, be traced to Tetzel's own lips" (I, 343); and Luther is wrong when he accuses the Pope of teaching such doctrine. Cf. "Werke," Erl. ed., 65, p. 78, (I, 344.)

The granting of "Confessionalia" or Indulgence and Confession letters occasioned a vast amount of misunderstanding and consequent scandal. Very grave abuses there were in the manner of offering and extolling the Indulgence. Iohann Lindner, a brother-religious of Tetzel, publicly denounced Tetzel in the following words: "Dr. Iohann Tetzel, of Pirna, of the Order of Preachers, from the Leipzig priory, a world-renowned preacher, proclaimed the Jubilee Year (Jubilee Indulgence) at Naumburg, Leipzig, Magdeburg. . . . and many other places His teaching found favor with many; but he devised unheard-of ways of raising money, was far too liberal in conferring offices, put up far too many public crosses (as a sign of the Indulgence-preaching) in towns and villages, which caused scandal and bred complaints among the people and brought the spiritual treasury into disrepute." (I, 343.) While Tetzel openly taught that simply an offering of money was required to gain an *Indulgence* for the *dead* and that neither contrition nor confession were necessary, and also that the Indulgence could be applied to any given soul with unfailing effect, the accusation that he *sold forgiveness of sins for money* without requiring contrition, and that he was ready to *absolve from future sins in return for a money payment* is absolutely unfounded. N. Paulus and other before him, besides Carlstadt, admit this. Tetzel's writing acquit him of this charge. "The Indulgence" he says, "remits only the pain (i. e., the penalty) of sins which have been repented of and confessed." Again: "No one merits an Indulgence unless he is in a truly contrite state" (I, 343.) His other unorthodox views did not pass uncondemned. Cardinal Cajetan protested against the extravagant utterances. "Preachers speak in the name of the Church," he says, "only so long as they proclaim the teaching of Christ and the Church; but if for purposes of their own, they teach that about which they know nothing and which is only their own imagination, they cannot be regarded as mouthpieces of the Church; no one must be surprised if such as these fall into error." (I, 344.) Apparently then, when Luther nailed his theses to the door of the Castle Church, he was actuated by a desire to correct the abuses which attended the dispensation of Indulgences, but a knowledge of his belief concerning the necessity of Good-works, Justification and Freewill, forces us to the conclusion that it was not so much the abuses as it was certain Catholic doctrines themselves that were the object of his attack. For Luther had been secretly estranged from the Church for years.

On January 20, 1518, Tetzel posted up 106 theses at the University of Frankfurt on the Oder, in answer to Luther's 95. These theses

were prepared by Conrad Winpina, who was a professor at Frankfurt. In these propositions the Catholic doctrine on Indulgences was clearly set forth and special emphasis was laid upon the *spiritual* conditions necessary for granting an Indulgence. Moreover, a clear and orthodox exposition of the almsgiving feature of Indulgences was given in detail. Soon Luther broke forth in his sermons and writings and openly espoused all the worst errors which were contained in his theses.

It is commonly believed by Protestants and has been flaunted recently upon the public concerning the theses of Luther, that "They were the outcome of long and close study in the monastery of the Word of God, the teachings of the fathers and the history of the Church." This is not true. So far as a knowledge of the positive doctrine of the Church of the Fathers, and of good scholasticism is concerned, Luther's theological studies were meagre. He had neither the time nor the opportunity to obtain this, as any student of his life can readily recognize. Grisar, in his monumental work on Luther devoted to "an exact historical and psychological picture of Luther's personality," gives abundant evidence—drawn chiefly from Luther himself—to justify the conclusion that Luther's break with Rome was not "after long and prayerful consideration." His position was from the first a contradiction, explicable only by his lack of theological training, his confusion of mind and deficiency in real Catholic feeling, by his excess of imagination, by his pseudo-mysticism, and, above all, by his devotion to his own ideas. It is true that Luther took his degrees in Philosophy at the University of Erfurt (1502 Ph.B.; 1505 Ph.D.) where he subsequently lectured on the Philosophy of Aristotle, and later his doctorate in divinity at Wittenberg (Oct. 18, 1512), where he taught a course in Holy Scripture. But his brilliancy in the examinations for degrees and his later experience as a teacher falls far short of the endowment of genius necessary to go over and reconstruct the whole field of theological and scriptural studies in a way that would justify the complete departure from traditional lines which Luther inaugurated. That Luther, whatever his natural endowments, did not thus cover the whole field of knowledge before launching his revolt is a matter of historical fact. He often quoted St. Augustine wrongly in his disputations on grace and justification. His knowledge of scholasticism was confined to the corrupted form of Occamism. He had never imbibed deeply from the pure springs of St. Thomas and the other great scholastics of the thirteenth century.

On the other hand no credence can be given to the statement of Luther that when he was twenty years of age, he had never seen a copy of the Holy Scriptures. "I thought," said he, "that there were no other epistles and gospels besides those in the Homilies." When Luther was twenty years of age he had been for two years a student at Erfurt university where Scripture had been a recognized subject

of study for nearly a century. Of the still extant manuscripts of theological works at Erfurt, treatises on scriptural exegesis make up a large proportion; and in 1480, three years before the birth of Luther, an eight-year scholarship was founded at the University of Erfurt for the study of Sacred Scripture. Therefore it seems reasonable to cast aside Luther's assertion that at twenty-one he had not only not seen a Bible but did not know that there were other epistles and gospels than those contained in the Homilies.

A recent article on Luther has this to say: "The principles enunciated by the reformers are essential to a true church and to a scriptural Christianity." On the contrary these very principles have led directly to a bankruptcy both of theology and philosophy. Outside of the Catholic Church there is no definite deposit of dogmatic truth; men are carried hither and thither according to the vagaries of theological speculation, shipwrecked under the guiding star of private interpretation. When Luther divorced Reason from Faith, he destroyed the power of the human mind to know religious truth. He was the "supreme contradiction in History." Today the human intellect is suffering from the inconsistency which Luther imposed upon it. Like its founder, Protestantism is fundamentally inconsistent, and staggers before the dilemma of preserving faith in Christ, without acknowledging a divine authority. That Martin Luther distorted the Scriptures, changing them according to the exigencies of the moment, is a matter of history. What right, then, has he to be called a "champion of Scriptural Christianity?" The Catholic Church gave the Bible to the world; she still makes abundant use of it in her liturgical service. She is the embodiment of the only true scriptural Christianity in the world today.

There is a side of Luther which is absolutely repugnant and revolting to a gentleman; there is an abundance of quotation from Luther himself, which, out of respect for common decency, cannot be written or said. Ordinarily we like to be silent with regard to the human frailties of our fellow-man, but Luther posed as a reformer, as one who had a divine mission. How can this other side of Luther which history records so faithfully be explained away? Much unfavorable light is thrown on Luther's character by the so-called original versions of the "table-talk." (III, 217 sq.) It is a collection of the witty sayings, confidential remarks, moral reflections and advices in which Luther indulged in the presence of his boon companions. Even a very critical use of the contents of the "Table-Talk" convicts Luther of much scurrility, as the one man in that age of free and familiar speech least qualified to reform anyone save himself. How the author of "Table-Talk" with any propriety could be made the subject of the the recent quadricentennial and recipient of so many encomiums, is beyond our comprehension.

The objection is sometimes made that the "Table-Talk" is not a reliable source of information concerning Luther. Beyond doubt

Luther's words were written down in his very presence while he was yet speaking. It cannot be said that the record is word for word. Yet a critical use of "Table-Talk" as a source of information should give us facts and not fiction just as with any other authentic source. The objection lacks point when it is known that Protestant writers use those portions of "Table-Talk" which serve to present Luther in a favorable light. According to his "Table-Talk" Luther was the most vulgar of men. The obscenity of his speech, especially when talking familiarly of those things which St. Paul said should not be mentioned among Christians, led a most tolerant and at same time cultured contemporary, Sir Thomas More, a man of a singularly refined nature, to write in Latin, because it would have been indecent in the vernacular, a criticism and commentary on Luther's vulgarities. (III, 237.)

Is it not strange, finally, that "the author and commanding figure of the Reformation"—Martin Luther, should be torn by scruples of conscience, given to depression of soul, and show such a complete absence of those qualities which become a great reformer or the Saint of God? Who can consider the strange contradictions of the gloomy, scrupulous, violent monk, who broke his religious vows to the Almighty and married a nun; the author of "Table-Talk," and that theory of religion embodied in the formula, "Justification by faith alone," with its immoral corollaries, without a shudder? His doubts and agonies of soul are recorded in his writings: "How often did my heart faint for fear, and reproach me thus: You wanted to be wise beyond all others. Are then all others in their countless multitude mistaken? Have so many centuries all been in the wrong? Supposing you were mistaken, and, owing to your mistake, were to drag down with you to eternal damnation so many human creatures!" (II, 79-80). Other witnesses to his doubts, temptations, and torments of soul are not wanting. (II, 79 seq.)

Luther's last years were saddened by the failure of his work. He saw everywhere ungodliness, lust, covetousness and robbery. His complaints in confidential letters are of the bitterest character. The last days of his life were crowded with indescribable torments and anxieties. Although he saw the outward victories of his Evangel, yet he was by no means blind to the fatal consequences of the overthrow of the ancient Church's power, the deterioration of moral and social life, and the spread of all manner of vice. (III, 98 seq.) On the eve of his death he wrote to one of the Princes in the following strain: "We dwell in Sodom and Babylon, things are going from bad to worse." He added that he knew but one peasant around Wittenberg who exhorted his household to read the word of God and the Catechism.

"Every man hath in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy he who acts the Columbus to his own soul!"—*Stephen*.



AN ESTIMATE OF EVOLUTION.

(SPEECH DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILOSOPHY CLASS)

THOMAS E. SHEA, '18.

Man by his very nature is an inquisitive being. His whole life, from the very first time that he learns to express his thoughts until thought is no more, is a series of countless questions. He is forever inquiring the nature of the things about him. He observes the blades of grass and flowers at his feet and asks what they are and why they are. He perceives the various forms of living organisms and the same queries present themselves. He gazes at the firmament with the myriad of stars that deck its field of blue and scarcely has his wonderment spent itself, when the questions of what and why flash through his mind. Finally he turns his thoughts upon himself and again the everlasting interrogations arise. What, Why and Whence are ever before him and his whole lifetime is occupied in answering or attempting to answer them. Here, in these attempted definitions, we have the subject matter of all science. Science, after all, is nothing more than a record of man's endeavor to interpret the phenomena which fall within his ken. For every particular fact in nature there is a certain peculiar explication which we call a science and the greatest of all these sciences is the explanation of the greatest phenomenon, the explanation of the universe itself. All other sciences are but subdivisions of this one; they are but single threads that go to make up the wondrous fabric into which the solution of the problem of the universe is woven.

Now what is that science that essays to answer the what, the wherefore, and the whence of the universe? The theory of evolution is, at least, one of the serious attempts to solve the problem and just because it is a serious attempt it deserves a place of high importance in man's consideration.

How are we to estimate evolution; what is the value of the theory? To answer this it is necessary to ask the more general question—what is the value of any science? The purpose of every science, I have said, is to explain a given phenomenon, and its value depends entirely upon the manner in which it attains its end. It is valuable in so far as it most satisfactorily solves the problem in question. And what are the requisites of a satisfactory explanation? Every science must do three things: first, it must observe the phenomena; second, it must suppose an explanation, and third, most important of all,—it must verify its hypotheses. It can verify its hypotheses in one way only,—by producing evidence.

Now, we have the phenomena of the universe, the universe with its multifarious organisms of plants and animals. The proposed solution is the theory of evolution. Of what value is it? What evidence is there to support *this* theory?

Before we go further into the discussion let me set down in some definite form the subject matter of this science. "Evolution," according to Wasman, "is the investigation of the succession of the forms of plants and animals, since the first appearance of life on our globe, in order to classify species, genera and families, and secondly to explain this order by a natural evolution of species." Some scientists have gone further than this and have applied the doctrine of evolution to the material universe. They maintain that the universe at one time was a vast nebula. This gaseous substance undergoing a cooling process became a molten mass which as it developed in the process of cooling flung off into space countless numbers of small pieces, each one of which became a planet—one the earth—in the great system we now behold. The earth, according to them, kept revolving in space, cooling off as it did so until it assumed the character it now possesses.

Up to this time this is the most satisfactorily scientific explanation of the material universe as it exists today and is universally accepted as such. But when we come to the explanation of the various forms of plant and animal life, from the single blade of grass to the giant oak and from the simple celled *Amœbæ* to man, the problem is not so easy of solution.

The latter question has arrested the attention of every deep thinking man who knows anything at all about life. There is no science that deals with any form of life whatsoever but has treated the theory of evolution in some form. Botanists, zoologists, biologists, anatomists, morphologists, and paleontologists have all considered very carefully the theory of evolution. Some, those known as monophyletics, have contended quite seriously that every form of living organism today is the result of a series of evolutions from the very first simple cell. Others, the polyphyletics, not quite so extravagant, maintain that all forms of existent living organisms have evolved from some older and different ancestor.

Now, must we consider these theories mainly as figments of an imagination that might well do honor to a poet? Indeed not; to do so would be to give the clearest evidence of a narrow and grossly ignorant mind. All these conclusions are products of some of the keenest intellects the world has ever seen and usually such individuals are not given over to weaving fine spun theories without sufficient evidence to support their position.

On the other hand are we to accept them as absolute truths, as clearly demonstrated as the great law of gravitation? No we must avoid that extreme also. What we are bound to do is to accept that part of the doctrine which evidence has shown to be true or at least highly probable. Is there any evidence to lend color to the theory of evolution? Yes, there is. Standfuss has shown that there has been an evolution of a species of butterfly. Wasmann, also, has proven from his study of the ants that a new kind of insect has

evolved. These species, it is true, are the result of adaptation to their surroundings, but they are not merely abnormal forms within the species but are actually an entirely different species. Again in examining the fossil types of ants of an earlier period we find that the present species are altogether different from them. We must conclude that the present forms are modified descendants of the former, that they have come into existence by means of natural race evolution and not by a special act of creation.

Again the evolution of the horse, the camel, the giraffe, and the monkey has been most carefully traced by paleontologists. Are we to throw out of court all these evidences, as being merely fictitious, when the facts of the development are unalterably imbedded in the earth's rocks? To do so would not only be unscientific; it would be irrational. There is, however, one thing that must be mentioned in regard to the evidence for evolution. We must keep in mind that the greater part of the evidence in favor of evolution is not such that proves conclusively the scientific truth of the theory. As Wasmann puts it, "The doctrine of evolution is therefore *not an experimental science*, and can never be one. It is essentially a *theory based upon a group of hypotheses* which are in harmony with one another, and afford the *most probable* explanation of the origin of organic species." It is "essentially a theory" he says, but "affords the *most probable explanation* of the origin of organic species."

Up to this time I have been dealing with the theory of evolution with its starting point at the nebula and the cell. In other words, I started with the assumption that the nebula and the cell already existed. The question naturally arises, whence came the nebula, whence the cell? In a strictly scientific thesis these questions need not be considered. To the scientist as such these questions do not enter the mind; they belong to a different domain altogether. The presupposed nebula and cell are merely the data upon which he bases his researches. "*To the scientist as such,*" I say, these questions need not be considered, but is it possible that a man can be a scientist and nothing more? I hardly think so. There is no scientist,—*there is no man*, whatever his field of labor may be, that is not a philosopher also. He may profess that he is not, but the very fact that he is man makes him a philosopher. It is human nature to drive things to their ultimate causes. When the scientist has studied and explained the phenomena of his own particular domain he does not stop there; he *cannot* stop there. He must ask himself the question "and whence comes this data."

So, too, the scientific evolutionist must go a step further into his inquiry, and when he has traced the development of the universe through all its various stages from the nebula and the cell he must ask himself, "Whence came these." When he attempts to answer he has entered the domain of philosophy.

In solving the problem of the nebula and the first cell, evolution-

ists have divided themselves into two classes—Atheists and Theists.

The Atheistic doctrine postulates first that we must assume the existence of the world with its laws from all eternity and that there is no such a being as a personal creator, a God. From this point of view they are bound to explain, what about life, whence had life a beginning, and they are driven to postulate spontaneous generation, i. e., the spontaneous development of the first organisms from inorganic matter. Then they go on to assume that there is no conscious purpose or tendency on the part of living organisms and lastly they maintain there is no essential difference between men and brutes. There can be no suggestion of a spiritual, immortal soul in man.

In dealing with the atheistic doctrine, I purpose to show that its two fundamental postulates are irreconcilable with scientific truth.

When the materialist, driven back to the cause of the nebula, asserts that matter is eternal he defends an inexplicable position. All matter is either a solid, a liquid, or a gas. Suppose, as materialistic evolutionists maintain, the universe was once a gaseous nebula. That would mean that the molecules were spread out enormously. The difficulty now arises, what force dispersed these molecules when the law of gravitation is constantly drawing them together? The only thing that can create gas is heat, but heat would not suffice here because heat is nothing more than the friction of these molecules. We are driven back to the same question, "what caused the molecules to spread out?" There is no science—let it be as far reaching as it may—that can explain satisfactorily this question. It must admit the existence of some outside force and that force we call God.

As to the materialistic doctrine of spontaneous generation science has proven to us by biological facts its impossibility. All life must come from life and no kind of experimentation can prove the contrary. Hence we must conclude that the first form of life on the universe must have been the product of an act of creation. Whether it was created from nothing or formed from inorganic matter, is of minor importance. The fact is it required omnipotent aid to bring it into existence.

With the theory of atheistic evolution undermined by the falsity of its first two fundamental tenets we are bound to fall back upon the Theistic conception of the universe, viz., that the existence of the first form of inorganic matter and the first form of living organism necessitates the existence of an omnipotent creator.

There is but one more phase of this problem that demands our attention and it is perhaps, the most important. Is Christian Revelation opposed to the theory of evolution? Anyone who is acquainted with the first chapter of Genesis and the theory of evolution will readily understand how vital to the Christian world is this question.

In that chapter we are told that God made the light to issue from the midst of the darkness that enshrouded the earth, that He fixed the

firmament amidst the waters, that He caused the dry element to appear, that He commanded the earth to bring forth the grasses, and the trees; that He placed the sun and the moon and the stars in the heavens, that He created all living animals and finally man. And all this God did in six days. If we were to interpret this passage literally undoubtedly science would stand in firm opposition, but in considering the Bible it is necessary to keep in mind that the Bible is not, and no one ever maintained that it was, meant to instruct us in scientific lore.

When Moses, inspired by God, wrote this chapter, he did not intend nor can anyone seriously maintain that he intended to teach us astronomy, geology, botany, biology or any other science. The sole purpose of the Bible is to guide and instruct man religiously and not scientifically. What does Genesis mean when it says that God created the heavens and earth and the planets that hang in the heavens and the plants that grow on the earth and the animals that inhabit it? It simply means that all things existing are the product of God's omnipotent hand. It does not say, "this is the *precise way* in which all the *existent species* came into being." Does it necessarily mean that God on certain particular days created each and every form of living organism as we know it today? No, it does not. The sole object of Genesis is to impress upon the mind of man that God created all things. How He created them, it does not pretend to explain. Hence it could quite easily be that God created the nebula and laid down the laws whereby it should develop and develop until it should reach its present state. It could quite easily be that when God decided the earth was sufficiently developed, He created (whether out of nothingness or inorganic matter is a point of small consequence) the first cell or various cells and laid down the laws whereby these should develop into the existing species of living organisms. Would the idea of creation be thereby destroyed? Not at all. That would mean merely that God created all things indirectly and mediately and not directly and immediately. Would this theory detract anything from the omnipotence of God? Not a whit. Rather would it prove more wonderfully the marvellous power of his greatness.

The point the Bible wishes to show is that God is the author of all things material and immaterial. It goes no further. If we admit as we must that such is the case, whether we contend that He created all things directly or indirectly matters little. The fact is He created them. Christian Revelation has no contention with evolution as long as Evolutionists keep within their own domain. If these controversialists admit the creation by God of the first form of matter and the first form of life they can theorize concerning the development of these first forms as much as they please and Revelation will not protest.

Let us take the extreme view that man evolved from the ape or some lower animal or even that he is the final result of the series of

developments of the first single cell. Would this be contradictory to the Biblical account of man's creation? If we consider the body of man only, no. It is possible in this case also that the Creator laid down the laws whereby the lower animals should develop until at the end of aeons of ages the most perfect type was reached in man. Then He would breathe into this perfect animal a living soul, His own image and likeness, and man as we know him today would begin to exist. Before that time, although his body might have been as perfect as it now is, he was not man, he was merely a high type of animal. But when God saw fit to give this perfect animal a soul, that animal ceased to be a beast and became man, the image and likeness of his Creator. Man is principally the simple, immaterial, immortal soul. Rev. Mgr. Jno. S. Vaughan in his essay "Man or Ape, Faith and Folly," summarizes the problem thus: "No one, be he saint or theologian—denies the animal nature of man's body! No! it is not that which we have in view when we extol and celebrate his grandeur and nobility. It is rather the great and immortal principle that animates that body,—that stirs in every limb, that throbs in the overburdened heart, that strives in the seething brain—that immaterial essence that looks out of its prison house of clay, and gazing beyond this puny earth, interprets the signs in the heavens, measures the distance and the magnitude of the stars, traces their paths through sidereal space, or turning to earth, reads its history in the very rocks, robs the seas and the mountains of their hidden treasures, and compels the power of Nature to serve its purpose and to do its will. Yes, it is this active, energetic, secret principle of life, of thought, of love, that we have in our minds where we think of man's greatness: not the corruptible vesture of vile clay with which it is momentarily encumbered, and which may be thrown away tomorrow and made to feast the worms. 'On Earth there is nothing great but man,' says the poet, 'and in man there is nothing great but soul.'"

As long as evolutionists do not contend that this great principle of life, the soul of man, is the result of evolution they may hold what they please concerning his body and Christian Revelation will promote no quarrel.

After all, there is no possibility of a disparity between Revelation and true Science because both teach the truth and since truth is always and everywhere the same one cannot contradict the other. If science can prove conclusively that all living organisms including man, are the results of ages of evolution Revelation will accept the theory quite willingly.

But Science cannot possibly contradict the true teachings of the Bible; rather does it only go to accentuate more forcibly Divine teaching. Abbe Darras referring to this apparent contradiction concludes. "And may we not even now proclaim that each of the discoveries, so laboriously achieved in all the branches of human science, furnishes a most brilliant and unexpected confirmation of the

most controverted texts and passages of our Sacred Book? It has been thus since the days of Porphyry unto our own times. Were we to subject even the most perfect work of human genius to a similar critical test, carried on through so many centuries, and should we deliver it up to the reckless and partial criticism, which the Bible has undergone, where, I ask you is the single book of a Plato, an Aristotle, a Tacitus, a Bossuet, that would today remain intact after such an ordeal? And yet the Bible stands triumphantly and immortal! As the hand of the demolisher has dug around the bases of the mighty edifice; to overthrow it, new ramparts and bulwarks were found, that render it proof against all attacks and utterly indestructible."



"Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness."

—Anon.

THEY MET

GREGORY A. GALVIN, '19.

"I tell you, son, if the Belgians had only permitted the Germans to pass through their territory unmolested, this terrible war would be over now. What a nation of blunderers and blockheads! The kaiser would have paid them well for damages done, but no, they attempted to stop us, and they certainly got what they deserved. It's too bad, Wilhelm did not give the order to plough up the whole country, so that not a trace of that accursed people would be left."

Hans von Luben was German in every fibre of his muscles, in every muscle of his body. Though he had resided in the United States for eighteen years, he had never taken out his citizenship papers, and from all appearances never intended to do so. Von Luben was a man about forty years of age, of a square-set herculean frame, blonde hair, large red face, and two mink-like eyes that shifted continually. It is said, that one time during a business meeting held in New York, when some one made an insulting remark about the kaiser, he deliberately slapped the offender's face, and would have used him still more roughly had not peace loving friends interfered.

At this time relations between Germany and the United States were becoming somewhat strained. The invasion of Belgium with the consequent slaughter and worse than slaughter of countless numbers of innocent men, women and children, the destruction and plunder of peaceful towns and villages, the hundred and one outrages that only a German could perpetrate, the ruthless submarine policy which none but fiends could pursue all wounded America's sense of justice and fair play. For months America had looked on indignantly as German submarines with little or no warning sent ship after ship bearing relief to distressed peoples, to the bottom of the sea. From the deep seemed to come the voices of helpless women and children calling to America to avenge the heinous crimes. Finally the Germans, crazed by their lust for blood, took it upon themselves to torpedo American ships. Justice demanded retribution,—retribution that could be had only through war and accordingly the United States formally declared war on Germany.

That very day von Luben missed his train. To pass the time he bought a paper. "UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY" read the head lines.

"Well, I'll be damned," he exclaimed, as he placed the paper in his pocket and hastened home.

Meeting his son, Fred, he held up the paper and said:

"What do you think of that? This country has declared war on Germany, and just because a few foolhardy Americans hadn't sense enough to stay off of the sea. The German Government warned

them to remain at home, to keep out of the war zone. Their actions, to my mind, were nothing less than suicidal. They deserved to be drowned. Now there is war, and I am going back and fight for the Fatherland."

The son being an American through and through was dumb-founded. He told his father that they owed all to America. He recalled how they had come to this country poor, friendless, homeless and starving; how they had been received with outstretched arms.

"All we have now," he explained, "our home, our land, our money, are gifts of this country. We have accepted her benefits, her advantages, her protection, and in turn we owe her our allegiance."

These words only tended to increase the animosity of his father, who commanded him to leave his presence.

Fred, before retiring that night, vowed, that he should never be guilty of the ungrateful and traitorous conduct that his father showed.

The following day, von Luben left for his beloved country, where because of his former military experience he was appointed a lieutenant in the army. The next few weeks were spent in strenuous training for the trenches. Finally the word came for his company to go to the front, and relieve a force that had been under fire for nine days. Here von Luben distinguished himself for bravery. While making an attack against Verdun, all the higher officers in his company were killed, and the duty to lead the men fell upon him. He conducted himself like a seasoned veteran, putting the French troops to flight and capturing a number of prisoners. As a reward for his gallant action he received the iron cross.

Months had passed since the United States had declared war against Germany. Eight hundred thousand American soldiers had been transported to France. These men had been undergoing intensive training behind the lines, and all were ready and eager for a bit of real warfare.

The Germans were not ignorant of the fact that thousands of Americans were in France, and soon were going to occupy and hold a portion of the front line. Day after day they anxiously awaited the time when the newcomers should relieve the French troops. At last the fatal day came, for the Americans were ordered to the front trenches. This was made known to the Boches, who were instantly given the command to shell the position, in order to instill fear into "The soft hearts of the money-minded Americans." For four consecutive days the Germans shelled the position but the Americans held their place, and returned fire with fire. On the fifth day von Luben's company was ordered to relieve those troops which were opposing the Americans. The sight of the Star Spangled Banner floating over the opposite trench brought to his mind memories that now seemed pleasing, but his thoughts were disrupted by the sharp command of the captain's:

"Shell the American position and prepare to go over the top at one minute to twelve."

This order was duly carried out. The big howitzers bellowed forth their deadly fire. Rifles cracked, and their flashes lit up the darkness. Shells from American trenches whistled through the air, shrapnel was bursting overhead and the agonizing cry of the wounded and dying could be heard above this terrible din.

At the appointed time the order came for the Germans to go over the top. Simultaneously with this command, the Americans were given the same order. On they came, both parties wild-eyed, mad, war-crazed, cutting their way through barbed-wire, straining every muscle to get at one another to deliver death blows. These two parties met finally in the centre of "no-man's land." Captain Luben was in the lead, giving orders to his men who were being worsted by the Americans. One started to attack him, but von Luben shot and mortally wounded him. He raised his sword to pierce the body of his victim. As he did so he recognized the face of his dead son. With an agonizing cry he fell, and the last words of von Luben were: "Damn that monster, the kaiser."



WINTER.

Hail Winter, mystic daughter of the year,
Enchained is nature to thy chariot wheel;
Thy icy mantle trails the woodland o'er,
Whilst all the burden of thy sceptre feel.

Thy chilling breath pervades each sylvan glade,
Thy homing birds to sun-lit climes have fled;
Thy locks are sprinkled with the snowy fleece
And blossoms 'neath thy hoary step lie dead.

The North wind blows but at thy beck and call,
The frost king is thy staunch and cruel ally,
With artist-touch he sweepeth arctic lands
And tints them with his frost—enamel dye.

The Northern lights enhance thy marbled brow,
Boreas crowns thee with his fiery crown;
Whilst thou ice-hearted daughter of the year,
On conquered nature casts disdainful frown.

—J. A. W.



SOME LETTERS FROM THE BOYS

During the past month various members of the faculty have received letters from old Viator boys who are now serving their country either in an American cantonment or in the trenches in France. Below are printed extracts from some of them.

Somewhere in France.

Dear FATHER MUNSCH:

I humbly beg your pardon for not writing long before this but I have been soldiering and quite strenuously too. We have been out in the field ever since last June and we have been constantly on the move. If you have been reading the Chicago papers you must have read of our fame. We were paraded in the streets of several towns and what is more important we have the "goods," said "goods" to be delivered to one Bill Kaiser within a very short time.

I would like very much to tell you everything about "over here" but you know, I am not allowed to say much. I had a dumb friend to whom I used to confide everything but even diaries have come under the ban of the censor.

Thanksgiving Day here was a real one in every respect. One of the features of the day's program was a football game between the first and second battalions of our regiment. The fact that four Viator men played on either one or the other of the teams brought back tender memories of other days. Headquarters Company is not included in the battalions so I cast my lot with the 1st. Clarence Houle played quarter for the 1st and on the opposing squad were "Mooch" Somers as right half back and "Slim" O'Meara as center. Houle ran his team within three yards of the goal but lost the ball on a fumble. In the last three minutes of play "Mooch" carried the ball over for the only touchdown made in the game. After the game we were in the finest trim for a good turkey dinner and we got it too.

Another event that added to the general merriment of the day was the mere (?) fact that we received our pay. The French soldier receives 7 francs a month and we get about 188. They make up for it though when we go into a shop and say "combien."

I haven't had time to do much drawing since I have been in the service, but when the war ends, and if I am not pushing up pansies, I sure will dig into my work.

I have yet to see Paris but no doubt I shall have a chance to avail myself of the opportunity before I sail for America again. Emil is now at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, with the 138th dough boys, the flower (flour) of the nation. He is a real soldier from all accounts, sporting two stripes now.

Give my best regards to all my friends among the students and

faculty and when you write tell me all about the States, the college and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

TOM KEKICH,

Headquarters Co., 149th Field Artillery,
American Expeditionary Force, France.

While attending St. Viator, Tom was the *Viatorian* staff artist. After leaving school he studied drawing at the Art Institute, Chicago.

1st Lieutenant James L. Dougherty, '18, assigned to Camp Greene last December, writes:

Dear FATHER O'MAHONEY:

I am visiting Father Stephenson this evening and while he reads his office, I will give you a brief account of our activities at Camp Greene. At an army camp of almost thirty-five thousand men one would naturally expect to find the Commanding General of the camp, his adjutants, the division generals, the colonels, etc., the busiest men in camp. So I expected to find them, but imagine my surprise when, upon arriving here, I found my old classmate, Father Stephenson, by far the busiest and most energetic individual in the camp. Confessions, communions, instructions for converts, instructing a Confirmation class, rounding up religious "slackers," visiting the numerous camp hospitals and the base hospital daily, anointing the dying and cheering the sick, saying two of the four masses on Sunday, and preaching three times each Sunday, are a few of the things he does between leisure moments. He certainly has a task to perform, and, believe me, he is performing it.

We had quite a Christmas celebration here, strictly Viatorian. Father Stephenson sang the midnight mass, Bill (Capt.) Carroll and I were the acolytes. The Knights of Columbus hall, our chapel, was crowded and a large number of soldiers stood around outside. The choir of the 1st Connecticut Brigade Depot accompanied by the Regimental band of the 1st New Hampshire, sang the "Mass of the Angels." An observer might easily have believed that the United States army was entirely Catholic. Father Stephenson preached the sermon and demonstrated to the New Englanders that the Middle West ranks among the best of them in oratorical talent. Christmas night, Father Stephenson, Captain Carroll and I dined together at the Selwyn Hotel, Charlotte—a sort of meeting of the Charlotte Viatorian Alumni.

I have come to realize that the Sunny South is a myth. It has been cold and snowy here for three weeks. Today the thermometer registers about zero. Each tent is equipped with a wood-burning stove, so we manage to keep fairly comfortable during the day, at least that part of one's body that is towards the stove is warm. There are no fires in the stove at night, however, and real heroism is displayed in the morning when reveille is sounded at 6:15 a. m.

Father Stephenson and I join in one fervent wish and prayer that all of you at old St. Viator will be blessed abundantly during the coming year. May it be one of prosperity for you, despite the unsettled and abnormal conditions which prevail. We know you will not forget us in your prayers, and before 1918 is history we may need prayers more than anything else.

Once more a Happy New Year to everyone at St. Viator from the Alumni Association of Charlotte.

Ever sincerely and respectfully yours,

JAMES L. DOUGHERTY.

1st Lieutenant, Co. B, 58th Inf.,
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

The first news that has been received from Jim Sullivan within a year came in the way of a letter which Father O'Mahoney received.

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Father:

Were you to judge from my correspondence with my friends at dear Old Viator you might have thought I had forgotten the old school, but such could never be. It had been my home for so long that to forget it would be an impossibility.

I enlisted in the Signal Corps last April and I am sorry I did not let you know sooner so that my name could be inscribed on the roll of honor. I arrived at Camp Greene about two weeks ago after six months training at Monterey, California. When I came here I experienced one of the most agreeable surprises of my life in meeting Father Stephenson, and I think the surprise was mutual. I think he is by far the busiest man in Camp, but he would not be satisfied to be otherwise.

While in California, I met a fellow by the name of Anderson who attended Viator in '01. When we met he remarked to me: "Well, Sullivan, that proves how small the world is."

"Not that," I said, "but how great St. Viator is," and I think I was right.

I am sorry I did not have an opportunity to visit the college before I entered the service, but you may be sure it will be one of the first "stops" when I return from France, if I should be fortunate enough to reach the latter place.

With best wishes to all at St. Viator, I remain,

Very sincerely,

Corporal JAMES D. SULLIVAN.

Co. C, 8th Field Bn., Signal Corps,
4th Division, Camp Greene, N. C.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

—Shakespeare, "*Julius Caesar*."

FRANZ LISZT

HAROLD McCORMICK

SECOND ACADEMIC

From the earliest dawn of creation the art of music has been a factor, and one of no small importance, in man's existence. It has marked every act of worth of which he is capable and has even led him on to aspire to things that he, of his own nature, is far beneath. Yes, it has been an accompanying force in the creation of the universe itself, as the poet so well visualizes:

*From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head;
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.*

Since music holds a place of such great importance in the lives of men, it is no wonder that composers are called the prophets and high priests of Beauty. The life of one of the greatest of these high priests is the subject of this theme.

In writing of the life of Franz Liszt, it is quite necessary to consider the man first, as a musician; second, as a composer; and third, as a man. Liszt in every one of these roles forms an interesting study for any one, but Liszt, in whom the three combine, awaits the pen of a master biographer.

Liszt, when but a little boy, showed love and talent for the art of which he was destined to become the master. He was but nine years of age when he rendered his first public program. Even then his ability as a pianist was so marked that several Hungarian nobles immediately assumed the financial responsibility of his musical education. Under their patronage Liszt was sent to Vienna. Here, for six years he studied under Czerny, Salieri and Rhandhartinger. At Vienna in 1823 he rendered his second public program. Beethoven, who was present at the performance, highly praised the talent and ability of the youthful artist.

Liszt, wishing to broaden his knowledge of music, later applied for admission to the Paris Conservatory. His foreign birth, however, was an insurmountable obstacle and he was rejected. Liszt then toured England and Switzerland, giving concerts in the course of his travels. His surpassing ability as a pianist was then recognized and the world of wealth, fashion and intellect swung open their doors to him.

After his father's death in 1827 there appears a dark period in his life, during which his strong friendship with Chopin was the only

thing that prevented him from losing all interest in music. A few years later he was restored to a realization of his powers and inspired with ambition when he attended a concert in Paris given by Paganini. After hearing this great master, Liszt resolved to master the piano as Paganini had mastered the violin.

Now, an almost absorbing passion replaced the dormant interest he had of late taken in the art. He worked unceasingly and his reward was this—he became the greatest pianist the world has known. He acquired a wonderful mastery of technique, a firm and remarkably vigorous fingering and a beautiful poetic interpretation. It was this last great quality that made him famous. It was the sublimity, noble feeling and depth of expression with which he always rendered a musical composition rather than the astounding power of execution, with which he rendered the masterpieces of every age, that won him such success. Kings bestowed titles upon him, some even raising him to knighthood. Universities conferred honorary degrees and offered him professors' chairs. The people gave demonstrations in his honor and awarded him a hero-worship never given to any other artist. Such was his almost unlimited success.

Now that he had achieved renown, he turned his talent to creative work and to the education of the people so that the works of the artists could be more highly appreciated. To carry out his plans he accepted the position of court conductor at Weimar. He held this position for twelve years and before he resigned had made that little city the musical center of Europe. Even here he added to his fame, for students from near and far came to study under him.

In later life, though he became devoutly religious, his interest in music continued unabated. He became the foremost champion of the new movement for the restoration of liturgical music.

The career of Liszt as a composer comprises three distinct periods and his works cover three entirely different departments of musical composition.

In early life Liszt was popular not as an original composer, but as an arranger of the ideas of others. In fact he was a transcriber and his works are called transcriptions. The best examples of these compositions perhaps are his "Hungarian Rhapsodies." These are twenty in number but Liszt himself did not compose even one of them. They are in truth a collection of gypsy melodies. Liszt considered the music of the gypsies of such interest and value that he spent many years in making a collection of it and arranging it in tangible form. The result of his labors was a number of beautiful compositions that have become exceedingly popular.

The compositions of the second period comprise mainly instrumental selections of which his twelve Symphonic Poems are the most important. Among the latter are, "The Mountain Symphony," "Orpheus," "Prometheus," "Preludes" and a "Symphony on Dante's Divine Comedy." This work was done while he was court conductor

at Weimar. It was here that he originated the Symphonic Poem and the Piano Recital, which has received universal adoption.

The later compositions of Liszt are exclusively sacred music. The oratorios "Christus" and "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" are the principal works of this nature. He also composed a number of cantatas, psalms, pater nosters and short selections for church choirs.

Liszt's works number several hundred and cover almost every department of art. His fame, however, rests solely on his Symphonic Poems and Sacred Compositions. In all his works a boldness of treatment and variety of instrumental effect are displayed rather than originality or beauty of thought.

Franz Liszt as a man forms an interesting study. He had a charming personality and was a brilliant conversationalist, but more than this, he was a charitable, humble and pious man.

Shortly after his father's death he formed friendships with such men as Victor Hugo and Heinrich Heine. He also followed the doctrines of Saint-Simon. These associations quickly undermined his faith. Later as a result of his environment he was led into an unhappy marriage with the Countess d'Agoult. They had three children but differences of temperament brought about a separation ten years after their marriage.

Then began his remarkable career as a virtuoso. Never before had an artist received such praise and despite all this he never became proud. On the other hand his success seemed to bring him back to the Catholic religion. The wealth he acquired from giving concerts he used in making ample provisions for his mother and his children. At the time of the inundation at Pesth he gave several concerts, the proceeds of which he used for the relief of sufferers. The greater portion of the amount expended in raising a monument in honor of Beethoven, was donated by Liszt. While at Weimar he helped a number of young students financially and even taught them free of charge. Without his aid the works of Wagner would hardly have been recognized or his theories advanced. Liszt championed him in conversation and writing and did more to help that German musician than anyone else.

About 1858 he became a Franciscan Tertiary. This was a partial fulfilment of a desire, cherished as a boy to become a priest. Now as an elderly man his religious wish was partially realized. Following the failure of an estimable woman to obtain a dispensation to marry him, in 1865 he received minor orders from Cardinal Hohenlohe in the latter's private chapel in the Vatican. From then on he was known as Abbe and his life was most exemplary and edifying. Liszt did not become a priest as some erroneous authorities state.

While attending the marriage of his granddaughter and the "Parsifal" performance at Bayreuth he contracted an acute attack of pneumonia from which he died. He received the last rites of the church and up to the moment of his death expressed sentiments of

loyal devotion to the church and humble gratitude to God. Thus died the world's most renowned pianist and one of those true Catholics who speak of piety only in pious deeds.



“O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.”

—*Scott.*

THE LOSER PAYS

T. E. S., '18.

There was a peculiar atmosphere about the great factory that September morning. Instead of the usual hum of a thousand machines that arose from the great plant, a dull, heavy silence surrounded the huge buildings. There was no sign of life where usually thousands of human machines worked busily for nine hours of every day. Not even a watchman disturbed the monotonous silence. To the passer-by who, perchance, might have forgotten, the lifeless factory was a reminder of the tragedy that had snatched life from the wealthy bachelor employer. It recalled to him a picture of a man just beyond middle age, whom he had seen so often drive to the factory at nine o'clock, enter and take his place behind a mahogany desk in a richly furnished room on the door of which was the inscription "John Fellows, Private Office." Now, that man was dead, murdered as he was entering his home the night before on his way from the theater. The possessor of the gun that sent a bullet with unerring aim to the heart of his victim had escaped. The tragedy was so terrible and so sudden that the servants paid no heed to the running footsteps behind the shrubbery to the right. The doctor had to be called, the master's nephew had to be summoned and lastly they thought of notifying the police.

When the three bluecoats in company with two plainclothes men arrived a clue had to be found and of course it was discovered. They would have the assassin within forty-eight hours. The efficiency of the police in such cases was not to be doubted and before the body of his victim was laid to rest in the costly mausoleum, the culprit was safely lodged in the city jail.

The usual process of questioning was begun but the experts were not permitted to display their skill, for, when asked if he knew anything about the murder of John Fellows, Thomas Bradford answered quite readily that he did. The officials, surprised at such a confession were completely astounded when in answer to the question as to what he knew about it, Bradford deliberately said:

"I shot him as he was entering his house the night before last."

A momentary hush followed the disclosure.

"I mean what I say," Bradford went on as he saw the expression of wonder creep into the faces of his listeners, "and to save you a lot of time and energy I'll tell you why I killed John Fellows."

He leaned forward in his chair. He was a man about twenty-five years of age, well built, with mouth and jaws hard set and a pair of brown eyes that would have been large and bright had not a grim sincerity looked out, narrowing them just a little. He was not of the ordinary type of criminals who little valued a human life, nor was he

of the anarchistic brand who had become crazed from radical teaching of a theoretic leader. He seemed to be a man of the lower middle class who had worked hard for a living. There was that deep sincerity in his face, the kind that is seen in the countenance of a man who is traveling to his destiny along a road that is full of difficulties; he shakes off one after another only to be beset by a dozen more.

"I am a poor man," he began, "as perhaps you can note, but there was a time when my family was comfortably situated. As far back as I can remember, my mother—father was dead then—frequently spoke to my brother and sister—who were both older than I—of 'the time when your father was living' and 'when we lived in the old house' and 'when we had this' and 'when we had that.' She always referred to the past as a sort of lost treasure and when she spoke of it, it seemed to make her sorrowful. To me these references to the past became more mystifying as I grew older. Evidently there had been a time when we did not know the squalor in which we now lived; evidently we had not always been poor. One day that curiosity which is so characteristic of youth, prompted me to tease my mother to tell me the story of our past life. I was about eleven years old then and that picture has been in my mind ever since.

"My father once owned a good business and he had accumulated enough money to keep the family in good circumstances. He was a kind of easy-going man, and never seemed to worry about where the next dollar was to come from,—I suppose because it always came. One day he died suddenly. After the funeral my mother began to straighten out his affairs, intending to dispose of his business holdings. She had never bothered herself about my father's business and he had never seemed disposed to burden her with it. She had been wrapped up in us and was not disturbed about things of which she knew nothing. Consequently, she had to rely upon the information which my father's business-partner could give. She went to him and was confronted with the fact that my father had comparatively nothing, that we were left practically poverty-stricken. He possessed notes which showed that whatever interests my father had in the business were necessary to meet the bills. As to what my father did with the money he didn't know, but he thought he invested in wild speculations.

"The grief which my father's death had brought to the family was intensified by the startling revelation that we were paupers. My poor mother could do nothing but dispose of what personal property we possessed in order to get enough money to keep the family from want. Accordingly we sold what we could and moved to cheaper quarters. From that time on we lived the life of the poorer class."

Here he stopped as if to designate the end of the first chapter in the book of his life, but after a moment he continued.

"The story which my mother told has always haunted me. It

seemed incredible that we could have been rich at one time, and yet it was the truth. How could my father have lost all his money and how could my mother have been entirely ignorant of it? It appeared very strange to me and it became more perplexing as time went on and I became more mature. My brother seemed to have forgotten it but I could never drive it from my memory; perhaps, because of my nature or maybe because my young mind had been fed on stories of the time when we were not always poor. It matters little how the affair developed in my mind. The fact is I determined to satisfy myself concerning the notes which were in the hands of my father's business partner and one night I broke into his office and found them buried amongst some old documents. I brought them to an expert the next day together with a letter which my father had had occasion to write to my mother a short time before his death. The notes were found to be forgeries."

His voice became intense and his eyes narrowed still more as he clutched more tightly the arms of his chair.

"From that day I determined I should have justice for the wrongs we had suffered. I saw the squalid poverty in which we were forced to eke out an existence when we might be enjoying a life of comfort. I saw another man, a thief, living in luxury on that which was rightfully ours. Perhaps none of you know the misery a poor man suffers and if you don't you can never understand the feelings that took possession of me when I found that my mother had been robbed."

Here he paused, then, leaning forward, still more slowly said:

"The night before last I killed the man who robbed us."

"Why didn't you prosecute Fellows when you had the goods on him instead of killing him?" asked an inquisitor, "the courts would have rectified the wrongs. That's their purpose."

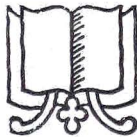
"Why didn't I prosecute?" he asked cynically, "Because I would never have gotten anything. He has money, lots of it,—how he got it doesn't matter,—and I have none. You know how much chance I or any other poor devil has for winning a suit against a millionaire. About as far as I'd get would be to file the complaint and then perhaps be judged insane for doing that much. It would be nothing for Fellows to buy over the court and what would I get?"

"The courts ought to render justice, but do they? Sometimes, if you've got the money. Furthermore, if I did win, the bulk of the money would go to pay court costs and lawyers' fees until the trouble would not be worth while. If all men, regardless of wealth and position were equal, I'd have some chance. We ought to be equal, but we are not. The man with the money is the man that lives, the rest of us poor fools exist, and have a poor existence at that. If I were the one that was killed the night before last you fellows would not have the murderer yet and unless he ran into your arms you'd never get him. You got me because you know you'll have your palms well greased for it.

"You'll say I'm talking foolishly," he continued; "down in your heart you know I'm right, but you're afraid to say it because it doesn't pay."

"Oh, yes, I know I'll go over the road or probably go to the chair," he answered to another question, "but I'll go there knowing I've made one man pay for injustice and if the countless numbers of his type who live on the blood of others went the same way there'd be few poor devils in the world today. I may be wrong, but while the law of the land exists to protect the rich I can't see it."

That was a year ago. Yesterday, an insignificant paragraph of the evening paper told the story of Thomas Bradford's end; he had been killed to preserve justice in the great and glorious commonwealth. Few gave it more than passing notice. Why should people worry over somebody else? The ponderous, blind, lop-sided old world rolls along in the same old way. Nobody suffers but the goat; it's always the loser who pays.



"Life is too short to quarrel in, or carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes."—*Anon.*

A FAREWELL

(BANQUET IN HONOR OF SENIORS WHO ENTERED SERVICE JANUARY THIRD)

For the past six months at St. Viator the air has been full of farewells. Not a month has passed but that the student body has assembled two or three times to say farewell and bid Godspeed to a group of companions who were leaving behind their student life to enter the sterner business of war. At almost regular intervals the gates have been thrown open and small companies of youthful heroes have issued forth to take up the work of real men.

The latest depletion of the ranks was made a short time ago when Edmund F. Conway, William J. Roche and Myles J. Hoare enlisted in the navy at the Great Lakes Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Although within a few months of receiving the Bachelor's Degree, which was to be the reward of four years study at St. Viator, Conway and Roche could not resist the temptation and after a quiet trip to Chicago, they announced that soon they would be in the United States service as radio operators.

To wish the young men good luck in their new life the Senior Class, of which Mr. Conway was the Vice-President and Mr. Roche, the Secretary, tendered a banquet in their honor in the college dining hall. Several members of the faculty and student body were present and after the banquet many responded to toasts. Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V. was unable to attend because of another engagement, but expressed his sentiments in this letter which Mr. T. E. Shea read:

Mr. T. E. Shea, President, Senior Class,
St. Viator College.

Dear Mr. SHEA:

I regret very much that owing to a previous engagement I am unable to be present this evening at the supper you are giving in honor of our boys who are going to the war. You know my heart is with you, and that I would like nothing better than to have the opportunity of making a speech on such an eloquent subject as the spirit of patriotism that Edmund Conway, William Roche, and Michael Hoare are displaying in surrendering the ambitions of their college career to serve their country in the stern business of war. I, like the other members of the faculty of St. Viator, regret deeply the separation this parting entails from young men whom I learned to know intimately and admire highly through several years of intimate college association; but I also rejoice that I have had some small part in the formation of boys noble and brave enough to offer their lives to their country in her hour of need. I would not have it otherwise than that they should go bravely forth even to the supreme sacrifice as the Knights of Democracy; and I feel confident that they will

acquit themselves as well upon the field of battle as they have on the campus and in the classroom. America need not fear as long as she may command the heart's best devotion of clean-limbed and bright-minded young men such as Conway, Roche and Hoare. Tell them my best wishes and prayers will ever go with them!

May I close this brief farewell with a quotation of a few verses written of another college in the present crisis, slightly modified to meet the present occasion:

*"Old Viator's walls are gray and worn,
She knows the truth of tears,
But today she stands in her ancient pride,
Crowned with eternal years.*

*"Gone are her sons; yet her heart is glad
In the glory of their youth,
For she brought them forth to live or die
By freedom, justice, truth.*

*"Viator's goodliest children leave her,
Hastily thrusting books aside;
Still the hurrying weeks bereave her,
Filling her heart with joy and pride;
Only the thoughts of those can grieve her,
Those who will fight and die."*

God be with them and keep them ever, and when democracy has conquered, and war is over, may He bring them back to us crowned with the glory of their youthful heroism, is the prayer of their sincere friend,

(Signed) J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C.S.V.

In the following words, Thomas E. Shea, President of the Senior Class, bade the departing members of the class farewell:

Reverend Fathers and fellow students: There is one word in every language that a man dreads to utter, and yet it is a word that every man at one time or another and in one circumstance or another must speak—it is farewell.

*"Farewell! that word has broken hearts,
And blinded eyes with tears;
Farewell! one stays, and one departs;
Between them roll the years.*

*Good-bye! that word makes faces pale,
And fills the soul with fears,
Good-bye! two words that wing and wail
Which flutters down the years."*

The time has come for us when we unwillingly must speak our own sorrow, when we must utter that most unwelcome word—farewell.

To us as members of the same class this farewell is calamitous. To us as intimate friends of those whose pathway has taken a sudden turn in life, this farewell is almost tragic.

Four years ago, eighteen individuals met and formed the Freshman Class. You all know its history, how we struggled to crystallize ourselves into one unit to do better things for Viator; how our ranks were thinned out year after year, each depletion rendering our ideals more difficult to attain, until finally, at the beginning of this year, we started on the final stage of our journey with only eight members, but each one an active part of the small but powerful machine.

We had planned much, our ideals were high, everything augured a grand climax to four years of arduous endeavor and eternal friendship. But, now, just as success gleamed brightest, the black cloud of war lowers over us and we are enveloped in its dense gloom.

*"Up vistaed hopes we sped
and shot precipitated adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears."*

As friends, this parting is tragic, for it means the removal from our lives as students something that we in that capacity can never again enjoy—the companionship of two real friends. All of us will meet again, but it will not be as students, suffering the almost enjoyable pain of college routine, but as men in the world bearing the burdens that a pitiless world shall place upon us.

There is only one consideration which might make this parting less painful. It is the fact that they are leaving to give themselves for the noblest cause to which man *can* give himself, to the service of country, to the service of humanity, to the service of God. They are going to do their share to make the angels' message ring forth through the land once more. Over nineteen hundred years ago God sent His angles to sing, "Peace on Earth." Tonight we send these men as our angels to join those who have gone before them to bring the same peace to men by the song of noble battle.

Now just a word to you, our classmates and friends.

*We seek in prayerful words, dear friends,
Our hearts' true wish to send you,
That you may know that far or near
Our loving thoughts attend you.*

*There can be found no truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem ever heard,
Is sweeter than—God bless you.*

*God bless you! So we breathe a charm,
Lest life's dark night oppress you;
For how can sorrow bring you harm
If it's God's way to bless you.*

With this prayer from our hearts we send you forth to do the work

of real men. With this prayer on our lips we shall follow you in spirit until you return home again. And now, from all, farewell.

MY PLEDGE.

Dear Country's flag, I pledge my love
Unswerving unto thee,
Thou flag of heaven born colors fair,
Proud emblem of the free.

All treasures that I now possess,
All honors earth can give,
I pledge them with my life, dear flag,
That mankind free may live.

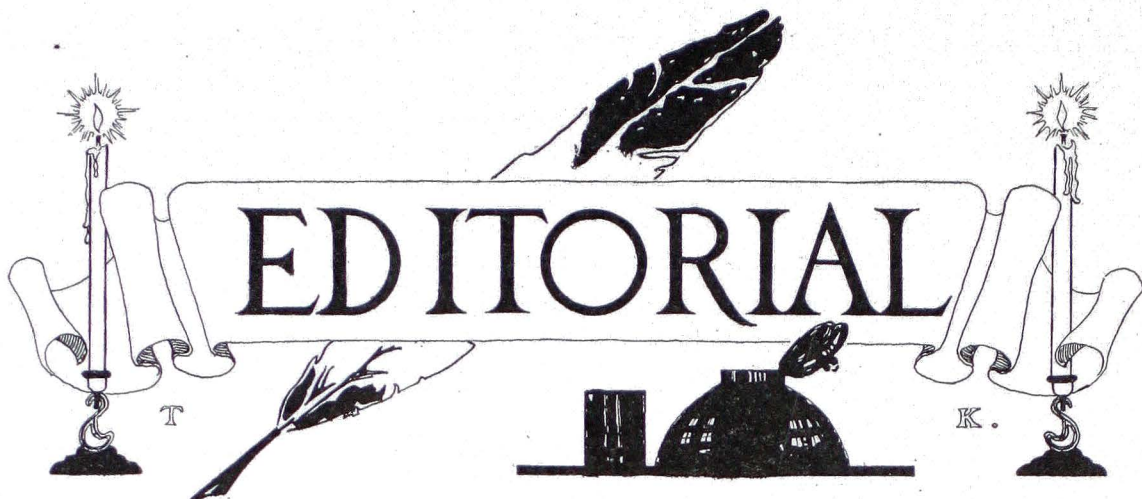
And if my country needs my life,
To spread abroad thy fame,
I'll gladly give that life, dear flag,
To honor thy sweet name.

Because I love each radiant star,
On field of azure hue,
Each snowy stripe and crimson bar,
My own Red, White and Blue.

—J. A. W.

TEN-SHUN

If you know an old student who is now in the service and whose name did not appear in the last issue of the Viatorian, notify us at once so that our roll of honor will be as nearly complete as possible.



THE VIATORIAN

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There is, without exception, nothing more derogatory to the publication of a college magazine than the *laissez faire* policy which a vast majority of students pursue. A college periodical may have financial backing, it may have firmly established precedents, it may have everything that would otherwise insure success, but the doom of its failure is sealed unless a student body as a whole is interested in it. And what does it mean to be interested? To read the magazine intensively and criticize the attempt at composition therein contained? Yes, that may be displaying interest and it may not be, but our interest in this case does not or at least should not stop here. What is the purpose of a college publication? Whatever ends it serves it cannot be denied that its primary object is to encourage the development of the student's ability to express in the best manner possible the ideas he may have on various topics. To be able to express one's

YOUR DUTY

opinion in decent English is one of the results of education, and no one will deny that the best means to learn how to express our opinions decently is by practise. A man never becomes efficient in anything except by constant practise, and the best practise in writing that a student can get is writing for *his own* publication. "Oh, yes," the average student will say, "We know that, but"—"Yes, but." But what? "But I don't need practise, I can write perfect English now?" Why, then, waste time studying something in which you are already perfect, in which there is no room for improvement, when you might better occupy yourself picking daisies? But what? "But let the other fellow do it?" Does he need it more than you? Is the obligation greater for him? Who is this other fellow? When pushed back far enough you will find he is no one. "But what?" Is the magazine yours? Is it supposed to represent your endeavor? "Yes?" Well, you should try to make it really represent you?

If you have not taken an interest in your magazine, if you have not tried to make it represent you, there is no possible way to excuse your actions. Either the magazine is your magazine or it is not. But it must be yours otherwise it would not be published at your institution and by the students of your college. If it is your publication then it is your duty to see that it receives your support. Either it represents your literary endeavor or it does not. But by virtue of its existence it does represent your literary endeavor, and hence, again it is your duty to see to it that you are represented justly. Either you can write perfect English or you can not. If you can, then contributing articles to the college magazine is a pleasure and since it is your duty to do so it becomes a pleasant duty. If you cannot then there is no better means of perfecting your abilities than writing for your magazine.

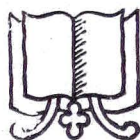
It is your magazine, it represents your thought, your standing as college men. If you do not do your part and contribute articles either you are branding yourself as a slacker for not supporting what your position demands that you support, or else, by silent eloquence, you condemn yourself as one incapable of doing the work of the average college student. Either position is far from being one of honor to any college man.

As one of the preparatives for the titanic struggle for existence into which Germanism has entered, the inculcation into the hearts of the young of the idea that war is the best expression of a man's nobility is by no means the least unimportant. From the time the young brain is capable of receiving impressions, the masters of Germany have endeavored to burn into the souls of the youth this lesson. How well they have succeeded the spirit of the blood-thirsty barbarism of the Boches proves only too effectively. In

divesting the young man of Germany of his own better nature and clothing him with the nobility that is noble only among the beasts of the jungle, Germany has not failed to influence the youth of every civilized nation in the world. While training her young manhood in the ways of the brute she has unwittingly ennobled young America more effectively than a century of teaching could do. She has caused him to realize quite clearly that there is a time when war is truly noble and that time is when it is waged to rid the earth of one of the greatest menaces to society. This fact is evidenced by the countless numbers of our young men who have gladly given up whatever the present warranted them and whatever the future held out for them in order to enter the country's service and if necessary to make the supreme sacrifice at her command. From this institution, as from every institution of its kind, during the past year there has gone out group after group of students whom the draft did not summon, students who had just begun to see the possible realization of their ideals; students who had toiled, perhaps, for years under difficulties that might well cause the less persevering to surrender. When we see such men—and they are *real* men—cast books aside and turn their backs upon the end of noble ambitions we must conclude that the power that attracts them is mighty. If this war, as horrible as it is has done nothing else it has proven to the world that there are still some men who are willing to sacrifice their all, even life itself, that Justice may live.

As the 17th of March draws nigh we look towards Ireland, and at last we can see the gray streaks of another day's dawning begin to scatter the shades of her long night of Stygian darkness. The termination of war will see the sun ascend her heavens never more to set, for Ireland will be free. Eight centuries of shattered hopes and broken treaties have caused Ireland to regard with distrust the hand that England, on various occasions, held out to her, have caused her to despair of every gaining a semblance of freedom by peaceful means. Now, however, the time has come when distrust and despair must vanish,—now, if Justice is not a mythological deity that has no existence in this world, Ireland can be certain of her liberty. For more than three years the plains of Europe have reeked with carnage and destruction. Autocracy is making its last struggle for existence but it must fall, for, Injustice, at one time or another, must abdicate in favor of Justice. The banner under which the allies are fighting is Democracy. Their expressed purpose in waging war is to see that justice is done small nations, is to strike the shackles of subjection from small and weak nations. Since this is the cause for which millions are giving their life's blood, Ireland and every other nation of the world now under the rule of a foreigner must get independence, else justice, to the allied powers, is a mockery, a sham. Tomorrow,

when the allied powers have won the cause for which they fought and when they give unto the weak their independence, will England be able to sit at the council table and look into the eyes of France and America and refuse to give Ireland her freedom? At the risk of putting a worse blot on her escutcheon, at the risk of declaring to the world that she has covered hypocrisy with the cloak of simulated justice, England dare not.



“A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.”—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

THE PERISCOPE

JUVENAL

There is no manner of doubt among men that knowledge is better than ignorance and yet there are times and occasions when we are convinced that some men doubt this almost axiomatic truth. There are times and occasions in one's student life when he is forced to conclude that some young men prefer to remain in abysmal ignorance rather than take a single step towards the heights of knowledge. I do not refer to those men who can not or rather who will not open a text book and rivet their eyes thereon for an hour or more. No, there are times in every student's life when the sight of a text book is nauseating, but there are other means whereby the student can acquire knowledge and still be free from the dull, stale, uninteresting text book. For example, he may have the opportunity of listening to a lecture on some topic which is entirely outside his school life. How many have been the opportunities of this kind and how often have they been ignored by students who pose before their own little world as college men, who claim to be in search of knowledge, whose very position as students makes their object in life a quest for knowledge. There are times, of course, when the lecturer may not be of the highest type but even that does not prevent the hearer from learning something, even if the only thing he does learn is that the speaker is not worth while hearing. Now there are college men here at this institution, as there are college men in every institution who are quite content with themselves to receive the education that a faculty marks out for them. There are students here that never attend a lecture, whether from an utter lack of appreciative powers or from mental inertia matters little. Such men are imposters, frauds and deceivers and types of the worst kind because they are posing to themselves as well as to everybody else what they do not really represent—college students; they are defrauding themselves of what they pretend to be seeking—knowledge, and they are deceiving themselves in believing what they never can be—educated men.

It is a seriously defended tenet of a certain school of evolutionists that man as we know him today is a descendant from some lower animal. At times we are inclined to look discouragingly upon this theory and yet when we consider some individuals with whom we associate daily, we can hardly blame these scientists for arriving at such a conclusion, for, certainly, the make-up of some people is not wholly unlike a certain species of the lower animal. There is an animal the characteristic marks of which are "kicking" and utter stupidity. Amongst human beings he has an almost perfect counterpart, and their number is legion. There are human beings—they

cannot be called *men*—the extent of whose mental activities seem to be depreciating everyone and everything, whose intellectuality—if in our charity we can designate it thus—can be determined only by the asininity they display. They oppose with disparaging vehemence any and every policy the best thought of their community has adopted and would no doubt extend their condemnation further were they blest with keener vision. They are indignant because their appetite is not satisfied with the food of kings. They are inflamed with regal rage because they are not granted the privileges of men of leisure. They howl (or bray) vociferously because they are compelled to exercise their better mental faculties. There are men around them that manage to subsist quite comfortably on exactly the same food. There are men around them that are governed by the same rule which governs them. There are men around them who follow the same course of studies they pursue and who advance with rapid strides towards knowledge. “What is the difference?” The latter are *men* whilst the former are—well, you can judge for yourself. It would be a good thing for themselves and a blessing to the society in which they live if such men would make a strenuous effort to *think*. Perhaps then, they would realize their standing among real men or else would segregate themselves from real men, and cast their lot with the type of animal of which they are kings.



“Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.”

—George Herbert.



Fordham Monthly.

Was it by mere chance or happy inspiration that the Exman opened the January issue of the *Fordham* monthly at the editorials? Be that as it may the four editorials well repaid the reading. We like them for their directness, their originality, their punch, but above all for their plain unalloyed common sense. Of the four the most powerful and appealing is the one entitled "Don't Waste," in which with logic and skill all his own the author drives home to the reader a fact, often overlooked, that thousands of our people do not and cannot waste because they have not even the necessities of life. The author then proceeds to tear the mask of hypocrisy from those commercial pirates commonly called speculators who "are safely ensconced behind the impenetrable camouflage of spurious patriotism."

"A Dream Son of Erin," the first poem of the issue, is of the character rarely found among our exchanges. Strength, solemnity, and beauty are its dominant notes. "Invocation" is a solemn and majestic piece of verse that savors of Kipling. The verse "Three Roads," and "The Dance of Death" contributes much to the excellence of the magazine.

The essays of the issue do justice to the usual high standard of the magazine. "The Aviary of Ages" is a eulogism upon the fine arts of music and poetry "which," as the author says, "makes our way immeasurably sweeter, our lot lovelier, nobler, and lighter." The style of the essay is clear, refrained, and as poetical as the subjects treated. Under the title "A Study in Monomania" is a clever satire on the inconsistency in theory and practise of idealistic philosophy.

Nemesis is a short story of the blood and thunder type with a well-constructed plot and of course interesting.

But what of the laws of probability? Here we have a man Lester Norton by name, whose otherwise successful life has been made intolerably bitter by the threats of a reprobate, once his boyhood chum, to reveal a crime he had committed in the thoughtlessness of youth. Fortune places the reprobate and quondam chum into the

hands of Norton, who murders him almost in cold blood. Such being the case is it not astonishing to read that Norton calmly informs a friend whom fortune might make his enemy as it did the reprobate.

"A Condemnation of the Surprise Ending" is an odd bit of literary composition. In it, as the title suggests, the author takes issue with the value of the surprise ending popularized by O. Henry. To illustrate his point, the author relates a story "which," to use his own words, "he either heard, read or dreamt." The exman cannot help believing that it was dreamt. For such a fantastic piece of fiction could never have formed itself in the imagination while reason remained the least bit operative. The exman regrets that space will not permit him to reproduce the story with the author's ingenious comments. For it is certainly an eternal condemnation of the surprise ending which, the author maintains, has become so trite and annoying. But alas! for the frailty of human nature. A few pages or more, ere the wrath enkindled against the surprise ending has subsided, there appears one of those stories entitled "His Penance" with a surprise ending which one cannot but help conclude that this kind of ending is not so dreadfully horrible after all.

St. Mary's Chimes.

From the neighboring state of Indiana, a monthly comes, the *St. Mary's Chimes*, a most welcome visitor. There is certainly no dearth of poets at St. Mary's, for no less than ten selections of verse appear in the January issue. The "Significance of a Catholic Education" is the initial essay of the number, a strong and earnest defense of Catholic education as well as a seething indictment of our public school system. The treatment is clear, convincing and at all times logical. "Lowell's Essay on Dante," is a well-written appreciation of the broad and fair-minded view taken by Lowell of Dante. "The Quality of Mercy" is a literary essay of no mean value which has for its dominant characteristics, clarity of style and depth of thought, qualities by no means too common in our exchanges. The plot of "Bobby Hoover," the first short story of the issue, is simple, perhaps too simple to excite and maintain interest. The author of "Somewhere in France," the second short story, had in the exman's opinion, gone far beyond the range of probability. Both stories could be considerably improved by the introduction of more action and especially more conversation, which would serve both to enliven the story and carry on the plot.

The Abbey Student.

Bedecked with holly and breathing forth the yuletide spirit is the Christmas issue of the *Abbey Student*. "Et in Terra Pax," is a pretty little poem written in a difficult meter and contrasting the Christmas of nineteen hundred and seventeen with that of two thousand years ago. "A Sketch of Benedictine," by the Rev. Augustine Boschofen,

O.S.B., forms another interesting chapter to the history of the Benedictines which has been running in the *Abbey Student* for some time past. "Matthew Arnold and America" is the leading essay of the issue. In it the author bewails the fact pointed out over forty years ago by Matthew Arnold that the capital sin of America is the absence of the discipline of respect. The subject is treated with praiseworthy enthusiasm. From the pretentious title, "Is Psychology Worth While," one would naturally expect a well substantiated exposition of the advantages occurring from the study of that great science. But, alas! the reader is doomed to disappointment. A mere outline or rather catalogue of some of the advantages is sum and substance of the essay. Statements though true will never be accepted as such by the unconvinced unless clearly and logically demonstrated by proofs and illustrations. That he is not enthusiastic over his subject, that he is not thoroughly convinced of what he says is the impression created.

"The Fate of Latin" is a short composition on a subject rarely treated in college magazines. The author's position is certainly well taken. It is to be regretted that he has professedly confined himself merely to the extrinsic arguments whereby Latin commends itself. As it is, it is an indignant protest against the Flexnerian movement for the elimination of classical studies from the schools. Limited as is the author's treatment yet he adduces a mass of evidence, the convictions of the most successful education of the country is proof of his contention that Latin should not be stricken off high school and college curricula. "Christmas at O'Farrel's '1917'" is the short story of the issue. Like many of the exchanges, its plot is almost devoid of action and life. Of special interest and merit are the editorials. Topics necessarily interesting and valuable to students are discussed and brought home to the reader with considerable appealing form.

The Collegian.

Well written essays and short stories form the bulk of the January issue of the *Collegian*. The essay "James Hunaher, the critic," holds the first place in this issue both in the order of sequence and excellence. The clearness with which the author adheres to his subject, the knowledge manifested of the works and philosophy of this unique critic command admiration. The writer treats his subject not from the viewpoint of an ardent admirer, nor of an irritated hater, but simply that of a judge. "The Ways of Three" is a short story of a didactic and homiletic character. At the very start the author skillfully arouses interest which is well maintained until the closing paragraph.

The essay on "Robert Burns" gives us but a meager view of the great Scottish bard. In vain do we look for a treatment of any of those qualities of mind and heart which entitle Burns to everlasting

renown. "Forty Cents in Change" is the second short story of the issue. Its character is far more serious than the title would lead one to suspect. Its plot is simple and hinges on the struggle of a derelict for moral independence. The description of the arrival of the Agnola at the dock and the subterranean gambling den, indicate considerable descriptive power.

"A Mother's Reverie" is the fiat of the poet's contribution and is noteworthy for its real genuine feeling. Whilst, "Why We Fight" contains a measure of truth, the meter is rugged and grating. In concluding, may not one add a few words of commendation for the excellent manner in which the college items are written up? The editor of this department has admirably succeeded in making the most commonplace of school events interesting even to a stranger.

The Academy.

The Christmas issue of the *Academy* is conspicuous for its attractive cover design. Passing over, however, the cover we are especially struck by the motto heading the table of contents: "The best work of all the students, not all the work of the best students." The variety of names appended to the articles recorded on this page is ample evidence that the motto is followed throughout. The issue is adorned throughout by the sketches of different amateur artists. The Christmas spirit reigns supreme in the cause. It is the dominant note of the essays, the theme of the stories and the inspiration of the verse. Upon reading this issue one cannot escape the impression that the whole student body are heart and soul for the success of their publication.





On December 5, Johnny Coulon, former bantam-weight champion of the world and Eddie 'Kid' Mack, gave an exhibition of the manly art, which was keenly enjoyed by the audience. Charley White was to have been Mr. Coulon's poponent, but was unable to fulfill the engagement. Johnny Coulon performed a few "stunts" which kept all the "strong men" of the College guessing, and also narrated several experiences of his career in the ring. As "curtain raisers" three bouts were staged the light, middle and heavy weight championships of the college, but at the end the referee declared himself neutral.

Edward Reno, the magician, performed at the College on Friday, January 11th. Notwithstanding the fact that it was the coldest night of the year and that the worst blizzard the county can remember swept the streets, a large audience was in attendance. Besides his many clever sleight of hand tricks, Mr. Reno performed some veritable wonders, which no one in the audience could succeed in explaining. He has traveled all over the world giving exhibitions, and is today probably the best known and the most successful magician in America.

Rev. Father F. S. Sheridan, for the past few years a member of the faculty of St. Viator, has been transferred to St. Viator Church in Chicago. Father Sheridan will be especially remembered for the several successful plays he wrote and staged at the College, notably, "The Call" and "My Boy," his latest production. The best wishes of faculty and students accompany Father Sheridan in his new field of endeavor.

The "Annual Retreat," which began on January 31st and ended on February 4th, was preached by the Rev. Jos. P. Conroy, S. J. The zeal and eloquence of the reverend Director contributed to make these four days most fruitful ones, and we will be indeed slow to forget the invaluable lessons imparted to us during this retreat.

**ANNUAL
RETREAT**

A most pleasant and profitable evening was spent at Viator on January 30th, when Mr. E. H. Lougher delivered his lecture "The Shackles of the World." From his first utterance to the closing words of the speech the entire student body seemed entranced with the spell of his oratory. The scenes of prison life in the principal State penitentiaries, and the strange characters met within those somber walls, as well as the right and the wrong methods of handling criminals were graphically depicted as only a master of criminology could do.

**E. H. LOUGHER
LECTURES**

To Mr. Lougher's vast experience are added a pleasing personality and an elegant delivery, both potent factors used in burning into the souls of his hearers the lessons he desired to teach.

Lincoln's birthday brought to the lovers of oratory at St. Viators a treat seldom equaled and never to be surpassed. The Very Reverend President, Father J. P. O'Mahoney, set forth the life and ideals of the great emancipator in terms becoming a Patrick Henry and with the patriotism of a Washington.

**LINCOLN
ADDRESS**

The thunderous applause and enthusiasm with which his climaxes were received showed the great satisfaction of the audience. The single number of the evening's program duly honored the martyred president.

St. Valentine's day ushered in the pleasing impersonator, John B. Ratto. This artist has traveled the country from coast to coast, presenting his delightful repertoire of character impersonations, and acquiring for himself an enviable reputation.

JOHN B. RATTO

With almost magic skill he transformed himself from preacher to criminal and from judge to Yankee farmer. The captivating rendition of Kipling's famous poem, "Gunga Din," left the verse,— "You was a better man than I am—Gunga Din" in the minds of the attentive audience."



ALUMNI NOTES

Marked is the fact that the loyal alumnus is found in those walks of life noted for sacrifice, devotion and patriotism. Emphatically has Viator been awakened to the realization of this by the prompt and joyful visits of her sons during the past months.

Jackies and soldiers, captains, sergeants, corporals and chaplains serving their country have all found time and pleasure to revisit the portals of their Alma Mater wherein the high ideals which they are now striving to attain were inculcated.

Edmund Conway, Myles J. Hoare, William H. Roche and W. C. Walsh, a few of Viator's contingent at the Great Lakes Naval Station, put in their appearance at the old school. The Army, not to be outdone by their brothers in the Navy, has sent home to visit the cradle of patriotism, from the far distant training camps of the south, Sergeant John M. Oakey, Roy Arseneau, Edward Houde, and J. Marcotte.

Again from that valiant host of workers in the vineyard of the Lord came the reverend gentlemen, J. Vincent Green, Joseph Griffin, Edward Leonard, Frank Cleary and J. L. McMullen. Unclassified because of youth or unfinished in training, yet manifesting the loyalty of older and more mature alumni are Messrs. Fulton J. Sheen, John Ostrowski, Joseph Cross, Frank Libert, Thaddeus Mooney, James Kavanagh, George Spriggins and Joseph Reading, all recent visitants.

Passing from her portals is the constant stream of dutiful patriotic sons of Viator. The latest gift to the ranks of the world were Joseph Gaffud and Thomas Barre, natives of our far distant islands. They have given up their studies to become acquainted with the "Liberty Motor" and later to enter the direct service of Uncle Sam. God speed the boys from across the sea. Viator is with you in every deed.

Harold Arnberg and August DeClerk, who but a few months ago left the college to join the ranks of the brave have been assigned to Camp Grant. Harold has already been made sergeant while DeClerk, it is rumored, is now a corporal.

Among the jackies at the Great Lakes the *Viatorian* finds its old Viatoriana chief of the years of 1916 and 1917. Indeed his services are missed, but the staff gladly sacrifices, for a nobler cause, his witty sayings, better known as "Hankisms."

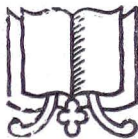
Reverend A. L. Girard has been commissioned Lieutenant and assigned to Camp Logan, while Reverend Daniel Monaghan has received his appointment for duty from Secretary Daniels of the Navy. Active service within the range of bursting shells is eagerly sought by these two heroic souls as Father Darche, from whom the *Viatorian* expects word in any day of his arrival in France.

Marvelous as are the ascents of the Viator boys yet among them Cadet Herbert C. Tiffany has to be given first place for the most rapid flight. He goes up daily at the Kelley Aviation Field Number 2.

Left behind to keep the firesides cheerful is Reverend J. Dawson Byrnes, who, at the request of his bishop, is giving a series of splendid readings and impersonations throughout the State. The latest addition to his repertoire is "Cardinal Wolsey."

Recently word came that William Foley, D. D. S. has enlisted in the Medical Officers Reserve. Dr. Foley has opened an office at 30 Michigan avenue. He will continue to practice until called for service.

The Knights of Columbus in arranging for the celebration of the Father of our Country at the different cantonments have called upon our able alumnus, Honorable T. J. Cosgrove, City Attorney of San Diego, California, to be one of the honored speakers on this occasion.



OBITUARIES

"Have pity on me! Have pity on me! At least you my friends."

The darkening shades of death entered the home of Z. P. Berard, shrouding it with sorrows for a mother, loved and revered by all for her many years of saintly life.

Mrs. Hector Berard died on January 29th, at the home of her son, Reverend Z. P. Berard of St. Anne. She was born at St. Barthelemy, Canada, of the family of Pierre Barette, well known in Bourbonnais as one of the early pioneers. Mrs. Berard's ripe old age of ninety-three filled with works of charity, motherly devotion and religious piety endeared her in the hearts of all who knew her.

The funeral took place at St. Anne, Father Berard celebrating high mass. He was assisted by Reverend Aug. Tardif and Reverend Lucien Libert. Very reverend J. P. O'Mahoney represented the sympathies of the College and preached the sermon. The remains were brought to Bourbonnais to rest beside those of her husband in the village graveyard.

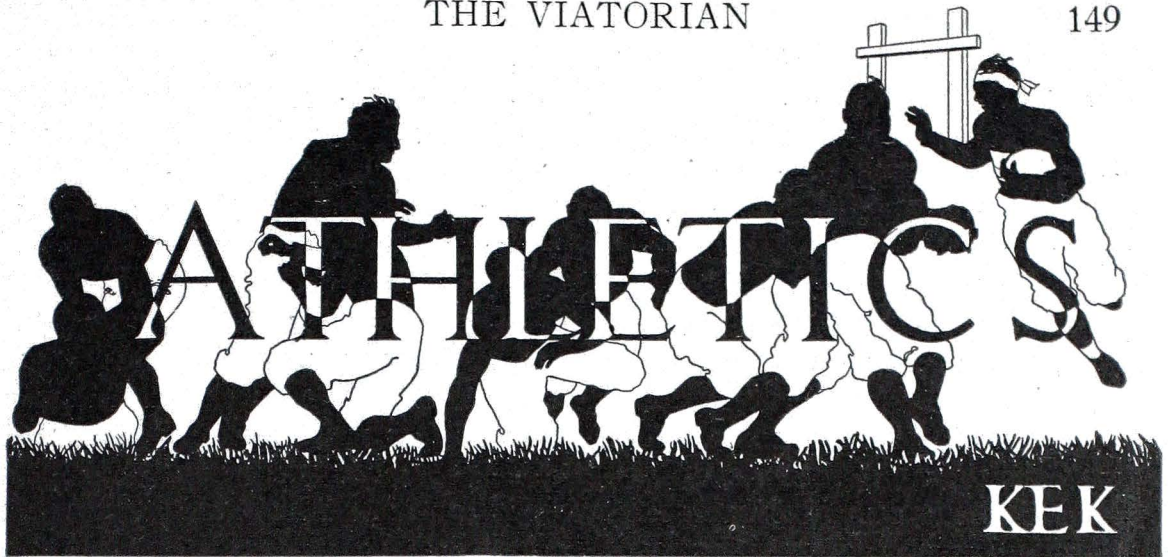
"We have loved her during life, let us not forget her in death."

On the 21st of January, the beloved mother of Edward J. Harvey, a former student, passed to her reward. The loss of such a good, generous, Christian soul is felt none the less by the community than by the immediate relatives.

Edward may be sure that his old friends at Alma Mater deeply sympathize with him in his affliction and will remember her in their prayers.

The sad news of the death of Newell Calkins of the High School Class, '10, was sorely felt at Viator. Newell died of pneumonia at Camp Pike, where he was in training to give his all on the altar of Democracy. Though deprived of the glories of a death on the field of battle, yet his manly struggle as a virtuous Christian gentleman and his willingness to do all for his country will make his memory ever bright in the minds of his old school fellows.





Fond hopes for a championship varsity faded away this season as the spirit of patriotism grew among the Viator athletes. Beginning last May, one athlete after another forsook the gridiron, diamond or basket-ball floor for the training camp, and within the last month the last of the great Viator athletes, William J. Roche, captain of the Basket Ball team offered his services to his country. With the loss of this veteran guard along with the loss of several candidates, it was thought advisable to abandon the development of a varsity. Attention was then directed to the high school five and under the able direction of Mr. F. J. Murray, our fondest hopes are to be realized. Still undefeated, the team is making rapid strides toward the Catholic High School Title and the independent championship.

ST. VIATOR—ST. ANNE

In the first game of the season the team gave good evidence of their ability by defeating St. Anne by the one sided score 49-3. With a "tank" attack they completely crushed their opponents in both periods. Basket-shooting by Bushell gave us a safe lead in the first few minutes of play, while the performance of Capt. Lynch and Delaney in holding the opposing forwards without a basket speaks for itself.

ST. VIATOR, 49	LINE-UP	ST. ANNE, 3.
Bushell.....	Right Forward.....	La Croix
Cavanaugh.....	Left Forward.....	Pallisard
Deutsch.....	Center.....	Shrontz
Lynch.....	Right Guard.....	Corkins
Delaney.....	Left Guard.....	Sprimont

Field Goals:—Bushell (9), Cavanagh (4), Delaney (1), Lynch (5), Wilkins (2), Lyons (1).

Substitutions:—Wilkins for Bushell; Kennelly for Cavanaugh; Heaney for Deutsch; Lyons for Delaney. Referee Ogilire.

ST. VIATOR—WHEATON.

In one of the best exhibitions seen on the local floor for many seasons Wheaton was defeated by the close score of 19-15. Our men, heavily outweighed, made up for brawn by excellent team work and accurate basket-shooting. The game caused no little worry to the interested spectators, for, during the first period we were unable to gain the lead. The first half ended with the score 8-8.

When play was resumed our team gained an advantage by changing their style of play. The fireworks began at the middle of second half. Lynch and Bushell each caged one, Delaney rang up two, giving us a margin of two points. To put the game on ice, Deutsch rang one just before the final whistle. The final score was 19-15. Bushell and Cavanaugh played an excellent floor game, while Deutsch, Lynch and Delaney starred at defense. Vinning and Polk were the luminaries for Wheaton.

St. VIATOR, 19	LINE-UP	WHEATON, 15.
Bushell.....	Right Forward.....	Smith
Cavanaugh.....	Left Forward.....	Kirk.
Deutsch.....	Center.....	Vinning
Lynch.....	Right Guard.....	Doirs
Delaney.....	Left Guard.....	Polk

Substitutions:—Lyons for Lynch.

Field Goals:—Bushell (4), Deutsch (1), Lynch (2), Delaney (2), Vinning (2), Doirs (2), Polk (2). Free Throws:—Bushell (3); Vinning (3).

Referee—St. Aubin.

ST. VIATOR—KANKAKEE.

Kankakee offered but little resistance when they opposed our fast five on the local floor. Excellent basket-shooting by Bushell and Deutsch completely awed the visitors. Gray, the lanky center for Kankakee, threw seven fouls. The final score was 40 to 15.

St. VIATOR, 40	LINE-UP	KANKAKEE, 15.
Bushell.....	Right Forward.....	Smith
Cavanaugh.....	Left Forward.....	Radeke
Deutsch.....	Center.....	Gray
Lynch.....	Right Guard.....	Vandolan
Delaney.....	Left Guard.....	Waller

Substitutions:—Keating for Bushell; Wilkins for Cavanaugh; Heaney for Deutsch; Lyons for Delaney.

Field Goals:—Bushell (8); Cavanaugh (3), Wilkins (1), Deutsch (4), Delaney (1), Lyons (1), Vandolan (2), Gray (1), Radeke (2).

Free Throws:—Bushell (4), Gray (7).

ST. VIATOR—ONARGA.

Another peg was driven into the pennant when we defeated Onarga 21-19. Greatly handicapped in weight and size, the team

fought one of the best battles ever witnessed on the local floor. Both teams showed great skill in team-work, but in the first period the aim of both teams was poor and they missed many easy opportunities. In the last half the team appeared more cautious, the defense was strengthened, and a better eye for the basket netted us the two points which gave us victory at the final whistle.

Bushell, Cavanaugh and Crongle for the visitors showed up good in basket-shooting. Delaney, Lynch and Cannon played a good defense game.

ST. VIATOR, 21.	LINE-UP.	ONARGA, 19.
Bushell.....	Right Forward.....	Crongle
Cavanaugh.....	Left Forward.....	Ward
Deutsch.....	Center.....	Thurston
Lynch.....	Right Guard.....	Krause
Delaney.....	Left Guard.....	Cannon
Field Goals:—Bushell (7), Cavanaugh (3), Crongle (6), Ward (2).		
Free Throws:—Bushell (1), Thurston (3).		
Referee:—Murray.		

The following schedule has been arranged:

- Feb. 16.—Crane at St. Viators.
- Feb. 19.—Onarga at Onarga.
- Feb. 21—St. Ritas at St. Viators.
- Feb. 22—Spalding at St. Viators.
- Mar. 1—De La Salle at St. Viators.
- Mar. 8—St. Ignatius at St. Ignatius.
- Mar. 15—St. Phillips at St. Viators.
- Mar. 22—De Paul at St. Viators.



VIATORIANA



NO RELIEF IN SIGHT.

The sugar situation has taken a very serious aspect. The colloquial "Donnez moi le sucre" is answered only by an agonizing and longing look. The student body has appointed a committee, furnishing them with time-tables, to investigate the condition but all reports are unfavorable. The first day of Lent combined a necessary sweetless and meatless, with a national wheatless, and local desertless. Terrible! "Cheer up," says the old timer, "February always was a bad month—and besides Danny and Mac keep a certain table well supplied."

T. Patrick Murphy pulls for his hum town in Chatsworth for the annual 500 party. Being as how he won the prize last year, distance was no obstacle. Don't forget, Tawm, to tell 'em about your success at College Marbles.

A pink letter was found that might throw some light on the mysterious whereabouts of Dizz and Bush during the last trip to Chi. with the team. Dizz has received equivocal letters before.

REVEILLE.

Bugler Bro. T. J. Lynch, In Ab (Flat)—Somewhere in Bourbonnais:

Time: 6:35 a. m.

I can't get 'em up,
 I can't get 'em up,
 I can't get 'em up at all;
 Nelson's worse than Powers,
 Mose keeps such late hours,
 That I can't get 'im up at all,
 I can't get 'im up,
 I can't get 'im up at all.

OVER THE BAR.

"Gimme a sundae without any flavor."
 "Without what kind of flavor."
 "Without any pineapple if you have it."
 "Have none. How about one without chocolate."
 "Oh, well—all right."

Editor delightfully disturbed—but this would be *no* place for the picture. Absolutely.

Said a certain local orator when called upon to respond to the toast "The Ladies."

"If I had my choice of a toast between anything else and "The Ladies," I'd always embrace the Ladies."

Arra Musha!

From the Bulletin Board:

JOE LYNCH ISSUES FIFTH ULTIMATUM

Threatens to sever diplomatic relations with Viator U.

From same Bulletin Board three days later:

LYNCH RECEIVES SPECIAL DELIVERY

Lynch recalls latest ultimatum.

CONSCIENCE QUALM.

"Father, may I crochet and do tatting on Sunday?"

Father, rather ambiguously: "(K)nit, (K)nit!"

Bro. Duchene, with package in arm: "Say, who went with the team?"

Bro. Landroche: "Mr. Murray, I think."

Bro. Duchene: "Mr. Murray? ? ? Why did he go? ? ?"

Bro. Landroche: "Oh, he always goes, I guess."

Bro. Duchene, after long pause: "Say, what team do you mean?"

Bro. Landroche: "Why, the High School team, of course."

Bro. Duchene, somewhat relieved: "Oh! I meant the team from the barn."

AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY'S WORK.

"Well, how did you like drill?"

"Say, that's worse than touring the streets of Venice on horse-back."

Mose finally decided to take exercise and accordingly appeared in full regalia for drill. We haven't seen the corporal since.

Begobs, here come all the bhoys!