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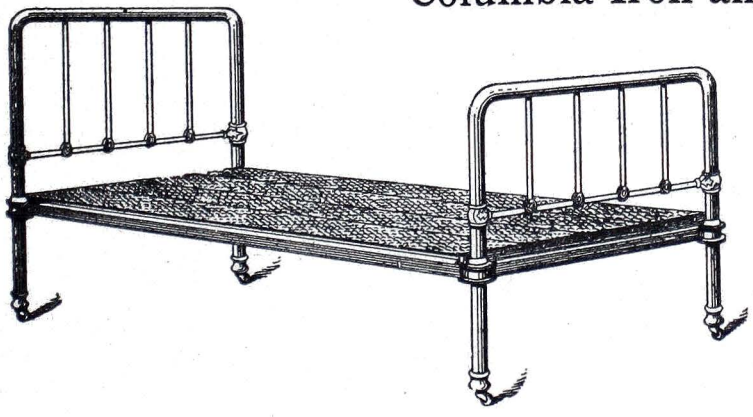

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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 34 June, 1917 Number 5

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE
HISTORICAL

St. Viator College was founded in 1868, at Bourbonnais, Ill., for the higher education of Catholic young men. Six years later it received its University charter from the State Legislature of Illinois. By virtue of this charter from the State of Illinois the institution is empowered to grant degrees in Art, Science, Letters and Philosophy.

On Feb. 21, 1906, the entire institution with the exception of the gymnasium was destroyed by fire. As this building was erected in 1901 the present plant consists exclusively of modern buildings. The college now has six large and perfectly equipped buildings upon its campus: *Marsile Alumni Hall*, facing east, 160 feet long and 80 feet wide and four stories high, a splendid stone memorial building; *Roy Hall*, with one hundred and ten private rooms, four stories high, 172 feet long, and 50 feet wide; *Gymnasium*, 153 feet by 97 feet, fully equipped; *Science Hall*, just east of the gymnasium; *St. Joseph's Hall and Infirmary;* and Maternity Church, all buildings well lighted and heated from a central plant.

COURSES.

There are ten courses of studies open to the applicant:

The Theological Course comprises all those branches necessary for candidates for the priesthood.

The College Department comprises six courses:

Philosophy, in which the divisions of Philosophy and their history are majored; *Letters*, literary criticism, rhetoric, modern languages, composition, oratory, history and philosophy; *Science* pre-medical, preparatory also for pharmacy, mechanical, civil, and electrical, engineering; *Classical*—prepares for law, medicine, and theology; *History* and *Economics; Education.*

The High School Department—so arranged that student may choose a group of studies that will best prepare him for the college course he may wish to pursue later.

Commercial Department—Two and four year courses comprising all branches needed for a finished business education. Graduates are awarded diplomas.

Agricultural Course—comprises all branches necessary for effective farm work; together with a business education which every farmer should have.

Special Students—course for those who have entrance requirements to make up.

VERY REVEREND J. P. O'MAHONEY, C.S.V.
President of St. Viator College
To whom the Class of 1917 respectfully presents anything of worth in "The Purple" number of the *Viatorian*.

THE PURPLE

Labor ad Astra Iter

Volume 1. Number 1.

The Class of 1917 offers to the students of St. Viator College and to the subscribers of the *Viatorian*, far and wide, this first annual number of "The Purple." We trust that you will find herein some things which may please your mind, your fancy, or perchance your risibles. If this be true we shall feel more than repaid in the knowledge that whatever labor we have here put forth has not been in vain. We only hope that the debut of "The Purple" in the circle of St. Viator publications may be the humble beginning of much greater things for the future in the way of appropriate annuals for an Alma Mater so beloved and so noble as our own. May the coming senior classes find some slight incentive in this initial issue that will spur them on to great and commendable efforts. Then indeed may the Class of 1917 feel proud in the fact that they have started something eminently worth while.

"THE PURPLE" STAFF—1917.

Editor:

CHARLES A. HART

Associate Editors:

T. DANIEL SULLIVAN,

JOHN F. COX,

FULTON J. SHEEN,

LAURENCE A. DONDANVILLE,

RICHARD J. FRENCH,

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CHRISTOPHER MARZANO,

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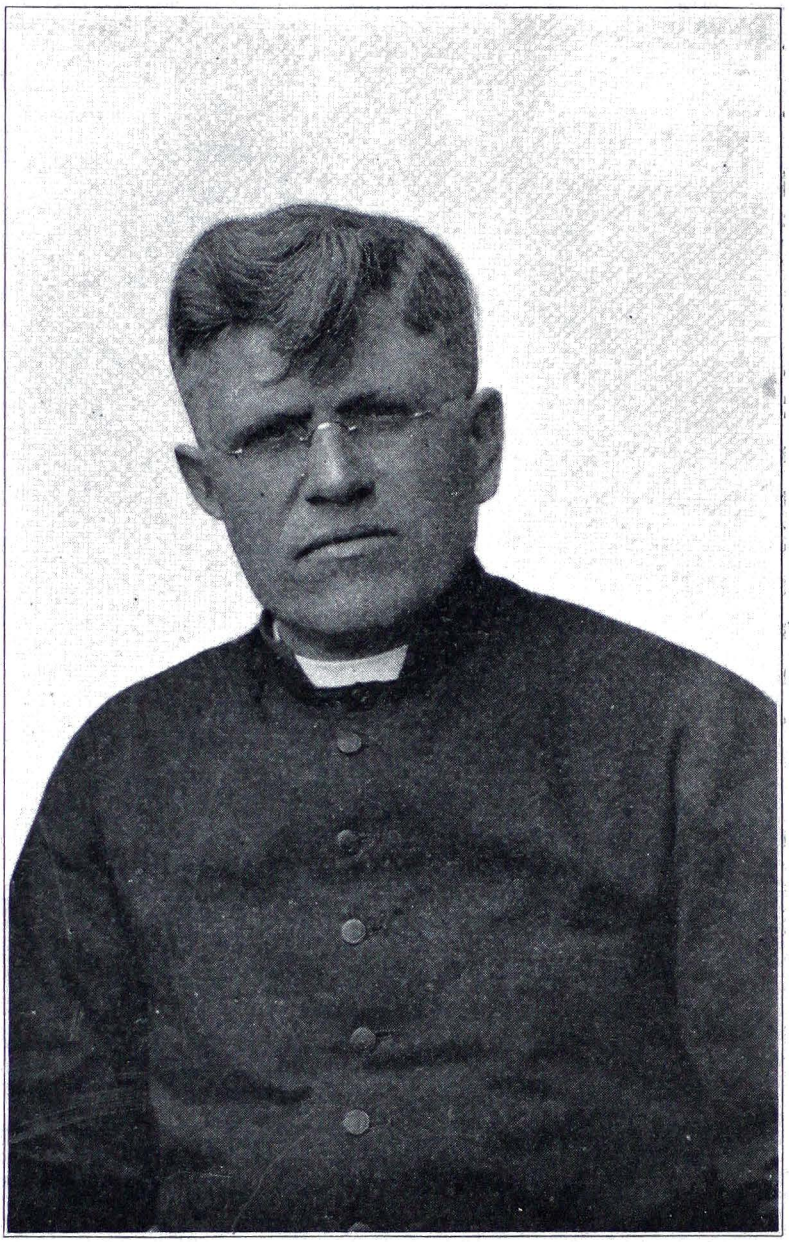


Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V.
Vice-President of St. Viator College
Our much beloved Professor of Philosophy. Christian knight, master mind. Esteemed friend of Class of 1917.

CLASS POEM

THOMAS J. SHANLEY, A.B., '17

I.

Bright Sun, veil not thy beauty as of old
When Troy, Majestic Mother of all arts,
Was shattered by Achilles' soldiers bold;
Leave us thy light, thy strength, and beauteous darts,
Lest we in darkness fall as victims blind.
O Symbol of eternal light!
With Phaeton we beseech a token true,
That in this hideous fray of humankind,
Dread hate shall never bring its horrid night,
But love of honor will itself renew.

II.

Chaste Moon, thou lovely watcher of the night,
The Stars, thy maids, now sing a solemn dirge,
And weep tears sadly from their heavenly height,
As from the ambush to the fight emerge
Those countless warriors guiltless to their doom.
O Wandering Pilgrim of the sky!
Are not thy virgin eyes now dull with grief,
To see Earth's verdant vales now ghastly tombs,
And life condemned to wither and to die?
Forlorn, unloved, we supplicate relief.

III.

O Gentle Peace, thine eyes are filled with tears;
Thy angel face like Psyche's was all fair;
But now the murder of these gory years
Has dulled thy lustrous eyes with dark despair.
When Europe turned thee from her bloody shore,
Columbia held thee in her arms.
Alas! alas! the cruel day has come,
When she can hold thee to her heart no more,
And we must now forget thy peerless charms
For sword and rifle, bayonet and bomb.

IV.

The tocsin sounds and Peace in haste has fled
Beyond the gaze of Janus' bloody face,
And now, alas! shall this dread monster shed
The World's young blood in his tempestuous race,
And every drop o'er every country pour?
To die for thee 'tis right and sweet,
O Land adored, and justice bids us kill
The foes who would annihilate our power,
Who crush our helpless ones beneath their feet,
Who long with hate another's blood to spill.

V.

The years are gone, set in eternity,
And nothing but their memory haunts us now.
The dreams which we have dreamed are vanity
As to the iron will of Mars we bow.
The sunset of our four long years is red,
Alas! we dreamed it would be gold,—
As on the tedious way of labor long
We trudged with immortality ahead,
But now we march with aching hearts, though bold,
O'er fields incarnadine, and Death's still throng.

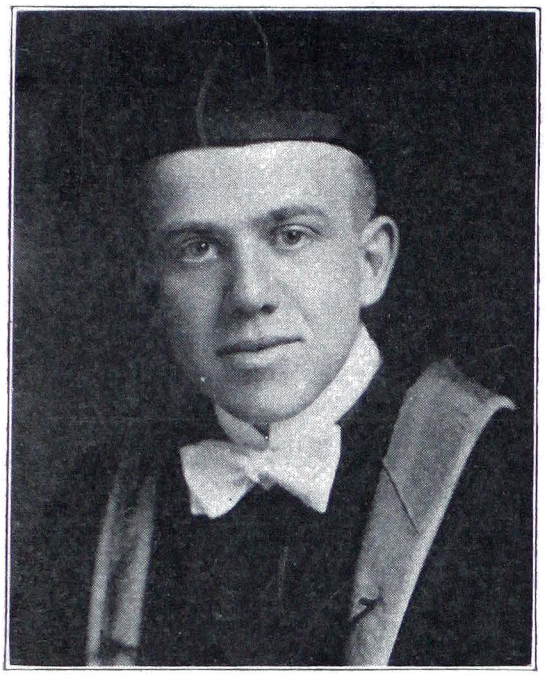
VI

Ah! years, why have ye fled into the past?
Impatient then, we thought the days too long;
But now we find they glided all too fast.
Come back, sweet years, dead days, for we were wrong;
Thy pains, to these we feel today, were naught.
O soothe, ye gentle winds these hearts,
Now burning, bleeding, torn, and beating loud.
Adieu! adieu! O sacred towers, fraught
With memories for each soul that now departs
Into the night, to battle with the proud.

JOHN FLAVIN COX, A.B.

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

"Stealth," "Coxy," "Jay."



"He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Exceeding wise, fair spoken."

Class Secretary; Viatorian Staff, (2, 3, 4); Business Manager, Viatorian (4); Alternate Debating Team (2, 3, 4); Vice-Pres. Athletic Association (3, 4); Student Member Athletic Board of Control, (2, 3, 4); Dramatics (2, 3, 4); Brownson Debating Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Banquet Speaker; Commencement Orator.

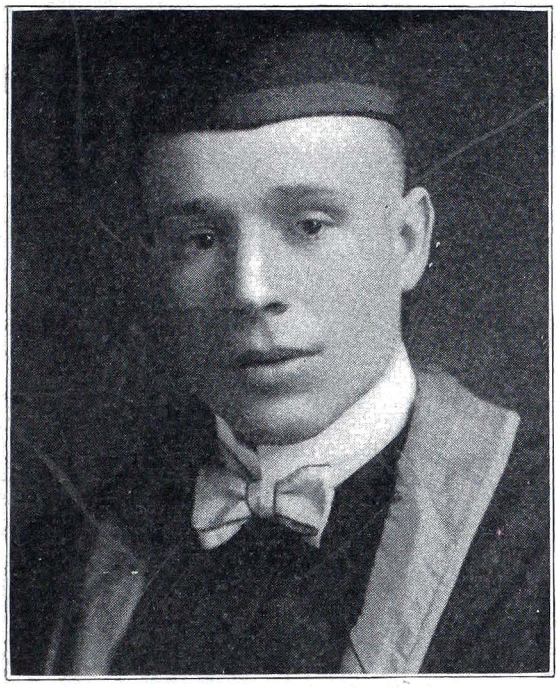
Not long ago, we noticed a card over his study-table, inscribed thus: "In order to be effective, we must always be unaffected." And this perhaps is the key to his affable personality. A quiet, unassuming fellow, with a keen sense of humor. A philosopher, a scientist, an economist and a poet far beyond his years. Not noisy in his work, but truly effective. He came to us from Bloomington as a genuine notable and has established himself as such in our midst. "Coxy" has been most active in class and student affairs. His hobby is music, and he usually finds something in every piece from "jaz" to Handel. For literary diversion he reads Benjamin Franklin on Saturday evenings. For other mental relaxation he pens a verse now and then that the spirit of Shelley and Keats may still live. In athletics, he plays tennis, nearly every day. In dress he is conservative, with a particular taste for neckties. In dramatics, he prefers to play character. In the social life, we note an occasional dance with a critical sense of the music offered.

He has a scientific regard for the fair sex; not given over to sentimentality or flights of emotion, but there is careful consideration given to all the facts in the case. True to his philosophy in this regard, he has remained unblemished from the "amorous dart"—— that is, to the best of our knowledge. We can easily picture him in the future, in his chosen rôle of a physician and even now we can see him shouldering the responsibilities of that profession, with the same calm grace with which he now bears the meager burdens of a student's career. He is esteemed and loved by students and professors alike and we are sure that nothing but success can await our congenial "Jay."

LAURENCE ALOYSIUS DONDANVILLE, A.B.

SHERIDAN, ILLINOIS

"Don," "Bolly", "Horse."



"Have I not an arm as big as thine?—A heart as big?"

Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (2, 3, 4); Coach Academy Football (3); Coach H. S. Football (4); Brownson Debating Society (2, 3, 4). Varsity Debating Team (2, 3); Cast—"Taming of the Shrew" (3); "Strife" (4); Commencement Orator.

"Bolly" is difficult of description, for beneath that carefree manner lies something more than a big heart and a strong mentality. Six foot one, of athletic build, he joined us in 1914 and soon had a reputation to live up to, for among other things we learned from other sources than himself (he flatly refuses to discuss his achievements) that he had been all-Kansas end in 1913. His performances more than convinced our faith in him, for in his method of play and his broad knowledge of both football and basketball he was one of the best who ever fought for old Viator. A consistent, thorough student, his field is science, and between biology, chemistry physics, anatomy and bacteriology on the one hand and athletics on the other, he has had a busy three years with us. He was the dark "Horse" in 1915 who, by sheer force of argument, made the Varsity debating team. For diversion along literary lines he reads poetry and has contributed several originals. His "Grumio" will long be remembered and his interpretation of Roberts in "Strife" was one of the best pieces of work seen on the local stage.

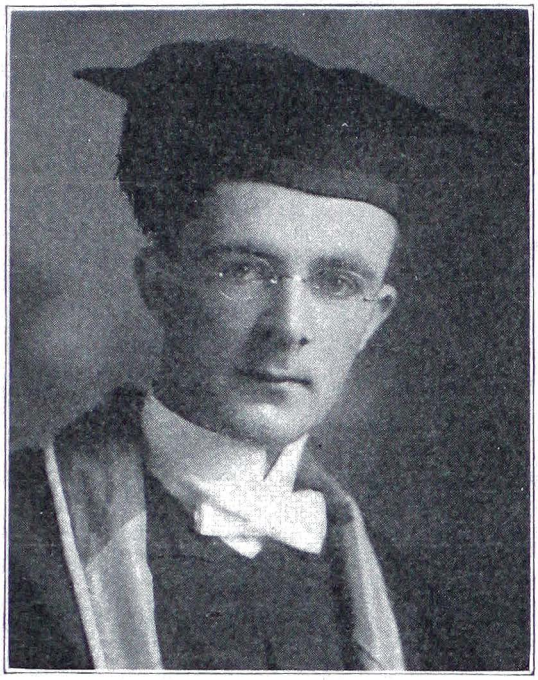
"Horse" was one of the three intrepid spirits who, clad in pajamas and bathrobes, rode three miles in a cold street car one memorable winter's night to "get a feed" at Mac's. He is also Chief Promoter of "Charlie's Gang," for which service he is amply repaid with extra silk shirts and such accessories. Although not a woman hater, he has, for the most part, fought shy of the fair sex, much to the disappointment of several who have expressed a desire to meet the "big distinguished looking fellow with the long name." However, we have our suspicions.

Seriously, "Horse" is one of our best—big-hearted, big-bodied, big-minded. With his achievements in affairs scientific his future as an M. D. is an assured success.

RICHARD JEFFREY FRENCH

BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND

"Richard," "Rich," "Dick," "Cœur de Lion."



"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."
—Shakespeare.

Class Prophet (4); Altar Society Director (3); Guestmaster (2); College Bookkeeper (2, 3, 4).

At the beginning of our Sophomore year, a tall young man was brought to our class-room, and was introduced to us as Mr. Richard J. French. His name, it was thought, well bespoke his nationality. On further acquaintance, we discovered that French was not French, but came from "Merry England."

Dick was born in Birkenhead, Cheshire, England. He pursued his preparatory studies at Oxford College, Waterloo, Lancashire, and his classical, begun in St. Wilfrid's College, Oakamoor, North Staffordshire, England, were completed at Bourget College, Rigaud, Canada. He joined us in time to finish his philosophical studies.

He is always the imperturbable Dick, with a happy smile, and "All's Well." Checkers, chess, and handball are his hobbies; many an opponent has fallen victim to his prowess in these games. His activities in college athletics have not been extensive, but his moral support has been unstintingly given. One always hears him cheer vociferously along the side lines, especially during the football season, "'Old 'em, get 'em, give 'em '—ll."

"Cœur de Lion" is a fine, tall fellow, possessing a capable intellect, a modest disposition, and an amiable character. He is unassuming, and intensely sincere in all his undertakings, meets results calmly, and is very optimistic. Because of this latter quality, the class thought it best to confide to him the task of peering into the future, as the class prophet, to see what is to be the destiny of each of us.

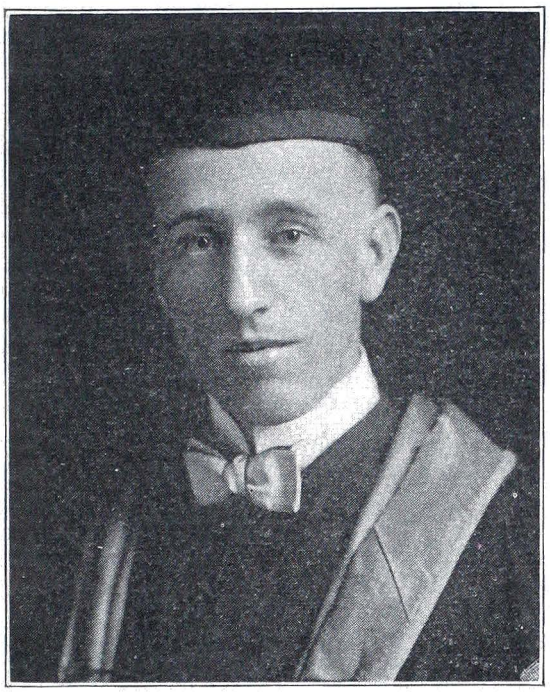
Richard is the cause of much worry to the Professor of Sociology. The Reverend Father fears that our worthy classmate will become a Revolutionary Socialist, or a Nihilist. Dick says that before he began the sociological course, he "sailed on" in examinations, but now, he "raves on."

His loyalty to his classmates, his unfailing good nature, and pleasant, dry humor, make him an ever welcome companion.

CHARLES ALOYSIUS HART, A.B.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

"Chick," "Chuck," "Charlie."



Of shining parts and quick inventive brain.

Class President (4); Class Officer (1, 2, 3); Winner of Philosophy and Sociology Medals (4); Oratory Medal (1); Economics Medal (2); English Medal (2); Latin Medal (3); Vice-President Brownson Debating Society; Viatorian Staff (2); Editor-in-Chief of Viatorian (3, 4); Varsity Debating Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatics (3, 4); Class Banquet Toastmaster (4); Homecoming Speaker (4); Irish Celebration Orator (3); Commencement Valedictorian (4).

Would that words could express our admiration, esteem and appreciation of this true gentleman—our Class President and Valedictorian. As a friend, generous, loyal and faithful, a source of inspiration that lifted his friends to the high plane in which he moved so easily and gracefully. "Has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice." As the honor man of the graduation class, he has achieved much, not only by brilliant endowments of mind, but also by indomitable courage dampened by no difficulties and frightened by no labors; a man who always kept the sacred fires burning on the altar of shining ideals.

In appearance he is grave; in bearing erect, with the usual Johnsonian bend of the scholar; his personality is thrust upon you with irresistible force. Winner of more medals than any four graduates of St. Viator.

Talks as glibly of Hylomorphism and Kant's "Synthetic-a-priori" as the rest of us talk about the weather. Reads Dante's "Inferno" and Newman's "Grammar of Assent" for light reading. The backbone of the *Viatorian* and this year's "Purple"—his essays constituting the "heart" of almost every issue. His fame as a debater precedes him everywhere and he has to drink his morning coffee with one hand and push History away with the other to keep it from immortalizing him. Can do anything gracefully except wear Professor Kirby's dress suit.

"Charlie," daily contact with a friend like you will be missed by us as we take our different paths, but you will always be the best to us. Your industry and courage can make only for that enviable success to which you are entitled.

HERMAN JOSEPH KASPER, A.B.

"Dutch," "Kaiser."

Order is Heaven's first law.

Class Will; Secr'y Holy Name Society (3); Varsity Football (3, 4);

Received his initial degree as a charter member of our class in 1913. Unlike his namesake, this gentleman of Teutonic tendencies, has become the social vortex of a maelstrom of friends because of his good nature and optimistic disposition. The skies may have been cloudy for Dutch at times while following the steps of Aristotle and the Scholastics, but he surmounted all obstacles and his name stands at the top, a pride to all, by putting into practice the tactics which make all successful business men, namely—plugging, plugging on to victory.

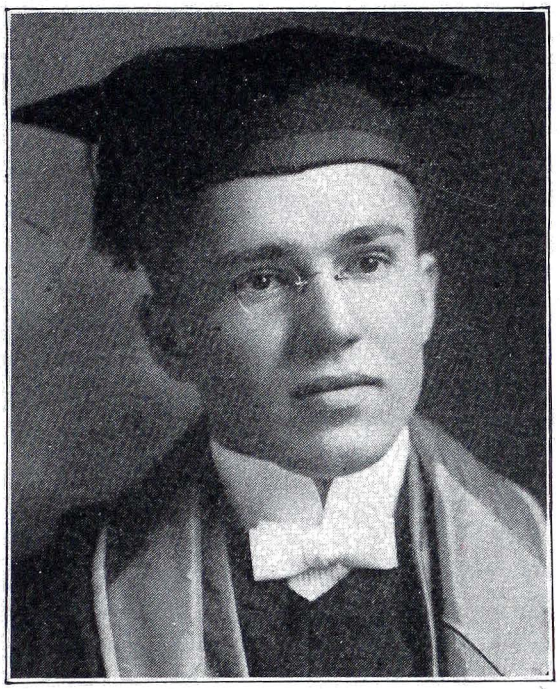
True to the fighting instinct of his ancestors, Dutch for the past two years has donned the paraphernalia of the gridiron and valiantly repulsed all invasions on Viatorian territory. He may have looked small for a guard, But O-My: When seen in action it was often a repetition of Goliath and the youth David. Consequently we doff our hats in due respect, when on a *conge* afternoon, we see his beaming countenance and coveted "V" shining out from the mass of humanity along Court Street, in the nearby metropolis.

Dutch was at his best when doting over some new invention. Everyone recalls with awe that famous mixture of tobacco presented to the public in '16. One can guaranteed to last two weeks. Then again those weeks of watchful waiting for the student body, while Dutch worked on his non-skid auto tire. He carried it on his walks and sat upon it during his leisure moments, and was just at the point of becoming famous, when the local Doctor of jealous disposition demanded him to turn over his treasure to an old lady who fell on the ice.

Here's to you, Dutch. May you pass from your present state of Teutonic gloom, on to the seat of an Edison to light the way of those that follow you.

CHRISTOPHER MARZANO, A.B.

"Chris," "Marzy."



"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

—Gray's Elegy.

Class Historian (4); Class Treasurer (1); Permanent Resident Secretary.

It would be difficult to find a more industrious college man than Christopher Marzano. He has studied at St. Viator for the past eight years, and during that time has been successful in every branch he has taken up. This is not surprising, for his spirit is one that conquers and knows not failure.

He has gained prominence especially in the sciences. As a chemist he is unsurpassed, and it has been whispered that we "christen" him Pasteur of Bourbonnais. We could not, however, do this without causing him a little concern, for he is averse to anything like publicity, and prefers to work, bear the burdens of the day and the heats, like so many other great men, unnoticed and unknown.

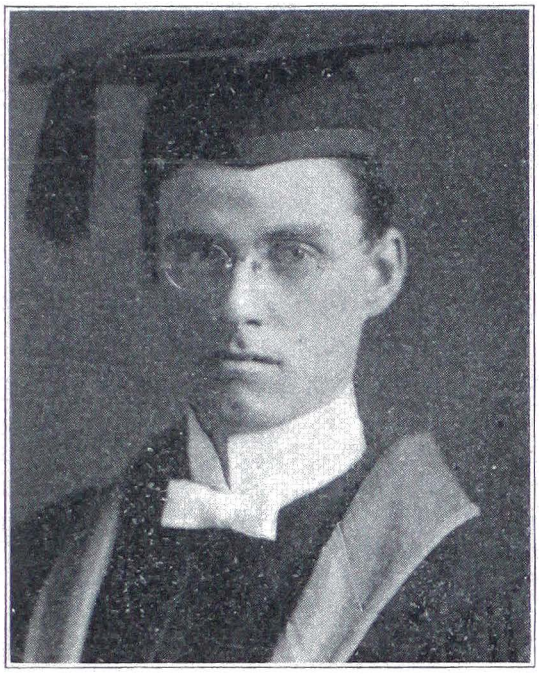
His kind disposition and his gentlemanly manner have endeared him not only to his classmates, but to every student attending St. Viator's. If Chris is not in his room working, he is surely to be seen on the college campus, carrying his camera ready to snap the diverse groups of happy, carefree college boys. So well versed in the art of photography is he, that we can depend on him to take the college class groups, and all the pictures in this number of the Viatorian are cuts from photographs he has taken.

May he be as successful in his career as he has been in his eight years at college. We have no doubt of it, but we wish it just to remind him again that we are all his friends.

THOMAS JOSEPH SHANLEY,

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

"Tom," "Tommie."



"To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—Wordsworth.

Class Poet (4); Guest Master (4).

Thomas J. Shanley arrived at St. Viator's in 1914 from our great metropolitan city of Chicago. Tom, however, was born and spent the first few years of his life in England's great Atlantic seaport, Liverpool. There, sheltered under the sacring roof of the Sacred Heart Parochial School, Tommie received his elementary education. This was but the stepping-stone to higher grades. The Catholic Institute of that city was the next to open its doors to Tom, and see him through his humanities. It was here that his love of the beautiful was brought out and developed. He acquired an intensive knowledge of the principal works of Latin and Greek authors, losing himself in the ideals they foster, yet grasping that aspect of true beauty in nature, that stamps him as a classical scholar of exceptional ability.

The Class of 1917 had confidence in this Englisher's idealism, entrusting the class poem to the potency of his poetical talent. They felt sure that any effort of his would be an honor to the class.

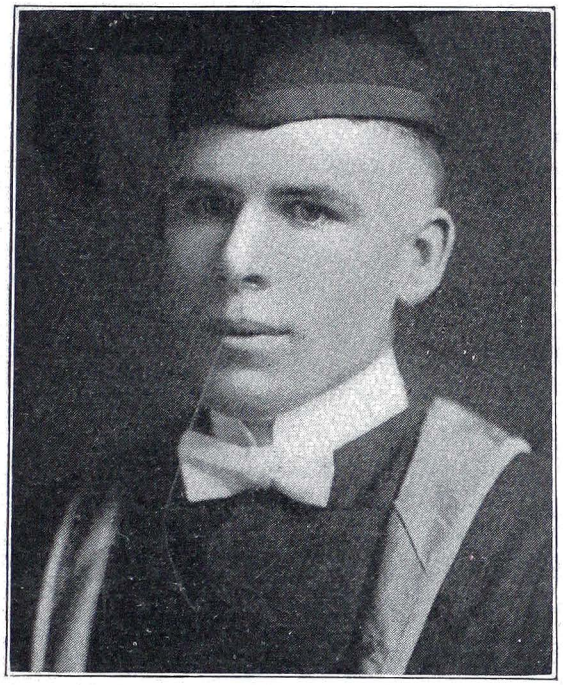
It is related that Tom was chosen to fill the rôle of "Bianca" in "The Taming of the Shrew," but was refused when he appeared in high-heeled shoes and padded body. He resembled too much "Mistress Quickly."

Our associations with Tommie have always been ideal,—he has not been long with us, yet he has known how to form close fellowships with all of us by his affability and willingness to oblige.

FULTON JOHN SHEEN, A.B.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

"Fult," "F. J."



"Thirty dozen moons with borrowed 'sheen' are not as bright as he."

Class Treasurer (2, 3, 4); Class Officer (1); College Debating Team (2, 3, 4); Alternate (1); Personals Editor Viatorian (2, 3); Inter Alia Editor (4); Dramatics (3, 4); Graduation Oration (4); Class Day Oration (4); Irish Celebration Oration (3); Brownson Debating Society.

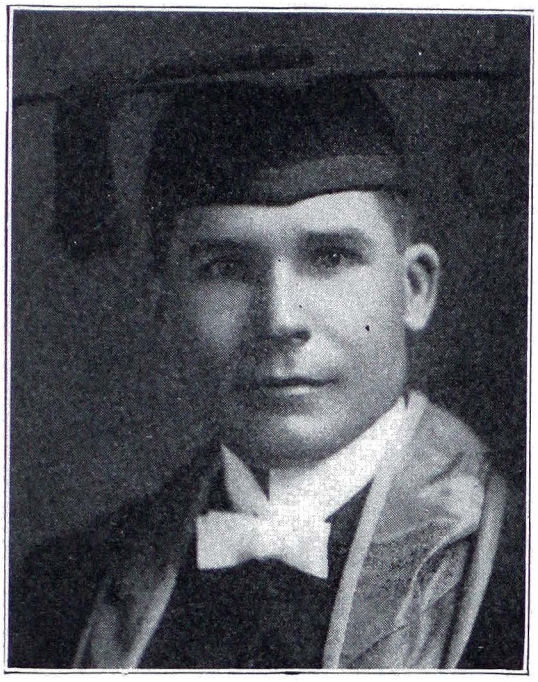
From no less distinguished a metropolis than Peoria, the city where nobody cares and everybody pays internal revenue tax, he came into our midst in the autumn of 1913 with the fire and enthusiastic optimism of a ray of light, and he has continued throughout his eminently successful course as a star of the first magnitude. We wish we might pen a fitting encomium of Fult, but somehow words are not exactly the best method of acquainting one with qualities that defy description. Optimism and loyalty are his most evident traits. There may be rarer optimists on this side of the sun, but we doubt it. As for loyalty, he has always been the impersonation of Damon to those few choice mortals who were fortunate enough to be a Pythias in his estimation. That any of the varied stunts might be "pulled off" successfully and with eclat in these parts, it was but necessary to secure his co-operation. And who more dependable than he? Bacon has it that reading maketh a full man. If this be true, and we do not have nerve enough to doubt it, then ye gods! we fear for Fult's mental sobriety. His favorite pastime is the devouring of endless treatises on philosophy, art, and a hundred other kindred topics with which we ordinary mortals have hardly more than a passing acquaintance. We are more convinced than ever, after knowing F. J. for four years, that at least some men are fearfully and wonderfully made. No one has shed greater "sheen" upon the Class of 1917 than this golden-tongued fiery young Demosthenes, who has shown his quick wit, versatility and power of mind so often on the debating platform.

In stature he is rather abbreviated, slight of build, quick, business from the word go, with shining eyes that catch you and flood you with his striking personality.

True gentleman, philosopher, best of loyal friends, we greet you.

JOSEPH WILLIAM SKRYPKO, B.S., Valparaiso University, Ph.B.

ZAGARE, LITHUANIA



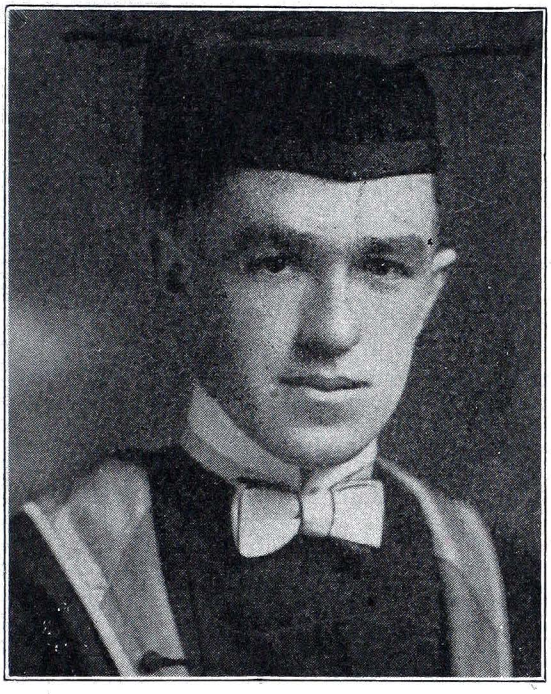
"He is a man. Take him for all in all."

Joseph Skrypko, astronomer, biologist, philosopher. His early school days were spent in his native country, Lithuania. In America he has studied at Valparaiso University and at St. Viator College. At the University he spent five years, and there completed the course in sciences with a B.S. degree. After his successful scientific course he came to St. Viator college, where he has completed the four year course in philosophy. Joe is a gifted scientist and a natural philosopher. He has a particular love for logic, so much so that at times he unconsciously converses in the syllogistic form. He has the syllogism "down" to perfection. His spirit of industry has many a time been a spur to others less industrious than himself, with the result that St. Viator's has harbored less "drones" than it might have done otherwise. For this benefit Joe is to be thanked. Apart from being enthusiastic over his studies, he takes a keen interest in handball, and can beat any player on the third floor of Roy Hall. Perhaps the real cause of the admiration which he receives from all at the college, is his gentlemanly manner, and perhaps the best thing we can say of him is "Joe Skrypko is a Catholic gentleman." The class of '17 is proud of him, and believes that if the world were full of Skrypkos, Utopia would no longer be a dream.

T. DANIEL SULLIVAN, A.B.

CHICAGO, ILL.

"Tim," "TDious," "Sully."



"Great is this knight, and his achievements of no less account."

Class Vice-President; Class President (1, 2, 3); President Athletic Assn. (4); President Thespian Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Member Athletic Board of Control (2, 3, 4); Manager H. S. Athletics (4); Brownson Debating Society (1, 2, 3, 4). Varsity Debating Team (2, 3, 4); Viatorian Staff (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Banquet Speaker; Commencement Orator.

Truly a man of many parts. Suave, elegant, diplomatic. Class patriarch; came to St. Viator in 1909. After becoming acclimated he settled down to work and hasn't stopped yet. Ambitious to become most active and most popular student. Succeeded. A born leader, with corner on Presidencies. Initiated and directed most student activities for past four years. An actor of exceptional ability; played leads in every Thespian performance from "The Call" in 1912 until "Strife" in 1917. An orator, graceful of gesture, convincing in argument. A real student, possessed of that great trait of sticking to a task until it is finished—and finished on time. In athletics a heady half-back and a Schalk behind the bat. A magnetic personality. Knows how to meet all types of people. Has faculty of making many friends and holding them.

"Sully" has, for some time, strongly favored an alliance with the French and has recently revived a previously acquired habit—Cedar Rapids. He generally starts a heavy correspondence course after vacations, but it soon dwindles down to about four favored ones. Tried to develop a pompadour some years ago. Still trying. Defies street car company on Sunday nights. Most consistent rule-breaker in Bachelor Club to which he belongs.

Briefly, Tim is our best known, most popular and best loved student, and none is more deserving of love and admiration. His friends and accomplishments are many, testifying to his character and ability. Versatile, confident, impressive, convincing; able to meet and rightly value people and events and gifted with a truly legal mind, he will go far in his chosen profession, law.

CLASS ORATIONS.

THE SOUL—A PROBLEM.

John F. Cox, A.B., '17.

(Commencement Oration)

Of all the creatures of this earth man is the greatest mystery. Considered as an individual physical being he is all and he is nothing. As one of the bipeds of the animal kingdom what do we see in him? Nothing more nor less than an insect crawling over the earth's surface; a grotesque bundle of ills and miseries; a complex physical organism as mechanical as a child's toy; a being at the mercy of the simplest physical law, powerless to become master except in the smallest degree. He fades into insignificance when compared to the Immensities above him and the wondrous universe which surrounds him. He is less than the dust. He is a breath of the wind; a drop in a broad expanse of ocean; a second of time between two eternities.

On the other hand, considered as a being gifted with reason he is the monarch of all living beings. His activities are as many and as varied as the Heavenly bodies. He explores the watery deeps; he navigates the tractless seas. He turns the naked earth into a rich harvest field; he builds cities in the space of a day. He travels with the speed of a hare and he flies with the wings of a bird. He is a king of land, air and water. He lifts his eyes to the Heavens and measures the orbits of the stars; he looks down at the crawling ant and sees an entire scientific world open to his view. To him are given the priceless gifts of mind and will which enable him to do all these things; which make him conscious of an inward excellence vastly surpassing that of the universe about him. Small wonder that the great poet said of him:

> *"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"*

But, above all, man is a free being, endowed with a spiritual immortal soul. Beyond the action of God there remain only the activities of man; beyond Divine Providence there is nothing but this freedom of human action springing from the simple, spiritual, immortal soul. The combination of these with that providence constitutes the rich and varied course of history.

The spiritual, immortal principle and the free will of man are the masterpieces of creation. They are the most amazing, the most inspiring, the most wonderful of all the Divine wonders. Upon them all human acts, if not all things, depend to such an extent that crea-

tion could never be explained without man and man would be inexplicable if he were not a free being, guided by an immaterial, immortal principle. This principle is at the same time his own explanation and the explanation of all things. But who will *explain* that liberty, so great, so sublime, that nothing can take it from man? Who will explain that freedom of action by which he can, of his own accord, even sink to the lowest depths and thereby conquer the very God who made him? Who can account for the operations of the human intellect—operations which, even in their simplest manifestations, transcend all the powers of the physical being? Who can answer and satisfy

> *"those obstinate questionings*
> *Of sense and outward things;*
> *Fallings from us, vanishings,"*

which, be what they may, seem to point to worlds not yet realized?

These are questions which, in the days of the old Scholastics and the great doctors, occupied all intellects and which must occupy the minds of thinking men until the end of time. What am I? Whence come I? What is my ultimate destiny? The babe, even before it has the use of reason, wonders at its own nature. The youth in the springtime of life, when all the world seems in accord with himself, often has disquieting thoughts that there are more weighty things. And in the winter of life man, worn with toil and trouble, sees before him on his deathbed not the end but a new beginning. Are these speculations right or wrong? Is this principle by which I think, feel, will, and act something which must perish with my body? Is my brain, my intellect, nothing but a piece of physical mechanism? Are all my actions performed freely or are they pre-determined years before my birth by ancestors of whom I know absolutely nothing? These are some of the questions which *must* be faced at one time or another because they arise out of the very nature of man—these questions of free will, spirituality and immortality. Philosophers from the time of Plato and Aristotle have dealt with them and through the centuries there has been built up a vast mass of conflicting theories some living for only a day, others for years, until today there are many explanations of the psychic principle forming the foundations of as many different schools of thought.

The importance of the problem today cannot be overestimated. Upon it depends the dominant doctrine of right and wrong. Upon it, upon his answer to it, depends the very character of man—aye, even of nations. A people or a nation is strong and great more by its thought and principles than by its economic power. In the moulding of a nation's philosophy and principles education is the prime factor. But in this age of materialism what doctrines are expounded by our great educational institutions? In many of our secular universities we find the most materialistic doctrines imaginable. We find the

literature of the Empiricists and the Associationists; we hear the teachings of Mill, Hume and James. We are surrounded by exaggerrated idealists, skeptics and atheists. We are in a whirlpool, a chaos of theories and wild teachings, the exponents of which, each one, claims he is teaching Truth. But with all this vast multitude of materialistic doctrines, theories, hypotheses, the fog is not penetrated; the darkness still remains. And *WE* know it can be dispelled in a great measure by the Catholic solution,—that solution whose light shines through the clouds with the splendor of a glorious sun. So then, much of the burden is upon us who have studied the Philosophy of the old Scholastics—a Philosophy which has survived for four and twenty centuries and which teaches that there *is* a life after this one and that the human mind *is* more than a mere physical organ; that it is an immaterial, spiritual being endowed with rational activity and a free will.

After all it seems but the dictate of right reason to believe that the mind, the psychic principle, is spiritual and immortal and that man's acts are not pre-determined, but free. Consciousness, that court of first and last appeal, tells me that *I* am the subject of all my thoughts, feelings, volitions, actions. Reason tells me that the principle or mind from which they proceed transcends any bodily organ and that it is, ergo, a spiritual principle. Introspection and experience both tell me that my acts are not determined but that I am free to shape my destiny. And, finally, it seems contrary to the just dictates of God given reason to think that the beauty, the law, the order, of this universe is hopeless discord and senseless strife. It seems criminal to imagine that man's moral nature is nothing but fraud. It is wild and hopeless to think that the intellect and will, that most wonderful of all the wonderful creations, must end at the grave. On the contrary it is only reasonable to believe that those aspirations of the intellect, those deep intellectual cravings, those yearnings of the will, those insatiate desires for happiness; must some time be satisfied. It is only right to believe that man's life is not merely a birth and a dying but that all signs point to a higher sphere. In the words of Archbishop Spalding:

> "*Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,*
> *Cries, laughs and yawns—then sleeps within the tomb.*
> *If this were all his life were then in vain*
> *And never to be born the richest gain.*"

SPIRITUALITY OF HUMAN SOUL.

Laurence A. Dondanville, A.B., '17.

(Commencement Oration)

A few weeks ago, I sat in my room gazing out over a landscape bedecked in spring's fresh verdant garb. Over this picture of freshness and beauty there seemed to hover an atmosphere of perfect

contentment. The beasts of the field grazed, and lay upon the green fragrant grass with a calm light of satisfaction shining from their eyes. Songsters in the budding trees poured forth profuse strains of melody as though their very throats would break. There lay a picture of satisfaction and mental ease.

Turning I walked to my door and looked down a corridor behind whose doors, a hundred or more students were diligently laboring over the problems of science, philosophy and the other arts of learning. Here the atmosphere was pregnant with an ardor of investigation, research, a desire to extend and rise to higher spheres of intellectual development, a desire to conceive and realize loftier and more noble aspirations.

While looking upon these two impressive stages which lay as one, I could not but be impressed by the diversity of motives and methods of procedure employed by the actors who played there. I asked myself, does any mechanical theory of material atoms suffice to span this great chasm which separates the mental operations of man from those of lower animal life? Can any principle, of organized matter, describing man in all his activities as a great machine, from which thought flows by virtue of certain organization, account rationally for the facts of human life?

The modern materialist intoxicated by his success in material science, has over-stepped the bounds of his sphere and endeavored to explain the intellectual activities of man by the instinctive and automatic activities of animals; he has attempted to place on the same basis, the activities of animal life, which seek only the gratification of their own senses with the intellect of a Dante or Milton which knew no rest on this mortal coil, but strove with untiring zeal to dwell in the sacred realms of the immaterial.

It is clear that the materialist can not grasp, can not analyze the constituent principle of that great monarch which dwells in the material temple of each man's body. That mysterious power which thinks, acts, subdues and excites, that marvelous power which can knock upon the portals of memory, and behold, the curtains of time are drawn back, the great scroll of our youths is unrolled and there in indelible print we again view the activities of our youth! those joys which we can only experience now at the command of the mystic ruler. Can such powers as these be explained by the brain alone? No! the brain has not the power of automatic motion. It is controlled by some external agency—the ego—the soul.

If materialsm and sensism can not explain thought how much more inadequate are they to explain attention and the hundred other psychic activities which flow from the mystic springs of the soul. On a June evening, when the day's work is done and the purple evening shadows are falling, I recline upon the campus conversing with fellow students. My eyes are upon the slowly setting sun mid all its dying glory. The scene burns itself upon the retina of my eye. The color

and shape pass through the minute mechanism of the organ and paint themselves upon the sensorium of the brain. The physical operations of vision are physiologically fulfilled; the action can go no further. Yet, I see not the fleeting fire of the dying day. But now the conversation ceases. I see the molten gold of the sinking sun, the ruddy rays which are lost in the blue haze rushing out from the East, the distant green hills which embed themselves in the sun's golden mass like green emeralds.

What new faculty has touched this operation? Certainly nothing physical, for the requisites of its operations were long ago fulfilled. Some external power has suddenly swooped down, studied, analyzed and recognized the image which was there long before as vividly as now when discovered. Whence comes the marvelous discoverer? From the brain? Impossible, the cells of the brain are material and can not move from place to place by their own automatic power. Is it not evident that the faculty of attention must be an independent faculty.—A faculty which has the power to flit from place to place, to weave and unweave, to analyze and synthesize the material powers of the brain. It was the faculty of volition, the sister faculty of attention that caused Hamlet to contemplate:

> *"Whether 'tis noble in the mind to suffer*
> *The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,*
> *Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*
> *And by opposing end them?"*

If all thoughts were subservient to sense, we would all be like unto the beast of the field, leading a life of sensuous pleasure. For as it was said of old: "They labor not, neither do they spin." What room would there be for those God-like deeds that freshen the otherwise dry and parched pages of human history? How would you explain the nobility of such characters as Washington and Lincoln, who revolted against all arbitrary dictates, took up arms against a sea of misfortune and by opposing them laid the foundation of this grand and glorious republic? Is it not more reasonable to accept the existence of a superior faculty that strengthens and guides from above, that can trample the senses beneath its feet and compete for higher and loftier principles than sense can ever suggest?

After all, what is there in man's life except the immaterial which is noble, sublime and consoling? In man we recognize the sense activities we see in animals, but this is to be expected by virtue of his animal nature. However, it is his spiritual activities which mark him out as standing above the brute, and only a little below the angels. We may truthfully say that the noblest deeds and most sublime ideals of man are formulated in the supra-material world. The poet, whose lines we love to ponder is one who like Shelley leaves the material world and soars with the skylark in the ethereal blue dome of Heaven in search of the true and beautiful. It is there, far from this world

of material greed that he finds his ideals enthroned, and proceeds to sing their praises in words that flow like golden honey.

Raphael did not achieve his success portraying earthly themes. His beautiful Madonnas do not merely please the sense organs. While viewing those famous paintings all sense of the particular and contingent fade from our minds. We are held in admiration by the light of truth which radiates from those old canvasses. Behind those artistically shaded colors we see the expansive universal extending to all life. In the soft luster of those material eyes which see not, there shines the light of purity and love. Would it be possible for a materialist, one denying the spirituality of the soul, to produce such art? No! We have only to turn the pages of history to find that there has not been one great poet, not one sculptor or artist who belonged to the materialistic school.

The truth of this assertion is supported by Ruskin, the greatest art critic the modern world has known, when he says: "Art is valuable or otherwise, only as it expresses the personality, activity and living perception of a good and great human soul. It may express and contain this with little help from execution, and less from science, and if it have not this, if it show not the vigor, perception and invention of a mighty human spirit it is worthless." It is in this respect that materialistic art is worthless. The materialist because of his psychic blindness is incapable of recognizing the nobler part of man. He can only comprehend external acts. He fails to see the love, reverence and admiration which promulgates these acts, consequently he can not express the language of the soul. His art lacks the personality of a great and good soul, and as a result cannot withstand the ravages of time, but will soon fade in the forgotten past.

Thus we see that the spirituality of the soul, not only can be proven logically by reason, but that it is also evident in the very works of man. Man was not created to crawl upon the earth. He has an inborn tendency to soar to higher spheres. The noble ideals which spring from this immaterial source are exhibited in his art. In his daily life we often see man sacrifice all sensible goods in preference to honor, virtue, and duty. He seeks the immaterial goods free from all tint of material advantage, merely for the solace of that inward appetite for spiritual peace.

It is through this characteristic endowment of man, that he has succeeded in asserting his independence, and mastery of the world about him. Not only do his intellectual activities, but the very course of his life point towards the immaterial, to spirituality. That God-like endownment which places him infinitely above the beast, Monarch of all he surveys. A spiritual being superior to the material world about him.

FREE WILL.

T. D. Sullivan, A.B., '17.

(Commencement Oration)

At no other time perhaps during the history of philosophic thought has the doctrine of free will been of greater and more vital importance than at the present day. Determinism with its strong and vitiating influence has gained a firm hold on many secular minds; the doctrine of Eugenics with its ever-increasing popularity bids fair to become the accepted norma of human life if not discouraged, while the modern trend of thought is being constantly encouraged from the chairs of secular universities. Such tremendous influences cannot be disregarded indifferently, but they rather make an imperative demand upon the libertarian to defend the true doctrine of human acts. It would be quite impossible, you understand, in this brief discussion to give the problem of free will an exhaustive treatment, but nevertheless the main points in the Scholastic doctrine of Free Will might be brought out in a cursory manner at least, so that we may understand and appreciate the true doctrine which should be espoused by every right thinking man.

A brief consideration of the opposing theory might well serve as a prelude to a discussion of free will. In the old sense it was identified with Fatalism, but today the harshness of this term has brought a new one, as well as a change in the doctrine itself. The new title for the theory is Determinism, and instead of the Fates controlling a man's destiny as of old, the champions of the present day theory place the destiny of a person in his antecedents either natal or prenatal.

According to this theory no act which we perform is of our own volition; is of our own choice, but they were determined ages ago by our ancestors and have been indelibly marked upon us. If this be the influence then to which man is subject, he cannot do otherwise than he does; he is in other words denied altogether any moral liberty or freedom of will and he must exist here more or less a victim of social and economic environment. In short such a doctrine will deny absolutely the freedom of the human will.

But can any one rightly espouse such a doctrine when he need but look into his own consciousness to find it false? From the point of view of ethics and of psychology we are compelled to accept the libertarian view. In these two great fields of philosophic research Determinism does not square with the facts, while free will has long since been proven to be the true doctrine of human acts. Emanuel Kant, even though considered a thinker of the modern school, has struck the keynote to the ethical proof of man's freedom in his famous conception of conscience, the categorical imperative;—Thou shalt!—and Thou shalt not! He further contends, "thou oughtest because thou canst," thereby maintaining the Will's freedom. But

need we take even this great thinker's word for it? Not if we observe our own personal actions. If this dictate were not true, then conscience would be nothing more nor less than a huge sham. Does not every man hear this great inward voice calling from the depths of his being? When that voice commands, "thou shalt do this, because it is right and he acts in accord with that sacred dictate, does he not, in his obedience to that elemental law of right, feel a sweet satisfaction and a profound dignity of soul. On the other hand, when man hears that voice saying, "thou shalt not do that" and he refuses to obey, giving way to baser motives, is not his conscience filled with shame and remorse? And why should he feel ignoble? Because, he fully realizes that it was within his power to commit or not commit that act. And so it has been in the lives of all men; for there we find the rewards and punishments of this guiding voice. Written boldly across the pages of history are the results of the obedience or disobedience to this inward command. The daily press reveals to us vicious murders as acts of disobedience to that imperative dictate—thou shalt not kill! And if this were not true, man would be in contradiction to himself but no one will seriously contend this to be the fact. By this great voice of conscience we are able to feel our own freedom; by it our own volition is made manifest; that volition which is greater than the intellect itself, that volition which even holds sway over the intellect. If man were but the mere victim of circumstance and subject only to sense, and had not that supreme faculty of freedom, where would there be place for the superhuman deeds which have brightened the otherwise dark pages of history. How explain the nobility of an Abraham, when with uplifted knife and all his natural instincts protesting, he sought to immolate his son? Or how explain the courage of a David or the patriotism of a Tell? In the light of such noble deeds how can Mill contend that our acts will be governed by the pleasure we may derive from them? Are we to suppose the men under shell fire in the Somme today derive any pleasurable sensations from their actions? Hardly, for they are prompted only by a sense of duty to suffer such hardships and to hazard the perils of European battlefields. From the point of views of ethics then, we cannot accept the determinist or sensist views, for the facts weigh too heavily against them. There is in every one of us that categorical imperative as well as that inward sense of choice and freedom. In view of this fact, is it not more reasonable to accept a higher faculty which is by no means subject to any antecedent influence and which can trample the sense under foot to act in accord with higher and loftier motives?

Let us turn now to the field of psychology to see if the doctrine of Free Will can be proved true. The psychologist tells us to look into our own personal consciousness, and that we will find there the superior faculty of volition. If we appeal to the state of our soul, we discover that in many of our acts we are solicited by various motives.

There seems to reign there some sort of power which either attracts us to, or repels us from, an object. Still more an object might be ever so attractive to us at times, yet in spite of this we are able to set ourselves against its alluring qualities. This power in consciousness is the inherent testament that we are free, that we surely have choice in many of our acts, and that we are by no means controlled by ancestral dictate or subject to the command of sense. There is also in us the faculty of attention, together with our powers of deliberation and decision, which testify eloquently of a superior faculty. By introspection can we not study our voluntary actions and observe ourselves guiding the trend of thought? By keen and close attention are we not able to exclude all irrelevant things from our mental vision and fix our mind on just those things we desire, so that even thoughts of the feeblest and haziest character, may be brought out prominently through the clear vision of the human mind? We can likewise suppress certain ideas, make others prevail, see representations as well as their manifold phases, and finally, not only do we enjoy such mental representations, but we are acutely conscious that we are the cause of them. And what now does all this apparently abstract process prove?

Simply this, that this strength of mind by selective attention renders a comparison of free-will with mere physical forces absolutely futile. A law of physics may justify the pulling of a body by a stronger force against that of a weaker force, but it is absurd to think that the free mind of man will always and everywhere follow the strongest motive. This fact is by no means an isolated psychological speculation either, but its presence is manifested in one's daily life. The student knows that on the morrow he must write an examination, but that this evening he has also the opportunity to attend the theatre, yet he stays at his desk; the business man knows that his reports must be on file two days hence but there is also an invitation to dinner at the club, yet he returns to his office and labors far into the night. And why do they each act in this manner contrary to the stronger motive? Herein might we say, is explained the swift working of this wondrous faculty as it makes its manifold decisions and operates with great rapidity. In the face of such facts and the brilliant operation of this psychic force, one can scarcely maintain with the determinist, that our acts are merely reeling off in a succession established ages ago. If man were not endowed with the God-given faculty of freedom how could we account for an heroic Brutus or a Cato, or how appreciate the noble sacrifices of the numberless martyrs who willingly stood as witnesses to the Unseen? As Sheehan has so concisely and not a little severely put it, "If all movements of thought and will were obedient to sense what hogs from the sty of Epicurus would we be."

Our decisions are by no means founded in agnorance of a so-called determining factor, nor are our minds shackled by any such pre-

determined influence, but we are free; we have the privilege of choosing between motives and we do choose with an absolute and positive knowledge that we are casually determining our own acts. To deny this power of free-will to man would be to stultify the human mind. Are we to suppose the wisdom and prudence of our great men for ages past, to have been forced upon them? If so, what would be the worth in our priceless treasures of learning; in sculpture, in literature, in art? And yet were not all these things fruits of the human mind developed into their full ripeness by the human will. Can we really believe that the wisdom of a Plato or an Aristotle was determined by their puny ancestors? Could it have been any pre-natal influence which struck the great marble Moses—Michael Angelo, or gave birth to the brilliant wisdom of Shakespeare? Can one be so rash as to imagine that it was a predecessor who guided the delicate brush of DeVinci? Certainly not, for such great achievements could not have been accomplished without the supreme faculty of freedom.

Thus we hear the ethicist and the psychologist proclaiming loudly for the great and wondrous faculty of freedom and scoffing at a doctrine which would fix man as a machine in the universe. How can one fall a prey to such teaching, for when he believes himself held in check by the resistless force of destiny and bound by a chain of circumstances over which he has no control; when he comes to believe the wondrous operations of his mind to be nothing more than mere illusions, he destroys himself. He then and there reduces himself to the level of the brute and he no longer reigns as the princely ruler of the earth.

He is as a fixture set like a machine and compelled to work as part of the vast mechanism of the universe. For him social order no longer exists. Praise and blame; merit and demerit; reward and punishment are to him only meaningless words. His joys and sorrows are but the favors or unkindnesses the physical universe may give, just as the tiny violet may blossom brightly in the warm sunshine and turn black beneath the cutting chill of the north wind.

And then, how wonderful it is, when man feels his liberty; when he controls his destiny; when he sees with his own eyes, the good, the evil, life and death, all before him in gigantic panorama and knows that he can choose and that nothing can encroach upon the sacred precincts of his conscience. He is the possessor of that conscience which is the throne-room of the soul, where she reigns with queenly dignity, knowing that the raging universe cannot shake her; cannot compel her to do that which she does not choose. Then too, he sees the moral order, majestic and grand before him; he hears the inward dictate of his freedom and is filled with a desire for good and an horror for evil. In this desire man sees the recompense at the end of life's pathway and in the security of his free will, he treads with lighter step and makes the journey in peace and contentment. Could it be con-

ceived that man is punished and still deprived of liberty; could he be the pitiful victim of an Omnipotence which has created him merely to see him suffer? No! for he is free, and if he suffers, it is because he has hurled back the words of the proud Lucifer into the face of his God. Such is the true state of man in the universe, endowed with liberty and freedom, which sets him apart from the brute, or as the poet sings:

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Fulton J. Sheen, A.B., '17.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

From the earliest dawn of history a strong, deep current, ceaseless and irresistible, has been flowing through the waters of our earthly existence, constraining us to believe that the consummation of human life must be looked for, not here, but hereafter. Jew, Christian and pagan have passed in an age-long procession over time's highway, an eager throng gazing with joyous assurance towards a life beyond, hastening with one cry on their lips and one conviction in their hearts: "We are strangers and pilgrims on earth, we seek a better and a celestial home." And even today this conviction has been irresistibly pressed upon us stronger than ever by the thoughts of the terrible war now raging in Europe. The titanic struggle which is now shaking its foundations has so overwrought European nerves that to save themselves from utter despair the people are grasping at any doctrine which is in any way confirmative of a future existence. Is it any wonder then that the erroneous philosophy of Lodge and Maeterlinck has proselytized so many English people and that soldiers have almost consecrated their lives to foolish and empty superstitions?

It is too painful to believe that the millions of brave young men who flourished on the continent only yesterday are quite annihilated today. Could their heroism and sacrifice possibly end in dust? Are we to believe that their precious souls are on a level with brute creation, a mere aggregation of atoms which will be scattered to the four winds of the heavens? Shall we say that the cold clods which fall upon the crumbling temples will stifle forever the cries of nature, will extinguish the aspirations of the human heart, and mock with their dull thud the paragon of God's Creation? Must the sensitive chords of a heart-broken mother or wife inure themselves to the thought that another world holds no promise of reunion?

Who would not be revolted by the monstrous nature of such a supposition? Rousseau himself cried out: "No arguments of so-called science, however subtle, will ever shake my belief in immortality. I am conscious of it. I desire it, and I will fight for it to my last breath. The son will behold again the father he loved on earth, and the mother will be united to the child."

When autumn winds dispel the gathered heats of summer, says a well known writer, and robs the trees of their resplendent verdures we begin to note the swallows flying to and fro, gathering their young ones about them and twittering a grateful farewell from the high eaves to the land whence they found welcome and shelter. Then away to a distant unknown. Can we maintain that this unknown does not exist? It is nature herself who has awakened this desire for a strange land in the birds' breasts, and nature never speaks other than the truth. Are we to assume then that this same nature which guides the swallow so unerringly in its long flight has implanted an invincible desire in the human heart only that men may see themselves be fooled at last? Are we to behold nothing but a mere faded whim in the universal impulse which is as old as the heart of man himself?

When we see that the grain of dust will remain in the universe as long as the universe itself endures, can we believe that the souls of men which can conceive of an Almighty God should last but a few brief moments?

And again, what is there that more profoundly convinces us of an immortal existence than man's endless pursuit after an ideal? Where is that ideal happiness and ideal truth to be found which is capable of satisfying the heart and mind of the hunter? All terrestrial experiences, wealth, luxuries, comforts, art and sciences which civilization brings are equally impotent to appease it. Never satisfied, yet ever seeking, the heart and mind reach out on every side to gather the flowers of their ideal, but they close for the most part on leaves, and are oftentimes pierced by cruel thorns. "In youth," says a German poet, "we look to manhood's years to bring content, and in old age turn back embittered to the days of childhood as to a vanished happiness. Thus our life slips away amidst frustrated hopes."

For a man to compass something is merely to open up a wider horizon and bring fresh strivings to birth. Each fulfilled desire makes room for another and more insistent one, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on. No human heart has ever yet cried, enough. Saints and artists who have spent themselves, and were spent, in the pursuit of an ideal have gone into their graves with a song of sadness upon their lips for not having realized them. All literature, history and art testify to the truth of this frenzied unrewarded pursuit. Socrates the great philosopher said before he died: "There is only one thing I know, and that is that I know nothing." Sir Isaac Newton, the great scientist, as he lay dying could only say: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I appear to have been

like a boy playing on the sea shore, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

Saints in their penance, and poets in their dreams express this same insatiable yearning after an ideal although none possessed it nearly as thoroughly as they. For a second perhaps, the poet standing on the summit of a great mountain that looks down upon numberless lesser heights, feels the possession of that ideal beauty, and feels that he has dragged down God and Heaven to his earth. He seems to fling his arms around Infinity and to embrace it and be lost in it. There is that momentary rapture, and exhilarated achievement and the widened horizon. But soon the ideal vanishes, there is nothing to beckon him, the rugged peaks flatten into featureless plains, he tires of looking down. He yearns for another ideal. His soul sinks back into his body and drags after it its heavy earthly chains.

No wonder then that St. Paul, raised to the third heaven, and then lowered to Earth, should cry out from his exile and his banishment: "Cupio esse dissolvi et esse cum Christo." No wonder that Hamlet in bitter disillusionment should exclaim: "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew." And no wonder that Longfellow looking back upon the inanity of life should write in his Psalm:

> *"Tell me not in mournful numbers*
> *Life is but an empty dream,*
> *For the soul is dead that slumbers*
> *And things are not what they seem."*

A Cæsar Lord of half the world and possessed of every enjoyment that life could offer, could only exclaim in bitter disallusionment: "Is this all?" whilst tears of vain longing and regret sprang to the eyes of Alexander the Great when he thought of the regions which lay beyond the reach of his conquering sword.

New worlds to conquer is the constant cry of the dissatisfied soul. Limit its aspirations and you imprison it. It must be in touch with the universe. "All things else," says Canon Sheehan, "are content to do their little work, perform their part and die. Winds arise and blow and pass away: seas come and go and scatter themselves on the sands: leaves bud develop and fall: animals are born, pass on to maturity and return to their inorganic state: Man alone looks out beyond this planet. Here he hath no dwelling place. His soul is with the stars, and therefore it chafes at imprisonment in the body; even the accidental environments of place and scenery affect not this strange homeless exile, that is forever pining after its country. How sweetly the church interpretates this feeling in the beautiful benediction hymn:

> *"Qui vitam sine termino*
> *Nobis donet in patria."*

And that is the vision we look for when we strain our eyes across the sunlit sea: a dream of things beyond the visible horizon, but not beyond the horizon of our hopes."

Soil, air, light, dew, and rain are there to minister to the needs of the growing plant whilst the manifold conditions of the world are admirably adapted to satisfy the instinct and desires of brute creation. As Bishop Spalding has said, "You look at a herd of cattle knee deep in clover and you know they are satisfied." Earth is enough for creatures meant for the earth, for in them we do not see that unrestful look seen in the upturned faces of men, suggestive as they are of the inadequacy of earth to satisfy their aspiration. Truly enough his eye is not satisfied with seeing nor is his ear filled with hearing. Though the master of creation he is condemned throughout his life to be unsatisfied with his lot.

Was it not God who implanted this insatiable craving in our hearts for illimitable happiness, love, and truth and beauty? And is God therefore to be conceived as urging us on irresistibly to an end which we can never attain? Must I who feel made for happiness and truth by virtue of the nature which he has given me, sink back into nothingness after this life of trouble and turmoil is over? Is it possible that of all living beings on earth man alone—and in his highest powers—is to be aimlessly disproportioned and mis-adapted to his environment? Is this highest of rational instincts destined to be universally frustrated? Are the loftiest and best yearnings of the noblest and best work in the rational universe to be forever vain and illusory? As the poet Young puts it in his "Night Thoughts":

"Above the noble shall the less noble rise?
Shall man alone for whom all else survives
No resurrection know? Shall man alone
Imperial man be sown on barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?"

We must answer Young's question in the affirmative and admit that the innate impulse towards happiness and truth is a delusion of the human heart, unless we posit an immortal existence where the frenzied pursuit of ideals will be ended. This happiness and truth must be with God, for none but God can make man happy. Creatures are too limited, too momentary to fill the infinite void he feels in his heart. Never will the divine fire within him be satisfied until it is in possession of immortality; never will it know rest, never happiness until the awful white light of eternity shines out from afar upon its celestial journey, so beautifully told by the poet:

"Across the margent of the world I fled
And troubled the golden gateways of the stars
Smiting for entrance on their clanged bars."

VALEDICTORY.

Charles A. Hart, A.B., '17.

It is the best of times, it is the worst of times; it is an age of supreme achievement, it is a period of ruthless destruction; a moment of golden opportunity, an hour of blank despair. In these paradoxical antitheses we might well describe this year in which the Classes of 1917 throughout America depart from the institutions that have been their homes. This culmination of our collegiate endeavor comes in the midst of the greatest crisis that has ever racked humanity. The last great neutral nation has thrown itself into the boiling cauldron, convinced that no other course was open and confirmed in the mighty strength that only a righteous cause can really know. The Class of '17 wherever it may assemble to receive its recognition of work well done is the war class and in our country's single purpose we feel ourselves more closely united than any classes that have gone before. In the titanic tragedy that is slowly enacting its terrible, crises before our eyes we who have been spectators are about to become actors. Many from our midst have already forsaken the classroom for the camp and training ship. The whole world at war leaves us little to think of save the awful business of strife. The simple fact that thirty-five million of our fellow-men, as killed and wounded, have already acted their part and passed beyond the stage is too immense for us to realise. Comprehension ceases and blind baffling awe possesses us. And over and around it is the eternal inscrutable mystery, why does the whole human race rise up in armed camps to burn and pillage, to hack and slay each other as though the very universe were mad and life itself only a "tale told us; an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The weight of the times, the continuous succession of daily events all so huge that we begin to regard them relatively as mere commonplaces, bear us down. And yet their presence somehow dimly realizes that there can be no progress without pain. On no other principle can we explain the onward rush of things. Pain and progress have ever been synonymous. As a great observer of the times recently put it: "Famine drove forth the conquerors; the conquered perished by the sword. Civilization followed in the wake of the latter; that is, along the valleys of suffering and death. The path of progress is the path of pain. Bleached bones and broken hearts mark every inch of the way."

Some philosophers tell us that degeneracy and decay is the inevitable outcome of continued peace. The peace we so ardently long for seems nowhere attainable. It is always just ahead, beckoning us to follow, like a will-o-the-wisp dancing before our eyes, like an illusory mirage shining brightly over the desert of strife, yet ever outside our grasp. In reply to our vain longing question:

> *"Is peace or war? Better war! loud war by land and sea.*
> *War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones,"*

is the only reply we hear.

What is to be the attitude of the collegian towards this great world crisis as he leaves his Alma Mater and her calm, sheltering, influences with the seal of completed work in his possession? How shall he regard this ominous future at the very threshold, a future that throws back no echo, but will only speak when the ribbon of eternity draws out and touches the raw nerves of this supersensitive world? Somehow, unconsciously, our outlook on life and all the problems confronting it has undergone a profound change during these four years. For us especially Scholastic philosophy has been the most powerful single force by which this transformation has been wrought. By the standards of this most wonderful system of thought the world has ever known we measure all things and by it the panorama of events is colored and formed, whether they pertain to our own small sphere or the great world movements. Its rigidly compelling logic demands that we meet every problem presented to us with almost pitiless exaction, courageously and without hesitation. So we meet today one of the soberest issues that ever confronts a man—our duty to our country when that duty may mean the offering of our very lives. It is an obligation that is writ large with sacrifice, sacrifice of fond ambitions, plans, cherished hopes for the future. And who has loftier hopes and ambitions, who hold them with deeper fervor of spirit than the worth-while college graduate? Yet all these he offers in the flaming holocaust upon the altars of his country's righteous cause. The higher the aspirations the more worthy will be the sacrifice of them. The intellectual man who ever loses sight of his duty in the realm of abstraction and study, as some have been accused, is not truly intellectual for unfaithfulness and great power of mind do not dwell well together. Rather do we find a truer blending of the two in the spirit which emanates from these lines of the young British soldier-poet who at his country's call forsook the quiet of the university for the firing line, and whose untimely death all the world now mourns:

"I that on my familiar hill,
Saw with uncomprehending eyes,
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noon-day sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord."

Yes, fellow college-men, we who leave our academic halls in this year of 1917 must find in our valedictions a soberer tone than has ever been their wont. Those who have guided our destinies through these critical strenuous years of study, who by their teaching and their lives have filled us with a passionate desire to follow ever in the ennobling service of truth and justice and loyalty, to all of them we

give our hand in farewell with a firmer grasp because of the most solemn duty that lies before us. All the Catholic training, all the spiritual strength, all the high ideals that have been given us will stand us in good stead. Democracy fighting for its life in the bloody trenches of Europe against the blasting evil of aristocracy drunk with power shall find a stronger champion in the Catholic college graduate if he is true to the philosophy of life that is the priceless heritage he receives from his Alma Mater. In Louvain appears to him another Lexington, in Liege a Concord and Cardinal Mercier, who stands today before the world as the expression of Belgium s pathetic demand to life and liberty, is another Patric Henry. Belgium destroyed, Lafayette's country torn asunder calls to us from across the Atlantic for aid against the most infamous brutality of history and the cry is no longer in vain. Of thee America more than ever before is it now truly said that:

"Humanity with all its fears
With all i s hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

Whether the human race shall go foreward in Democracy's vanguard or whether it shall be the sport and the puppet of an armored tyrant depends upon whether the flag of America, our flag, shall float in triumph over the battlefields of Europe:

Your Flag and my Flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land,
And half the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars that gleam aright—
The glorified guidon of the day; a shelter thru the night

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed.
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red, the white, and blue.

Surely, Collegians of America, a greater destiny never awaited mortal man than the part you may play in freeing humanity of this blight of militarism and its unscrupulous disregard of all right that is not defended by might. Your task cannot be done with the book

and the pen. It must be done with the sword, in pain and suffering. You will not condemn its use. No, rather in the flaming words of a great Irish patriot, in one of the most inspiring passages in patriotic eloquence you will say: "I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles! bestows His benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From that evening on which in the valley of Bethulia He nerved the arms of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of light to consecrate the flag of freedom, to bless the patriot's sword—Abhor the sword, stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic; and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible.

Fondly do we hope, earnestly do we pray, as we await our nation's call even now at this moment of parting from our Alma Mater, that from this great world purgation it may please an all-wise Providence to bring Humanity nearer to the poet's ideal of "a parliament of man, a Federation of the world. Yes, this be our prayer of parting, this our prayer for today:

"By the stern brotherhood of grief and pain
Advance thy reign;
By honor that shall pave the stricken field
But will not yield;
By larger mercy and by love more wide,
By death defied.
By faith that looks beyond the hour of loss
Burn out our dross,
And through all bitter blindness do thou still
Work out thy will."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN SEVENTEEN.

CHRISTOPHER MARZANO, A.B., '17.

Introduction.

"A history is the true relation of all past events during the course of ages, their causes, circumstances, and results, for the instruction, reformation, and recreation of man."

History, being written for the profitable instruction of present and future times, is impartial and exact. It reveals deeds which might be supposed forever buried in deepest obscurity. The historian then, must recount events with the most conscientious faithfulness.

The author of this history has proceeded in his work, having all these precepts in view. He has used many reliable sources—documentary and personal—so that the narrated events are as truthful as human authority can reproduce them.

Chapter One.

Freshman Year: 1913-1914.

In September, 1913, eighteen Freshmen met in a room on the fourth floor of Marsile Hall. With few exceptions, the members of this class were newcomers. Perceiving that they were to cast their lots together for the extent of four years, they immediately began to "get acquainted." In the midst of their growing feeling of good fellowship, they were disturbed by the magic appearance of the Director of Studies. Seeing that they were the Freshies, he wanted to make an impression upon them, so in his shrill, trumpet-like tones, he ferociously ordered us "down to the study hall, and stay there till you're wanted." We meekly obeyed, and never dared to cross his path thereafter.

Gradually we became accustomed to our surroundings, forgot our homesickness, acquired a mastery of the puzzling class schedule, and became diffident of the upper class-men. Before we could get our bearings, we were compelled to participate in the preliminaries of the "I. and R." debate. Encouraged by our English teacher, Father Maguire, we firmly resolved to brave the combat, and to take all the places on both teams. Bravely we faced the terrible ordeal; the trial was too much for most of us; our faltering speech, and friendly knees persisted in betraying our discomfiture. Hart was numbered among the platform champions of Alma Mater.

During the entire year we pursued the even tenor of our ways, and set an enviable example of industry and regularity to the higher class-men. We often wondered why they called us "Freshies," for we were the meekest of the meek.

Chapter Two

Sophomore Year: 1914–1915.

When we marshaled our forces on the college campus, our ranks were considerably decimated. We did not lose courage, for five recruits—Lawrence A. Dondanville, Herman J. Kasper, Joseph W. Skrypko, Thomas J. Shanley, and Richard J. French—stepped into the vacancies. Among our equipment we found two ponderous tomes entitled "The Science of Logic." Armed with these, we forced our superiority upon the Freshies. With the brain-racking problems of Logic before us, and the endless assignments in English and Economics to flank us, we were straightened on all sides. Slowly, we made headway to the first quarterly examinations. What an ordeal! Those were dinnerless days, for not even logic could cram six hour exams into a forenoon.

Time went merrily on, from one exam to another, from quiz to quiz. In January, we were consoling ourselves that we had not had a Logic quiz for a couple of weeks. On a particular afternoon, just before the K. C. dance, no sooner had we settled ourselves for the Logic lecture, than Dick inquired, "Father, don't you think it about time to have another quiz?" The Reverend Professor's answer can be deduced from the fact that the next morning he gave an unusual quiz to a drowsy class.

In the English class, not long afterwards, we were given a question which seemed to be a riddle. Every one was interrogated, and each gave a silent answer. Finally Charley Hart was asked his opinion; he too remained silent. Whereupon the English teacher departing from his usual unswerving, phlegmatic manner, exclaimed: "O my dear Hart!" (At the time, we did not know which he meant.)

The annual preliminaries for the college debate were entered into with gusto. Fortified by the knowledge from our "two ponderous tomes" we felt much more confident than we did as insignificant Freshies. The happy result was that Sullivan, Dondanville, Sheen, and Hart were selected for the teams, while Cox was one of the alternates. These men have upheld St. Viator's reputation on the debating platform, every year since; in fact, they have formed the backbone of the debating teams.

In athletics, too, we have had our representatives: Kasper in football, Dondanville in basketball, and Sullivan in baseball. These three have ably represented the class of '17 in their various fields of endeavor. The early spring was enlivened by the visit of "Cap" Earl Harvey, who took into his confidence the faculty and students, and in particular the Economics class, which he regaled with his "experiences" from active military life. His versatility especially captivated Professors Roach, Anderson, and Kennedy, Brother St. Aubin, Father Corbett, and a few others.

Nothing of importance happened during the remaining few months for we were too tired "to start something." When commencement came we were in a mood to enjoy a restful vacation.

Chapter Three

Junior Year: 1915–1916.

September of 1915 found the ten of us ready for third year of college. Our professors convincingly proved that they had lost none of the driving power of the preceding year. Our English professor immediately demanded exercises in essay writing. One day Herman was called upon to entertain us with one of his compositions. The only encouraging criticism given him by the professor was "Kasper, that composition smacks too much of dull, Teutonic gloom."

A few weeks had elapsed, when Dondanville was seen running from the Science Hall to Roy Hall. Some one inquired of "Horse" what was the cause of his sprinting. "Ah," he responded, "Professor Roach asked me 'What is Sulphuric Acid, and where is it found?' I told him that it is an acid, and is found in large bottles in the laboratory." It did occur to us that he must have been playing a hit and run game.

The Thanksgiving recess and the Christmas holidays had come and gone. We found ourselves preparing for the second quarterly examinations. Then began the debate preliminaries. As usual, we did our share to help the cause along. One night a debate extended beyond its usual time. When we reached Roy Hall, the stillness of the night had already settled upon the second corridor. This silence was soon infringed upon by the occupant of 230, who ventured forth in a full dress suit.

A pajama and night-shirt parade was in order, and the full-dress gentleman directed the difficult formations. Tim was called to task the following day by his amiable prefect, but our worthy classmate's suavity and diplomacy saved him from the "Flats."

Our activities in the debates could not prevent the approach of the third quarterly exams. Philosophy had us in its vise. Our professor assigned five questions, and gave us the choice of four out of five, or, he added, as many as could be done before dinner. We had had enough dinnerless Philosophy days, so, as though by magic, every one threw up three fingers as soon as our Reverend Professor's footsteps were no longer heard. That day, we ate our dinner at the proper time.

On the eve of St. Viator's first Home Coming Day, May 30, the college men, under the direction of Professor Elmer Kenyon, staged the "Taming of the Shrew" as a proper celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary. Cox, Sullivan, Sheen, and Dondanville impersonated in artistic fashion the rôles assigned them.

During the Class Program, on Monday evening, June 12, our officers were invested, and we, from that moment, became Seniors. With a feeling of elation, we departed the next day for our summer vacation.

Chapter Four.

Senior Year: 1916–1917.

After a summer of unusually hot weather, we were glad to return to the college in order to enjoy the cool, familiar nooks, and to finish the last lap in our college career.

Late in September, a stupendous undertaking was begun in Bourbonnais, namely, the installation of the Bourbonnais Sewerage System. It was found necessary to blast in order to descend to the required level. We were attending English when the first charge exploded. Every one dived for the windows; we could not storm them, for Professor Kirby arrived on the scene in time to save the ramparts. Baffled in our attempt, we returned to finish out the 1:15 p. m. matinee.

When our varsity football team went to battle the strong St. Ambrose team at Davenport, Iowa, "Hank" donated his new pair of "kicks" to St. Ambrose College. Tim reported that there was a commotion on Michigan Ave., when a gentleman, in football shoes, clattered his way to the I. C. depot.

At the time that the football squad journeyed to Dubuque, Iowa, for the Thanksgiving game, it was accompanied by the bachelor professor of History and Modern Languages. He, however, traveled further west. After the Thanksgiving recess, we were informed that Professor P. O. Reilly had his home in Kankakee, and that having been conquered by Dan Cupid, he had become a benedict.

The energetic Juniors tendered us a splendid banquet after the first quarterly examinations. The courses elicited commendation, but the Junior President, Mr. Thomas Shea, received many congratulations for being the first one to limit successfully Father O'Mahoney to a "few words." The perilous storms of the post-Christmas exams were robbed of their dangers by the buoyant power of a promised entertainment. On February 10th, the Seniors tendered the Juniors a theatre party and luncheon, which proved to be one of the most successful class activities of the year.

From February to June, we were fortunate in being required to furnish three compositions a week for English. We attempted to persuade our professor that intensive was better than extensive essay writing.

He did not agree with us, so our weekly trios became imperative. All of us, with very few exceptions, indulged in a trunk search, hoping to find some valuable productions stored in our literary archives. Wonderful to narrate! the search resulted in a huge success: we

found a "horse's shoe," namely, compositions from Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years. The fortunate ones were relieved of much worry.

With the second semester began the course in Socialism. The Reverend Professor, one day, was expounding the socialistic assumptions in his usual forensic style; of a sudden, he stopped. "Be silent," he requested, "do not disturb the peaceful slumbers of one of your class-mates." Searching eyes were trained on Dick, who was in the caressing arms of Morpheus. Because the professor's tuneful and melodious voice had become silent, the charm had spent itself, so Dick awoke, and greeted all with a smile.

Our Director of Discipline, at the beginning of Lent, informed us that there would be no town permissions on Sunday evenings. This restriction, however, was no handicap to Fulton Sheen and Tim Sullivan, because their genial company won for them the cordial hospitality of Bourbonnais firesides.

Late in February, we were all given a practical lesson in the utility of water, especially running water, when the town went dry; as a result, the college went "bone dry." Since the "Volunteer Bucket Brigade," and "Water Wagon System" could not meet the exigencies of the famine, the occasion necessitated the advance of the Easter recess.

Easter vacation's untimely flight was given the following notice in the *Viatorian*.

> "Last week the entire student body witnessed the burial of E. Stervay Kation. The ceremonies were extremely impressing, since the deceased was a very dear friend of all at St. Viator's. Father O'Mahoney officiated, and in his panegyric "said that while all hated to think of our dear friend as one of the departed, it is almost a certainty that our beloved friend E. Stervay Kation will do a great deal of good in his present position."

Through some misunderstanding, a sociology paper, due on April 14, was presented by no one. The class was canvassed for reasons; some were silent, others grew eloquent concerning the difficult paper. A dead silence ensued. After a minute, the professor thundered out, "No mattah how I look at it, gentlemen, I ventuah to say that it is a gwave act of insubawdination." That very afternoon, he fell seriously sick—he lost his voice. "The poor man must surely be sick," it was remarked, "for his voice is the strongest part of him." We sympathized with the Reverend Father during his illness, but we gave him a precious piece of friendly advice—never again to scold the Seniors.

Charley Hart has been much in favor of military training; he even tried to form a volunteer company among the collegians. His hopes were somewhat realized after Easter, for military drill became very prominent. When Kankakee announced its loyalty day, the students were anxious to participate in the parade. It extended us

an invitation for Friday evening, April 27, which we gladly accepted.

One evening, early in the month of May, Dondanville was indulging himself in the Terpsichorean art, when he was paged for a telephone call supposedly from the college.

It was well nigh midnight when "Bolly" remembered that a phone call awaited him. The phones at the college rang in such fire-alarm fashion that the President and Treasurer were awakened from their peaceful slumbers. Both took up the receivers in their respective offices. A "Horse" voice inquired "700? anybody put in a call for Lawrence Dondanville?"

"Eh," replied the Treasurer, who was not yet fully awake.

"Anybody put in a call for Lawrence Dondanville?"

"No! It's a wonder, kid, you didn't inquire at 3 A. M.!"

The receivers were suddenly hung up, and the two officers tried to overcome their pentup ire in order to chain up their broken repose.

Conclusion.

Since a class history must be impartial, the author may be charged with partiality if he omits himself. He has always been accused, especially by the Reverend President, of being unconsciously forgetful. He can prove it, he says, by bringing forth many, many instances, particularly the following two. The German Class was assembled. The professor, addressing himself to the author, said "How do you translate 'Die Milch ist weiz.'" There was a momentary pause. "The milk is thin" interposed Father O'Mahoney. (Needless to say, the treasurer was not present.) The professor, then, gave the author another trial. "How do you say 'Karl drinks coffee, tea, milk, and beer.'" Father O'Mahoney, forgetting himself, and not allowing the author time to answer, fervidly responded, "Karl ist ein Tank."

Such is the history of the class of 1917. Our college career is now ended; after four years of joys, and sorrows, and strivings, we have finally attained the much desired goal. The class has worked as a unit; in athletics, it has had worthy representatives; in class spirit and class activity, it holds an enviable record; but it boasts above all of its debaters: Charles A. Hart, Daniel T. Sullivan, Fulton J. Sheen John F. Cox, and Lawrence A. Dondanville.

In this tome we have the history of the distinguished War Class. If it should happen that any of us shed our blood on the battlefield in defense of our glorious country, let it be known now that it is our sincere hope that the recorded, and especially the unrecorded deeds of the class of 1917 may serve as inspirations to those who will come to the portals of Alma Mater.

TO AMERICA.

T. D. SULLIVAN, '17

(Toast at Class Day Banquet).

Agression has gone beyond the point of further endurance while the cherished and sacred rights of a free people have been flagrantly violated. The call has gone out! The time has come, for a response to that call and today can be heard the drum-beat, the measured tread of marching legions and the clash of arms resounding throughout our fair nation. America is at war! For half a century "the idle spear and shield were high up hung" and America has enjoyed peace and contentment. There have been no war clouds to darken our fair land. Our cities have been throbbing with the thrift of a free nation. Our people have come and gone with a smile and a cheer; our broad acreage has been dressed in the golden robes of bountiful harvests. But now has come the darkening in the heavens; the clouds of war are rapidly descending upon us; the great centers of life are now intense with heated energy; our people are hurrying to and fro with anxiety written on their faces and we must hope that our fertile soil will once again yield up a thousand-fold so that America can face the crisis.

She stands out boldly amongst the nations of the earth, not only as a champion, but as a savior of the sacred principles of democracy. This glorious institution is on the verge of ruin and if not protected and defended may be wiped from the face of the earth forever. For three bitter years the nations of the old world have shed their life's blood so that right and justice might reign supreme, until the lash of tyranny and despotism has driven them to the point of despair. They turn now to America for assistance and she has extended her helping hand that democracy may live.

And for what nobler cause could she give her vast resources? What grander commission could be appointed to any nation? And furthermore to what nation is such an undertaking more natural. It was in the great cause of freedom that our forefathers cemented the foundation of the constitution with their blood; it was for the inalienable rights of her seamen that America accepted the arrogant challenge of an aggressor; it was to save these sacred rights that she answered the gun-shot at Sumter with her valiant armies. Thrice has she buckled on her armor in order that Democracy might not perish from the earth. And once again must our nation turn the plow-share into the rifle; once again must her citizens throw off the mantle of peace and don the khaki and carry the knapsack. Such is the ordained method for securing peace and so it is, that we see our

homeland entering the most terrible struggle which has ever been recorded in the pages of history.

But, has there ever been a time when the people of our nation were called upon to undertake a nobler task? It may mean inconvenience, sacrifice and even the shedding of human blood, but what greater manifestation of patriotism can be made? We must fight today, not to gain our land, as our forefathers did, but to defend and to protect our hearthstones; to secure the peace and happiness which is rightfully ours. It is a righteous cause that enkindles the fire of patriotism to a white heat in every American bosom. It is for right and justice that the father, the husband, the son must leave loved ones behind and go forth to suffer the privations and hardships of war. Are they not to champion the cause of a greater United States. Our rights then are there to be defended and with them comes the duty which every true American must perform. Next to our duty towards God, no duty is more imperative than duty to our country.

Here then is the demand made upon every one of us, and that demand can be supplied only by the individual response of every true citizen. Especially is this true of us younger men of the nation. Age is ill-fitted today for prosecuting such a great war and the burden must fall then upon us. We must guard and protect the gray-haired ones. It has been they who have reared us; it has been they who have made untold sacrifices that we might have the best. And together with our duty to country, there is that debt of gratitude to our sires, even if it must be paid in our life's blood. Today the doors of universities and colleges are being thrown open; the school year has drawn to its close and we college men are issuing forth,—stamped as the flower of American youth. The circumstances which mark our graduations are indeed different than have ever perhaps marked the graduations of former years. Our dreams have been buoyant no doubt; our plans have been carefully laid for future days outside our college walls; our chariot of hope has been pinned on some distant star and our efforts have been put forth to attain that desired end. But now there is heard the shrill cry of the bugle which knows but one answer—we are ready!

Shall we not lay aside our plans for a time; shall we not forsake our hopes and forget the dreams which we have cherished so fondly and be ready to face the crisis before us? They say, much is expected from us and are we to disappoint them? Have we not as college men enjoyed advantages and privileges denied many another young man? And have we not as Catholic college-men learned the lessons of truth and justice in a way different from any other college man? Yes, we have, for these are the foundation stones of a Catholic education. Can we then properly build a weak and tottering structure upon them? Can we rightfully stand on our noble heritage and refuse to answer the call of duty?

No, we cannot, for it would be a perversion of our Catholic teaching;

it would be a keen disappointment to the noble men who are sending us forth and an insult to the memory of those who championed this cause before us. It would be un-American! It would be un-Catholic!

So today, I am sure that the sons of Viator going out from Alma Mater, are united as one man in America's great cause. Already some of her men have answered the call of duty and let us hope that others will follow. No other course is ours, and after all should we not glory in it, for it is nothing more than is expected. To do it is only to give pleasure to our preceptors, to make our loved ones proud and to manifest loyalty to America. Let us say it then as Longfellow did:—

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

CLASS SONG

Air—"A Perfect Day."

Now closely woven round our hearts,
And dearer far than all.
We e'er considered fond and dear
Are the days in Viators halls.
The breezes whisper now with us
A sad, a cruel adieu,
The same that sang with childish glee,
As we sought thy tender care.

O Viator, thou dearest friend,
Of all who leave thee now,
Accept from us our loyalty,
For we pledge it as a vow.
O beauteous light that ever shone,
Shed still thy light serene
And guide on through the thoughtless world
The class of seventeen.

—*T. J. S., '17.*

THE SHADOW.

JOHN F. COX, '17.

Black night descends; its inky
Murky, deathly silence holds
Me in a grip of weak'ning
Sick'ning terror. It unfolds
No thing that tongue, nor eye, nor
Ear can sense. An awful fear
Of some great nameless horror
Comes and goes. . . . My brain is clear.

For forty hours
Upon this plain
My body, torn
With shot, has lain.
My mind is clear—
A moment's grace;
I see my home,
My mother's face.
O God, please make
Those moments long
When mind seems bright
And body strong.
I love to think
Of old times when—
O Hell, the Fiend
Is here again.

What Thing is that? What sound to break
The stillness—Oh, my God!
The agony of these torn limbs;
The awful dead'ning throb
Of fearful pain will drive me mad.
I'm weak, exhausted, spent.
The darkness lifts—appears the dawn—
The Light—It is the end.

ANNUAL CLASS DAY AND COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The following is the program of the Closing Exercises at St. Viator College, June 13, 14, 1917.

CLASS DAY—Wednesday, June thirteenth.

10:30 a. m.—SOLEMN HIGH MASS. Celebrant—Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D.D., Provincial of Viatorians. Baccalaureate Sermon—The Rev. Daniel J. Sullivan, Pekin, Ill.

1:00 p. m.—CLASS BANQUET. College Dining Hall

CHARLES A. HART, '17.—Toastmaster.

"Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars
Smiting for entrance on their clanged bars."—Thompson.

Edward A. Dillon, A.M., '17.

"Oh! Call back yesterday, bid time return!"—Richard II.

Rev. Gerald F. Bergan, '12.

"I knew him well, Horatio, a fellow of——."—Hamlet.

John F. Cox, A.B., '17.

Ad Libitum.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V.

"Share with me your delicate friendship
Let me greet you."—Thompson.

Michael J. Cleary, H.S., '17.

"Like stars to their appointed heights we climb."—Shelley.

Thomas E. Shea, '18.

To America:

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee."

T. Daniel Sullivan, A.B., '17.

"Still the fine's the crown,
What e'er the course, the end is the renown."—Shakespeare.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., President.

8:00 p. m.—CLASS EXERCISES ON COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Overture—S. V. C. Band.
Class History—Christopher Marzano, A.B., '17.
Class Poem—Thomas J. Shanley, A.B., '17.
Vocal Solo, selected—J. Robert Elmslie, '19.
Oration—"America's Tribute to Humanity."—Fulton J. Sheen, A.B., '17.

Patriotic Airs—S. V. C. Band.
Class Prophecy—Richard J. French, A.B., '17.
Class Will—Herman J. Kasper, A.B., '17.
Vocal—"In the Garden of the Gods", A. N. St. Aubin.
Presentation of Class of 1917, Memorial Bequest.
Investiture of Junior Class.
March—S. V. C. Band.

COMMENCEMENT DAY PROGRAM.

THURSDAY, JUNE FOURTH.

2:00 p. m.—Commencement Exercises, College Auditorium.
The Rt. Reverend A. J. McGavick, D.D., '85, Presiding.
Overture—College Orchestra.
Class Orations—Subject: The Human Soul.

1. The Human Soul.—John F. Cox, '17.
2. The Spirituality of the Soul.—Lawrence A. Dondanville, '17.
3. The Freedom of the Soul.—T. Daniel Sullivan, '17.
4. The Immortality of the Soul.—Fulton J. Sheen, '17.

Valedictory—Charles A. Hart, '17.
Conferring of Degrees. Awarding of Diplomas by The Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick.
Awarding of Medals.
Commencement Address—The Right Reverend Alexander J. McGavick, D.D., '85.
March—College Orchestra.

A fuller account of Class Day and Commencement Exercises will appear in the Summer number of the Viatorian.

MY LADY MARY.

To you my gentle lady,
I pledge my faith tonight
To battle with undaunted sou
For justice, truth and right.
No danger can appall me,
Nor death himself affright,
If you but bid me forward,
And gird me for the fight.
Behold me, gracious lady,
Your consecrated knight!
Who carries 'n his heart of hearts
Your image fair and bright.
Your voice to me is music,
Your smile is joy and light,
Your queenly grace and beauty
Intoxicate the sight.
Then smile on me, sweet lady,
And make me strong and true,
Courageous, just, and stainless
And worthier still of you;
And should my spirit falter,
And my goodness turn to rue,
One look of your approval
Will my drooping heart renew.

B.

MEMORIAL BEQUEST OF CLASS OF 1917.

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen, Saint Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, do make, publish, and declare this, our Memorial Bequest in the manner and form following:

First: We give and bequeath to our Alma Mater, Saint Viator College, Bourbonnais, Kankakee County, Illinois, the sum of one thousand dollars ($1,000.00) in the form of ten loan bonds of one hundred dollars each, in the issue of March 1, 1917, and payable at maturity to said college. We hope by this means to give some slight expression of the loyalty and love we have for our Alma Mater in return for the priceless heritage of a Catholic college education, which she has bestowed upon us, an indebtedness we know we can never adequately repay. It is our earnest hope in establishing this form of endowment that future graduating classes may see fit to perpetuate such substantial assistance to Alma Mater by the bequeathing of similar endowments.

Second: As an outward expression of our regard for St. Viator College, we give and bequeath to said college, the bronze sun dial and Bedford stone foundation for the same, which now adorns our campus. May the future record upon the face of this memorial only sunny hours of prosperity and success for this best of schools.

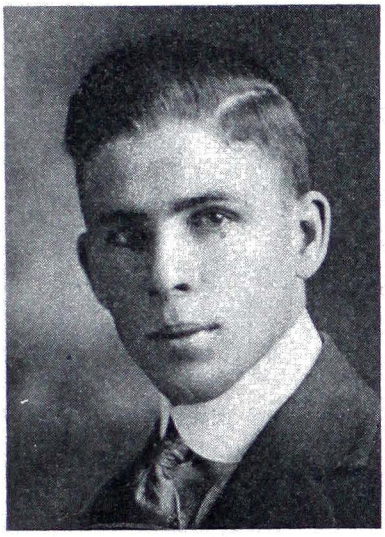
IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our names this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

CHARLES A. HART, Class Pres.,
T. DANIEL SULLIVAN, Vice-Pres.
JOHN F. COX, Secretary,
FULTON J. SHEEN, Treasurer,
CHRISTOPHER MARZANO,
Permanent Resident Treasurer
LAURENCE A. DONDANVILLE,
RICHARD J. FRENCH,
HERMAN J. KASPER,
THOMAS J. SHANLEY,
JOSEPH W. SKRYPKO.

T. D. SULLIVAN, '17
Athletics

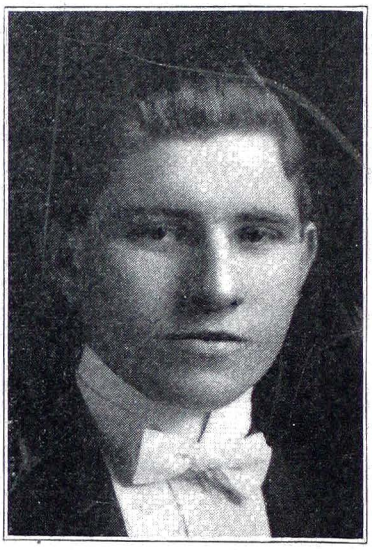
F. C. HANGSTERFER, '19
Alumni

E. F. CONWAY, '18
Viatoriana



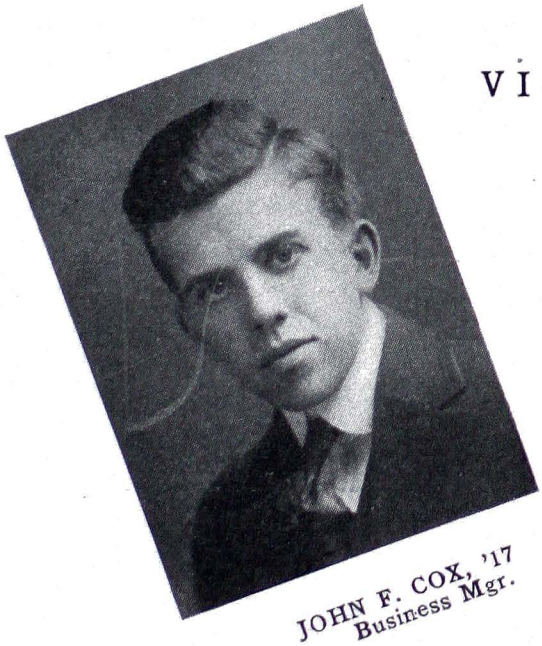
FULTON J. SHEEN, '17
Inter Alia

CHARLES A. HART, '17
Editor-in-Chief



THOMAS E. SHEA, '18
Exchanges

THE VIATORIAN STAFF 1916 1917



JOHN F. COX, '17
Business Mgr.

C. M. GRANGER, '20
Societies

THE VIATORIAN

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Athletics—TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, '17. Alumni—FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER, '19.

Viatoriana—EDMUND F. CONWAY, '18. Sccieties—CLAUDE M. GRANGER, '20.

Business Manager—JOHN F. COX, '17.

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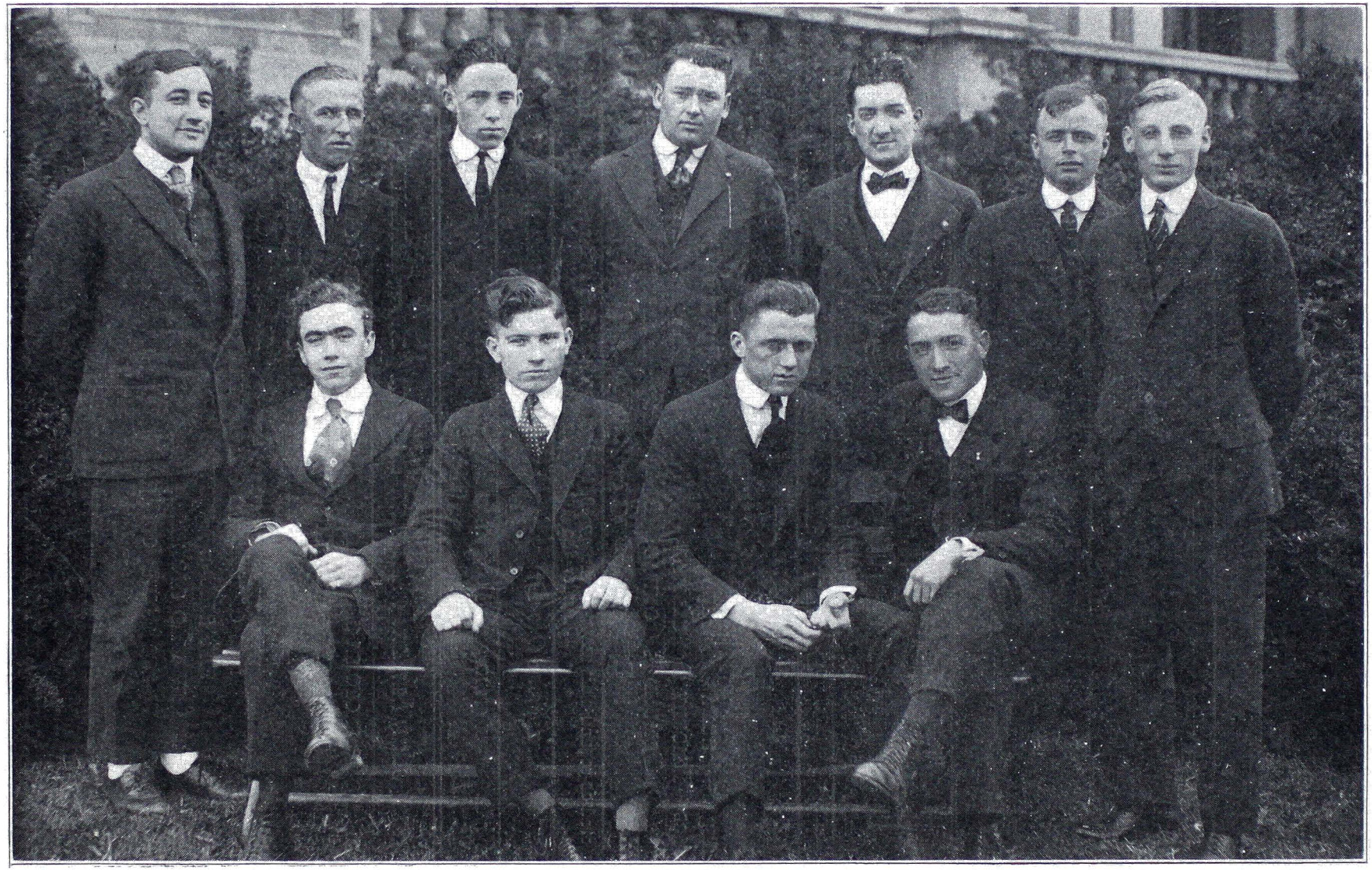
Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.—TERENCE.

The Staff.

With one more number the thirty-fourth volume of the *Viatorian* will have been a completed book. Running a college publication in these days of high-priced contributors, high priced materials and the general aviation of everything is not exactly as simple as falling off a log. This is not said by way of apology but merely as an explanation to a few who are inclined to be rather critical. Needless to say these few are never contributors.

The Staff wishes to thank sincerely all those who have helped in any way in making the *Viatorian* an abler, more fitting representative of St. Viator College. The resigning members, Messrs. Sheen, Cox, Sullivan and Hart wish the 1917–18 Staff a God-speed in their work, with the commission to them that they make our paper better and bigger than ever, for the best is none too good.



CLASS OF 1918.

THE CLASS OF 1918.

THOMAS E. SHEA, '18.

In 1918 St. Viator will celebrate its Golden Jubilee and in that year will go out from its halls, to represent one of the best of its fifty years of labor, the Class of '18,—the present Junior Class. From the very beginning in Freshman year Fate seems to have smiled benignly upon our little group in order that in the year of its Golden Jubilee Viator's representative product might be well suited to the occasion, for signal success has marked every endeavor of the Class of '18. Were it assistance in editing of the college monthly or the arrangement of a banquet or the planning of an outing, the Juniors have done it with a novelty and grace that could hardly be equaled. Some of our class activities was the tendering of a banquet to our worthy upper classmen, the seniors, and a spirited outing to the Sophomores. Not many things have been too difficult for the little band of twelve to attempt and nothing attempted has borne the stamp of failure. This, we believe, will be the reason why failure will be unknown to us in our life in the outside world.

CLASS ROLL.

THOMAS SHEA.

This time we have with us the ballast of the battalion. No, indeed, Toby is not a heavyweight but the brains of our Prexy sure do make themselves conspicuous when there is a picnic, feed, or bread cutting contest in sight. Toby is a droll character. Toby he debates, Toby he plays football. Toby's a nice fellow.

WILLIAM J. ROCHE.

We claim Bill as our class secretary, and almost every day you can hear one of his classmates shout: "Have you a minute to spare?" Which means that our Peoria recorder is putting the class book in the safe.

BERARD J. MOMBLEAU.

"Just Mose" and sometimes "Moise," is what we call him and that cognomen has become so important that he wants no other.

JOHN M OSTROWSKI.

Johnnie's god is baseball and the most certain sign of spring is Jack trotting the campus with glove on hand and bat at side.

EMMETT W. FLYNN.

When our class organized Emmie was picked to protect the class funds and handled the money like a veteran banker.

LEO T. PHILLIPS.

"Doc" has already spent seven years at St. Viator and says that he is so well pleased with the place that he will spend the remainder of his life here.

PAUL A. DUNN.

Paul early insisted that we give his name a Spanish turn, it has been done and is with him yet—"Pablo."

EDMOND CONWAY.

"Duckie" is his nickname and he hails from the important City of the Sioux. As editor of the joke column of this paper he has had no peer. "Duckie" is assistant to our President.

FRANCIS HUGHES.

Mr. Hughes's two hundred and ten pounds of dignity and a cordial smile are valuable assets for a great career.

T. E. FITZPATRICK.

One of the hardest workers in the class.

EDWARD KELLY.

Association with the intricacies of business life has won for him the distinction as a "Financier."

THEODORE D. DEMARIS.

Like a poet, he finds his greatest pleasure in gamboling about the verdant woods of Bourbonnais.

CLASS OF 1919.

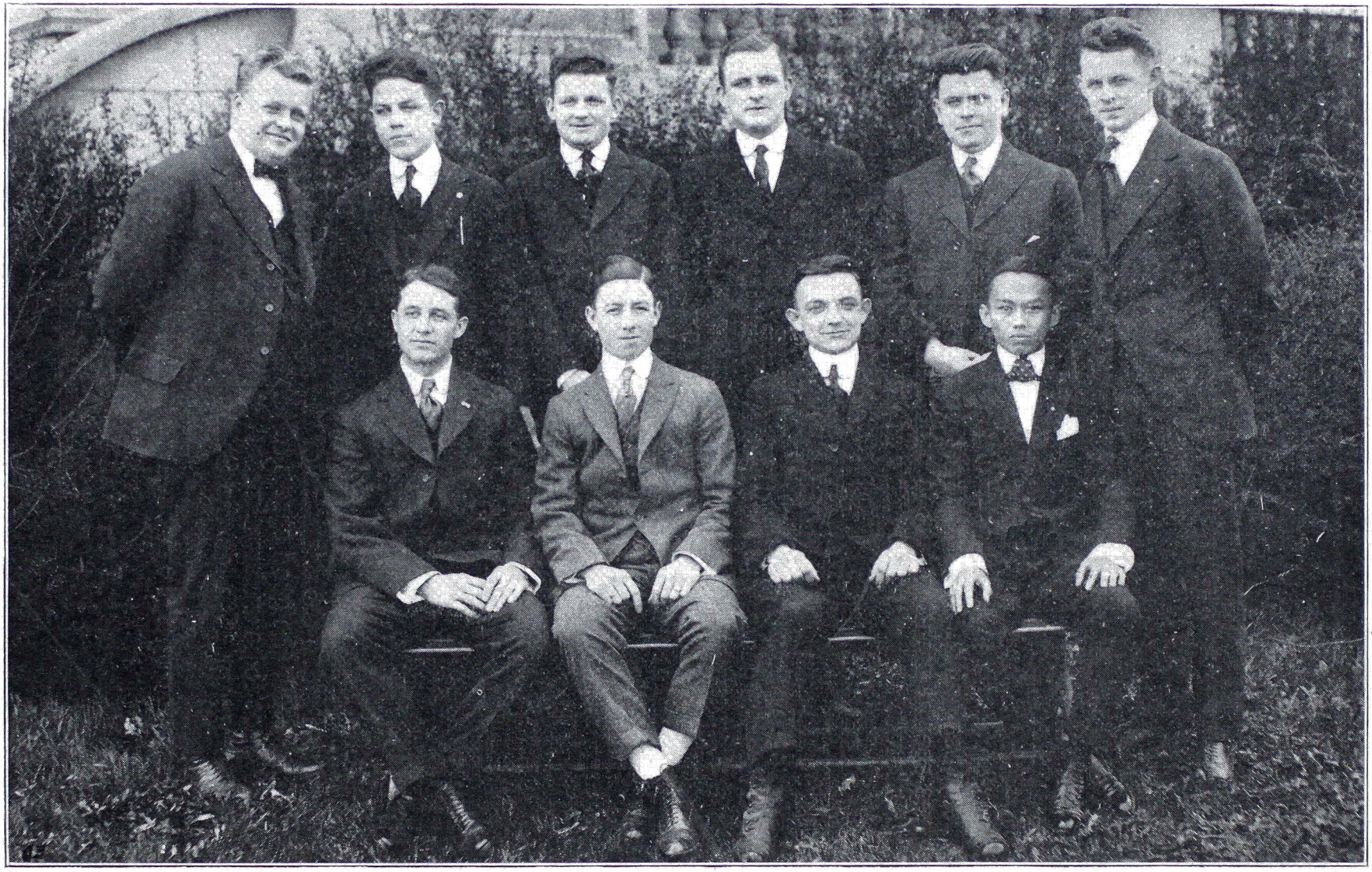
J. JOSEPH SMITH, '19.

The class of '19 held its first meeting of the year on the last Friday in October. The principal business of the meeting was the election of the following officers: Francis C. Hangsterfer, President; Thomas P. Kelly Vice-President; Edward T. O'Connor, Treasurer; Myles J. Hoare, Secretary. The newly elected lost no time in planning activities for the year. All suggestions received the hearty cooperation of the entire class and their success seemed assured from the very beginning. The banquet tendered the Juniors, however, deserves special mention. It is conceded by all to have been the most elaborate and classiest affair of its kind ever staged by any of the college men of Viator. The already beautiful little banquet room of the Schuyler Cafe was made even more charming by the artistically arranged class and college colors. Posies and ferns of many species vied with each other on lending their charms to the occasion. Much credit is due the decoration committee. The menu looked far better in reality than on the golden lettered menu cards. The cards however were well worth the keeping and served as tokens of the occasion, Mr. Hangsterfer acted as toastmaster and at no time was he at a loss for appropriate introductions and witty remarks. The faculty was well represented in the persons of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, Rev. W. J. Bergin, Rev. J. D. Kirley, Rev. J. W. Maguire, Rev. F. E. Munsch. Their interesting talks and congenial company left nothing desired in the pleasantness of the evening. The committee on arrangements surely achieved their ideals.

Like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky came the news of the departure of Mr. Hangsterfer from college. As president of the class he was the man of the hour. May all the gods of fortune attend you, Hank, is the wish of the class of '19. Forgetting the sorrows of the past and with business tact a new president was elected. Mr. J. Joseph Smith was chosen to guide the destinies of the class.

On May 23rd, the good sports of the class of '18 with originality and ability, not to be underestimated, reciprocated the treat tendered them on February 15th, at the Schuyler Cafe. An outing on the beautiful banks of the Kankakee, lacking nothing to make the treat a most pleasant one, was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of both classes.

Class activities ceased early this year and all efforts were lent to making Homecoming and Commencement Days the successful days of the year.



CLASS OF 1919.

CLASS ROLL.

FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER.—Gone but not forgotten.

THOMAS P. KELLY.—You're all right T. P. "We're all for you."

MYLES J. HOARE.—He does unbend his noble strength to aid.

EDWARD T. O'CONNOR.—"Pep" from the very word go.

GREGORY A. GAVLIN.—Why Compulsory Arbitration Lost.

JAMES ROBERT ELMSLIE.—Calm, cool and cultured.

DONALD J. KIRLEY.—Still waters run deep.

ARTHUR J. LANDROCHE.—Willing to labor or to wait.

RONALD L. FRENCH.—Our Canadian Friend.

FRANCIS R. MALABANAN.—One of our Insular gems.

J. JOSEPH SMITH.

CLASS OF 1920.

CLASS OF 1920.

F. GORDON McDONALD, '20.

Following in the usual trail of Freshman Classes, we, nicknamed the "Terrible Twenty," pursued the course laid out by our most worthy predecessors. We began our initial college course with a huge number, she's equal to the last two figures in the year of our graduation, but as time sped on, (and time has a habit of doing this very thing) our army was depleted to its present strength of fifteen youths. But let me state right here that although the quantity of our remarkable class has diminished, its excellence has increased an even hundredfold.

We have plugged our Livy steadily under the most able guidance of the highly respected Father Munsch, the constructions and difficulties of the aforementioned otherwise unsolvable and insurmountable were made simple as the alphabet and clear as a crystal. And the assignments he gave out—oh, I hesitate to speak of them. They were so short and sweet. Why, I remember especially those warm, sunshiny days of swiftly approaching summer, when the class just begged him to make the assignment for the following day seventy-five lines instead of sixty, and he refused, saying sixty lines would be plenty! We will never, never forget our Little Napoleon of Livy Class.

Now let us stray to our most distinguished class, the one that places us on common footing with our learned rivals—the Sophomores. This class is mostly a lecture class. By that I mean that one person does all the talking most of the time. He dotes especially on delivering to the listening world, a certain person's views of Socialism. This class is Economics and the presiding lecturer is none other than the Rev. J. W. R. Maguire. Father Maguire says, and in our presence too, that the Freshman class is the best he has. We admit that. He also remarks that the attention given by our squad of highly intellectual beings is nothing short of marvelous. He wonders (secretly) how we can stand all of that deep intrinsic matter. Well, now that the end of the year is here and that in two months Fr. Maguire will have forgotten many things, I'll tell him why so much silence was observed in his very best class. It has been a custom of his to withhold the examination marks for several days, sometimes a week or two but never more than three months; so after each exam we would wait in anxiety to see whether he would break away from this adorable habit and reveal our marks before his maximum time was up. But day after day our hopes arose. He would not. We will stand by our Economics teacher. He is invincible and always tardy.

Now that you have a little bit of class activity, I, unlike the poorer

historians of my time, shall give a bit of individual history of the members of '20. Francis Gordan McDonald is the president of the combine. "Mac" was elected to the chair as the result of his past class presidencies. He is called Caruso by some of the upper classmen who regard him second only to Caruso in his vocal talents, (Worthy reader, I am writing this about myself—'tis better to leave the rest unsaid.)

The Vice-President is Harold Arnberg, a youth of sterling qualifications and with an ambition for the Secretary of War portfolio. Harold hails from Moline, over on the Mississippi, and not knowing the town or Harold's reputation there, the historian adds he is a splendid chap. Ben Connor holds down the secretary's chair and I must admit he is a secretary fit for the richest and busiest business man in Bourbonnais. Ben is a wizard. He either attends meetings minus his book or his writing material or both. He never brings the minutes of the last meeting and it's up to the President to remember the details of each meeting. Nevertheless, Ben is a friend of mine and a better man was never made. T. John Cavanaugh is the treasurer. Tom looks after the lucre, which is expended on dinners, banquets and other youthful amusements supposed to have been forgotten by such dignified students. But right now we are planning another dinner and Tom is collecting the "shekels" with hitherto unforeseen and entirely unexpected "pep." We're for you, Tom—get all there is in sight.

Now, gentle reader, you have a wee bit of Freshman Class history. Be not harsh in your criticism of the historian. Remember, it is his first offense and he may never do it again. But whatever you may think of the writer matters not as long as you think with me, that the Freshman Class is the best c'ass in the college.

CLASS ROLL.

Gordan McDonald—Thinks he's a little track star.
Thomas Cavanagh—Also called 'Father Time."
Albert Leriger—The hot sketch from Mantoni.
William O'Hara—Yutch, with the Marsile wave.
Francis Whelan—"Oh Gus! Got anything to smoke?"
Joseph Cross—The knock 'em dead soldier.
David Conroy—The provincial Adonis.
James Henneberry—The mental athlete of the class.
Louis Dougherty—The gentleman farmer.
Benedict Connor—One youth who made the varsity.
Harold Vonachen—Von Hindenburg's true replica.
Robert Caron—"I can't dance, my ankle's on the bum."
Claude Granger—The only man who can't stop the war.
Harold Arnberg—By his line—you shall know him.
Ezra Cardinal—Just arrived.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES, 1917.

MICHAEL CLEARY.

It is now almost four years since our illustrious little class made its debut at St. Viator's. At that time the attendant scenes of graduation scarce entered our minds; and the day when we should leave our Alma Mater was regarded as a mere vagary and as something not to be considered in the light of reality. But alas, the time has sped only too fast and it is with a childish yearning for a repetition of our High School days that we depart from these happy scenes to take our places in the ranks of the world.

CLASS ACTIVITIES:

To our class belongs the distinction of being one of the most energetic organizations in the history of our college. Class organization was never prominent until this year, when a meeting was held which resulted in the election of the following officers: Michael J. Cleary, President; James F. Kavanagh, Vice-President; Thaddeus C. Mooney, Secretary, and Francis Ashe, Treasurer. Under this regime nothing was left undone that would serve to augment our already brilliant record. In the month of February, a mid-year class banquet was held at the Lafayette Hotel in Kankakee. Not content with having outdone former classes in this much, it was proposed to present our college with a suitable memorial. A class vote unanimously favored the project, and as a result our campus is now adorned with a steel flag staff holding aloft a large American Flag.

CLASS ROLL:

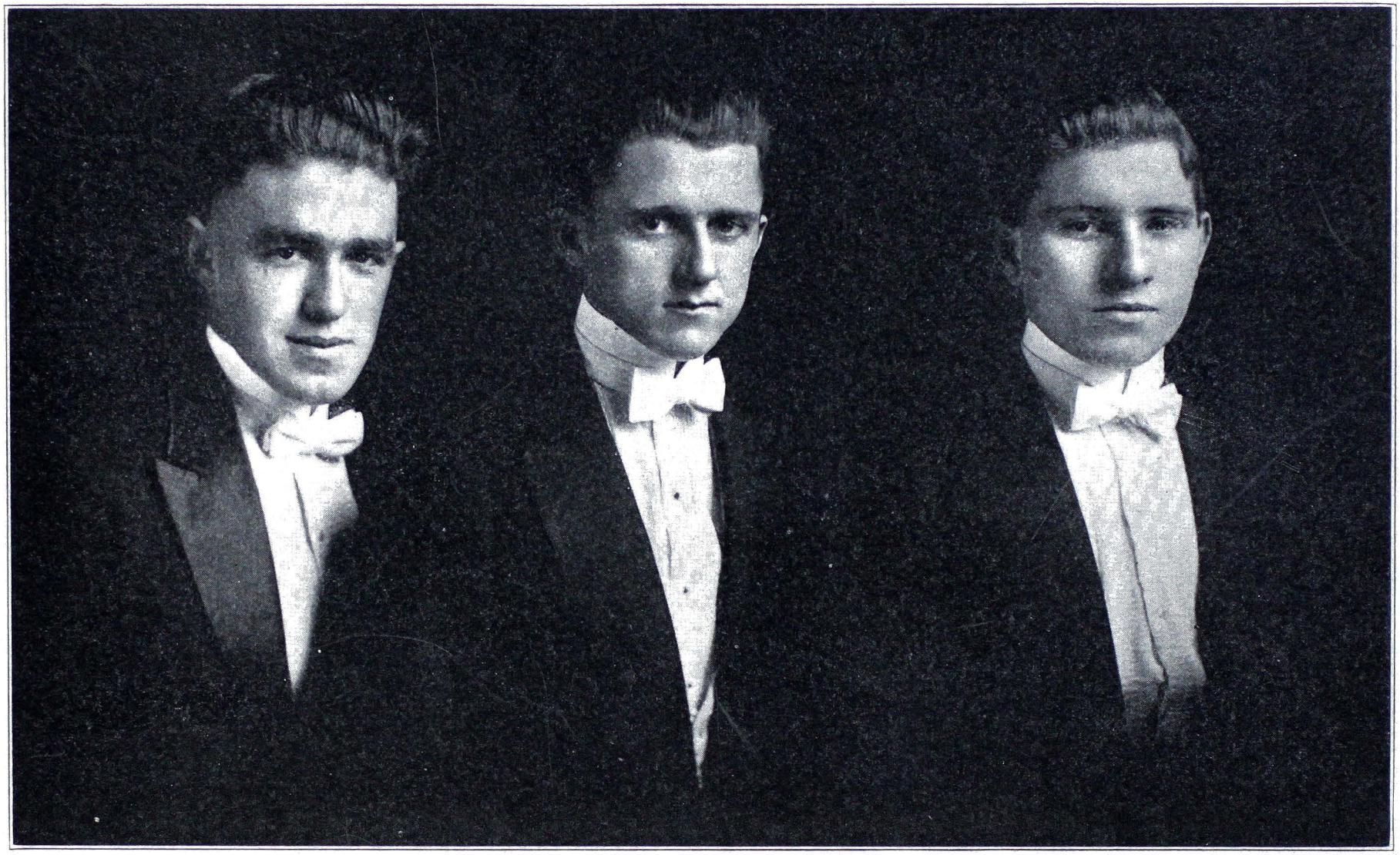
ALAN L. FREEBURY—"Not Red, Alan."
LEO J. MCDERMOTT—Little Argument.
PAUL M. FITZGERALD—The Hoosier Genius.
JAMES CORBETT—Woof, Woof, Chatz.
RICHARD FITZSIMMONS—Pass the Stew.
JOSEPH C. READING—"I'm the coal-man's son."
JAMES F. KAVANAGH—St. Viator's white hope.
FRANCIS A. TABAKA—Prince Albert.
MICHAEL J. CLEARY—"Say, Bro., May I go over to Foxy's?"
PAUL GRANGER—Home Talent.
JOSEPH LEONARD—"My name is Leonard. What's yourn?"
JOHN P. GALLAHUE—My specialty is chemical explosives.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS 1917.

JOHN MCCARTHY—"Oh. Johnny; Oh, Johnny."
EDMUND SMITH—Peotone's High Brow.
NOLAN J. RYAN—"Horse! Fall on the ball."
THADDEUS MOONEY—The Country Gentleman.
EMMETT O'BRIEN—Billy Whiskers.
JOHN TOBIN—Our only Varsity man.
FRANCIS ASHE—Turk, the fastest man in shoe leather.
LEONARD COYNE—Adolph, the butcher-boy.
THOMAS SHEEN—The smallest man in school.

CLASS COLORS: Orange and Black.

CLASS MOTTO: "Non nobis solum."



AFFIRMATIVE TEAM—VARSITY DEBATING 1917—MORNINGSIDE VS. ST. VIATOR.

COLLEGE DEBATING FOR 1917.

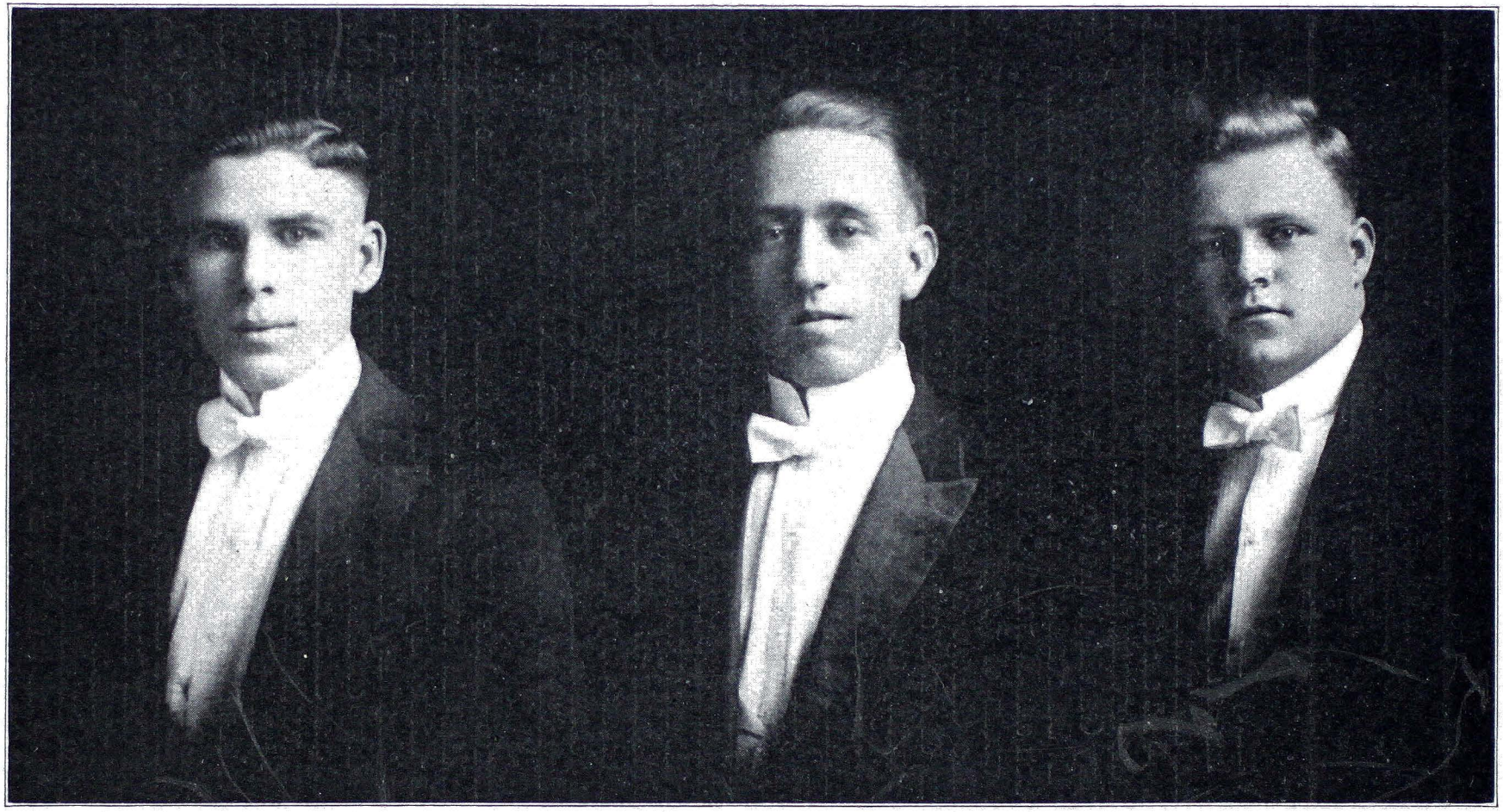
FULTON J. SHEEN, A.B., '17.

The Varsity Debating Team has always been the pinnacle of scholastic honor at St. Viator and it was therefore with the keenest competition and rivalry that the 54 candidates fought for the enviable positions. The six successful men who were chosen to represent the college in the forensic platform were Charles A. Hart, Fulton J. Sheen and Gregory Galvin of the Negative Team, and Edmund F. Conway, Timothy D. Sullivan and Thomas E. Shea of the Affirmative Team. John F. Cox and Edward O'Connor were chosen alternates.

After weeks of preparation a dual debate was arranged with Morningside College of Sioux City, Iowa, who were the unbeaten champions of Iowa and Minnesota, having defeated Ames, Upper State University and Hamline University of St. Paul.

On Friday, May the 18th, the Negative team met and defeated Morningside in the St. Viator Auditorium. The same evening the affirmative team lost to Morningside at Sioux City. Reports from Sioux City attest a brilliant performance of the Viator debators. Their aggressive, relentless attack on the position of the negative gave every indication of a victory and it was a disappointed trio of debaters who took the unexpected adverse decision of the judges. The Morningside Professor of Public Speaking and Debate stated after the debate at Sioux City, that "St. Viator was the best debating team that ever debated Morningside." This statement is pregnant with praise inasmuch as Morningside has been undefeated for several years.

The home debate was never in doubt. At no time during the discussion did the Iowans give any indication of offering resistance. Scholastic philosophy training was so much in abundance in the St. Viator position that Morningside's less trained debaters fell an easy prey. A sharp contrast suggested itself that evening between the two systems of education, the Catholic and the Protestant. Morningside had the representative team of the State, in fact were superior to the other Protestant teams, yet their position seemed puerile when set in contrast to the logical position of the Catholic debaters. An intellectual combat of this sort is the real test of any system of education, and there is not one of the large audience who heard the debate, who did not feel in their heart an acknowledgement of the superiority of Catholic education. The secret of it all is the rigid insistence by the Catholic instructors on a rigid philosophical training which lies at the root of all intellectual progress. If power of adaptation is a criterion of inner vitality, scholastic philosophy has it. As in the days of St. Thomas and of other great scholastics, so today it is able



NEGATIVE TEAM—VARSITY DEBATING, 1917—ST. VIATOR VS. MORNINGSIDE.

to cope with great problems of the day. By adhering unflinchingly to unalterable basic principles, it does not indeed grant freedom of thought which is so prevalent in modern colleges; but by enforcing such limitations it does not enslave the mind as Prof. Paulsen put it nor does it impede true progress, any more than the banks of a mighty river can be said to impede its progress, whilst restraining it from paths of ruin and destruction.

It is not strange therefore to find that every Catholic college in the country is almost always successful in debating over their Protestant opponents. An Eastern Catholic College with 400 students met and defeated in debate for 8 successive years the biggest university in America with 6,000 students. Notre Dame has lost only 3 debates in 25 years, and those 3 were lost to Catholic colleges, one to Georgetown University, the remaining two to St. Viator in the course of the last four years. And it is particularly striking to note that St. Viator met real opposition on the debating platform only when debating Catholic colleges. Only one conclusion can be drawn from these facts and that is the absolute superiority of the Catholic system of education which cares not for the frills and fads of which modern education is so fond, but insists on the deep fundamental principles which underlie great problems of our social, civic, religious and educational life.

In speaking of this training which every Catholic college student at St. Viator's receives, it is well to mention the name of Father Bergin who has imparted these principles to us, and who deserves the greatest credit for the success of debating at St. Viator. Like the "man behind the gun" he has directed all of our activities and made successful debaters out of mostly raw recruits.

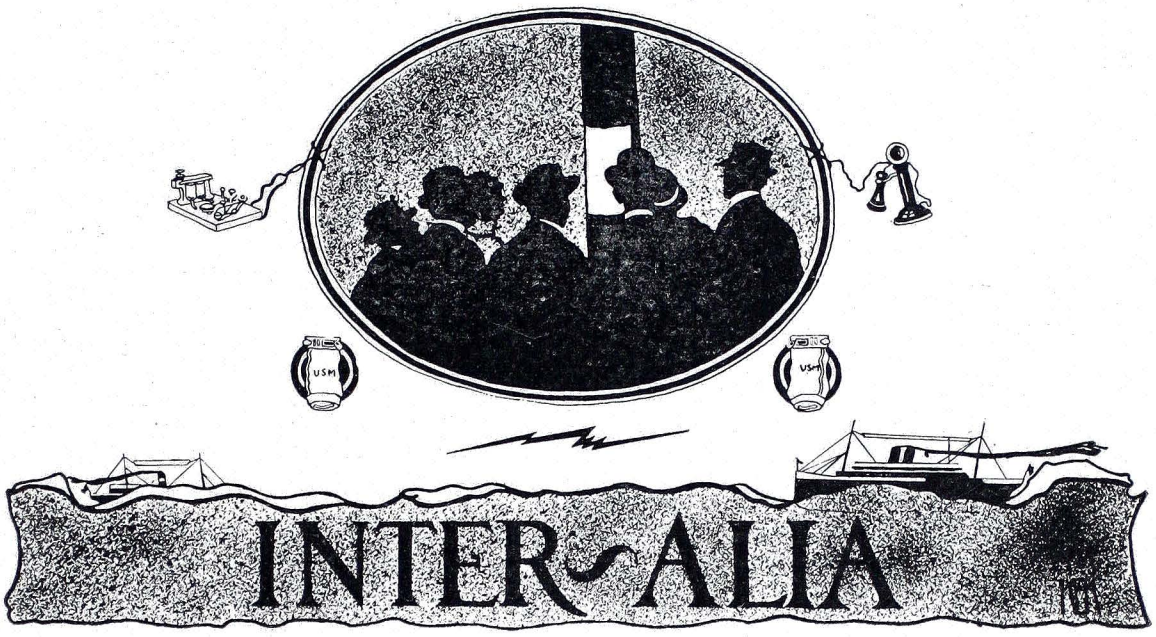
Two new men made their appearance this year on the Varsity Debating Team in the persons of Gregory Galvin, C. S. V., '19 and Edmund Conway, '18. Both distinguished themselves like veterans this year and practically insured their position on the team for next year. Galvin's imposing stature and clear voice made him one of the favorites in the home debate, while Conway's rebuttals at Sioux City made his home town proud of its talent. Thomas E. Shea, '18, who has been a member of the team for the last two years, was captain of the affirmative team and perhaps the most resourceful debater on his team.

By graduation this year four debaters will be lost to this college, namely, Charles A. Hart, who has had the enviable distinction of being a member of the Varsity Team for four years and captain of the same for three. Mr. Hart is agressive, sharp and quick to detect a fallacy in an argument, energetic and relentless in rebuttal; with his graduation goes one of the best debators that has ever graced St. Viator platform. Mr. Lawrence A. Dondanville, who has been a member of the team for two years, but who failed to take part in it this year because of dramatic work, was a good speaker, and possessed of a

keen philosophical mind. Mr. Dondanville may well lay claim to immortality by his famous "public opinion" rebuttal of three years ago, which still lingers fresh in the minds of the old students. Timothy D. Sullivan is the third man to be lost by graduation. Mr. Sullivan has been a debater for the past three years, and his distinction lies in his dramatic ability to deliver an argument with much vigor and conviction and draw the attention of the audience by his winning presence. Mr. Fulton J. Sheen, '17, who has been a member of the team for three years, will also graduate this year.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It seems outside the nice proportions of things to inflict an editor's note as an addendum to a criticism at once so trenchant and so illuminating as the foregoing by Mr. Sheen. But in the very fullness of his knowledge the editor feels that he must out. At the beginning of this year our debating coach, Father Bergin, after much labor, succeeded in arranging a triangle debate between Williams and Vashti College, Aledo, Ill., Heddings College, and St. Viator's. All went well until the teams at St. Viator's were picked and we were looking eagerly to a not far-distant day when the event should take place. Then came word all unexpectedly from Williams and Vashti that they chose not to fulfill their written word. Next Heddings was scheduled to "crawfish." In our supposition that we were engaging with men who thought something of their plighted word we were mistaken. In this inky hour who should come to the rescue with an optimism that has never yet been downed? The question needs no answer. With indomitable courage Mr. Fulton J. Sheen set himself to the well nigh hopeless task of getting a debate, along about April first. If there were any colleges in the Middle West that were not importuned, he did not know them. The result of his labors is seen in the above account of the St. Viator-Morningside debate. To him alone must be given all the credit for making intercollegiate debating activities at all possible this year. All honor to his splendid courageous efforts. On the debating platform of St. Viator's there has not been known his superior if ever his equal, in any point that constitutes effective debating. His modesty would not, of course, permit him to let these facts see the light of day. We insist that the whole truth be known. It is good to meet with such men and good to let them be known. St. Viator's will feel keenly the loss of Mr. Sheen in debating circles as well as in the many other departments in which he has been actively engaged with such uniform success.

C. A. H.,'17



Homecoming.

Over four hundred of St. Viator Alumni assembled in annual reunion at the college on Homecoming Day, May 30th. At the meeting held after the banquet the spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty ran high. The Alumni, realizing the absolute needs of funds for the maintenance of St. Viator's present high standards and the further expansion of courses pledged themselves to raise an endowment fund of two hundred thousand dollars within the next five years. The proposed plan of subscription, arranging the amounts to each member's means, met with instantaneous approval and was immediately adopted. The spirit which prompted the pledging of this endowment was simply a recognition on the part of the St. Viator Alumni, that if Catholic colleges are to advance in the work of higher education they must be given every possible financial assistance for more equipment and broader courses. The Alumni further pledges themselves to induce a larger number of high school graduates to avail themselves of the opportunity for pursuing college courses at St. Viator. Officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D.D., '85, Honorary President; Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. Legris, President; Vice-Presidents: Rev. Francis O'Reilly, Rev. Z. P. Berard, Rev. C. F. Conway, Mr. William G. McKenna, '06, Mr. James Condon, '93, Mr. Bernard O'Connor. General Secretary, Mr. J. C. Dougherty, '07; Treasurer, Mr. Richard Legris. Trustees: Mr. Albert O'Connell, Mr. Alexander Granger, Rev. James J. Shannon, Rev. J. J. Morrissey. The following toasts were responded to at the call of Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '82, toastmaster: Mr. Stephen Morgan, '09, "Our Country"; Rev. Stephen C. McMahon,, '08, "Our College"; Mr. Charles A. Hart, '17, "Our New Recruits"; Very Rev. James J. Shannon, '83, "Our College Jubilee"; Very Rev.

J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., '01, "Our Alumni." The summer number of the Viatorian will devoted exlusively to a report of this meeting.

Ordinations.

On June second, five young men from St. Viator Seminary were elevated to the Holy Priesthood. In Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, Ill., Archbishop Mundelein ordained: William Irving Murray and Alfred Rebedeau, both of Chicago, for the Chicago Diocese, and Mr. Joseph Griffin, of Ireland, for the Diocese of Alton. On the same day at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill., William Courtney of Ireland and Edward S. Dunn, of Farmer City, Ill., received their Holy Orders from Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D.D. as officiating prelate. Four of these men pursued their classical studies at St. Viator College, and all five made their theology course at St. Viator Seminary, where their many friends rejoice with them in their ordination to the Holy Priesthood. A fuller notice will appear in the next issue when more details are available.

AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITIES.

The third successful year of St. Viator's Agricultural School is about to come to a close. This year's work has been the best of any yet conducted. About seventy students were enrolled in the course during the term.

Animal husbandry has been the leading branch in the course. A herd of Shropshire sheep has been added to the farm for the purpose of practice work in judging and shearing. Pure bred Chester white hogs are also on the list of new live stock. The students expect to show some of these at fairs next fall if conditions are favorable.

Some very fine gardens were planted by the horticulture class. They also have the honor of starting the first nursery at S. V. C. There is a promise of a hot-house for demonstration work next year.

In dairying, the class made some excellent butter and cheese. Plans have been considered for a dairy and modern dairy barn to be built this summer, which will greatly add to the efficiency of this department.

The "Aggie Club" spent several enjoyable evenings during the year, at which gatherings the "Aggies" obtained some valuable information from the principal speakers: Father Bergin, Father Maguire, Father O'Mahoney, Mr. James Mallaney and Prof. Andersen. A basketball team was drafted out of the members; they played several games during the season.

Next year the agricultural course will be enlarged and better facilities are to be maintained. The winter course will be given as usual. The bulletin for this work will be published in October. During the year the work in Field Crops will run through three quarters of the first year; the last quarter will consist wholly of work in gardening. The soils course will be as a half year's work in the second year's course.

Two new courses will be started. One in farm machinery and farm motors, and the other in farm management. The course on farm machinery will consist of a study of the care and use of farm tools and machinery, motors and windmills, and the preservation of buildings and fences. Farm management will consist of a study of the most efficient arrangement of fields and buildings and lots. A detailed study will be made of the various types of farming and farming activities and the profits usually obtained from each system.

A poultry course will also be introduced if ten or more students desire to take it. This will consist of a study of breeds and methods of breeding, construction of poultry houses, and pens, incubation, brooding, feeding and marketing of poultry. Laboratory will consist

of judging poultry, selecting and grading eggs, killing and picking poultry, caponizing and choosing the laying hen.

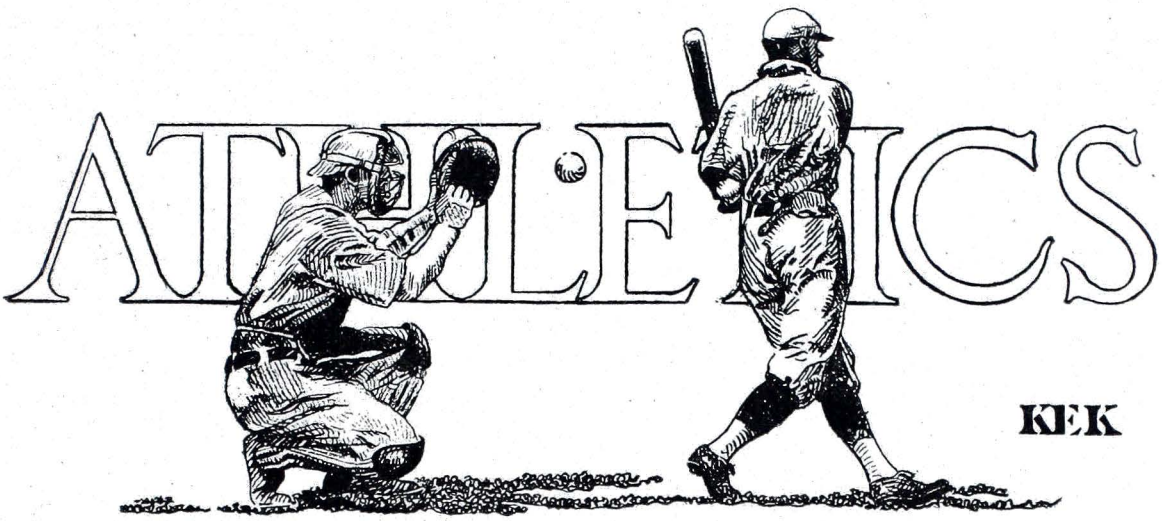
Plans are now on foot for several new buildings which will soon be built and be a great aid in class work. The first to be constructed is a machinery hall 100x40 ft. to house the machinery and motors, for the farm mechanics' course. A new hot-house is also under consideration which will be of much assistance in horticulture and soils work.

The usual activities will take place, which consist of trips to pure bred live stock sales in Kankakee and surrounding towns. In addition a trip will be taken to Chicago to study the marketing conditions of live stock at the Stock Yards.

In January a grain show will be held at the College. It is urged that all students who have attended St. Viator's should send samples; if they are not able to bring them themselves. Samples of corn are to consist of ten ears, small grains of peck lots. The prize list has not as yet been arranged. A stock and grain judging contest will also be held which will be open to all present.

It is hoped that the year 1917–1918 will even be more successful than this year has been. Better facilities will be had and a larger number of students is expected. The St. Viator Agricultural School has now the honor of being the oldest and largest Catholic Agricultural School in the United States and also the largest Agricultural boarding school of any denomination.

F. A. Tabaka, V. H. S., '17.



ST. AMBROSE—ST. VIATOR.

On May 15, Viator took the Western Catholic Baseball title from St. Ambrose College, on their home field by administering a trouncing to the Iowa team 8–4. In the first inning Captain Conroy's men went around the paths for three runs and then at different intervals scored enough to make the final count. Murphy allowed six hits by the Ambrosians but his team fielded well behind him and he managed to keep the six blows well scattered. Connors and Murphy led with the stick in this game, while Ryan and Griffith might be mentioned in this connection for St. Ambrose.

LINE-UP.

ST. VIATOR	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	ST. AMBROSE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Flynn, lf	3	3	1	1	0	0	Quigley, 3b	2	1	1	1	1	1
Fitzp'ck, ss	3	0	0	1	2	1	Ryan, c	3	1	1	13	2	2
Beyer, c.	4	2	1	4	0	1	Sheehan, 2b	3	0	1	2	0	0
Kernan, 2b	3	1	0	4	1	0	Devlin, 1b.	4	0	1	7	0	1
Connors, cf	5	0	2	2	0	0	Coonan, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Conroy, rf	5	0	1	3	0	0	McLain, ss	4	0	1	1	3	3
Somers, 1b	4	1	0	9	0	0	Simons, lf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Goldie, 3b	4	0	0	2	2	0	Griffith, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy, p	4	1	3	1	4	0	Mack, p	2	1	1	0	0	0
	37	8	8	27	9	2		27	3	6	27	6	7

Umpire—Stafford.

MILLIKEN—ST. VIATOR.

In a two-day stay at Decatur, May 16–17, the varsity defeated Milliken University in two games 8–3 and 8–2. In the first game Beyer's home-run with the bases full was the feature. Flynn gained first on an infield hit while Fitzpatrick and Kernan got in the way of pitched balls and were given their bases free. This loaded the sacks

and Beyer delivered with a home-run out of the park. This put the Viator team far in the lead and the feeble rally of one run by Milliken in the ninth could not overcome Viator's advantage.

The second game with the over-staters proved similar to the first and in it also, the Viator club had the home-run fever. Somers uncorked a line drive over the right field fence with two men on. This added three runs to the five already secured and the game ended 8–2. Murphy worked in this game and proved a puzzle to Coach Wann's batsmen. Two games, scheduled for Bourbonnais one week later were canceled.

FIRST GAME.

ST. VIATOR.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Flynn, lf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Fitzp'ck, ss	4	1	1	1	4	2
Kernan, 2b	4	1	1	3	1	1
Beyer, c	4	1	1	11	1	0
Connors, cf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Conroy, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Murphy, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	1
Goldie, 3b	2	3	2	1	3	1
Somers, p	4	1	1	0	2	0
	34	8	8	27	12	5

MILLIKEN.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Vertrees, 3b	5	1	2	2	3	0
McWherte,ss	5	2	2	0	1	0
F. Long, c	5	0	1	6	3	0
Collins, cf	5	0	1	2	1	0
H. Long, 2b	4	0	0	3	5	0
Sherman, 1b	3	0	0	12	0	0
Salwach, rf	4	0	0	0	1	0
Querry, lf	4	0	1	1	0	1
Reeter, p	3	0	2	1	4	3
	38	3	9	27	18	4

Umpire—McKee.

SECOND GAME.

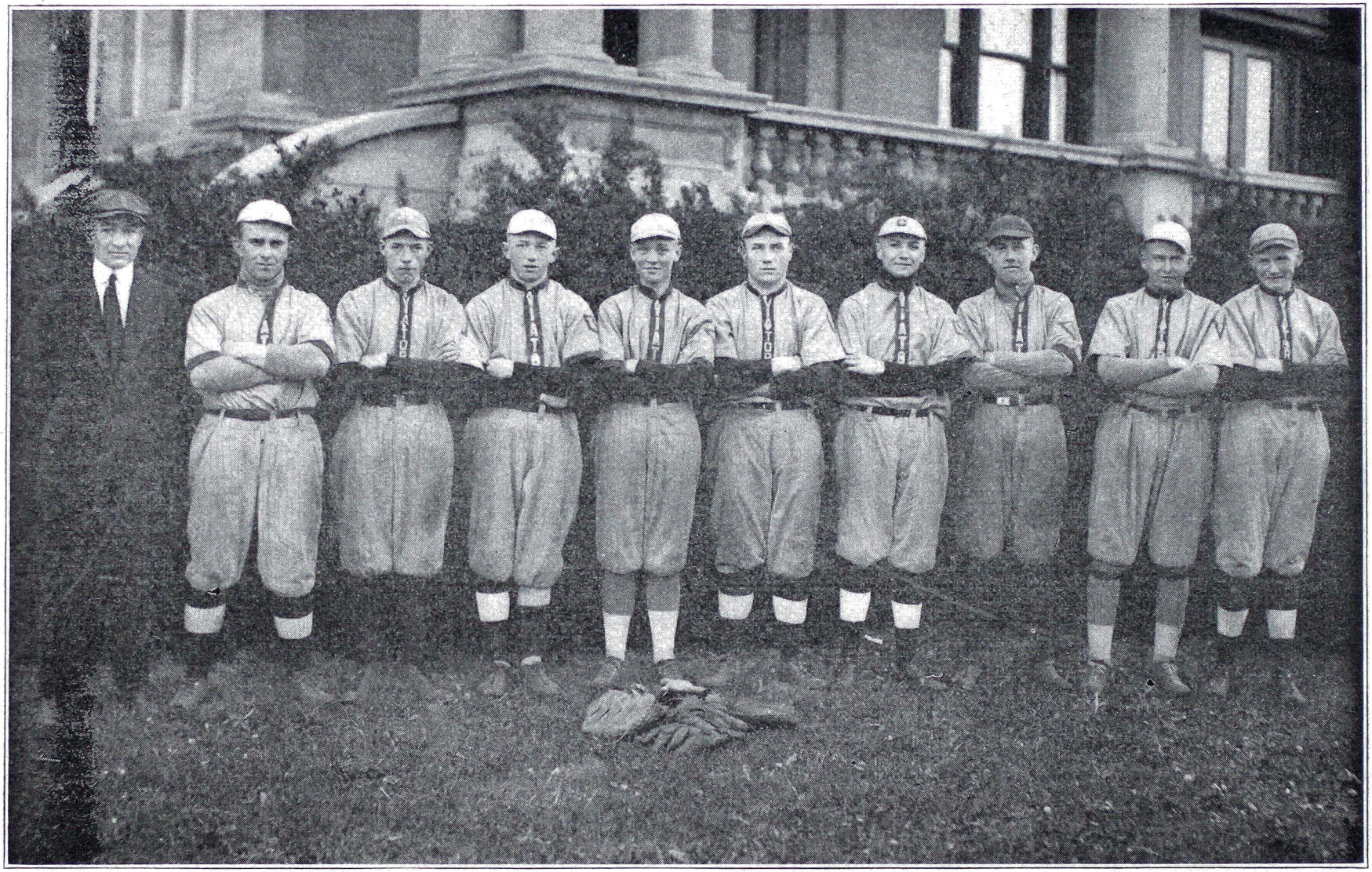
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Flynn, lf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Fitzpat'ck, ss	4	0	1	2	4	1
Kernan, 2b	4	1	2	1	5	0
Beyer, c	4	2	3	10	2	0
Connors, cf	4	0	2	0	0	1
Conroy, rf	4	2	1	0	0	0
Somers, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Goldie, 3b	4	1	0	1	5	1
Murphy, p	3	1	1	1	2	0
	35	8	12	27	18	3

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Vertree, 3b	5	1	0	2	3	1
Cannon, ss	5	0	1	1	2	1
F. Long, c	5	0	1	10	1	0
Collins, cf	4	0	0	0	2	0
H. Long, 2b	3	1	1	0	1	1
Sherman, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
McWherte,rf	4	0	2	2	2	0
Salwach, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Hayes, p	3	0	0	1	1	0
	37	2	6	27	12	3

Umpire—McKee.

HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL.

On May 17, Harrison's high-school nine battled St. Ignatius for nine rounds—losing to the Chicago academy 2-1. This was perhaps the best game seen on the junior field this season. The visitors came with a good reputation as ball-tossers, having played together for three seasons. This machine offered a problem for the high-school



HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL

men and the game went nip and tuck all the way. In the fourth Ignatius scored, in the sixth Viator scored and in the eighth inning Captain Bolger's team put over the winning run. Smith pitched heady ball for his team while Bushell—the new backstop, held him up in big style.

LINE-UP.

St. Ignatius Academy, 2.		V. H. S.—1.	
Quinn	2b	Fitzimmons	cf
Bolger	c	Bushell	c
Hackett	3b	Dunn	1b
Condon	ss	McCarthy	2b
Carmody	1b	Berry	3b
McKenny	rf	Kavanaugh	ss
Dillon	p	Maguire	lf
Schuman	lf	Quinn	rf
Kempe	cf	Smith	p

Umpire—Conroy.

The high-school team will play Crane High School, Chicago, June 2, on the Bourbonnais field. This game will close the season for Harrison's men.

HARRISON TECHNICAL HIGH-SCHOOL.

Harrison Technical High-School, Chicago, came down from the city on May 26, with the championship of the minor high-schools on their belts and started in on Captain Berry's crowd in championship fashion. In five innings they romped around the bases and put away five runs, making the chances for the home boys very slim. But in the remaining innings Viator indulged in a hitting fest against Hemee which netted six runs as the final count against the opponents. This made the third game this year in which the high-school team has pulled themselves out of the fire in this manner. They seem to have an ability to come up from behind and win games in a spectacular way. Dunn, Bushell and Berry must be mentioned for their work in the field and their timely hitting. Nelson and Sallee are to be mentioned as the Harrison Tech stars.

LINE-UP.

Harrison Technical H. S.—5.		V. H. S.—6.	
Nelson	cf	Fitzsimmons	lf
Baisl	rf	Bushell	c
Ristow	ss	Berry	3b
Kreger	lf	McCarthy	2b
Urland	3b	Dunn	1b
Sallee	2b	Smith	p
Koziack	c	McGuire	cf
Murry	1b	Quinn	rf
Hemee	p	Kavanaugh	ss

Umpire—Murphy.

REVIEW OF ATHLETICS.

The season just closing has been perhaps, the most successful for St. Viator. A great measure of its success may be justly accredited to the earnest and untiring efforts of Brother E. M. Kelly, who has so efficiently managed this department for the past year. He has had the management of all teams together with the direct supervision of the students' store. Last fall he equipped the store fully and it has offered all the advantages of a modern confectionery and restaurant to the student body throughout the year. By his highly efficient business methods he has made it a paying proposition. And it is the wish of the students that he be appointed again to the management of their store.

To Mr. P. J. Schissler can also be given much credit for the successful showing made by St. Viator in her first year or conference athletics in Illinois. He turned out a football team far above the average of minor colleges and even though the basketball team lost several games, the heavy schedule handicapped by the injuries of his men might account for the poor showing made at the tournament. In baseball his club finished far up in the running of the Little Nineteen. Milliken was defeated in two straight games by large margins and the defeat of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, gives St. Viator the Western Catholic Championship. Before closing our account the names of the following men may be mentioned in particular, who helped to bring the laurels home to S. V. C. Our three captains, Welsh, football; Gartland, basketball; Conroy, baseball, led their teams to victory in true spirit and suffered defeat with a smile. They were one and all fighters from start to finish. Finnigan—captain elect for football—deserves a word, for his performances in football and his fighting spirit promises a real leader for the eleven of 1918. Somers too, the best full-back since the days of Legris and a pitcher who ranks with the best, will be remembered by the fans at S. V. C. for years to come. If possible to continue athletics at St. Viator next year, every effort will be made to turn out teams of an equal calibre so that St. Viator will stand high among the fast minor college teams of Illinois.

VARSITY FOOTBALL 1916.

VIATORIANA

I am sitting
In a room
In Roy Hall,
Trying to
Think, and all.
Because the
Editor has
Asked for
Stuff for
The Dizzy
Column (up and over)

Now, whoever
Started this
Space had
No heart,
Cause it
Puts one
In a daft
Position.
For some
Reason, it's supposed
To be (over again)

Funny. When as a
Matter of
Fact, I'm
Just a droll
Stude looking
For a place in
The world.
So, have a heart.
I've asked the
Gumps to give me any
Thing that's useful.

AND AFTER THE NURSES WILL COME THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY.

AMPHIBIOUSLY VERSATILE:

This time the frog is in Fulton's throat.

AND STILL THEY LIVE.

"Lemme borrow your raincoat?"

"Can't do it, Arnberg. 'Tis a new coat and I'm afraid it'll get wet."

John Philip Hefferan's Jaz band is ready for the coming season. We tripped on others feet at the last two dances over at Gym's house, and the gang agreed that John is there with the earrings when it comes to panning out the harmony. His latest composition is a belligerent ballad entitled: "Tripping with Terpsichore in the Trenches." Oh, well, surely.

There was also a dance in Kank on the night of May 30th, but the fellows from S. V. C. didn't attend. Pourquoi?

"I suppose the new sun dial will work all right for a while, just like any other clock, but I bet it'll need repairing before next year." —Ted.

"——and I want to tell you right here that the Thirty Years' War was an awfully long war."

"What are we fighting for?"
Kasper—"Victory."

Class organizations have received much space in other columns but one of our most tiresome units, The Gumps, has been neglected. This body has three members who are of the thinking—feeling—willing type. The mouse has been kicked out.

But, lest we forget, there's Minnie, the hortense de Niblitz of the family. Min comes from St. Anne, this state, and boasts of a palpitating heart and a kind face. Favorite occupation: Sweeping, and playing golf at the country club.

Then, there's Andy, the fan-footed crusher from Peoria. He eats, drinks, sleeps and dances under water, has a silk shirt, just adores black neckties, and aspires to be a lounge lizzard.

Least, but not lasting comes Yutch Gump, the super-ambitious delight of the Gump household who runs around with monkey wrench in hand and smile outside seeking reputation as a handy man. Being mechanically inclined, he shows remarkable goofing qualities. His specialties are fedora hats, cream puffs, and Laura Jean Libbey.

Quick John, the pliars! We surmise the fuse is blown out.

ON THE SENIORS:

John F. Cox:	"Use a little judgment." "Something is on foot." "It's a fact. The Chief courter is getting childish."
Lawrence A. Dondanville:	"I'm nervouser n' dickens." "I care not if the heavens fall." "S'last fight you'll every fight."
Richard J. French:	"My brother speaks for me." "I'm strong on mental reservations."
Charles A. Hart:	"We're going to press tonight." "He hath a lean and hungry look. Labor statistics prove it.
Herman J. Kasper:	"Yep! I'm graduating." "The Kaiser doesn't write to me." The Teutonic Sergeant-at-arms.

Christopher Marzano:	"Return the book Thursday."
	"In the sunset's evening glow."
	"I blush."
Thomas J. Shanley:	"Just checked my baggage here. Heaven's my home."
	"The best are none too thin."
Fulton J. Sheen:	"I arrange things near the college."
	"Glass of fashion and the mould of form."
	"Is this suit tight enough?"
Joseph Skrypko:	"It seems to me." "I beg your pardon."
	"Mercier puts it this way."
T. Daniel Sullivan:	Our gold brick agent.
	"Isn't the floor flat this evening?"
	Headquarters—Cedar Rapids, Ia.

40% of the class abstain from Sir Walter's weed. The rest play tennis.

The same percentage have Sunday evening dates, and only half of this number leave the village on that night.

There are six nationalities represented in the class.

All the class officers are Irish.

For additional information, see files.

But, don't forget the class of 1918.
Great will be the ripping up next year.
Motto:—"DO IT NOW."
In distant skies we see
A Golden Jubilee.

Don't blame Sioux City because Morningside happened to spring up there.

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR.