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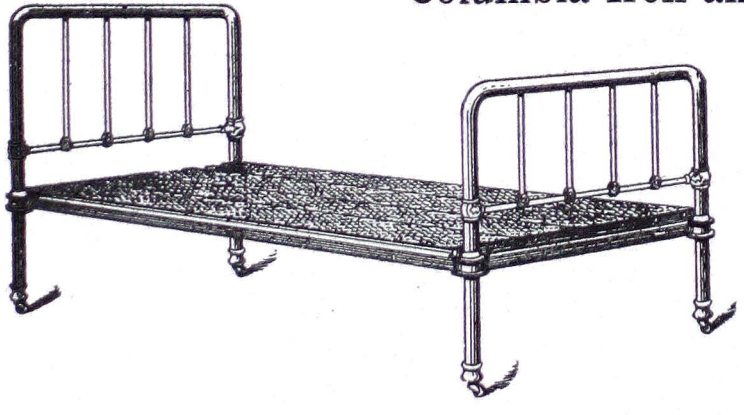

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THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 36 May, 1918 Number 3

4

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

Hail flag of rainbow dyes,
Flag of our sacrifice,
We sing of thee.
Triumphant may you wave
Honoring our forces brave,
Honoring the sons we gave
For Liberty.

Thy field of crimson-red,
The blood our brothers shed,
To make men free.
Thy snowy field of white,
Shows forth our spirit bright,
Pure, noble, just and right,
Sweet Liberty.

Each star of azure blue,
Means more to me and you
Than words can tell.
Each means a hero grand
Of our victorious band,
Their praise through all the land
Let music swell.

—J. A. W.

LINCOLN, THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY.*

No man can lay claim to the true titles of real worth unless he has dedicated his life to a noble cause. It matters little whether that dedication finds expression in the shedding of one's blood to obtain the martyr's crown or in the pouring out of one's life drop by drop in the slow, steady, monotonous toil of a life-long consecration to duty. Confessor and martyr are alike entitled to our admiration, the one because he has lived for a noble cause, the other because he has died for it, both because they have espoused nobility. What the sun is in the physical world, an ideal is in the moral. When darkness broods over the deep the offspring is uncertainty, disorder, chaos, but when the sun shines out upon the world all is clothed in loveliness and beauty. So likewise in the moral order, life without a purpose is not life, it is death, nay it is worse than death—it is darkness where all is horror and despair. But place an ideal in the firmament of life and all shines bright once more. The clouds however dark and lowering are ever gilded; the mist so dismal is transformed into a thing of beauty as the rainbow of hope lifts its arch into heaven. There is no station in life so lowly as to be beyond the ennobling power of an idea; there is no position so exalted as to transcend its glory. The mountain peaks rear their heads in majesty only when they are kissed by the ethereal rays of the God of light; the valleys teem with abundance and beauty only when the gates of heaven are opened and the Prince of glory descends upon them. So likewise with human life it is not of the earth, earthly, but of heaven, heavenly, when it shines resplendant in the golden glow of a noble ideal.

For this reason the circumstances of life in themselves have but little worth. They are but the casement in which life is set. That jewel has but little value which derives its lustre from the setting; while poor indeed must be the setting which is not enhanced by the brilliancy of the diamond.

> *"Honor and shame from no conditions rise*
> *Act well your part, there all the honor lies*
> *Fortune in men has some small difference made*
> *One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;*
> *Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow!"*

Either consciously or unconsciously we are giving expression to this idea today in commemorating a life so great that it could not be obscured beneath the overalls of a pioneer backwoodsman, nor outshone in the galaxy of the world heroes where true worth has placed Lincoln. We commemorate him today half a century after his death; others, more numerous millions will gaze upon him a century from

*Address delivered by Very Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., February 12.

that date and thus down the ages generation after generation will rise up to call him blessed because he remains a fixed star in the firmament of time, the star of democracy, the hope of mankind.

It was by the consecration of his life to a noble ideal that his memory is enshrined forever in the hearts of mankind. His life work sheds luster upon circumstances that would be mean and ignoble were they not transformed by the reflection of true nobility. Like the stable where the Saviour was born the brightness of Heaven shone round about that wretched log cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky where one hundred and nine years ago he was born. That humble abode was more than palace, for a greater than king dwelt within. His first outlook upon life was from the vantage ground of a Christian home—a home dominated by the sublime principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There from a kind-hearted, generous, honest father and a saintly mother he received that religious training which was the foundation of all his greatness. His own testimony bears out this assertion when he said: "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel-mother: blessings on her memory." Cradled in poverty, reared in hunger, nakedness and privation, he presents to us a figure which is the admiration of angels and men, the most sublime spectacle in the eyes of God, a just man struggling against adversity. This struggle begun in mere childhood in Kentucky, continued through youth to manhood in Indiana, was never relinquished during the years of maturity in Illinois, so that as farmer with poor harvest for his sweat, as laborer with a mere pittance for his toil, as boatman on the Mississippi with but scant return for his industry, as student drudge with law, groceries and surveying to distract his thoughts, as lawyer whose honesty brought him unpopular causes, as congressman whose efforts won him no financial gain, he wrestled on until with the strength of a moral giant he issued forth from the school of adversity to meet and vanquish an adversary that was entrenched upon the customs and traditions of his country since its birth. Before his onslaught the forces of slavery in the North retreated and as he made the hills and valleys of his native land resound with the clarion call of justice and humanity, the spirit of America, awakened, took form in the millions of her sons who went forth to right the wrong which for well nigh a century stored up against us as a nation in the court of eternal justice not the blood but the strangled souls of millions of our fellowmen. With the strength of the strong man, the man made like the gods by his struggle against adversity, Lincoln, the embodiment of the sovereignty of the sovereign citizens of free America, cleansed from Democracy the last spot of defilement and presented it to the world without a stain, without reproach. His blood washed our national sin away; his blood, the price of redemption to a conquered race, his blood, the pledge of salvation to countless millions yet unborn.

Lincoln is truly great, if not among world heroes the greatest of

the great, because his life is the perfect embodiment of true democracy, That idea, for the externalization of which the poets, the dreamers, the best of mankind in every age and clime lived and died, has found in him its perfect expression. He is the spokesman not of a nation, not of a generation, but of humanity. In strife, in tumult, in labor, humanity groaned in travail for centuries until the offspring of its loins was brought forth perfect in every feature, sound in every limb, strong in brain and muscle, destined by nature's God to rule the free will of man. Lincoln crystallized for all time the true concept of democracy when he gave utterance to that sacrament of thought which baptized this offspring as a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." Upon the head of this same youth now grown to sturdy manhood, he poured the strengthening oil of confirmation when he declared that no man is so great, so powerful, so holy as to have the right to govern any other person without that person's consent. Here we have the complete acceptance of that law in accordance with which the Creator moulded the human heart. Lincoln looked into that heart and saw that it reflected its maker's image. And in the light of that image he saw man not as a creature of circumstances bound by the iron law of necessity but like the breath of that omnipotence which gave him existence, free, like unto the living God Himself, free with the freedom with which God had made him free, so that he could bring the sacrifice of homage and adoration in acknowledgment of the gifts which were to him being, life, light, everything. In the light of reason and revelation, Lincoln saw man in the divine effulgence crowned with honor and glory little less than the angels, the temple in which the very image of God was enshrined, for God made man to his own image and likeness when he gave to him an imperishable, an immortal soul. Was it any wonder then that in this vision the mere circumstances of time, place, peace, color and all previous, present and future conditions vanished, and this man with eyes that pierced the shadow saw beyond the "fleeting show for man's illusion given" the realities which constitute the "morning dream of life's eternal day"? Was it any wonder then that as he gazed upon the Eternal Father peopling the world with the human race as his children he determined that there should be for him no distinction of bond or free, Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, but that all should be united in the bonds of universal brotherhood under the common fatherhood of God, our Father who is in Heaven? Lincoln's democracy is the perfect realization of the Christian teaching that "there is no power but from God." With the simplicity of true greatness he acknowledges his dependence upon the Almighty. In his farewell to his Springfield friends when he left to assume the highest honor and the heaviest burden which this nation ever gave, he uttered in the following words a belief in the efficacy of prayer which should inspire the heart of every ruler:

"A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that

which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him. In the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope that my friends will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

The Good Samaritan of humanity, he snatched its bleeding, lacerated body from the highwaymen of the centuries, poured upon its wounds the oil of brotherhood, brought it back to its true inn, America, and there enthrusted it once more to the care of a people preordained by the God of nations to be the shrine of liberty, the land of the brave and the home of the free. He admonished that people of the sacred character of the trust committed to them in the memorable words:

"'A house divided against itself cannot stand! I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all another. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The issue then for the American people was either slavery or freedom. Under the prophetic guidance of this man of God they elected freedom and paid for it in blood and treasure, a price beyond the power of calculation. In the price they paid they established their true worth, for they prized life above death, freedom beyond slavery.

The guiding star of Lincoln, true democracy, should ever illumine the path of every true American in his dealings with his fellow citizen, and in international relations. In the national questions which arise no true American will seek another star. The weal or woe of our great nation depends upon whether or not we establish class or creed, race or color within its borders. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and consequently we, like Lincoln, must be prepared to sacrifice everything rather that that a "Government of the people, by the people and for the people should perish from the land." Like him "with malice towards none, and with charity for all" we must heed as appropriate to our own times the warning which was no more necessary in his time than it is in ours. In his days he found it necessary to say:

"Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that 'all men were created equal.' We now practically read it, all men are created equal except negroes. I am not a Know-Nothing; that's certain. How could I be? How can any one, who abhors the oppression of the negroes, be in favor of

degrading classes of white people? When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read, 'All men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to that," continues Lincoln, "I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty,—to Russia, for instance where despotism can be taken pure, without the base alloy of hypocrisy." If every American is as sincere in his advocacy of democracy as Lincoln, we need have no fear of race hatred and religious prejudice, and even though these twin spawn of hell are well nigh impossible of extermination, yet the minority who would brood them will be so decimated by the patriotism of the children of Lincoln that they will not dare to crawl out of their slimy, serpentine abodes of darkness into the light of public opinion. Following the guidance of the true star of democracy in our relations with our fellow citizens there shall be no enemies from within to threaten the existence of our ideal.

Today in the darkness of stygian night in which the earth is plunged, in the awful storm which the furies of hell have let loose upon the world, Lincoln, the same star of hope which guided our fathers in their long dark night of fratracidal strife, shines out upon the troubled waters to guide not the ship of state, but the ark of humanity. Thank God, the watchman upon the world's tower has espied that star, and with a determination which is equal even to that of Lincoln he has decreed that America shall face the conflict until the world is made safe for democracy. He too has sounded the clarion note of alarm and awakened America to the realization that the hopes of humanity are in the balance. "America," he calls, "humanity with all its fears, with all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on thy fate." Through him the mighty Lincoln sends forth to the world the warning that a house divided against itself cannot stand, that the world cannot exist half democratic and half despotic, that we have to crush the power of the tyrant or the tyrant will crush us. Is the price which our fathers paid for freedom too great a price for us? Then we are the degenerate sons of worthy sires. Perish the thought. How can we doubt for a moment the loyalty of our great nation to the ideals of liberty? Despotism at this moment has embattled her forces before the very throne of high heavens, she has loosed the very gates of hell, and beneath the tread of her mighty legions the world quakes. Earth, sky, sea is the battlefield whereon freedom must take issue with that dragon that would enthrone upon the ruins of liberty. The power of might may arrogantly thunder at the gates of right, but behind those gates there is the God of right who has withstood immovable the shock of centuries. The outposts of humanity had been taken and hope seemed about to bid the world farewell when the spirit of Lincoln, calm and self-possessed, became once more incarnate in him who guides the destiny of America and "with malice towards none and with charity to all" he and we, one hundred million loyal Americans, are at the service of the God of right until democracy shall possess its heritage, the earth.

A MEMORABLE CELEBRATION.

There have been and there will be recorded in the history of St. Viator few days more magnificently memorable than February 22, 1918. St. Viator has always observed with great solemnity the birthday of our own immortal Washington, but she excelled all precedent in her celebration of his natal day this year. Instead of the usual festivities that mark the commemoration of this day St. Viator thought she could not honor him "Who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen" more fittingly than by doing honor to her own valiant sons who had gone forth to brave the cannon's fire in defense of the democracy he himself brought forth and nourished by noble sacrifice. Washington recognized the full content of liberty and with the zeal and devotion of a true patriot he suffered much to enshrine it forever in a land that should ever keep it bright in the hearts of its citizens. The spirit of Washington has manifested itself in Viator's sons who have broken the ties that bound them to follow in the footsteps of their great ideal, ready to suffer as he did that the liberty he and his comrades conceived and brought forth should not perish from this earth. Is it any wonder then that on the birthday of him whose pathway they have chosen Viator should do honor to her young heroes?

At 9:15 a. m. assembly was sounded and the entire student body in military uniform formed ranks in the gymnasium. In several places the lines were broken where vacancies had been made by those who had left the little army to commence the life of the soldier in reality. The lines of the smaller students alone remained intact. Thence they marched to the flagstaff that surmounts the mound in the middle of the campus. The command SALUTE was given and while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" the flag was slowly raised.

The battalion headed by a guard of honor that bore a large service flag containing 210 stars marched to the chapel where Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the boys in the service. Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V. was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. F. E. Munsch, C.S.V. as deacon and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, of Louisville, Kentucky, as subdeacon. Rev. J. W. Maguire, C.S.V., preached a sermon on "Catholic Patriotism." Father Maguire in an inspiring word picture showed how religion and patriotism, the cross and the flag, have always gone hand in hand in the trials of our country from the time Columbus unfurled his banner and planted the cross on the shores of San Salvador up to the present when priest and nun are giving themselves with the countless members of the children of the church to the defense of the nation's cause. Immediately after mass Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., blessed the service flag.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the college auditorium was filled with spectators. The service flag borne by the guard of honor was brought into the hall and draped at the rear of the stage. The first number of the afternoon program was "The Star Spangled Banner" sung by the audience, after which Mr. Thomas E. Shea, the president of the Senior Class, in the following words presented the flag to the college:

"There is no deed nobler, grander or more exalted than a service done for humanity. We can look back through the vista of yesterdays and under every action that has won the admiration of man we can see enscrolled *pro humanitate*, for humanity. To day we have assembled to write that same inscription beneath another noble deed.

"Since last April, when President Wilson threw down the gauntlet to Germany, the air at St. Viator has been full of farewells. During each month of the school year we have assembled once, twice and even three times to say farewell to those who were leaving behind the comparatively carefree life of a student to take up the stern business of war. At almost regular intervals the doors of our institution swung open and a group of youthful heroes went forth, each time leaving behind a smaller assemblage of wistful faces to smile 'Good-bye! Good luck! and God speed!'

"These young men in closing their books were closing out from their view the realization of years of dreaming. Some in leaving the classroom were turning their backs upon that which within a few months would be the reward of years of tireless toil. Yes and even some were giving up that which after years of a student's drudgery they had just begun to enjoy. But a stronger voice than that of self happiness called out to them. They heard the demoniacal exultations of the fiend as he spread terror amongst the peoples of the earth. They heard the cries for succor of the millions of innocent that had fallen victims of his outrages. They listened and their country, the defender of the oppressed, summoned and in that summons they heard the cry of humanity and in that cry they recognized the voice of God, and in the powerfully eloquent words of General Pershing when he visited the tomb of Lafayette they nobly answered 'We are here.'

"To heed that call meant courage, meant renunciation, meant sacrifice, meant, perhaps, for some even death. But country called, humanity called and with the strength that God fearing teachers nourished 210 answered the summons. Today we honor them and rightly so for theirs is a noble deed. They are serving the nation and in serving the nation they serve humanity and in serving humanity they serve God. Today we dedicate a Service Flag. Every blue star on its white field represents a loyal son of Viator now serving our country; the crimson, one who had shed his blood; the gold, two who have already made the supreme sacrifice for justice sake. To you, Reverend Father, we present this flag; it represents Viator's gift to humanity."

Very Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V. then accepted the flag from the student body. Father O'Mahoney said:

"I accept with gratitude from you the student body this symbol of your appreciation of the devotion, loyalty and heroism of the young manhood of St. Viator College now dedicated to the service of our country. This flag shall crystallize for all time the purpose for which St. Viator College was established in the fertile prairies of Illinois. For God and country were its foundations laid, for God and country was its superstructure reared, for God and country are its traditions and ideals perpetuated. Religion and patriotism one and inseparable is our motto.

"The circumstances which have begotten this day's celebration prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that our motto is not an empty slogan but a vital principle. Here at this font of true education for half a century American youths have imbibed the spirit of Lincoln and Washington. Is it any wonder then that by the hundred they respond to the clarion call of justice and humanity which reverberates throughout the land? Home with its hearth fires has no ties too strong to hold them; friendship with its gripping hold of the human heart cannot stay them; business with its manifold cares cannot distract them from their supreme duty for they have learned that it is sweet to die for one's country.

"The two hundred and ten stars in our flag typify two hundred and ten sons of St. Viator who are the pledge that every son that Viator has is America's son to live for her in peace and if need be with God's help to die for her in war. The stars in blue bespeak the loyalty of our men in service, the star in red is but emblematic that every star in blue when the test shall come will blossom crimson with a patriot's blood; the stars in gold shining with the mellow sheen of the glory of martyrdom, but reflect exteriorly the golden light which every Viator star will shed when it rises over the hill of sacrifice.

"Take then this flag of service and place it in a hallowed shrine where it shall speak in the burning eloquence of deeds and lives to future generations of students of that love greater than which no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends."

After a few vocal selections rendered by the highest talent of Kankakee, Rev. William J. Bergin, C.S.V. delivered the address of the day. Were there nothing else to make memorable at St. Viator the 22nd of February, 1918, Father Bergin's address alone would be sufficient to write it in bold heavy letters in Viator's history. Father Bergin's ability as an orator has made him famous throughout the Middle West and has done much to place the name of Viator on the lips of thousands. On such an occasion then, it was not unexpected when he delivered an oration the equal of which has never been heard at the college. From time to time throughout the address thunderous applause told the keen appreciation of the large audience. As he turned to leave the stage after he had finished, an applause prolonged

for almost five minutes fairly shook the auditorium. The address is one of the great landmarks in the oratorical world at St. Viator.

When the history of St. Viator is written its period of existence during the Great War will be an era of no small importance and from the Washington's day celebration the historian can well judge the spirit that animated Viator in those trying days.

—S.

AMERICA'S CALL.*

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States thousands of service flags are telling the story of the devotion, the loyalty, the patriotism of America's young manhood. They are rightly symbolized by stars on a field of spotless white, for every man of them is a shining star in the firmament of America's glorious consecration. Hence today, with joy and pride, with reverence and admiration St. Viator unfurls her service flag, for 210 heroic sons of hers are shining stars in the firmament of America's stainless honor.

The tramp of marching feet is heard throughout the land. In the midst of populous cities and across the vast expanse of silent prairies the sharp word of command is borne upon the ear. America has become a vast camp and the flower of her manhood has put on the fearful habiliments of war. They come in their teeming thousands from every condition and walk of life. With fruition of life's hopes still untasted, with life's bounding ambitions still unrealized, with the shining goal of distinguished achievement still unattained, the young lawyer and physician have bid farewell to their peaceful vocations and have buckled on the sword of deadly conflict. The clarion voice of war has resounded through the halls of learning and filled the students' souls with the spirit of battle. The campus and the lecture hall shall know their manly forms no more. The spider is weaving his net across their unused books; they have abandoned their eager quest of knowledge; they have forsaken those stirring athletic contests which thrill the heart of youth. On the altar of their country's service they have offered the strength of their young manhood; at the sacred shrine of patriotism they have sacrificed the vistaed hopes of the future years, the glorious dreams of immortality which only the magic fancy of youth can weave. They have felt the trembling hands of a father resting upon their young heads in parting benediction; the hot tears of a loving mother have fallen upon their upturned faces as she kissed them good-bye; they have said farewell to younger sisters and brothers and marched away to join those other thousands who are ready to pay the full measure of a patriot's devotion.

The call to arms is heard above the din and roar of vast machinery and the brawny sons of toil reply, "We come, father Woodrow, five million strong." Those mighty shoulders which have borne the burden of a nation's toil shall know their tasks no more. Those powerful hands which wrought with cunning skill for the nation's sustenance have laid aside their peaceful tools and replaced them by the rifle and the knapsack. Those sinewy arms which felled the forests and wrought the wood and forged the steel and bent all nature to their

*Address delivered by Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., February 22.

conquering will are pledged to the last ounce of their strength and energy to wrest the diadem of liberty from autocratic hands. Those strong-hearted men with nerves of steel and frames of iron who stood with glowing faces before the mouth of seething furnaces; those intrepid spirits who tunneled the bowels of the earth and beat the granite rock to powder, have laid their strong, young manhood, their tireless energy, their dauntless courage, their deathless devotion on the altar of their country's service. In honoring them, we honor our own manhood and womanhood; in honoring them we proclaim to the world that the heart of America is still alive to the touch of nobler things. In honoring them we renew our faith in the great ideals of justice and liberty for all men which are the guiding stars of America's destiny; in honoring them we consecrate ourselves anew to the high purpose of giving all mankind a new birth of freedom.

Here, my friends, is the stirring spectacle which meets the eye on every side. But the story of America's young manhood is not half told. In obedience to their country's call, in response to the cry of oppressed and downtrodden humanity throughout the world, in obedience to the voice of right and justice which is the authentic voice of the eternal God, other teeming thousands are ranging themselves in battle array. The men who live closest to the great heart of nature; who watch with loving eyes her ever changing moods; who follow with obedient feet the cycle of the seasons; whose eyes have seen a thousand times the miracle and the mystery of unfolding life; whose patient industry and calm courage of enduring labor have won from bountiful nature the means of life for all the children of men; who know the soft caress of gentle spring and the fervent kiss of glowing summer; whose hearts are attuned to the gorgeous splendor of rich autumn and the boisterous greeting of rough but kindly winter; all these have left the scenes of beauty, of peace and of plenty; they have renounced their kinship amongst toilers; they too are consecrating their strength, their patience, their courage, their clear minds and fearless hearts to the great cause America has espoused. And let us not forget that consecrated army of radiant angels, whose soft hands will cool the fevered brow; whose deft fingers staunch the ebbing stream of life and bind the wounds of aching limbs; whose loving care and gentle ministrations rekindle the light of intelligence in darkened minds; whose patient courage of heroic service in the lonely hospital holds at bay the grim spectre, thundering at the gates of life; whose sweet faces and cheering words and divine sympathy bring hope and heaven to the dim eyes of dying patriots. The greatest, the noblest, the best and dearest of all of that glorious army of consecrated women—the heroic nurses of America. At their feet, we lay the homage of our admiration and reverence, our gratitude and love.

They come in their teeming thousands from the majestic Rockies of Colorado and Montana; they come from the vine-clad hills and

orange groves of California; they come from the primeval forests and sun-kissed valleys of Oregon and Washington; they roll onward like a tidal wave from the fertile plains and boundless prairies of the middle west; they spring up like sentinels of destiny from the stubborn soil and storm-swept coasts of historic New England; the mighty hosts of battle are mustered from the soil consecrated by the blood and sacrifice and heroism of our revolutionary sires; they come from the land of warmth and sunshine where the palm and the magnolia and the cotton blossom grow; they come from the towns and villages and hamlets of the land; they come from the populous city where the throbbing heart of commerce and industry is never stilled; they come from the open country where nature displays the magic of her wondrous power. They have left their hearths and homes and firesides; they have taken a final leave of those who are dearer to them than the ruddy streams that visit their strong, young hearts—father, mother, sister, wife and sweetheart. Many a young father is bending for the last time over the cradle of his new born infant and the hot tears of a strong man are falling on the tender face of a sleeping babe; he clasps his young wife to his aching heart and for her sake chokes down the strong emotions which shake his very soul. One last, lingering look with the light of undying love shining in his eyes, and he is gone, perhaps, never to return. Many a mother steals from her bed at night and with no eyes to observe her, save the eyes of the heavenly Father, she weeps and prays for her absent boy.

And, now, my friends, what is the meaning of it all? Why does America gather her young manhood about her and gird their loins for battle? Why is she spending her treasure like water and dedicating her manhood to deadly conflict? Why is she beating her plows into cannon and her steel into engines of war? Why has she put off the garb of beautiful peace and clothed her majestic form in the horrid habiliments of war? Why has the smile fled from her kindly face and a threatening frown darkened her queenly brow? Every American knows the answer. Our honor was affronted, our manhood challenged; our sovereignty mocked and derided; our patience and longsuffering forbearance were called fear and cowardice, our earnest pleas for the rights of humanity were scorned and despised. A proud and haughty nation, drunk with military power, mad with the lust of conquest, would listen to no reason, would respect no rights, not even her plighted word, would stay her hands from no brutality or outrage. America aroused herself from the dreams of peace; she stood erect in the majesty of her might and strength and hurled the gage of battle into the face of lawless autocracy.

Why are we at war? Why is the heart of America fired with indignation? Why have we sworn before high heaven that our sword shall never know its scabbard again until ruthless power and the Christless code of arrogant might have been humbled to the dust? Listen to the shrieks and cries of helpless women and children and

innocent babes, as the icy waters of the Atlantic closed over them, and ask those questions if you can. They had done no wrong, they had violated no rights; they had jeopardized no interests; they had given no offence; they were exercising the right guaranteed them by the laws of nations; they had been assured by their own government that no harm would come to them. But without warning, without mercy, without pity, a monster of the deep struck them and sent mothers with their babes clasped to their breasts to a watery grave. If America had suffered that outrage in silence, if the manhood and womanhood of America had not felt a thrill of horror clutching their very heart strings; if we had not been ready to spend our treasure and our blood to render the recurrence of the ghastly atrocity forever impossible, we should have deserved the scorn, contempt and contumely of every chivalrous and highminded nation. Why are we at war? Why is peace loving America an armed camp? Why have the youths of America left their homes and firesides, their kin and dear ones? Why have they gone forth from their schools and colleges, the country house and the marts of trade, the farm and the factory? Why have they turned their splendid energy which ministered so bountifully to the convenience and comfort of life to the stern purpose of war? The answer is written in the streams of crimson blood of the slaughtered manhood and the outraged womanhood of gallant Belgium. It is written in the ruined homes and starving people of that once happy land. It is written in the lifeblood of martyred patriots whose only crime was love of their native land. It is written in the smoking debris of majestic cathedrals and stately universities. It is written in the gaunt, starved faces of naked children. It is written in the cries of orphans and the broken hearts of widows. It is written in the shame and agony of violated virgins. It is written in the clanking chains which bind the limbs of freedom's noblest sons. Belgium was at peace with all the world. By her genius and industry, she maintained in decent comfort the densest population in all the world. Better than any other nation with equal resources, she had solved the vexing problems of poverty and wealth. She was a beautiful center of intellectual, industrial and agricultural life. Men of genius shed luster upon her name and made the whole world their grateful debtors. She was strong in the consciousness of her own inherent rectitude and in the guarantee of security and integrity to which all the nations of Europe had pledged their faith and their sacred honor. No word of hers had given offense; no act of hers had inflicted an injury; no thought of hers had harbored an evil interest against a living soul. But in the name of lawless power, in the name of triumphant might, in the name of insolent and brutal autocracy, in the name of the mailed fist and military absolutism, she was asked to abdicate her sovereignty, to play the wanton with her queenly honor, to forswear herself in the court of eternal justice, to take counsel of servile fear, cowardice and treachery. Belgium's answer will live forever on the pages of

history, it is written indelibly in the love and reverence of an admiring world. "Belgium is a nation to whom honor and justice are dearer than life. You may crush us beneath the juggernaut of war; you may rend us limb from limb with your engines of destruction; you may level our cities to the ground and drench our plains in the blood of her children; you may make Belgium a desert and a wilderness over which the silence of death forever reigns, but we swear by the truth of Eternal God you shall not make us cowards and cravens." If America had looked on unmoved; if she had uttered no word of protest against the brutal aggression; if she had raised no hand to vindicate the claims of outraged justice and humanity; if she had lent no succor to crushed and bleeding Belgium; if she had suffered, unchallenged and unrebuked, triumphant wrong to trample peace beneath its savage feet, and drag sweet mercy by her golden tresses along the pavement of the street, she would have been false to her high mission; she would have dishonored the memory of Washington and Lincoln; she would have been an apostate and a traitor to her national faith, she would have prostituted her honor at the feet of greed and cowardice. And what would it have profited her, had she gained the wealth of the world and lost her national soul. For not in bread alone do nations live, but in truth, in justice, in honor, fidelity and righteousness.

America, we honor, love and reverence thee. Our hearts and our hands, our treasures and our blood are at thy sacred service, because thou hast hearkened to the cry of bleeding innocence. Thy mighty voice has thundered in the ears of tyranny and oppression; thy kindled wrath has filled the heart of autocratic power with terror and dismay; thou hast proclaimed to the world, that peace shall return to the earth no more, until every foot of Belgium's sacred soil has been restored; until every wrong, inflicted upon that nation of heroic men and women has been righted; until every outrage has been repaired. At the sound of thy majestic voice, justice, right and liberty lift up once more their queenly heads and the light of an exalted hope shines in their tear-dimmed eyes because full well they know their redemption is at hand.

Why are we at war? Let scourged and crucified Poland be our answer. Answer, ye dead innocents who pressed your parched lips in vain to the dried breasts of your starving mothers. In all Poland, there is not a baby alive. Why are we at war? Answer, ye dead and unburied children whose cold, white faces are upturned to the midnight stars. In all Poland, there is not a child alive below the age of twelve. Answer, ye old men and venerable matrons whose stark, frozen bodies lie beneath the winter snow. In all Poland, there is scarcely a man or woman alive above the age of sixty. Answer, ye gaunt and haggard spectres who were once the manhood and womanhood of martyred Poland. Courage, ye heroic Poles! The long, dark night of your tears and anguish and slavery is nearing its close.

The first rays of liberty's bright sun are gilding the horizon. America has sworn and she will not repent. She will raise thee up from the dust; she will strike the chains from thy tortured limbs, and pull down thy proud oppressor from his throne.

Why are we at war? Belgium, Poland, France are our reply; and the greatest of these is France. I shall not tell the story in the cold, halting words I may be able to command. Only the flaming words and molten thoughts of an inspired poet can fittingly express the measureless debt of gratitude the world owes to chivalrous, undaunted, heroic France.

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From feudal darkness to fullest day
Of Freedom, Liberty, love for Right—
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France*!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France*!

Give us a name to move the heart,
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life,
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France*!

In the presence of that heroic spirit every generous heart should feel the thrill of those noble and exalted sentiments so beautifully expressed by the poet:

Uncover the head, kneel down, kneel down,
A monarch passes without a crown,

Let the proud tears fall, but the heart beats high;
The greatest of all is passing by—
The spirit of gallant France,
On its endless march in the endless plan;
"*Qui Vive?*" "The Spirit of Man."
"O Spirit of Man, pass on, advance!"
And who shall lead? Who hold the van?
Uncover the head, kneel down—kneel down,
The Spirit of gallant France.

Beyond this, naught that is merely human may ever hope to go. To surpass it, we must turn our eyes to the cross of Calvary with its dead Christ. The God-man alone has mounted to loftier heights of heroic sacrifice. America has caught the spirit of France and the stars and stripes have kissed the Fleur de lis. In the name of justice, right, and liberty, arise, ye down-trodden peoples; shake off your chains, ye fettered nations; ye are all the brothers of Christ, the sons of the Eternal Father and the heirs of an immortal inheritance—from henceforth your god-given heritage of liberty shall not be withheld. You shall be free to live your own lives; to work out your own destiny. The flaming sword of America is enlisted in your cause; for the cause of freedom is the cause of God.

CALL TO ARMS.

Arise, Columbia's sons, arise
At Freedom's clarion call;
Beneath her starry banner bright
If need be for her fall;
Upon a distant battle shrine
Your young lives sacrifice,
That freedom and her holy cause
Triumphant may arise.

Arise, ye loyal sons, arise,
From Columbia's verdant shore;
Make haste to foreign battle field,
March boldly on to war;
Strike, strike the tyrants awful power,
Until each foe expires,
Bid Tyranny forever down,
Enkindle Freedom's fires.

March on, ye noble sons, march on,
March on to victory,
Beneath our sacred banner fair
Enshrine Democracy.
Enthrone her on the Balkan Peaks,
By Danube's azure waves,
By Dardanelles and castled Rhine,
Man shall no more be slaves.

J. A. W.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Atkins, Walter. France.
Arseneau, Roy. France.
Arnberg, Harold V., Sergt., Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
Ashe, Eugene.
Berry, Richard G., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Burns, James, Major, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Burns, Harold W., 2nd Lieut., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Bayer, William, Co. M, 355 Regt., Camp Funston, Kansas.
Boland, Earl.
Burton, Viator.
Britton, Charles J., Co. M, 131st U. S. Inf., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Burke, Alex W., Dr. Lieut. Surgeon.
Burton, Fred, 28 Aerial Squadron, Field No. 2, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Berry, Mathew, Sergt., Houston, Tex.
Brown, George, Great Lakes, U. S. N.
Brodmann, Rev. E. A., Chaplain, Marine Barracks, Port Royal, S. C.
Boos, Joseph, Ambulance Corps, France
Carroll, William, Capt. 1st Conn. Inf., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
*Calkins, Newell, Camp Pike, Ark.
Cullen, Dennis T., Quartermaster's Dept., Madison Barracks, N. Y.
Conway, Edmund F., U. S. M. R. F. (Radio), Great Lakes Training station.
Concannon, Emmett, U. S. Navy.
Corcoran, Melchoir, 323 Field Battalion, Co. C., Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas.
Conroy, David.
Carberry, Paul T., Sergt., Co. I, 135th Engineers, France.
Curtin, Timothy, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Cassidy, John, 82 Field Artillery, Fort Bliss, Tex.
Caron, Menard, Co. F, 129 Inf., Houston, Tex.
Carroll, James.
Caron, Victor, Rainbow Div., 150th Aero Squadron, France.
Clemens, Hillary G.
Cleary, Daniel, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Carey, Joseph, Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Chapman, Bliss, U. S. N., Nebish, Mich.
†Crane, Edward B., France.
Cleary, Gerald V., Lieut., Quartermaster's Corps.
Collins, Wm., E. S., 314th Ambulance Corps, Camp Meade, Md.
Coupal, Rev., Fred C. M., K. of C., Chaplain, Camp Kelly, San Antonio, Tex.
Edgerton, Roy, Corp., 125th Aerial Squadron, France.
Darche, Rev. Harris A., 1st Lieut., 6th Reg. Marines, France.
Dougherty, James L., 1st Lieut., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
Dondanville, A. Lawrence, Medical Dept., Brig. Infirmary 237, Camp Dodge, Iowa.
Dinnen, Robert A., Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.
Dandurand, Yvon.
Dougherty, Edward P., Quartermaster's Corps, France.
Derr, Emil H., Corp., Co. 332, Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Grant.
Dillon, Maurice, Quartermaster Unit, Co. Base Hospital, Camp McClellan, Ala.
Dandurand, Arthur, Corp. Q. M. Corps, Ft. Benjamin Harrison Indiana.
De Clerk, August, Corp., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Doyle, Armand, Aviation Corps.
Davenport, Ralph M., Reported injured in France.
Dowling, Michael T., 1st Sergt., 378 Aero Squadron, American Expeditionary Force, France.
Finnegan, Thomas J., Corp., Battery D., U. S. Field Artillery, France.
Flynn, Emmett W., Corp., 3 Y Barracks, M. O. T. C., Fort Riley, Kansas.
Fitzgerald, Robert, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Ferguson, Duncan, Great Lakes Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
Fisher, Chas. E.

*Deceased. †Killed in action.

Fredericks, Chas.
Frondell, Gerald, Camp Logan.
Gallagher, John, Quartermaster's Dept. Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Godin, Maurice F., Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Gilbeault, Arthur, 14th Field Artillery, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.
Garrity, Jerry, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Gareau, E.
Gleniecki, Robert.
Gunderlack, Andre, U. S. Aviation Corps, France.
Griffin, Holland, 1332 Street M., M. S. C., Camp Hancock, Ga.
Gerard, Rev. Arthur L., Chaplain, Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Goudreau, Arthur D., Lieut., Co. G., 129th Inf., Camp Logan.
Gallivan, Thos. J., Aviation, Rantoul, Ill.
Galligan, James, Kelly Field, No. 1, Line 337, Sect. F., San Antonio.
Haggerty, Clement, 125th Aerial Squadron, France.
Houleban, Alfred, First Wisconsin Cavalry, Waco, Texas.
Houlehan, Forrest, First Wisconsin Cavalry, Waco, Texas.
Hefferman, Ralph, Q. M. C., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Houde, Edward, Co. L., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Texas.
Hughes, F.
Healy, John P.
Hoare, Myles J., U. S. N., Detroit, Michigan.
Hangsterfer, F. C., Yeoman, U. S. N., Great Lakes, Ill.
Hayes, Michael, Co. L., 342 Inf., Rockford, Ill.
Houle, Clarence L., Battery B, 149th Field Artillery, France.
Hughes, Joseph R.
Harrington, Lloyd, 82nd Artillery, Ft. Bliss, Texas.
Houle, Frank E., U. S. S. Connecticut.
Hayden, Dr. Daniel B.
*Harmon, Joseph, Canadian Volunteers.
Hayne, Leslie.
Hayne, Verne.
Judge, Joseph, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.
Jacobs, Clarence.
Kennedy, Leo F., Engineering Corps, France.
Kern, Leo, U. S. N. R. S. (Radio), Great Lakes Training Station.
Kavanaugh, Emmett.
Klops, H.
Knoezer, Leo.
Kilbride, Matt., Co. D., 410 Telegraph Battery, Camp Morse, Leon Spgs., Tex.
Kissane, Emmet J.
Kekich, Emil, Rainbow Division, France.
Kramf, Arthur C.
Kangly, Rev. Jos. M., Chaplain, U. S. Army.
Keikich, Thos., 149th U. S. Field Artillery, France.
Keily, Gerald, Aviation Corps, France.
Kennedy, Norbert, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Kerwin, R., U. S. N., Radio Service, Great Lakes.
Killelea, Roger, U. S. N., Radio Service, Great Lakes.
Kelly, John.
Kelly, Joseph.
Lonergan, Rev. Joseph M., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Legris, Justin, France.
Leniban, William J.
Lynch, Peter.
Lynch, Frank J., U. S. Marines.
Labeau, E.
Lynch, Raymond, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Laundry, Louis, Co. L., I. N. G.
†Lyons, James V., France.
Moisant, Rev. J. F., c. s. v., Chaplain, Camp Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Marcotte, Ignatius, France.
Mentgen, Martin J., Co. F, 108th Ill. Engineers, Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Murphy, Edward, Quartermaster Dept., Washington, D. C.
Mullins, John.
Morrissey, Milton, Camp Funston, Kansas.
Montroy, Theodore G.
McDermot, Joseph.
McShane, Edward C., Capt., Kelly Field, U. S. Aviation Sec., Signal Corps, San Antonio.
Mortel, Edwin, U. S. Navy, Rifle Range, Peekskill, N. Y.
McCarthy, Bernard, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Montroy, Douglas.
Maher, Frank, Co. F, 24th Engineers, Camouflage Dept., A. M. University, Washington, D. C.
Mahoney, Con., Quartermaster Dept., France.

*Deceased. †Wounded.

Mortel, Leonard J., U. S. Navy Rifle Range, Peekskill, N. Y.
Mulvihill, John S., Co. B, 349th Inf., Camp Dodge, Iowa.
McGuire, Dr. Wm., Medical Corps.
Miller, Ward.
McKenna, John, 1st Lieut, Camp Dix, Arkansas.
Morgan, Stephen.
Monaghan, Rev. Dan. J., U. S. N., Chaplain, Brooklyn Navy Yard.
Merz, Otto.
McCarthy, Gordon, Quartermaster Corps, France.
McGrath, Arthur.
Maroney, Leon, Aviation, France.
Marrum, Wm. J., Co. B, 8th Supply Train, Div. Motor.
McDevitt, Mathew, Battery B, 332 Inf., Rockford, Ill.
Nichols, Hilton.
O'Donnel, Rev. J. L., 1st Lieut., Chaplain, Second Ill. Regt., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
O'Connor, Edward T., Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
O'Connor, Leo F., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Oakey, John M., Sergt., Quartermaster's Dept., Ft. Riley, Kansas.
O'Meara, Sergt. John, Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.
O'Connell, James V., 745th Regt., Casual Co., Motor Mechanics, Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.
O'Connor, Rev. Louis V., Chaplain, U. S. A.
Primeau, Lawrence, Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.
Pemberton, Hubert, France.
Peters, John, Co. H, 130 U. S. Inf., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Ploussard, Edw., Aviation Corps, France.
Parker Raymond, Great Lakes, Ill.
Rooney, George, Corp., 2nd Inf., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Rice, Dr. Imus, 1st Lieut.
Ryan, Raymond P., Co. 72nd Batt. 162 Depot Brig., Camp Grant, Rockford.
Roy, Raymond, U. S. Navy.
Roche, William, U. S. N. R. F. (Radio), Great Lakes Training Station.
Richert, Leonard, 325th Aerial Squad, Kelly Field, Tex.
Roth, Dr. Jesse.
Russell, John Sergt., 349th Inf., Camp Dodge.
Stephenson, Rev. W. J., c. s. v., Chaplain, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
Somers, Donald J., U. S. Field Artillery, France.
Senesac, William, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Sammon, William.
Shields, Richard, Co. G, 130 Inf., Camp Logan, Houston, Tex.
Steinbach, Harry, U. S. N.
Storr, Gustave.
Sweeney, James.
Sullivan, James D, Corpl., Co. C, 8th Field Batt., Signal Corps, 4th Dist., Camp Green.
Seybert, Frank, Co. A, 7th Inf., American Expeditionary Force, France.
Shannon, Raymond, 1st Lieut., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Schovin, E.
Sweeney, W. J., 53rd Co., U. S. M. C. Haiti.
Spalding, Truman.
Sammon, Maurice.
Trainor, Emmett, U. S. Marines, France.
Tiffany, Herbert C., Cadet Flying Squad, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex.
Tompkins, Wm. J.
Tetreault, Albert, Camp Logan, Tex.
Tolbert, Harold C, Battery C, 332 L. F. A., Camp Grant, Rockford.
Von Huben, Charles, Battery E, 122nd U. S. Field Artillery, Camp Logan.
Walsh, William I., Second Inf., I. N. G. Camp Logan, Tex.
Wilson, Myron J., Range Detachment, Co. L, Harris Island, S. C.
Warren, Jerry, Co. D, 344 Inf., Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Walsh, William C., Great Lakes Training Station.
Walker, Charles, Coast Artillery, Port Royal, S. C.
Wheeler, Frank P.
Ward, Louis H., Canadian Volunteers.
Walsh, Gregory.
Warren, John.
Ward, Lawrence T.
Wilkinson, Harry Melvin, 170051, Royal Flying Corps, Camp Nenbrook, Fort Worth, Tex.
Wright, John E., Rainbow Div, 150th Field Artillery, Fort Wayne.

CATHOLIC PATRIOTISM*

"Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.—(Matt. 22: 21.)

For three and a half sad, dark years the nations of Europe have been engaged in the greatest war of the world's history. For two and a half anxious years we of the western hemisphere peered across the Atlantic and gazed with alternating hope and fear upon this titanic struggle. We hoped it would soon end; we feared we might be compelled to engage in it, not with the fear of cowards but with the fear of brave men who hate to fight except when forced. Three years ago with pain and amazement we saw an autocratic government drunk with lust for power, and believing that might makes for right, shake its mailed fist in the face of the world. With just indignation we have witnessed this power slay and slash its way through gallant little Belgium that cared more for honor than for life. We have seen it with relentless and iron heel crush the life from Servia. We have seen it annihilate Roumania, and crimson the Russian snows. We have seen it sweeping through France, splashing death and ruin over her vine-clad hills. We have seen it take possession of the depths of the seas, and under cover of the veil of the waters send steel-clad death to innocent men, women and children, who were pursuing the paths of peace. Yes, we have even seen this power whiten the floor of the Atlantic with the bones of citizens of this country, and still we waited, too proud to fight. When, however, this ruthless government declared it had seized God's great highway, the trackless seas, and that we could sail them only under its direction, loud and clear the war bugle blared forth the call to arms throughout this land. The flower of the nation's manhood has flung aside the garments of peace and put on the habiliments of war. They have laid down the tools of industry and have flung the rifle across their shoulders. The air has rung with the rhythmic sound of marching feet, coming from city, town and village and far flung fields, and today America stands panoplied, booted and spurred ready for the fight, ready for the fight in which she has been always willing to engage, the fight for liberty, for justice, for democracy, which is the people's cause.

In such a crisis and upon a day when we are assembled to do honor to young Catholic patriots, I do not deem it unfitting to speak of Catholic Patriotism. I come with no apologies upon my lips, with no defense of the patriotism of Catholics, for it needs no apology and no defense from me or from anyone else. I merely wish to emphasize to some who doubt that the staunchest defenders of the freedom of this country will be the sons and daughters of the Catholic Church. Our starry flag fluttering in the breeze speaks of Catholic patriotism

*Sermon preached by Rev. J. W. Maguire, February 22.

to all who can hear and see. It tells you: "My red stripes have been dyed in the blood of Catholics, shed on countless battlefields in the sacred cause of liberty; my snowy bars reflect the pure, noble and clean lives of countless thousands of Catholic citizens; my blue ground shows their loyalty and their fidelity." And how could this be otherwise when it is remembered that for well-nigh two thousand years the Catholic Church has, with divine authority, in the words of her Master, been commanding her children to "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Patriotism to a Catholic is a religious duty, and he knows full well that if he does not serve his country, if he be not loyal and obedient to her just laws, he is delinquent in his duty towards God. From the dawn of reason the Catholic Church has taught him: "Be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." Thus the Catholic learns obedience to law which is the essence of patriotism; obedience in times of peace and obedience even to the cannon's mouth and to death itself in times of war. The Catholic Church belongs to no country but has a divine right in every country, and every country needs her, for government is based upon the observance of law, which she teaches as a command of God, to the neglect of which are attached the awful sanctions of divine punishment. Her sphere is spiritual, and she interferes not in the temporal sphere of the state, but she supports the state by teaching the sacred duty of observance of the civil law. Despite this some fear her children cannot be loyal because they owe spiritual allegiance to a foreign Pope, and refuse to recognize the distinction between the spiritual sphere of the Church and the temporal sphere of the state. In reply to these the Church makes no argument. Instead she points an eloquent finger to the patriotic deeds of her sons. She points to thousands of service flags such as this one flying from every Catholic institution in the country. She points to the battlefield grave of Lieutenant Fitzsimmons of the United States Army Medical Corps, the first American to fall in this war in his country's service, who died a soldier's death upon a battle-scarred field in France. It is fitting that a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus should be the first to die, for this typifies the foremost place that true Catholics will always take in the fulfillment of the stern duty of patriotism. She points to Vera Cruz, where again Catholic boys were the first to give up their lives in response to their Country's call; she points to the letter of the archbishops and bishops of America, offering to the President the hospitals, buildings and resources of the Catholic Church in the hour of the nation's need. She points to the great camps and naval training stations where her sons have flocked by thousands eager and willing to cross the seas and repay with their lives if necessary the debt this country owes to the Catholic France of more than a century

ago. As Catholic Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse crossed the Atlantic to help this country in her time of need, to liberate her from the force of tyranny, so now Catholic boys will cross to France to help to push back from her borders the banded swarms of militaristic power. Many of them will never set their faces west again, but will lie over there until the last great trumpet sounds, a little bit of America, pillowed on the poppy fields of Flanders or the lilied bosom of France, but the debt will have been paid, and one more glorious deed added to the long roll of Catholic patriotism. She points also with pride to the action of the Knights of Columbus in undertaking to provide clean, moral recreation for the young men who are entering their country's service, conduct which tells us that religion and patriotism must ever go hand in hand.

Yes, my dear friends, we may be excused, if we recall the glorious deeds of Catholic patriotism, not to fill our hearts with vain pride, but to stir them to noble emulation. In 1492 Columbus landed in the new world and planted the cross and the flag of his country side by side, and from that day to this cross and flag, the religion and patriotism of Catholics, are indelibly stamped on every page of American history. Cross and flag together in the hands of intrepid Catholic pioneers and missionaries have hewn their way through primeval forests, have crossed sunbaked deserts, have sailed unknown lakes and rivers, have scaled mountain heights in order to win this vast continent to God and to civilization. Cross and flag together have faced the northern blizzard, and perpetual ice first saw them in the hands of Sebastian Cabot. Cross and flag first blazed the way to the land of palm and flowers with Ponce de Leon, and with Balboa followed the westering sun to the coraled sands of the Pacific. Cross and flag mingled with the clouds when Laverandrye scaled the rocky mountains, and were laved in Niagara's eternal mist when Father Hennepin first stood in reverential awe before its avalanche of waves. Cross and flag steered Cartier, the first to sail the blue St. Lawrence, and guided De Soto and Marquette to the Father of the Waters. Cross and flag first furrowed the Great Lakes with La Salle, and were by him set up where the Mississippi rushes to meet the gulf. Cross and flag, God and country, have been the guide and inspiration of the world-wandering feet of Franciscan and Jesuit, as they walked up and down the earth from the folding doorway of the East to the golden gateway of the setting sun to win this land for us at the price of their sacrificial lives.

This has ever been the story of Catholic patriotism. As Catholics dared to conquer the virgin wild, so they have dared to defend it against tyranny and oppression. Liberty has ever been dear to Catholic hearts, and let it not be forgotten by those who would charge us with meek submission to tyranny that Catholic barons, with a Catholic bishop at their head, with the blessing of the Church upon their banner, wrested the Magna Charta, the Charter of all our

liberties, from King John. It is therefore not surprising to find that when the spirit of liberty first awoke in this country and battle smoked around her feet, that Catholic swords leapt from their scabbards in her defense. In reply to the charge of lack of patriotism on the part of Catholics come ringing down the years the words of Charles Carroll: "If there was a single Catholic traitor to the cause of the American colonies in the Revolutionary War, the world never heard of him," and also the letter written by George Washington to the Catholics of the country, thanking them for the heroic fight they made for the new republic. The great Father of our country was not forgetful that his personal guard, the flower of his army, was largely composed of Catholics. He did not forget that fear never spared the spur or pulled the curb of gallant Stephen Moylan, who led his dragoons to victory or to death in every battle he fought. He did not forget that Catholic bishops and priests had mortgaged all the Church property of France to raise six million dollars for the cause of American freedom; nor did he forget that Catholic France lent us sixty-six million francs and gave us her noblest and her best, her LaFayette, Rochambeau, D'Estaing, and De Grasse. He did not forget that Delaney, Shea and the Mies brothers gave their treasure to Morris when he was raising fifty thousand dollars for the aid of the Colonial army during the winter at Valley Forge.

Thus on sea and land Catholic bravery was the shield of liberty in the Revolutionary War. Imperishable upon the pages of American history stand the names of smiling Jack Barry, the father of the American navy, who never missed a target when that target was a British ship, and would not sell his country for all the gold in England; unsurpassed is the glory of the gallant memory of Pulaski and Kosciusko, who taught our Continental army how to fight, and died among the bravest of the brave. Across the plains of the vast Northwest is written the glory of Father Gibault, who without shot or shell, but armed with the cross alone, won old Vincennes to the Revolutionary cause and the boundless territory of the Northwest to the new union of the states, Clear upon the roll of the country's heroes stands the name of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, though death hovered over him while he wrote. On that deathless list of signatures is also the name of William Paca, and history will record the patriotic names of Daniel Carroll and Thomas Fitzsimmons as long as the Constitution of the United States lives in the memory of man. The battlefields whereon our independence was won have seen the death daring, dashing courage of the Irish and Catholic regiment of Pennsylvania; and Yorktown is eloquent of the crashing charge of the French troops which drove Cornwallis and British dominion from this land forever.

The age-old tale of Catholic patriotism is told once again by the bloody pages of the history of the Civil War. Read them over and see the roll of honor: Rosencrans, Thomas, Sheridan, Corcoran,

Meagher, Shields and Guiney; Stone, Newton and Ewing; Hunt, Sands and McMahon. The heights of Fredericksburg, and the blood-soaked field of Gettysburg tell the deathless story of matchless heroism of Meagher's brigade and the Fighting Sixty-Ninth. The grim valley of the Shenandoah has shaken with the reckless daring of little Phil Sheridan, and Winchester has not forgotten that wild night when battle-worn and weary little Phil, hearing the cannonading at Cedar Creek jumped from his bed, leaped upon his horse, and meeting the Union army in rout, reformed their ranks, and crashed them back to battle and to victory. So the old tale is told again. Where death is flaring from cannon's mouth, wherever shot and shell are flying thickest, there you will find the cross and the flag in the hands of some intrepid Catholic, fighting for God and country. Let me not close the grim pages of war without pausing to pay a tribute, halting and uneloquent though this tribute must be, to the noble army that wears no colors or crest, that carries no rifle and draws no sword, but goes where death is splashing and men are torn and mangled to lay a cool, soft hand upon the fevered brow, to staunch the gaping wound, to whisper the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph to the dying soldier; to the army of the pure white angels of the battlefield, the nursing sisterhoods of the Catholic Church. Their names, unknown though they be to us, are emblazoned forever on the golden pages of the book of life, as servants of their country and their God.

The stirring record of Catholic patriotism in the past should spur us on to noble emulation. War is the offspring of Hell, but there are things even worse than war, and one of them is to submit without resistance to tyranny and oppression. God grant that the day of universal peace may soon be here, but God forbid that the day should ever come, when man will be too debased to fight for principle, for right, for justice, for truth, if need be.

St. Viator College this day is glad to unfurl her service flag spangled with stars, each one representing a young hero she has trained and nurtured, who is ready to fight for principles of right, liberty and justice. With tear-dimmed eyes we have seen them go from these walls hastily thrusting books aside, but a holy joy has filled our hearts that they have been noble enough to make the sacrifice, and their Alma Mater today rejoices that she has nurtured and brought forth *men*. A prayer ascends from all our hearts today that God may guide and protect these young heroes, that He may give them courage and grace to acquit themselves like men, and if it be His holy will, that they may return to us safe and sound again. Many of them perhaps will never look upon this fair land of their birth again, but these will have given up their lives in a glorious cause, and will not have died in vain.

We believe that we are engaged in this war for a just cause; we believe that liberty and democracy have been attacked, and in their defense we, as Catholics and Americans, are ready to fight. The war drum has beaten, the bugle has blown, and we fall in behind that

long line of Catholic heroes and patriots, who have fought before us in the same cause, and inspired by their example, with cross and flag in our hands we march forth to liberty or to death, with the blessing of the Church upon us and the Master's words ringing in our ears: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

On February 5th, 1918, the American transport *Tuscania* carrying troops to France, was torpedoed by a German submarine off the northern coast of Ireland. As the ship was sinking, the American soldiers stood at "attention" singing the *Star Spangled Banner*, and thus went nobly joyfully to their death.

Not dead on the field of honor,
Nor killed by the cannon's red breath;
But out on the deep-heaving ocean,
Have our noble men gone to their death.

Not slain midst the din of the battle—
But afar from our sheltering shore,
Were drowned by a frightful foeman
Unheeding the honors of war.

No chance to fight for Old Glory,
No chance to conquer the foe;
But done to their death our heroes
By a treacherous unseen blow.

Not dead, for their memory liveth,
Columbia their bivouac keeps;
While America's spirit lingers,
Where each hero-martyr sleeps.

J. A. W.

THE WAR AND SMALL NATIONS.

THOMAS J. LYNCH.

The sublime catastrophies of the world's history are enacted at the close of certain epochs of civilization, and at the same time they foreshadow the dawn of new hopes for mankind. It demanded the disruption of European society to overthrow the effete Roman civilization. Europe was becoming inoculated with the immorality of the Empire; and it needed rejuvenation and regeneration at the hands of the Northern barbarians. At this time the formations of the different European nationalities were conceived in bloodshed and born beneath the lofty disdain of an Emperor's smiles, who unwillingly witnessed the varied nations assume a vague form of government along the lines of their national aspirations. Thus the downfall of the Roman Empire was an event of transcendent importance because civilization was trembling in the balance. It was a happy day when these warlike nations arose and would not allow the Emperor to bestride their path. The spirit of incipient nationality conquered and the future history of Europe consisted broadly in the struggle for the preservation of nationality and its preservation from encroachments which may happen to come either from within or without.

During the next thirteen centuries monarchical rapacity was the chief citadel of attack. Monarchs, who sometimes claimed rule by divine right, tried to impose their own wills on a reluctant populace and the principle of constitutional government was awakening and coming to the front for vindication and supremacy. The battle for the rights of the people was fought and won in England and it stands as a monument to the everlasting honor of the English nation that she won a constitutional victory for the people and freed herself from tyrants who claimed the assent of the Divinity to their illegal acts. France, whose populace groaned beneath the exactions of a Louis XIV, already heard faint rumblings of the great revolution which despite its madness liberated her population from the galling yoke of serfdom. But the torrents of bloodshed were necessary for revivifying France and Europe. In other countries which were at this time suffering from the palsy of monarchy, and where peoples were allowed to voice their sentiments thrones tottered. The subject nations of Europe whose national aspirations had been crushed to the dust despite indomitable resistance, had to be content with the awakening of their national spirit for future liberty. The storming of the Bastille resounded from Siberia, where the Polish peasant was paying the penalty for his love of liberty, to Dublin where the Irish patriot who loved justice and hated iniquity had chains of adamant clanking at his feet. But the sunshine of Democracy had not yet smiled on downtrodden Europe when the power of Napoleon arose on the hori-

zon. For a few more years Europe groaned beneath the despot's sway and it needed concerted action to dethrone him, for his foot was on the neck of new-born democracy. The map of Europe was again re-arranged but not along the lines of "self-determination," and national ideals were not satisfied. These great struggles in the history of Europe awoke her from her lethargy and impressed upon her mind ideals different from those which actuated her statesmen previously.

Still countries whose God-given right and privilege was freedom and complete realization of their national aspirations were allowed to remain subject to legislation whose principles were opposed to their national development. Peoples whose national soul had no affinity with the conqueror were kept in bondage and their hopes were allowed to lie dormant. These subject nations were often goaded into revolution, but the blighting hand of despotism crushed their love for democracy. Nations of Europe built up efficient governments for themselves on the ruins of their weaker neighbors and waxed strong from unjust exactions wrung from the oppressed. They were content to satisfy the political aspirations of their native populations, but in so acting they widened the breach between themselves and their less fortunate neighbors. The national impulses of the oppressed and downtrodden nations cried aloud for satisfaction but they were offered simulated reforms which helped only to further their grievances. The great European powers were not content with spoils already reaped, but they eyed with avidity the conquered countries of other nations. Responsible European statesmen took no cognizance of the hopes and dreams of their dependencies and seemed to live unaware of the fact that different nations have different ideals and that you cannot impose foreign made laws on a liberty loving people. These statesmen were unaware of the fact that the surest way of preserving a love for liberty in the mind of man is by curtailing it.

This subjection of nationality to the whims and fancies of statesmen could not endure and the present struggle that is bleeding Europe white stands as a monument to thwarted national aspirations and ambitions and will ultimately prove to be the tomb of grasping monarchy. The mighty struggle that is being waged in Europe will prove ultimately to be the end of national subjection and it portends a new era for democracy. It is the final culmination of two-contradictory principles, democracy and autocracy, principles that were uppermost in the political thought of Europe since the French Revolution. Nations could not remain callous to the pleadings and ideals of their conquered provinces, no matter how prone they were to stifle them with oppression. It was this repression and insensibility to national individuality that made the peace of Europe so precarious for the past fifty years. Some nations, no matter how small, have unconquered and unconquerable souls and they can never lose their

national identity. It is the greatest fault of European diplomacy that it needed the reality of war to arouse it to an understanding of this political principle. No sooner had the din of war resounded than the blatant hypocrisy of European statesmen awoke to this fact and with a hypocritical tongue they made open profession of their adherence to the principle of righting the wrongs of small nations whilst still holding the hand of tyranny to crush their national soul. Even the words in which they professed their democratic aims were ambiguous and it needed the power of some outside force to invigorate European political ideals.

The awakening of the world to the wrongs perpetrated against the small nations of Europe could not come from European statesmen, because in professing them they would give utterance to a confession of their own guilt. It needed the invigorating influence of some superior power schooled in pure political ideals to consecrate this war to democracy and to righting the wrongs inflicted on the small nations of Europe. The magic words of President Wilson are the stars lighting the battlefields of Europe and dedicating them to a noble cause. His war message is unrivaled as a profession of pure political ideals and it is the noblest confession of national disinterestedness that remains to be enshrined in the pages of history. By it the cause of the downtrodden peoples of Europe is resurrected, and the permanent re-distribution of Europe along purely national lines will be the result when the angel of peace shall kiss the blood-sodden battlefields. By it the nations of Europe whose ambitions of national independence were thwarted by foreign domination will come to a realization of their cherished dreams of freedom and self-determination. By it the world is awakened to the wrongs which the conquered and subject nations of Europe have endured and it has awakened the world to the fact that these nations have preserved their national identity amidst their vicissitudes. It has filled the peoples of the world with righteous indignation at the wrongs inflicted on Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Schleswig-Holstein, Ireland and the Balkan States. President Wilson says that "No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." He also says "We are glad to fight for the rights of nations great or small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty." In his Russian note of May 26th, 1917, the President emphatically vindicates the rights of small nations when he says,"We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose." If we take these explicit words which embody the truths enunciated by the president of our country and apply them to the history and the aspirations of the peoples of Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Schleswig-Holstein, Ireland, and the Balkan

States, and in fact all the small states of Europe which are now groaning under alien rule, we shall see whether or not they have been allowed "undictated development." We need but glance at the recent political history of these countries to judge that the maxims of political government enunciated by President Wilson must be the rules that guide Europe on that day of final reckoning when her statesmen will sit in the peace conclave. What then has been the attitude of those countries just mentioned to those who hold the rod of political sway over them. Are they willing to live under that sovereignty which now controls them or are they longing and demanding that they be allowed control of their own government? Does political expediency demand that they should be liberated? If we but examine the recent history of those countries whose wrongs demand rectification we will be forced to conclude that the denial of their national aptitudes cannot be borne with impunity.

The problem of Alsace-Lorraine is of vital importance to the peace of Europe and its settlement after the war will be an urgent necessity. Ever since the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when they were torn from France, they have been a constant menace to the peace of Europe. Despite the industrial advancement these provinces have made under German rule, they never have submitted. Their sympathy, when freely allowed to declare itself, was always with France. No doubt a few native governmental functionaries were willing to sell their national birthright for the crumbs of profitable politics. Alsace-Lorraine and its government ought to convince Germany and Europe that peoples cannot be treated like a herd of cattle. The province of Lorraine is essentially French and the vast majority of the people speak French. They had to suffer and allow an alien power to impose its government on them physically, but their spirit was never morally conquered. If they supinely submitted to German rule the world would not ring with the indignities and insults heaped on these provinces by Germany. Someone has well said that to change the nationality of a people you must offer it an ideal superior to that from which it has been torn, and in this instance Germany was bankrupt for an ideal to satisfy the political aspirations of these provinces. If these provinces have so lost their own national identity with longings of lofty affection to be included in the German empire, or if these provinces were German, which the Germans have tried to prove by the laws of ethnology, then we have the patent contradiction to this that Germany, like all other conquering powers, never treated Alsace-Lorraine as a recovered province. Germany has treated these provinces as peculiarly her own sphere of action deemed necessary to Germanize. If there is to be any hope of a permanent peace the reconstruction of Alsace-Lorraine must be along the principle of government by the consent of the governed and that "no right anywhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." Now nationality is to a nation what

individuality is to the individual, and when the sense of nationality becomes firmly engraved on a people you cannot destroy it. But politicians actuated solely by expediency would never make any concessions to the principle of nationality, which would even bear the slightest semblance to the national characteristics of weak countries. Germany cannot conciliate the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine because she has outraged their national soul by committing breaches of the principle of nationality. The national individuality of these provinces cannot be appeased by industrial progress, because they know from experience that this is only giving them the means of forging chains which would draw them closer to their oppressor. Conciliation has been tried in the balance by Germany and has been found wanting. The nations are professedly at war to prevent any nation from imposing its system of government on the world. Peoples must be allowed the privilege of choosing their own form of government, because they know the form of government best suited to their own capabilities. If permanent peace is to be realized and the aspirations of nationality justified, justice demands the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine. If these provinces were annexed to France when peace is declared, Germany would long for the day of deliverance and try to repair the insult given to her national dignity. These provinces should be given complete independence and when this is achieved they can have recourse to the right of self-determination. They have suffered the repression of their nationality and the principle expounded by President Wilson for the governance of nationality and democracy must be applied. Alsace-Lorraine must be made free and independent and then she can determine her own future and her national rights will be vindicated. If the national will of these provinces is for re-annexation to France and if France is the Sovereignty under which she wishes to live, she must be allowed to pursue her course unmolested. Were it necessary, a covenant of nations should be entered into to preserve the independence or re-annexation scheme and this would serve as a bulwark to repel aggression. The grievances between France and Germany are the same as those that exist between Germany and Denmark in reference to the complicated question of Schleswig-Holstein. In our judgment the same plans should govern the settlement of this question as those which we have applied to Alsace-Lorraine, because fundamentally the questions at issue are the same.

"I take it for granted, for instance," states President Wilson "if I may venture upon a single example, that statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be united independent, and autonomous Poland, and that henceforth inviolable security of life, of worship, and of industrial and social development should be guaranteed to all peoples, who have lived hitherto under the power of governments devoted to a faith and purpose hostile to their own." Poland, whose partition was thrice nurtured in intrigue and fanned by internal dissention, will have

her right to autonomy vindicated. The blighting cancer of overlordships and persecution which have frustrated the aspirations of Poland since its dismemberment must be cut. That travesty of political justice by which Poland was divided must be righted. The sacred charter of Polish nationality whose white flame has burned for justice during the past and whose recompense was the mailed fist of autocracy and diabolical oppression must cease. Years of bitter conquest and malignant persecution have not quenched the ardor for freedom in Polish breasts, but on the contrary it has intensified the persistence of the Polish national genius in quest of independence. She has been the stamping ground for Cossack hordes who wreaked vengeance on her national spirit. From being the proud defender of European civilization against barbarous Asiatic hordes, her inhabitants have sunk to the position of aliens in their own lands. Her possessions have been triparted and her national soul has been bartered by foreign greed. Oppression has riveted the galling yoke of serfdom on her subjects, and today they are victims offered to the god of war for principles alien to their own temperament. But during all the period of frightfulness and horror through which Poland has passed the glow of a future resurrected nationality was the light that guided her fainting footsteps. Insurrection and revolt were grim protests to warn the conquerors, who fattened and preyed on her substance, that subserviency was no part of Polish national ideals. She was the prey of Russia, Austria and Prussia and her sons are forced to swell the armies of the conqueror to rivet closer the chains of despotism on their own country. Extermination and colonization proved inefficient to curb the ardor of Polish nationality and her nationality grew stronger when she was threatened with national extinction. Germany tried to supplant the native population by German settlers, but they were finally forced to admit that the indomitable spirit of the Poles had conquered. Poland was divided, but her ideals remained firm. Her national consciousness persevered during the night of oppression, and when she was in the lowest depths of political bondage her patriots' hopes were illumined by the dream of future liberty. The constant bickering with the right of peoples who love liberty could end in nothing save revolution and political discontent. Speaking of this perseverance of Polish national ideals through the centuries of alien rule Willis J. Abbot says: "Not until it had been thrice hacked into segments by the sword of tyranny, or treacherously divided by Machiavellian diplomats, did Poland begin to show the qualities that would fit it for independence or even autonomy." The inefficiency of the Poles to govern themselves was the justification alleged for the partition. Her domestic government was weak, whilst her neighbors became strong. She could not defend herself, therefore she had to succumb to the tyranny of Frederick the Great, Catherine and Maria Theresa. These pirate nations that dismembered Poland, and whose ideals of political justice consisted in might, must right the

wrongs of Polish grievances and no longer will the world watch the wholesale destruction of a nation inspired by an ancient history. But America has explicitly pledged herself to repair the wrongs inflicted when her great spokesman says that peoples now in subjection "to governments with a faith and purpose hostile to their own" must be freed and the day has passed when men can be deluded by specious promises. Poland has suffered the pangs of national martyrdom at the hands of rulers with a faith hostile to her own. "A united, independent and autonomous Poland" must arise from her present ruins. Protection over her cannot be given either to Austria, Russia, or Germany, because protection leads to annexation and the same questions of political discontent now dominant in Eastern Europe would arise. When her dreams of national independence are achieved she will be the bright jewel of Eastern Europe. "Then the free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another," and then the independence of Poland can be secured from further aggression by the three nations that now hold her in their clutches.

The Balkans are also continually disturbed by the continuous meddling of some of the great powers. This vexed problem must be settled along the lines of nationality, because like Ireland they have never lost their national identity despite the seething political discontent which continually disturbs the peace of the near East. They, like Ireland, have cried for retribution and the statesmen that can settle the future government of these countries along national characteristics will be the saviors of Europe.

Probably in none of the small nations of Europe is the cry for Independence so insistent as in Ireland. The cup of seeming liberty was already to her lips in the early days of the war, but the spirit of a bigoted faction overcame right and ever since Ireland has cried for liberty in the wilderness of political discontent. The national consciousness of Ireland was once more awakened and her patriots demanded the "right of self-determination." Ignorance and bigotry load them with obloquy because her patriots have the presumption to demand what is to the immortal glory of America to espouse. She demands the application to her of the political principles advocated by President Wilson as the principles for the future governance of the world. She demands the position and power of economic control as that possessed by self-governing dominions, and unfettered control over taxation, customs, excise and trade policy. These are the principles for which she has fought during the past, and which are the principles that actuated America when she threw down the gauntlet to Germany. George Russell (A. E.) speaking of Ireland's demands says, "The demand of Ireland is not merely for administrative power but the power to fashion its own national policy, and to build up a civilization of its own with an economic character in keeping by self-

devised and self-checked efforts. To misunderstand this is to suppose there is no such thing as national idealism, and that a people will accept substitutes for the principle of nationality, whereas the past history of the world and the present circumstances in Europe is evidence that nothing is more unconquerable and immortal than national feeling, and it emerges from centuries of alien government and is ready at any time to flare out in insurrection. At no period in Irish history was that sentiment more self-conscious than it is today." The checkered pages of Irish history, the innumerable army of martyred patriots, the thwarted aspirations, the unrealized dreams of Irishmen, the demands of the present stand as lasting monuments of Ireland's rejection of alien legislation. She claims the right of "undictated development." Just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed and the amazing persistency of Ireland's efforts in her fight for national liberation condemn that government which holds her in subjection.

Thus we see that the small nations of Europe are not content and that the cause of their discontent is alien rule. Their nationality has been stunted and their true ideals have not yet been realized because these ideals need a sympathetic hand to guide them. The national consciousness of these small nations has re-awakened unlike anything in their past history and national self-determination is its watchword. Their collective national demands will stand as a mighty reminder for statesmen to make their political professions a reality. These nations cannot be deluded by the outward semblance of democracy and they will demand a full measure of liberty.

The allies are professedly waging a war to vindicate the rights of these small nations. "Self-determination," "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed," are the phrases by which the allied statesmen have dedicated their armies in the fight for freedom, and the persistency with which they are echoed indicate that they have become part of the national conscience. The peoples of the allied countries believe in the full meaning of their war policy and they will demand that the ideals for which they fight will become a reality. The peoples of the world have awakened to the new democracy and they cannot be blindfolded by the whims of statesmen. The liberation of small nations is the principle for which nations are shedding their blood and the concrete things for which they fight must be made a reality. Peoples may be governed by force or may be blessed with self-government and these are the two principles which are being decided in Europe. But autocracy which would force its own ideals of government on nations blessed with lesser resources is portrayed today in all its hideous and naked deformity, and it is held up to the world as the monster which must be crushed. This war is being waged so that "Social development should be guaranteed to all peoples who have lived hitherto under the power of governments devoted to a faith and purpose hostile to their own."

But all small nations today are governed by nations with a policy hostile to their own, and statesmen today stand for a reversal of this policy. Statesmen must live up to their demands because the democracy of the European battlefields would forbid any sinister motive to actuate statesmen when the clash of arms has ceased. The small European nations will be freed and the words of President Wilson must be the decisive policy guiding statesmen and then the small nations of Europe will walk forth in the future, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled in the spirit of universal liberty."

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

THE MAN FROM THE MOON.

DANIEL A. O'CONNOR, '21.

SCENE I.

The Allies in consultation.
Time: August 15, 1918.
Place: Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

PRESIDENT WILSON: Gentlemen, as Mr. Baker has just stated in his opening speech, we have met here to discuss matters of the gravest importance for the nations of the world. In view of our recent victories over the German nation, we have come to draft a peace proposal, which, if accepted by our enemy, will insure a lasting period of friendship and prosperity to the nations of the world.

KING GEORGE: I heartily agree with you, Mr. Wilson, that the time has at last arrived when we should take the most strenuous measures to secure the long-wished for peace to a war-swept world. For four long years our hearts' blood has bedewed the battlefields of Europe, and at last it appears that our innumerable sacrifices are to be crowned with the diadem of an honorable victory. Nevertheless, I recommend that such terms be proposed as will leave no doubt in the minds of our enemies nor in those of after generations regarding the uprightness of our dealings with Germany.

M. POINCAIRE: When sacrifice, sorrow and pain have been the lot of liberty-loving people, none have been more ready, none more generous in bearing these burdens than the sons of France; and so too in the present crisis, none are more ready to insure the blessings of peace to the whole world by offering every concession consistent with the principles of liberty and democracy to an empire that has been beaten in its very stronghold by the force of arms.

(*A loud knock is heard on the door of the chamber room. The proceedings of the assembly are interrupted, whilst the porter goes to the door. He opens it, and a colossal man, equipped with wings, enters the room. The Gentlemen are greatly startled by the appearance of this individual but soon set at ease by his friendly voice.*)

MOON MAN: Gentlemen of earth, I beg of you not to be alarmed. My mission is a peaceful one. Be not astonished either at my strange appearance, for know that I am an inhabitant of the Moon and not of this earth. My purpose is not to give you any lengthy account of my people, for that I am not permitted to do.

PRESIDENT WILSON: I beg of you, Mr. Moon, Man, to be seated. We, the chief executives of the greatest nations in the world, France, England and America, are engaged in discussing momentous questions with regard to our national welfare, and possibly your

superior mind will be able to aid us in the solution of these perplexing problems.

MOON MAN: I thank you, Mr. Wilson, for your courtesy, but know that we moon-men never sit down, we never grow tired, and hence we never rest. We are indeed aware that there is some extraordinary disturbance upon Earth, for during the past four years we have been troubled by nauseating vapors and gases, which our scientists determined must be coming from the planet earth. The air of the Moon is much rarer and purer than your air, and since my people preserve life simply by breathing the air, the effect of these poisonous gases has been very disastrous.

M. POINCAIRE: I assure you, Mr. Moon-man, that we are deeply grieved that we men of earth have caused you such fatal annoyance and we are ready to do all in our power to remedy matters.

MOON-MAN: I beg of you then to briefly lay the situation before me, for I cannot remain any length of time upon earth without being overcome by the air, which seems so foul in comparison with that of my realm.

M. POINCAIRE: For four years my country has been engaged in a deadly combat with a nation which wanted to rule the world by power and brute force, a nation which for years laid plans, heaped up large stores of munitions of war, preparative to striking a blow on an unsuspecting world which would make militarism supreme. Such an empire is Germany, which did not hesitate to crush the life out of innocent little Belgium in order to hammer its mailed fist at the gates of my beautiful France.

MOON MAN: If what you say is true, then every principle of justice has been violated and great indeed will be the vengeance wreaked upon the head of the offender, for I have come not only as a pacifier but also as a punisher. But I would fain hear what the King of England has to say with regard to this affair?

KING GEORGE: I can corroborate the statements of my illustrious ally, and further, I can add that England has only been defending her most sacred rights in this war. For years Kaiser Wilhelm and his people were jealous of the prosperity and commercial supremacy of the British Empire and determined to crush our national life, at any cost and by any means—fair or foul.

MOON MAN: And now, Mr. Wilson? I am overwhelmed by these testimonies and only wait to hear your explanation of this planet-wide calamity before I hasten to investigate the other side of the case in the German Court.

PRESIDENT WILSON: Mr. Moon Man, America is a peace-loving nation. Her lands are broad and fertile; her natural resources rich beyond measure. She is content to develop these under the principles of liberty and justice. She cares nothing for the achievements of war, and has never maintained a large standing army, whose

aggressiveness and lust for spoil would ever be a menace to her neighbors. But when she beheld the War-Lord of Europe with satanic fury reach out his clawy hand and strike down the most sacred barriers of justice and right conduct, stamping out the life of innocent men, women and children, she looked on and gasped in amazement; and finally when she saw that the principles of democracy and liberty were at stake she threw herself into this terrible calamity with all the might of an honest heart.

MOON MAN: Gentlemen, I must not allow myself to be prejudiced, nor to judge the case until I have secured the testimony of the man who seems to be responsible for this great war, and hence I go at once, and with the quickness of thought I will be before the Emperor of Germany. You shall hear from me again.

SCENE II.

Time: The same.

Place: A private room in the palace of Wilhelm II. The emperor is in consultation with the Crown Prince.)

EMPEROR: Yes, it is quite true that our forces have met with some reverses during the past few months, but these are not serious. When we get the new Krupp guns into the field the allies will not be able to withstand the force of our great military machine. Germany must conquer the world. She is destined to rule all men.

CROWN PRINCE: I have just received a message from one of our men in America to the effect that the allied nations are about to hold a convention. No doubt they intend to propose peace terms, relying on their present advantage for an acceptance.

EMPEROR: (*Laughing scornfully.*) Ha! ha! do they think the great Wilhelm is a school-boy? Let them talk of peace, but there will be no peace until the big guns of Germany forces those unhallowed dogs to submission.

(*A loud knocking is heard at the door of the room.*)

CROWN PRINCE: It must be one of the secret service men with some important dispatches. Shall I admit him?

WILHELM: Yes, and woe betide him unless he has good reason for interrupting our conference.

(*The Crown Prince opens the door and admits the Man from the Moon. The Prince steps back quickly. A momentary shudder passes over the frame of the Emperor, but he quickly recovers his stern visage.*)

WILHELM: What monstrous freak is this?

MAN FROM THE MOON: I believe I am talking to Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, and I perceive you are in the company of your Crown Prince, the successor to your throne. Know that I am an inhabitant not of the planet earth, but of the moon.

WILHELM: And what might be your business with me? Am I not busy enough fighting all the nations of earth, without meddling in the affairs of the moon?

MAN FROM THE MOON: You are indeed engaged in a great and destructive war. The poisonous vapors and gases from the war have had an ill effect upon the health of the people of the moon, and the supreme council of the nation has sent me to investigate the trouble. I have already consulted the heads of the nations with which you are unfortunately at war and they promise to do all in their power to aid me in my peaceful mission.

WILHELM: Has Germany's king asked your help? I cannot, I will not brook interference in the affairs of my nation. The allies may indeed be ready to sue for peace but peace is impossible for us. We are a nation of warriors. We are different from all other men. With us the sword is mightier than the pen. We live to conquer or to die.

CROWN PRINCE: You must realize, Mr. Moon Man, that your proposed action is preposterous, and cannot be considered by my father.

MOON MAN: You refuse then to consider any terms of peace?

WILHELM: Any except those which secure victory to the German arms. The very life of our nation depends on this. We have no choice in the matter.

MOON MAN: Should you persist in this unreasonable conduct, I shall be forced to urge the high council of the Moon to send our army against you and the inevitable result will be utter destruction for you and your people.

WILHELM: I defy you and your army. Though your men be as numerous as the stars in the heaven, they cannot overcome the undaunted bravery of the German soldier. When we have conquered the nations of earth we will extend our domain to the moon. "Erde und Mond" will henceforth be the motto of the conquering Germans.

MAN FROM THE MOON: Ah, my friend, I perceive now the cause of earth's disaster. I warn you that your militaristic people will be destroyed. (*Exit Man from the Moon.*)

SCENE III.

Time: One month later.

Place: On the battle-field on which the German forces are contending with the allies. An elevated spot behind the German lines. The Kaiser Wilhelm is surrounded by the crown Prince and his staff of field generals.

WILHELM: This is Germany's day. We have lost nothing by being driven from our trenches, for now open-field warfare is inevitable, and the German soldier knows no peer in hand to hand combat. With one decisive blow we will crush the force of democracy forever. Like Alexander we will not die of sorrow for the lack of worlds to conquer. Our scientists and great military leaders will devise ways and means to assault the men of the moon who will soon be made

subjects of our great empire. Perhaps there we shall find the secret of prolonging our existence forever.

FIELD MARSHAL: Your Royal Highness, the enemy is preparing to advance on the left flank. Have you any message for your faithful soldiers?

WILHELM: Tell them to remember that they are fighting beneath the banner of the great war lord, Frederic Wilhelm, that they must conquer or die. Tell them that we have yet greater designs for them, that their motto is "Erde und Mond." They will go with me to conquer the moon. (*Exit Field Marshal.*)

CROWN PRINCE: Oh! father, father! I see a great sight in the heavens. It seems as though a cloud of fire were descending upon our troops. We are lost, it is the men from the moon in their chariots of fire.

KAISER WILHELM: The unworthy son who thinks his father can be conquered in war deserves to die. (*He kills the Crown Prince.*) I am mad with the lust of power. Now my heart has but one desire, to conquer the moon and the earth and to reign forever.

FIELD MARSHAL: (*Returning from the front*). I fear your Majesty had better retire to Berlin. A great air force has attacked us. You might be killed in the combat, and then all our hopes of future greatness would be at an end.

WILHELM: Germany's fate is decided here today. I will be the first to receive her victory and the last to share her defeat. (*Looks through field glasses.*) The greatest army the world has ever known is being swept from the field like standing grass before an oncoming torrent. Can it be that my power is at an end.

(*A detachment of Moon-men bear down upon the Kaiser and his party. After killing the body guard of the Kaiser, the leader advances to Wilhelm.*)

LEADER: This is the death of autocracy. Yield to the oncoming tide of democracy, or die.

WILHELM: (*Drawing his sword.*) Never will I yield to any power. My spirit will go forth to conquer the legions of Hell.

LEADER: (*Dispatching Kaiser.*) Then die, base tyrant. Your army has been crushed in battle. The pride and ambition of autocratic rulers shall nevermore disturb the peace and harmony of the earth, but henceforth every people of the earth shall have the undisputed right to work out its own destiny. (*A bugle sounds.*) Hark, our bugle sounds. Let us hasten, my men, back to our beloved moon lest the breath of earth should taint our spirits. (*Exeunt.*)

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

—*Robert Treat Paine.*

SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHIC EVOLUTION.

(Speech delivered before the Philosophy Class.)

T. EDWARD FITZPATRICK, '18.

Probably no scientific theory since Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation has so animated the scientific and popular world as the theory of evolution. Heretofore, newspapers and magazines have continually reminded us of it, discovering numberless missing links and expounding wonderful new theories. But the present European conflict has somewhat arrested this ardor; yet, so vast, so significant a question cannot be thus easily forgotten and in the coveted days of peace, it will soon claim the attention of all thinking men.

Why, we naturally ask, is the question of evolution so important? Why should we vex ourselves about it? The answer to these queries lies in the words of that great lover of truth, Cardinal Newman, who once said: "I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual." Evolution is both a religious and an intellectual question and we should know something about it, in order that, armed with the swords of truth we may valiantly defend our faith against the insidious attacks of materialism.

Let us begin with a clear understanding of the term, evolution, and then briefly consider it scientifically and philosophically.

Fundamentally, evolution means the gradual development of the more perfect forms of life from rudimentary and imperfect forms. One now might ask, "How did these forms of life ever develop from the imperfect to the more or less perfect?" "What power or force made them so advance?" "Was it matter itself or something beyond and infinitely superior to it?" The answers to these questions lead to the various philosophic theories of evolution. By a positive and negative answer to them, we distinguish Theistic from Atheistic Evolution. The latter is based on Materialism, a system of philosophy which has, for a long time, received wide credence. It bows God and the spiritual world out of existence, and with them Virtue and Duty, Heaven and Hell,—offering in return what is supposed to be, a complete and plausible explanation of the universe, void of all annoying responsibility.

This, however is putting the proverbial cart before the horse. What of evolution; first, as a scientific hypothesis? As such, it is neither concerned with the principle of life nor the origin of the world. Scientific evolution seeks only to determine the succession of animals and plants on our earth and to show how they gradually evolved from widely different ancestors by purely natural causes. May we believe that such a process takes place? Yes, for the facts of science undoubtedly prove that a natural evolution of species does take place. We may accept the hypothesis, therefore, in so far as the facts prove it to be the best explanation of the varied phenomena of nature.

Now what actual evidence have we for scientific evolution? The direct proofs are supplied us chiefly by the sciences of morphology, embryology and palaeontology. Although no one of these sources may offer complete evidence, they all point in the same direction, lending great probability to the theory.

Morphology leads to the conclusion that in the various divisions of the animal kingdom endless kinds of structure may be found, but all seem to be but different modifications of the same fundamental plan. When, for example the wing of a bird, the flipper of a whale and the fore-leg of a horse are carefully compared, it is evident that the plan of structure is the same in all cases. How explain this genetic connection? Scientists have concluded that the explanation can be found only in the theory of evolution.

Embryology, a study of organism development from the cell to the adult stage, offers further testimony. It does not demonstrate, as Haeckel supposed, that the evolution of the individual is a repetition of that of the race, but rather it shows a continuation of race development. Furthermore, the undeniable facts of this science point out that organisms advance from what is simple to what is complex. Now this, as it will be recollected from our definition, is the very essence of evolution.

Finally, if there be any truth in the theory of evolution, palaeontology, or the science of fossil remains, ought to be one of its strongest supports, because palaeontology treats of the actual remains of organisms which formerly inhabited the earth. They represent, as it were, links in process of development and are therefore tangible bits of evidence that evolution is based upon fact. Wasmann demonstrated this in the case of the ant development. "We cannot but conclude," he says, "that our present ants are descendants of fossil varieties and that they have come into being by way of natural evolution and not by new creation." It follows from Father Wasmann's observation, that scientific evolution does not consider the present species of animals and plants as forms directly created by God. This, instead of lessening, rather adds to His omnipotent power. St. Thomas tells us, "The force of any power is greater the farther it is extended."

The testimony of science, then, ascertains that evolution as a scientific hypothesis is not to be despised.

What of the theory of evolution considered as a philosophy? As a scientific hypothesis it was confined to the field of biology. In the domain of philosophy it attempts to apply its principles to the origin of the world and the life existing upon it. Here is a more important phase of evolution. Here we must do battle with the brains of materialism, which calmly cast the all-powerful God aside and set up in his stead the god of brute force and lifeless matter. The problem offered for our solution is, "Whence came this world and the life and all the teeming life around us?" Materialistic evolutionists hold that there has been a gradual advance of dead inorganic matter into a

living organic substance. Furthermore, that this progress was controlled solely by the power of unintelligent matter. On the other hand, Theistic evolutionists maintain that there is some greater force outside of matter and points to the external God as the controlling power of evolution.

Materialistic evolutionists, in postulating the eternity of matter, are forced by the logic of their position to explain the whole development of this universe in terms of matter alone. Hence, they must assume that life sprang from matter, that there is no purpose or design in the universe, and finally that man is nothing more than a superior type of animal. In the face of such an oppressive theory, how much more consoling is the view of the Theists who hold that there is an omnipotent God, who created both matter and life, and infused into man a spark of His Divine likeness, an immortal soul.

If the two fundamental postulates of the materialists, eternal matter and spontaneous generation, fail to square with the facts of science, materialistic evolution is entirely untenable. But these two so-called laws are not only supported but rather emphatically contradicted by every fact of science. Therefore, materialistic evolution is positively indefensible. I need only prove my minor premises and the conclusion follows necessarily.

Science tells us that though the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis in twenty-four hours, a time will come when it will perform this act annually. A day and a year will then be synonymous,—in other words the earth's movement is gradually slowing up. Now, if matter were eternal, this slowing up process would have been completed an eternity ago. Yet we know for a fact that the process is still going on. How then can matter be eternal.

Secondly, let us apply the well established law of the dissipation of energy to the action of the sun. Science tells us that the sun is gradually cooling. If this be true, the time must come when there will be no vegetation on the earth, since heat is necessary for the continuance of life. Therefore, when this cooling off process is completed man can no longer exist. Now all these things must take place in time. Yet if matter were eternal the problem must be solved in eternity. But it is not yet solved. Therefore, matter cannot be eternal.

Let us briefly consider the second part of the minor. Is spontaneous generation supported by science? Far from being supported, every fact of science vigorously points the other way. It had been unquestionably established that at one time life did not exist upon the earth. But now life exists. Whence did it come? In order to account for this amazing reality and yet be consistent with their position, materialists desperately grasp at the proverbial last straw and brazenly tell us that life sprang from inorganic, lifeless matter by way of spontaneous generation. Like good logicians, which all of us strive to be, we may accept this theory only in so far as it is sup-

ported by actual proof. Where is this evidence? There cannot be a single thread of evidence to support it, for all the facts point the other way. Why, the mere mention of Pasteur's famous experiment is enough to disprove this wild speculation. The second fundamental postulate of this theory is therefore erroneous and can be regarded as but a product of the air.

The two main postulates of materialistic evolution having been weighed in the scale of fact and having been found wanting, the conclusion necessarily follows that materialistic evolution is wholly untenable. Thus if we allow reason and truth to guide us we must of necessity conclude that there is some wonderful power beyond matter, the eternal God, who fashioned the universe and continues to guide its destinies in the palm of His almighty hand.

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust";
And the star spangled banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

SOME LETTERS FROM THE BOYS

During the past two months, Father O'Mahoney and other members of the faculty have received several letters from Viator boys in the service. Space permits the publication of only a few of these.

Late in January Father O'Mahoney received this short note from Rev. H. A. Darche, now a chaplain in the Navy. It is written from Philadelphia.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

Just arrived in town with my battalion, we leave for France early tomorrow morning. So by the time you receive this letter I shall be on the Atlantic, may I ask your prayers that we reach port safely. My best wishes to the fathers at St. Viator College and the student body.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Chaplain H. A. DARCHE, U. S. N.,
6th Regt. U. S. Marines,
American Expeditionary Force,
Care of N. Y. Postmaster. France.

About the 1st of March the following letter told of Father Darche's safe arrival in France.

France, February 21, 1918.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

Today being your birthday, also the anniversary of the "fire" you will know that you and the rest of my friends at St. Viator are not forgotten. We landed safely Feb. 5th, the trip across was very rough due to storms. The submarines failed to put in an appearance as we were prepared to meet them, having kept a vigilant watch from the time we left America.

We are billeted in a few small villages, in close proximity. Fortunately there are churches with resident priests so my soldiers can attend mass on Sundays. In this village I am pastor "pro tempore" —the cure is gone to war. I visit the other villages also to hear confessions. Emmet Trainor at St. Viators in '08 is a sergeant in my regiment, and is now in line for a commission as lieutenant.

Remember me to Father Bergin and the other Fathers at St. Viator.

Wishing you many more birthdays, "ad multos annos."

Sincerely yours,
HARRIS A. DARCHE, U. S. N.,
Chaplain, 6th Regt. U. S. Marines,
American Expeditionary Force,
Care of New York Postmaster. France.

Father Stephenson, since last summer a Knights of Columbus Chaplain at Camp Custer and Camp Greene respectively, has within the past month received a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the Regular Army:

War Department,
Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army,
Cambridge, Mass., March 30, 1918.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

I know that you were glad to hear of Father William's appointment and I am inclosing a few newspaper clippings that tell the story.

I don't believe there is any Priest in the service who is better fitted to fill the difficult position of Chaplain than is Father Stephenson and from what I have heard about his work at Camps Custer and Greene, he has made good.

He was here last week and we certainly enjoyed his visit. He has made scores of friends in Boston and Winthrop and during his short stay he was busy every moment.

He asked me to let you know of his appointment and I assure you it is a great pleasure for me to carry out his wishes.

I do not know whether you hear very often from Father William, but I do know that you are uppermost in his thoughts and he has always spoken of you as his best and dearest friend.

We will all offer up to God our poor prayers for his welfare.

With my kindest regards, I am Reverend Father,

Very Sincerely,

Res., 20 Centre Street,
Winthrop, Mass.

JOHN F. LEE.

The clippings referred to the above letter are from Boston papers, one from *The Pilot* reads:

"Rev. William J. Stephenson, C. S. V., of St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, who has been a Knights of Columbus chaplain, at both Camp Custer and Camp Greene, has been appointed a chaplain of the Regular Army, and has been assigned to Massachusetts troops now preparing at Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C., for service oversea.

Father Stephenson was the guest this week of Chief Clerk John F. Lee, of the chief quartermaster's office here, with whom he served in the army years ago."

A Lowell correspondent of *The Pilot* writes as follows:

"Having had a telegram from Camp Greene, in Charlotte, N. C., announcing the serious illness of my son, I visited the camp to render what assistance a father could do for his stricken boy. Being unaccustomed to military requirements, and unable to know what course to pursue it seemed providential for me to meet and become acquainted with Rev. William J. Stephenson, C. S. V., who kindly took upon

himself the task of assisting me. To him is due my deep debt of gratitude.

"My experience while at the camp leads me to say that the fathers and mothers of young men stationed there, might rest assured that the spiritual affairs of their dear ones were well cared for under Father Stephenson's guidance, with the assistance of the good Chaplains, Fathers Ryan, Tracey, Tierney and Rankin and others.

"Father Stephenson has had an experience which in an especial manner enables him to understand men. Left an orphan at the tender age of two years in the "Island of Saints," he found his way to the land of freedom at the age of 15 and for several years has been employed in the mills, at express work, in the mines and on the ranch. He also spent three years in the regular army, having seen service on the Mexican border. He always had a desire to become a priest of God, and now he is the good shepherd. While in his room one day he picked up a copy of *The Pilot* and said that he had found in it the address of a mother who had inquired for her son and immediately wrote to her."

Lieutenant James Dougherty from Camp Greene writes:

Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Father Bergin:

There are enough representatives of the Old Gold and Purple here at Camp Greene, to warrant your receiving some news from us. Fearing that others may be as negligent about writing you as I have been in the past, and knowing that you are always interested in what we of good old S. V. C. are doing, I am writing you these few lines.

First I am going to tell you who is here. First of course is Father Stephenson, who is surely doing wonderful work as K. of C. chaplain. He has made many converts here, has had a class confirmed, has straightened out many a matrimonial tangle, and many a man who has fallen away and become case-hardened in past years he has brought back to his senses and his duties. This is a sample of how he works. One evening I was sitting in his room when there was a knock at the door. At his invitation "come in," there appeared a very trim young sergeant, who introduced himself, and said: "Father, did you send for me?" "Yes," said Father Steve, "Mrs. ——— is very much interested in you, and wrote me saying you were in Camp." After a few remarks Father Steve said: "Sergeant, how long since you have been to confession?" The sergeant answered, and Fr. Steve parried with "Don't you think you had better go tonight?" As he asked the question, he reached for a newspaper which he placed on the floor beside his chair and said to me: "We will excuse you for a moment, Lieutenant." Some time later the sergeant came out shrived. You see there's no getting away from him. He has four masses in the K. of C. Bldg., every Sunday and at every one of them the building is crowded to its capacity.

Then there is "Bill" Carroll, Captain of "B" Company of the First Army Headquarters Regiment. That Regiment is composed almost exclusively of French speaking men, and is more than 85% Catholic. They are to do Military Police duty "over there," and will come continually into contact with the French people. Since the requirement that the men speak French, Carroll is very busy reviewing the French he learned at S. V. C. And then I am here, (I impolitely interpose myself here as I am cataloging us according to rank) the ranking lieutenant of "B" Company of the 58th U. S. Infantry, a regular army regiment belonging to the 4th Division. Over with the 8th Field Signal Battalion, as a Sergeant of "C" Company is James D. Sullivan. I didn't know him except in a very casual sort of way while he was at school, as he came after my time. He is a fine boy, a big strapping fellow. He was promoted from a Corporal on February 1st.

My company received a number of recruits from Lincoln, Ill., yesterday. Among them is a young fellow named Ryan, who was at S. V. C. a few years ago. I don't know how long he was there, but probably only a short time. He has not received a uniform yet, but he will be learning to do a "right face" tomorrow. There may be others here from S. V. C. but the foregoing are all that I know of. I would have enjoyed being present at your Service Flag dedication on Feb. 22nd, if for no other purpose than to have heard your masterful talk. I congratulate you upon it. "How do I know about it?" I am reliably informed that it was the most excellent oration you ever delivered; knowing that, I can form a hazy, inadequate idea of what it was, and am keenly conscious that I missed an intellectual feast.

This division is not filled to war strength yet, so we do not know when we will leave the U. S. A. Men are coming in daily, though; so we are kept busy getting them into shape. Of course we have plenty of drill, for nothing so gives a company the necessary discipline and blind obedience as close order drill. Then there are lectures to give, on personal hygiene, care of the feet, musketry, which includes target designation, etc., on gas attacks and the use of the gas mask, grenades and their use, etc. I being a college man, and having had some experience in talking, have most of the lectures to give. Then all of the officers have to go to school every evening. I have attended two special schools, one on gas, and one on the automatic rifle, and beginning tomorrow I am detailed to take a two week course in bayonet fighting under an English Captain, who is supposed to know all about it. I never did like bayonet drill, and would try to "kick out" of this, only I know how absolutely imperative it is that I know it thoroughly in order to instruct the company. It is excellent exercise however, and I should come out of the course as hard as iron. I am in tip-top health, never felt better. It is wonderful what effects accompany living like a clock,—by bugle calls and breathing all the fresh air one is sure to get by living in a tent, and then in addition is

the systematic exercise of daily calesthenics, drills, hikes, etc. Every day I become a stronger advocate of universal military training for young men, even though we may never have to fight another battle after this war is over. In addition to the physical benefits, it teaches obedience to and respect for superiors better than anything else I know of. It teaches a man to pay the closest attention to what is told him, makes him alert, coordinates muscular and nervous systems, etc.

This effusion is stringing out to a tiresome and unwarranted length, but there is one other thing I want to say. We were obliged to go to Charlotte and attend two lectures by Col. R. V. Kaplin, of the King's Hussars (English Army) the first of the week on "Discipline and Training." They were wonderful. Among other things he said: "As a nation thinks, so does its army fight." The army must fairly bristle and snap with discipline. You can imagine the discipline, Father, that is necessary to have thousands of men step out of a trench at an exact instant and advance across "No-man's land" at 120 paces per minute behind a gradually lifting barrage. An instant too soon and your own barrage wipes you out, an instant too late, or if you struggle, the enemy barrage will get you when it is let down. To get back,—that sort of discipline is necessary for the army, but the Colonel said we are an undisciplined nation. Many of our civilians are wishing the war was over,—end it regardless of terms; they think in the wrong direction and openly express their views. Young men are drafted and not exempted, and think they were discriminated against, parents and friends agree with him and send him away dissatisfied instead of patting him on the back. Cheerfulness is the first ingredient of morale, and morale is a synonym for victory, yet many men receive depressing letters from home. Civilians must not only try to cheer up and encourage the soldiers, they must cheer up and encourage each other. The people at home must all be buoyant, cheerful, hopeful, for the army reflects the spirit of the civilians at home. If mothers, wives, sisters have tears to shed they must do their crying at night and meet their neighbors with a smile by day. It had not occurred to me so forcibly before that the civilian population could play such a great part by simply thinking in the right direction, but now the more I think of it the more it grows on me. I am starting out to mold the public mind. In every letter I write I try to do it a little. Maybe the foregoing is all "old stuff" to you, but if it is not, maybe you will see something in my rambling remarks that suggest wherein the public should be educated. Make the civilian population think along correct lines so that the army may fight accordingly. In a word, discipline the nation a little as Germany and France are disciplined.

I crave your pardon for inflicting all of this on you Father. Taps are sounding and it's high time I was in bed. My sincerest good wishes for all of my Viatorian friends and the old College. As always I am,

Most sincerely and respectfully,

JAMES L. DOUGHERTY.

Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Tex.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

A few weeks ago I received your letter and wish to thank you for sending the same. It was my intention to take the Bar Exams in Camp Logan through the Judge Advocate office, but shortly after my return to camp I was placed on Detached Service and sent to the Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas. Since coming here I have been so busy that time would not permit me answering your kind letter. This week we are being trained in trench warfare and, believe me Father, it's some work. The last two days we have been digging and doing all field fortification work and the rest of the week we live in the trenches, cooking and sleeping whenever possible. So you see training here is quite intensive. No matter where you go you meet St. Viator men. Last Sunday I met young Kilbride ("Rose") here who is with the Signal Corps. Best regards and wishes to you and all at S. V. C.

Sincerely,

GEORGE A. ROONEY,

5th Inf. Co.,
Camp Stanley.

Officers' Training Camp,
Leon Springs, Tex.

Navy Rifle Range,
Peekskill, N. Y.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

I received your kind letter several weeks ago, but as today was the first chance we had of calling on Sister Mary St. Clare, I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner. Sister was quite surprised and pleased to meet us and we certainly spent an enjoyable afternoon with her and the other sisters. Just as soon as I mentioned Father O'Mahoney, why we sure batted an even thousand around the convent. So you can see that you have a place in their thoughts.

Dan Quinn also went over there with us. Dan, Leonard and I are in the best of health and are getting along fine with our work. We have been picked with thirty others from one camp, to go through some intensive training for several weeks, with the purpose of getting us ready to go to France. I think we will go in about a month but, of course, we don't know for sure, as we get very little information about what we are going to do. All we have to do is work about fourteen hours these days. We are learning all about the Lewis and Colt machine guns, rifle, pistol, signaling and about forty other things. We have all become very good shots with the machine guns and rifles. We went down to Mineola, L. I., to see some fellows from home that were down there. Whilst there we met "Scoop" Pemberton, from Bloomington and a fellow named Lowery, from Champaign, Ill. You will probably remember they attended St. Viator several years ago. They expected to leave for France some time last week.

Dan Quinn and Leonard join me in sending you our kindest regards. Thanking you for our memento in your daily mass, I am

Very truly yours,

EDWIN MORTELL.

Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

Just a few rather delayed lines acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to the annual meeting and dinner of St. Viator's Alumni. Owing to present circumstances you know it is impossible for me to attend.

St. Viator's has appealed to me more in the last year or so, than I could ever imagine it would, and, Father, you may rest assured that there is one more ex-pupil who does all the "plugging" possible for good old St. Viator.

But I do not wish to occupy your time longer so I will close. With sincere good wishes, I am,

Yours most respectfully,

Private CHARLES J. BRITTON,

Co. M. 131st U. S. Inf.,

Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

THE MADONNA FLOWER.

In memory of the martyr-tears,
By Mary shed throughout the years,
From Bethlehem's lowly manger bright
To Calvary's somber rock-strewn height;
The Christ to show the Virgin's power
Made each tear-drop a waxen flower.

On mountain crest, in verdant dell,
Where'er maternal tear-drops fell,
A fragrant bloom of spotless snow
On Easter morn is seen to grow;
For of His passion she partook,
Nor once her Holy Child forsook.

J. A. W.

HIS V. C.

EDWARD O'CONNOR.
Second Academic.

It was the season of new life. The "shaven lawns" of Oxford were clothed in a new mantle. The tall straight elms sent forth new shoots to measure up to the old spires. The birds happy in newly made houses chirped new melodies as they skimmed across the smooth trim lawns or flitted about through their leafy homes. Everything was new save the old spires of Oxford that looked down in maternal tenderness on old friendships. In their shade walked two students, the elder, Karl Stroff, who within a short time was to receive his master's degree which would end his life at Oxford and mark the beginning of his career in his native country, Germany, the younger Stanley Wilson, who would not receive his degree for another three years. In spite of the disparity in class standing a strong friendship bound them to each other which evidenced its influence the more that soon they were to part ways.

"Well, listen, old fellow" said the impetuous Stanley, breaking in upon Stroff's speech about preparations for departure, "can't you delay this beastly thing a few months?"

"Hardly," laconically answered Karl.

"We would have a jolly good time here in England and then you could return home. A fellow really deserves a vacation after he wins his degree. Don't you enjoy English life?

"Well, rather," returned Karl, "but I tell you, Wilson, it is absolutely imperative that I return home at once. And then it would be useless to put off my departure, it would only make it more difficult when I did leave."

Further persuasion would avail nothing and Wilson resigned himself to what seemed to him the irony of fate.

"I'm really sorry, Karl," he said somewhat gloomily, "but I suppose you are right. At any rate," he continued lightly, "we'll arrange a little farewell reception in honor of our hero who is going back to revolutionize the thought of the 'Vaterland.' I must leave you now for I am out for tea and it promises to be quite a 'swell affair,' as our American friend would say, so I must make preparations accordingly."

Two weeks later Karl Stroff received his first class degree. Stanley Wilson watched the beam of happiness and pride light the face of his companion—the expression of a man who has reached the mountain top panting and tired but happy in that he has gained his goal. He pictured himself in the same position three years hence and with the aid of his imagination he experienced a feeling very much akin to Karl Stroff's—perhaps there was more pleasure in the anticipa-

tion than would come with the realization. At any rate a great feeling of joy took hold of him, which for a moment seemed to alleviate the pang of grief he felt at the thought of losing the friend of his happiest hours.

The great war struck the people of England like a thunderbolt. So unexpected to them and so terrible in its unexpectancy. At the first declaration of war the wheels of industry paused, the hum of business ceased, the laughter and smiles of society vanished. Then suddenly as the awful truth, whose first revelation paralyzed, began to dawn upon them, a new life coursed through the country. The wheels of industry turned with greater swiftness and machinery hummed more loudly with the manufacture of engines of war. The smile of society gave way to the look of anxious fear. A new atmosphere surrounded everything, even Oxford, for there the tall grey spires which a year ago looked down on three thousand students making their entrance on another term now echoed only the lonely footstep of old professors.

Among the very first of Oxford's sons to cast his books aside was Stanley Wilson. At the first call he enlisted with an Oxford unit and was already in the first line trenches fighting grimly to drive back the Hun. No longer was he the carefree student of a short time ago. No longer were his petty worries confined to the battle for intellectual honors. Now he was the serious soldier battling for his life, for the life of the nation. Hardened by weeks of continuous fighting in the trenches he had forgotten the Master's words, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." The roar and din of battle had choked in his heart such holy sentiments. Almost every spark of human nature had been smothered by hatred of the foe. Every spark perhaps, save one—he coveted the honor of receiving a V. C. Twice had his gallantry been commended but each time his desire for the V. C. became stronger.

In the course of the days following an attack had been planned against the German trenches. It was deemed necessary to lay mines and accordingly volunteers were called to fulfill this dangerous mission. Wilson's heart leaped with joy but he was keenly disappointed when a young American of the Foreign Legion was accepted. That night the plucky Yankee departed for the enemies' trench. Three days passed by without any sign of his return. Finally it was decided that the American had paid the supreme price for his bravery and another call was issued for someone to attempt the unfulfilled task. This time Wilson made sure that he was the first to answer and he was accepted. At last the opportunity was his. No thoughts of danger entered his mind, only the vision of the V. C. filled his soul. With a light heart he made his way across the desert of "No Man's Land"—perhaps too eagerly—and reached the enemy's trench in safety. In worming his way across the fields he had wandered far from a straight path and had come to a sector of the trench that was

deserted. He climbed over the parapet and let himself down on the other side. Could it be that the Germans had abandoned the trench entirely? Was his mission after all to be fruitless? Crouched in the narrow pass he was lost in wonderment for a few moments but he was suddenly aroused from his stupor by the sharp command "Hands Up.' He wheeled about quickly, surprised at the words spoken in his native tongue and for a moment the realization of the trap he was in was lost. His captor struck a match revealing Stanley's features and at the same time disclosing his own person.

"Wilson!" he exclaimed.

"Karl!" gasped the amazed Wilson.

For a moment the immediate danger was forgotten. The great conflict itself with all its horrors was lost in the subconscious. A thrill of momentary pleasure filled the heart of each as they wandered back in memory to Oxford. Once more the old spires "looked down on careless boys at play," and in the trees' shade two students walked again. A dozen questions were put and briefly answered. What about Oxford! the professors! the old haunts! the old friends! But the war had left its effect on everyone and everything. Oxford was almost deserted, haunts were no more and old friends—all were "Somewhere in France!"

"But what are you doing here?" finally asked Karl.

There was silence as the painful realization of their present position came to both. What was he doing here? The answer was plain, it was war. It was evident some dangerous mission sent an English soldier alone into a German trench and to think that from the countless numbers it might have been, that soldier was Stanley Wilson. And what was he doing here? He knew well what he was *supposed* to be doing but he was face to face with a German officer and to think that from all that it might have been it was Karl Stroff. He could take his chance at killing him, in fact that was the only thing to do, but his captor was Karl Stroff, which changed the situation considerably. But what could he do? He couldn't allow himself to be taken prisoner, he would pay the penalty first. He couldn't accomplish his task nor could he return to his comrades and admit failure.

Suddenly a noise not far distant along the trench broke in upon their thoughts. Some action was imperative. Which should it be, capture for Wilson or a hand to hand death struggle with his old friend? Neither alternative was very inviting but the noise was approaching.

From the British lines came the challenge of fire. Hell was let loose preparatory to a well remembered charge. The next day as the detachment of English officers explored the captured trenches they discovered the body of Stanley Wilson lying across the corpse of a German captain. Far behind the lines a freshly made grave was marked: "Stanley Wilson, awarded V. C. for overcoming in mortal combat a German captain."

THOMAS A BECKET, ECCLESIASTIC AND STATESMAN.

E. V. Cardinal, '20.

In the galaxy of great men who flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Thomas à Becket stands out preëminently as a man intimately connected with one of the gravest problems of his time, viz., the question of Church and State. The sempiternal question of Church and State was then making inroads into the peace and prosperity of nations. It was a question which lent color to all the important events of this time,—all other questions being subsidiary to this important struggle. Every student of English history is bound to realize to some extent the practical issues that arose between Church and State; between ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction; between Churchmen and civil magistrates. These manifestations of rising conflicts of civil and ecclesiastical rights, privileges and liberties, are not more evident, perhaps, than in the life of him who did so much for the preservation of English liberties, the betterment of social and civil conditions in England, and finally in a greater degree still, the upholding of the Church against the tyranny of monarchs.

Thomas à Becket was born in London of French parents in 1118. He received his early education in the London schools at the famous monastery of Augustine canons. He was an exceedingly active youth and was fond of sport of all kinds. It is well to note here that he had an instinctive love, even as a boy, of fair play and a hatred of overbearing arrogance. These were a few characteristics of Thomas as a boy, and we shall find, that they were his ruling motives in his later life. Later, he studied at Oxford and Paris; he also studied law at Boulogne. It was not long before his unusual mental capability won for him minor offices under the Archbishop of Canterbury, Theobald, and during this time he was made deacon to insure him of a few benefices. Shortly after this event, the office of chancellor became vacant, and Henry II offered the position to Thomas, as an acknowledgement of his high administrative ability.

As chancellor he was vigorous and independent. It was under his influence that England passed from a state of dissolution, to one of a strong, centralized kingdom; he was "the guide and master of the king." The young chancellor was ever faithful in performing his many duties and nothing would deter him from doing so, as the following very aptly illustrates.

During his chancellorship a serious and weighty measure was passed against the lords and eventually against the clergymen. From the time of the Norman conquest until the reign of Henry the Second, the kings of England had required monetary payments from their subjects. The latter gradually became accustomed to fulfill

their obligations by military services, but when Henry came to the throne this military service was replaced by "scutage," or money payment for each shield. This no doubt, lessened the independence of the barons and ecclesiastics. Thomas upheld and even counselled the king to pass this measure. This indicates that Thomas was no Church-partisan, that he had independence of action, and the courage of his convictions. He did not care to support any immunities of the wealthy clergy to the detriment of the king's exchequer. He was preëminently a man of action. In public activities he was a leader and a great administrator. Realizing the truth of the proverb: "Verba volunt; exempla trahunt," with indomitable courage and unflagging energy, he set about the accomplishment of the stupendous tasks placed before him by the king. He became the guiding star of the eventful period in which he lived—a man who won the admiration of all loyal Englishmen who were interested in the true progress of England.

Henry recognized the ability and brilliant attainments of his young chancellor and manifested his affection and confidence in his adviser by many royal favors and large endowments. This intimate friendship lasted for many years. Many of the reforms and much of the prudence and forethought of action in the early part of Henry's reign must be attributed to Thomas. Then, too, the agreement between the king and his chancellor on the momentous questions that confronted them, their unity of thought and action, and wisdom of policy, gave an impetus and an efficacy to the administration. Thomas' years of chancery were indeed remarkable. What a feat of tact and diplomacy to keep Henry of Anjou under control! As a monarch and as an individual he was exceedingly imperious, selfish and irascible. His passion was said to be the raving of a madman, and the fury of a wild beast. He was continually asserting his superiority; and both in public and private, he was domineering and disagreeable. Strangely this superiority was never exercised over Thomas. This independence of spirit and action on the part of the king gradually made itself felt in every office and toward every individual save one, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, by virtue of his position could well assert his independence of the king. As Archbishop he had the right to attend the royal council and there express himself independently of all royal influences. Such a man was dangerous and embarrassing to a man of Henry's temperament and ambitions. Henry had long sought to make the Archbishop of Canterbury subservient to him. An opportunity seemed to present itself in the death of the Archbishop and Henry proposed to make Thomas à Becket the successor. He conceived the idea of uniting the office of chancellor and Archbishop under one head, his faithful and obedient Thomas. How greviously did Henry err, in his well conceived plan! Could he not see that to be Chancellor and Archbishop was an impossibility? How fatal was his mistake!

Theoretically there should have arisen no difficulty between the offices of Thomas as Chancellor and as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The sphere of the Church is distinct from and independent of that of the state. Both the Church and the State are societies supreme in their own sphere; both are perfect societies. By reason of theicoexistence on the earth, community of subjects, and a need in comr mon of some of the same means of activity, however, it is inevitable that they should have mutual relations in the juridical order. Now the question of the relation of Church and State, the limits of power of each, i. e., their respective spheres, is as old as Christianity itself. It vexed the ancient world and the modern world has not solved it. Christ gave a solution when He said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." According to the mind of Christ, the State is not supreme in the world, neither is the Church, to the exclusion of the State, but each is supreme only in its own sphere. Each has rights which the other is bound to respect. History shows that the violation of the rights of one or the other means serious harm. The rule of Christ alone can bring about civil and religious peace. The violation of this rule can be laid at the feet of Church-men, on the one hand, who have sought political prestige at the expense of the good of religion; on the other hand, can be attributed to Kings and State Leaders, who, in their desire to dominate the Church, have unscrupulously taken over the regulation of things religious to the great detriment of religion. All this is to misdirect and miscarry a divine ordination which is in itself good and calculated to produce peace and order and further the interests of men for time and eternity.

The human element so evident in all history, was destined to cause a rupture between the King of England and his Chancellor-Archbishop. The ambition and thirst for power of a passionate king called forth the best there was in his hitherto obedient Chancellor. Becket was not long in office when the foreseen difficulties arose. Whatever theoretical harmony may be predicated of Church and State in England at this time, to be Archbishop and Chancellor at the same time, Thomas found a practical impossibility. There was but one thing to do, viz., to resign. This he did, giving as his reason that "he was not equal to the two offices." This move on the part of Thomas surprised and vexed the King and his subsequent absence for a space of five years in France alone prevented an open rupture. During the king's absence inevitably Thomas became more and more confirmed in his position and office as Archbishop, and proportionately in silent opposition to the absent monarch. At this time Church and State were contending for supremacy as regards many things which can be termed "*Res mixtae*"; that is to say, affairs which belonged to the both spheres, and consequently were legitimate and pregnant sources of bitter strife. In the question of the jurisdiction of Church courts, appeals from these courts, the amount of fines and

dues, and many other such judicial questions, the Church found itself in constant conflict with the civil authorities. Naturally Thomas had to take one side or the other. His position as Archbishop made c lear his choice. He took up the defense of the Church and the vindication of her liberties and ancient rights. Beyond this official attitude forced on him, deep down in his heart he had firm and undying convictions confirming him in the position he had taken. These it was that prompted him to force the issue with the King upon his return. In so doing he "represented all the high ideas of the time concerning the independence of the Church, just as Henry represented the power of the civil government."

All the elements of opposition between King and Archbishop were localized in the issue that arose in the Council of Clarendon. The purpose of this Council was to draw up a list of customs of the land. These customs were written on paper and signed by various officers. Thomas, being there by right of office, was called upon to give his endorsement to the bill, to which demand he conscientiously objected. Physical force being threatened a verbal promise was obtained from him, but in order to make it more official and more binding the King desired the Archbishop to put his signature to it. In answer Thomas replied, "Never, by the Almighty God, as long as breath remains in my body will I put seal to this." Why did Thomas object? He had asked the king, "If these were the customs of England," some were, to which Thomas would have gladly assented, but some were not. "Was it a custom in England that the chief tenant of the king could not be excommunicated without his consent; that no appeal could be made to the pope? Was it a custom in England that no bishop leave the country for the pope's court without royal consent?" None of these were the customs of England, they were innovations made by the king. History relates that some of the bishops were willing to sign this document but not à Becket. He alone had a conscience of right and public duty, the will and the manhood to contend for them. He was forced into verbal submission, but when opportunity presented itself, he never faltered to contend that government by threats and violence should not prevail in England if he had anything to do with it. He was passionate in his demands for right. He was reared amidst the strangling arm of tyranny, but he was determined to hold sacred with his life the last vestige of English liberty and Church liberty. The passionate Henry grew more and more displeased because of the Archbishop's obstinacy. To remain in London would be endangering his life. In his difficulties and dangers, obeying the command of St. Matthew, "When they persecute you in one city, fly ye to another," he fled and placed the issue in the hands of the Pope. Thus he left honors, wealth and position, in order that the freedom and independence of the Church might be maintained against the encroaching despotism of an impious king. At this juncture the words which Tennyson puts into the mouth of Thomas the Archbishop, are applicable:

"I served Theobald well when I was with him,
I served King Henry well as Chancellor,
I am his no more, and I must serve the Church."

Shortly after Thomas' flight, Henry exiled all his friends and relatives, lay and clerical, rich and poor, young and old, the able-bodied with the decrepit, to the number of four hundred. Besides, he confiscated their properties and estates. Some of these adherents of Thomas were in no wise under obligations to the king, nor directly concerned in the quarrel, still, they were made victims to the tyrannical order. Thomas might have saved these by returning to England and weakly submitting to Henry's demands. But he chose rather to sacrifice everything than surrender to the grasping policy of a despot. The independence of the Church was, he knew, at stake and to submit the point at issue would have been to place the Church, her courts and canon law at the mercy of the caprice and fickle judgment of an English king and his ambitious ministers. This Thomas, noble and generous as he was, and peace-loving, could not in conscience do, so his only answer was bold and uncompromising: "Never, never while there is a breath left in my body."

Becket was in banishment six years before a reconciliation was effected. Henry, who rightly feared the power and strength of the spiritual arm saw fit to recall Thomas, promising at the same time to reinstate him in all his former rights, lands, and possessions. No doubt, this reconciliation was pharasaical on Henry's part as his procrastination proved. Month after month passed without any restitution of Thomas's properties, who, still fired with determination to protect the rights of the Church and so far as possible to vindicate their infringement placed three English bishops under excommunication, and also the soldiers of the king who had taken part in the confiscation of Church property. When Becket desired to have audience with the King to explain to him just why he had taken this action, the latter refused to see him and told him to go back to Canterbury. Later when he heard of the excommunication his fury knew no bounds and in the heat of his rage he cried out: "Of all the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?" These words were as sparks on a sun dried prairie. Immediately the auditors set to work to accomplish the king's rashly expressed wish. The four soldiers planned the insidious plot and soon Thomas was to leave this vale of tears for the land of everlasting bliss.

The miserable knights found their victim in the Cathedral assisting at divine worship. When Becket saw his murderers and realized their purpose he exclaimed, "Are you come to murder me?" "I am ready." "I shall not desert my Church again. Never again shall the seal (of office) lie between me and the Church." There as he knelt in prayer in the transcept of the great Cathedral of Canterbury he was brutally murdered. What a cold-blooded, atrocious

crime! What barbarity! There he lay, Bishop and Martyr; asleep in death, his complexion unchanged in color, his eyes and mouth closed, his countenance beautiful in its frank and cheerful expression, his limbs still lax; a Bishop, who died at his post of duty like a true soldier of Jesus Christ; a statesman who died a martyr to the unscrupulous ambition of Henry II.

Great was the consternation of his confreres who witnessed the murder. Greater still was the indignation and sorrow of the people, when they heard of the awful crime. A deep horror spread over the Christian world. Even Henry mourned. The penitential remorse which Henry manifested, if in any degree sincere, suggests that he never really willed the murder of Thomas, but acted out of anger and from impulse. Be that as it may, it is certain that the victory which Thomas had been unable to accomplish while alive, was assured by reason of his tragic death, since the people universally proclaimed him a martyr. Heaven had taken him up. The people needed no decree from Rome to tell them of their saint and martyr. Nature itself proclaimed the glory of his death by a tempest of rain and thunder, followed by a beautiful aurora.

Thomas died the champion of liberty, the protector of Church liberties. As Chancellor he had been instrumental in crushing the tyranny of many lords and barons; as archbishop, he had stood for the rights of the people and those oppressed. The Aurora of the night of his murder was the dawn of a new day, the dawn of liberty. He had lived and died for liberty, justice and charity. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause.

There is one means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch.—*William of Orange.*

THE RISING TIDE.

T. J. L.

"The Rising Tide"—this is the title of Father Maguire's first efforts as a playwright and with its appearance on the stage he added new laurels to his already envious position as a litterateur. The play deals with the rising tide of Irish democracy, and England's treatment of that fairest flower of man's political genius. In the form of an allegory the past with its joys and its sorrows is unrolled and the future of Ireland is pictured in the roseate hues of hope, and political justice combined with industrial prosperity is the prophecy which Father Maguire makes for the New Ireland. With a pen steeped in the truest principles of political justice the case of Ireland against England is vindicated and in reading the play we are reminded of the burning and eloquent words of a Swift and a Malone or the eloquent pleadings of an O'Connell combined with the invectives of a Grattan. England and Ireland are allowed to state their case on the stage of justice and the might of England must cede Ireland's right to justice.

Buller in the play represents England's treatment of Ireland. He wants to marry Kathleen Houlihan, who typifies the national soul of Ireland. Kathleen's father is one of the ascendant party who sways the Protestant garrison in Ireland and his future is bound up with the fortunes of Buller. He pledges Kathleen's hand to Buller. Padraic McCullough represents the active principles of Sinn Fein and he is in love with Kathleen. Around these principal characters Father Maguire weaves his plot and its intricate workings. Buller is bent on entering parliament and his marriage with Kathleen would be the consummation of all his desires. But she, steeped in the tragic romance of Irish history, loathes the touch of Buller's hand because he is the embodiment of principles alien and antagonistic to her soul.

Through these characters and minor ones the past history of Ireland is unrolled. The tragic panorama of Erin's ideals are depicted with love and with reverence. The pure white glow of Ireland's aspirations and England's blighting influence on the growth of Irish nationality are sketched by the pen of a master mind. The long and weary night of travail, anguish and oppression is driven home with a realistic touch. The cancerous growth of alien legislation which represses the soul of Ireland is unmasked in all its hideous deformity. The age-long struggle of the liberty loving nation for the realization of its national individuality unstinted by foreign ideals has the glamour and glow of the sublimest tragedy when woven by the master hand of Father Maguire. Padraic McCullough is the personification of Sinn Fein. With the passionate and eloquent pleadings peculiar to his race and party he unravels the tangled skein of Irish history

with sympathy and with hope. For him the magic freshness of the Irish hills and the beauty of the Irish landscape are steeped in symbolism. He knows Erin with the smile and the tear and his future is bent on achieving the treasured heritage of his race. He knows of the materialism which is undermining the spiritual sense of his race and his future is decided in cutting the Gordian knot of its cancerous growth. England to Padraic's mind is the defender of materialism, he knows the spiritual legacy which his forbears have bequeathed to him and with the ideality of the spiritual man he denies England's right to bind his country to the nephitic touch of irreligion and ultimate decay. In him Father Maguire treasures the legacy of spiritual Ireland untouched by the false tinsel of modern prosperity and pharasaical industrialism. In him we see Patrick Pearse the heroic defender of his country's rights in the ill fated Easter week Rebellion. The unsung tragedy of Erin's national repression is treasured in him and the past ideals of the race are in him re-incarnate. Despite the golden glow of future prosperity Kathleen abandons Buller for the insecure fortunes of Padraic McCullough.

She sees Buller as the living exponent of England. She has peered into the past history of her ill-fated country and she knows that Buller's ascendancy in Ireland would mean the vanishing of all that is dear to the heart of Ireland. She knows the purity of the principles which actuated and still impells the Sinn Feiners in their glorious fight for national independence and with marvellous intuition she sees in them the treasured ideals of the past. Therefore she decides to marry Padraic McCullough and live in poverty rather than marry Buller and be rocked in the lap of luxury and ease. She is the soul of Ireland who would prefer to live her own life along the lines of undictated development and perhaps in poverty rather than espouse the cause of England's prosperity with the consequent loss of Irish spiritual ideals.

Then Father Maguire pictures Ireland living her own life in peace and comfort when the smoke of the present war has cleared away. England, in the past, was incapable of ruling Ireland because their national souls are antagonistic. Therefore Ireland must be given her inalienable right to independence. Thus the allegory ends with a sublime prophecy of Ireland's future national independence.

We have read the plays of Yeats, Synge, and Colum of the Irish Renaissance but none of them have caught the glow of Ireland's national ideals like Father Maguire. They may have caught the haunting melody of Ireland's aspirations but none of them are capable of entwining them with the soul-longing of Ireland like Father Maguire. He combines the romance of Irish history with the passionate longing for Irish Independence. Would that we had a few more Father Maguires to vindicate the true ideals of Sinn Fein from the popular and ignorant obloquy to which it is subjected. We have followed the course of Irish history with passionate earnestness, we

have read the best of the modern Irish school of writers, but we are earnest when we say that Father Maguire's play even if subjected to the most searching criticism can compare favorably with anything we have read dealing with Ireland. In prose and style it can be compared to the inimitable works of a Davis and in portraying the haunting witchery of Ireland's soul Father Maguire can be compared to Clarence Mangan. Go forward then Father Maguire in your work and that pen of truth and justice will be your best introduction to a world that is craving for men like you.

THE RED CROSS.

Hail Cross of Calvary,
Cross of Humanity,
  All praise be thine.
May thy sweet charity,
Reaching from sea to sea,
  All hearts entwine.

Hail Cross of Christ Divine,
Hail Mankind's sacred shrine,
  Mighty in power.
Stained by the saving Flood,
Of the Redeemer's Blood,
  Mankind's rich dower.

Sign of the Red Cross Band,
Easing in every land,
  Sorrow and pain.
Hail Cross of Christ Divine,
Hail Cross incarnadine,
  Endless Thy reign.

—J. A. W.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Plans for the celebration of the GOLDEN JUBILEE of the college are very nearly mature. The joint committee of the alumni and the officers of the college have decided that in view of the fact that the nation is at war it would be more becoming to have the celebration on a more modest scale than was contemplated at first, and instead of having a three days celebration it will be confined to two. As soon as the program is completed, it will be sent out at once with an invitation to all the members of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION and the friends of the college.

The ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, however, is pushing with as much energy as possible the promotion of the GOLDEN JUBILEE ENDOWMENT FUND with which it plans to signalize the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of St. Viator College. The resident secretary of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, Professor Clarence J. Kennedy, has had fairly satisfactory response to appeals he has sent to the alumni throughout the year, but as the time of the Jubilee is now drawing near, a special appeal was recently issued urging all the alumni to be as generous as possible in their subscriptions to the GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND. Only one thing is preventing St. Viator College from occupying the foremost place in the field of Catholic education, and that is debt. It is the hope of every loyal alumnus that this obstacle will be very largely removed next June by the ENDOWMENT FUND. In pursuance of this object, the following letter was sent to all the alumni who had not yet subscribed to the fund:

My dear Fellow Alumnus:

At the last annual meeting of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, at which over three hundred members were present, it was unanimously decided that the year 1918, the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the founding of ST. VIATOR COLLEGE, should be signalized by the establishment of a perpetual fund known as the GOLDEN JUBILEE ENDOWMENT FUND. In accordance with the plan adopted, the contributions for this fund may be extended over a period of five years, or may be made in one payment. We wish to record in the books of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION your share in this great work and for this purpose we are sending you the enclosed subscription card. A complete financial statement will be made at the ANNUAL REUNION and published in the ALUMNI NUMBER of the "Viatorian."

To maintain the best standards of education, to overcome present and pressing difficulties, and to meet triumphantly the problems of the future, ST. VIATOR COLLEGE needs the loyal, practical support of all those who are interested in her welfare. The loyalty of

VIATOR STUDENTS is proverbial. We wish to crystallize this loyalty in the GOLDEN JUBILEE ENDOWMENT FUND. In this way it shall be a perennial source of strength to our ALMA MATER.

A college without an endowment is like a business without capital; a college with a debt is like a giant fettered and manacled. Let us break ST. VIATOR'S chains, and make her strong and free for the accomplishment of great things in the glorious cause of CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

By responding to this appeal in a manner in keeping with his means, every ALUMNUS can become a sharer in the noble work which the ASSOCIATION hopes ST. VIATOR COLLEGE will continue to perform for years without number. Rally around the OLD GOLD and PURPLE so that it may ever wave in the vanguard of the battle for CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

With full confidence that this appeal will strike a responsive chord in your heart, I remain

Gratefully yours,

J. P. O'MAHONEY, C. S. V.,
Chairman.

Will not every alumnus answer this appeal? Whether you can give much or little, give what you can and in this way do your bit to help your ALMA MATER forward in her struggle to give the best Catholic education possible.

A day—an hour—of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage.—*Webster*.

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The Student and the War.

When the great black cloud of the present conflict that hung over Europe finally broke and poured down its torrents in red streams, millions of men rushed from every walk of life to stem the tide that threatened to inundate a continent and a world beneath the murky depths of an unchristian inhumane system. Industries of every kind and description that had no direct bearing upon the present issue were made destitute of workers who were hastily enlisted in the service of defense; professions of every character were abandoned so that the mighty force necessary to repel the vicious attack might be augmented, every occupation, in short, was forsaken to give greater strength to the combatant of injustice. Of all walks of life there is none, perhaps, that has been left more destitute than the student life. The tocsin's sound was the signal for dismissal and from schools, colleges and universities they streamed forth in thousands, all turning

hastening steps towards the carnage fields of France. This fact is no less pronounced in our own country, for since the declaration of war by our government there is not a college or university whose attendance has not been greatly reduced. Universities whose walls before the war enclosed a young city of inhabitants are now but fair sized colleges. Colleges whose registration before the war reached five hundred have been reduced to a mere handful, whilst most of those whose attendance fell below two hundred and fifty have within the past year been forced to close their doors.

When we consider the great number of students, university and college men, from this country, and the vast multitudes from other countries that are now engaged in the great battle of the world we sometimes wonder if they play any particular part in the world tragedy whose principals are kings and rulers, and if they are distinguished from the great crowd, if they do play any particular part what is it.

It is hardly possible that the student is readily distinguishable from the millions of nations' defenders but there can be no doubt that they as a class will occupy a prominent position in the readjustment of the world after the war.

The tremendous struggle had been going on for almost three years. The huge vat of human carnage had boiled and simmered and simmered and boiled in almost regular alternation. To and fro giant waves of human beings surged leaving the indelible trace of crimson wherever it touched, and yet there seemed to be a haze about the principle for which they spilled their blood. No doubt there was a principle, the same then as now, but men could not see it, nations could not formulate it. Instinct told them it was there, that it was mighty and that it was eminently worth the greatest sacrifice they could make but what it was they couldn't state. Then whilst statesmen and rulers were groping in the darkness, whilst nations were fighting blindly a foe they could not recognize, America stepped into the field, America entered the war. Was there still to be the same misty doubt concerning principles? Was more confusion to be added to the jumble of "causes"? No, America had entered into the war in defence of principles as had the other allied powers but she did not enter until she saw clearly what those principles were. In her own constitution she saw embodied the principles that were now at stake. Liberty, the basis of her foundation, was being menaced; democracy, the cornerstone of the world's greatest nation, was being attacked, and then our great leader from his position on the heights called to America to "make the world safe for democracy," called to America to fight unto death for the God-given right she possessed; called to America to defend the weak from the unjust aggressor. The answer came back in the action of millions of her sons and immediately the allied nations recognized the crystallization of that for which they had been seeking for almost three years, and the cause of America

became identical with their cause. "Democracy against autocracy," "defense of the weak," "the self determination of small nations," became the slogans that called another nation to arms and gave those already in the throes of battle new heart.

"Democracy," "Self-determination for small nations," these are the things that are going to be the primal elements in the readjustment and these are the things that America and especially the students of America will have to defend with as great a vigor and strength as they are displaying now. Perhaps these principles will never again be the issue on fields of blood—God forbid—but at all times and particularly immediately after the war they will need defenders just as they have them now. Self-determination for small nations may not be for some powers as easy to grant as times of war foreshadow, especially if it means the cutting off of fruits long enjoyed, but men are fighting and dying for this principle and when victory is theirs they are not going to lose sight of their cause easily no matter if it is their own government that stands in the way. When Germany broken and conquered lays down her arms the fight for democracy and the independence of small nations will not be at an end, for Germany is not the only foe of independence. The war now being waged is not for independence from Germany alone but from every country that holds small nations in subjugation. Nor is it for political independence only but for social and economic independence as well. The conqueror dare not demand the relinquishment by the conquered of unjust claims and she herself remains guilty of the same crime. The conqueror dare not demand liberty for nations held in submission when she herself permits within her own borders countless numbers of her citizens to be bound and shackled socially and economically. If we are fighting for democracy, if democracy means anything to us more than a name we must see that it is granted to all nations indiscriminately. We are not fighting for the self-determination of Belgium, Poland, Alsace-Lorraine, or any other small nation in particular. We are fighting for the liberty of all nations, for the democracy of the world, as our great spokesman said.

When Germany is beaten to her knees and suppliantly begs a truce it is the student, the educated, that will be the leaders of men, the men who have grasped the true meaning of democracy, the men who realize how far democracy must extend. It is the student, the thinker, who will guard with jealous care the democracy for which nations will have given their best blood.

This will be the student's part after the war, a part as important as any played in the world's battle today, a part equal to the position of America herself—the defender and guardian of democracy.

Georgetown College Journal:

A consciousness of the seriousness of the times is the dominant note of the March issue of the Georgetown College Journal. The very first contribution, the editorial "Spring and the War" strikes the keynote of the issue. Springtime, the erstwhile harbinger of youth, love and peace will see, in the editor's opinion, the occurrence of events which will alter the destinies of nations and change the face of the earth. "A Democracy Needs a Great Organizer" is a well written essay. The author defends the contention expressed in the title by copious references to the wretched conditions attending the birth of Democracy in France and Russia. America, in the writer's opinion, had what France and Russia did not have, a great leader in the person of George Washington. The exman is glad to be at one with the author in his main contention. While nothing is further from the desire of the exman than to detract from the honor and glory rightfully due to the Father of Our Country, still he cannot help remarking that the author has erred in overemphasizing the position of Washington. Washington was a great figure, a very great figure, but not the sole outstanding figure. "Sims—The American" is another contribution by a hero worshipper. In the short space allotted to the author a fairly complete sketch of Vice Admiral Sims is given. He had cleverly seized upon two events in the admiral's life which place the hero in a more vivid light than pages and pages of abstract words and phrases would ever do.

The poetry, even more than prose, is inspired by themes of war. All selections of verse breathe forth the sentiment thus expressed by one of Georgetown's budding poets, that this awful strife "may grind out anew the Bread of Life." "A Soldier's plea" expresses well the spirit of the American heroism:

"We freely give that you so far away,
May well preserve the dearest charms of life
Untouched, unsullied by the loathsome hand,
That there has passed, and passing left its brand
Of shame, dishonor, dreaded woes of strife,
That but unwearied time can now allay."

The Mountaineer.

From Catholic Maryland comes the *Mountaineer* teeming with productions which are really literary, The pages of the combined December-January issue suffer from no dearth of verse. Judging from the selections of this issue verse treating of nature must be in high favor among the contributors to the *Mountaineer* as is evidenced by the titles "December," "To a Fragment of Ice," "The Sonnet to a Garden," "January," and "The Valley." Of these the last named is especially praiseworthy for its beauty and imagery.

"The Novels of Robert Hugh Benson" is a well-planned and executed review of the works of this great Catholic author. Though the scope of the essay forbids a detailed critical analysis of the novels, nevertheless in the short summary allotted to each the author displays a praiseworthy knowledge of them. He has succeeded in his aim to show that the guiding purpose of Monsignor Benson's novels was "To assert Eternal Providence," and "justify the ways of God to man." "A Nineteenth Century Scholar," and "The Dream of Gerontius" are essays in embryo which if developed more fully would give promise of great things.

Evidently the author of "Thinking—and the art of Study" has mastered and popularized a difficult subject. Unfortunately the homiletic and didactic attitude painfully evident in the introduction is ill-calculated to enlist the sympathies and interest of the reader. This aversion, however, is short-lived. The practical knowledge and happy expression of the elementary principles of psychology dispels it.

"The Follies of 1606," the first short story of the issue displays an imaginative power that knows no bounds. It shows an outrageous disregard for the primal requisites of probability and possibility. As an attempt to picture the lives of the Elizabethans it is a miserable failure. May not the exman respectfully suggest that such compositions be placed in the college locals where they will be taken at their face value. "An Unintentional Apostle," the second short story, redeems in full measure the failings of the former. Interest is cleverly aroused at the start by the creation of atmosphere of mystery and is maintained throughout by the complexity of the plot. The exman cannot conclude without bestowing a word of commendation on the alumni editor. Certainly no alumnus of Mount St. Mary's can read this column without genuine interest and pleasure.

The Lorrettine:

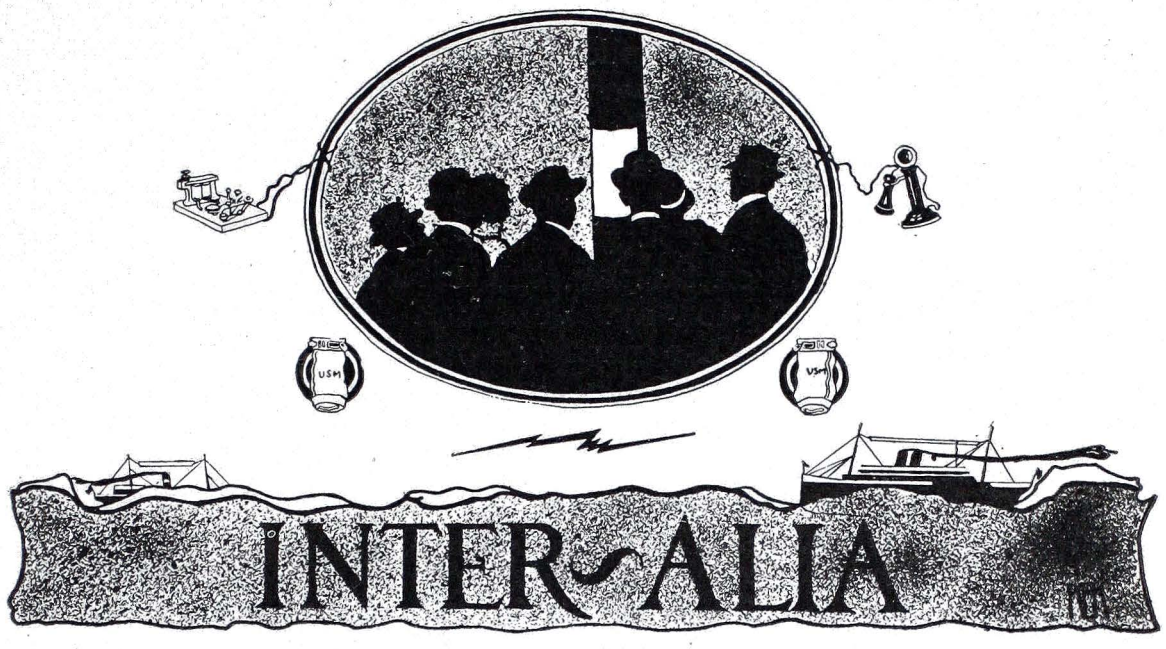
While aimlessly turning over of the February issue of the *Lorrettine* the eyes of the exman rested on the heading—"Patriotic Pageant at Loretto College." Matters of purely local interest seldom interest strangers. But this account is an exception. The author seems to have had well in view the readers who had not had the good fortune of being present, and she has adopted her style and treatment accord-

ingly. The first short story of the number, "In the Bishop's House," by Anna G. Minogue, is excellent. The numerous essays on the great English poets as well as the verse contributions of amateur talent lends a poetic tone to the magazine. The essays "The Purpose of the Witches in Macbeth," "Adonais" and the "Poetical Characteristics of Shelley" indicate that the author's study of poetry has been something more than surface-deep.

De Paul Minerval:

The *De Paul Minerval* is always a most welcome visitor to our sanctum. The general make-up of the magazine appeals to us. Every issue contains one or more literary essays, short stories, and last, but by no means the least, a well written philosophical essay. The February issue in our opinion is slightly inferior to the usual standard maintained by De Paul. The initial essay, a comparison of the "Peace Threnody" of Tennyson, is too limited in its treatment to give an adequate idea of the relative merits of these two productions. Nevertheless the author displays considerable interpretative power, a faculty for discerning characteristic differences, and a power of giving concise and forcible expression to ideas.

"Only a Girl," is a fair piece of literary composition and psychological analysis, but not a very interesting short story. It suffers grievously from the want of that action which is the primal requisite of a short story. "The Existence of God" is a philosophical essay that is really scholarly. The treatment is thorough and the arguments advanced invincible. If read by or delivered before philosophic or scientific circles it would receive its due appreciation. But in our opinion the tone and treatment are far above the range of the average man uninitiated into subtleties of philosophy. The language is the language of scholars and specialists, not of the average man. The essay entitled "The Unspoken Language" presents a new point of view from which music can be studied with profit. The author demonstrates well the chief tenet of her position that "the only way in which one can have a proper apprehension of the materials music works with, of the things it relates, and the faculties to which it is addressed, is to study it as a language."



February Twenty-Second

The birthday of George Washington was chosen for the dedication of St. Viator's service flag. The ceremonies began with a Solemn High Mass which was celebrated by Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Provincial of the Order, assisted by Rev. F. X. Munsch, C. S. V., as deacon, and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, as sub-deacon. A most eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V. The flag raising took place in the afternoon, in the presence of a large audience.

The flag contains 13 crosses, representing those priestly sons of St. Viator who are serving God and Country as chaplains in the army or navy. The stars number 210, and for each star there is a former student of Viator helping to win the war, many of them already being in France.

Rev. Father Bergin, C. S. V. was the speaker and his words will not soon be forgotten by all those who were so fortunate as to be present.

Miss Myrna Sharlow

As a fitting conclusion to the Lyceum course, Father Maguire obtained the services of Miss Myrna Sharlow, prima donna of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, for a concert which was held on Thursday, March 14th, at the Majestic Theatre in Kankakee. Miss Sharlow, who is one of the youngest prima donnas singing in opera, sprang into prominence about three years ago. Her voice is a rich soprano, whose beauty was admirably brought out in every number and especially in the two arias which appeared on the program. Mr. Robert Dolysi, a most able violinist, accompanied Miss Sharlow in two numbers, and played several very difficult solos in a masterly way. The audience, while not so large as was expected,

was exceedingly enthusiastic, following each number with storms of applause, as indeed each and every number deserved.

Father Maguire certainly should be congratulated on his success in procuring so excellent attractions such as this concert and the various entertainments which preceded it throughout the winter.

St. Patrick's Day

March 17th falling on Sunday, the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was deferred until Monday. A solemn High Mass and sermon formed the morning's program. In the afternoon the numerous visitors witnessed the production of "The Rising Tide," a drama of the present day, written by the Rev. John W. Maguire, C. S. V. The play, which is allegorical, treats of present day conditions in Ireland, and the author gives an outline, a prophecy, of what he, as a student of the Irish question, believes to be its ultimate solution.

The play was also staged on Sunday evening, for the benefit of those who were unable to be present on Monday. Both audiences proclaimed "The Rising Tide" a great success, from every point of view.

Credit must be given to all the members of the cast and a great measure of the success of the play is due to the excellent acting of Miss Aileen Higgins.

Among the new candidates for Thespian laurels we wish to congratulate Mr. Thomas E. Shea and Mr. Joseph Smith upon their splendid success. Among the old-timers, Mr. Paul Dunne and Mr. Gordon McDonald did more than justice to their respective parts, both of which were very difficult. Mr. Joseph F. Leonard also deserves credit for a very good piece of characterization.

The vocal numbers by Miss Aileen Higgins and Mr. Gordon McDonald were much appreciated. The program follows.

Prologue.....Mr. Gregory A. Galvin

Characters in order of appearance.

James Houlihan, a Protestant gentleman farmer
Mr. Thomas P. Kelly

Michael Lowry, Mr. Houlihan's servant...Mr. Thomas C. Harrison

John Buller, an Englishman, agent of the Clonduff Estate,
Mr. Paul A. Dunn

Kathleen Houlihan, James Houlihan's daughter
Miss Aileen Higgins

Padraic McCullough, Schoolmaster, Leader of the Kilboyle Sinn Feiners.....Mr. F. Gordon McDonald

Terence Doyle, a Bank Clerk and Sinn Feiner...Mr. Joseph F. Sheen

John Croker, a rich Irish-American.....Mr. J. Joseph Smith

Daniel Kilfoyle	Young Farmers and Sinn Feiners	Mr. Francis T. Kennelly
Owen O'Grady		Mr. James C. Corbett
James Farley		Mr. Francis A. Ortman
Peter Rafferty		Mr. Joseph J. Leonard

Timothy Flavin, a Shopkeeper and Sinn Feiner
Mr. James M. Heeney
Father Cleary, Parish Priest of Kilboyle.....Mr. Thomas E. Shea
James Judson, John Buller's English servant....Mr. James T. Sees
William Carey, John Buller's Irish servant....Mr. Joseph D. Lynch
Matthew Sullivan, an old farmer.....Mr. John J. Madden
Patrick Flavin, Timothy Flavin's father.....Mr. John J. Fleming
Hugh O'Grady, Owen O'Grady's father.....Mr. Joseph J. Leonard

ALUMNI NOTES.

A short time ago, Corporal Emmet W. Flynn, quarterback of 1915-1916-1917 football team, but now stationed at Fort Riley, stopped at the College for a few days.

Our President, The Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, has been singularly honored by being appointed chairman of Catholic Activities in Kankakee County and also chairman of Local Neighborhood Committee, State Council of Defense.

On April 6th, at the request of the State Council of Defense, Father J. W. Maguire delivered a stirring patriotic address at Harrisburg, Ill.

Among the other S. V. C. Boys who are training at Camp Greene, is James O'Connell, H. S. '14, "Pat" of trigonometry fame (thanks to Father O'Mahoney) is solving the problem of getting the Kaiser's goat.

Answering the call, Bro. St. Aubin, C. S. V., has accepted a captain's commission in the Illinois Home Guard. His previous experience and success with the "Zouaves" warrants the appointment.

The Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., for the last nine months Knights of Columbus Chaplain, has received his commission as a 1st Lieutenant, U.S.A., and is now stationed at Camp Wadsworth, Spartansburg, S. C. May he continue to meet with great success in his earnest desire to be of service to the Catholic soldiers.

ALUMNI

Remember, the 11th and 12th of June is
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION
AND YOUR HOMECOMING

Let no other appointment engage you on those days

Before Father L. O'Connor's departure for the East, the faculty had the pleasure of entertaining him. The Rev. L. O'Connor is now Chaplain of the 310th Cavalry, Fort Ethan Allen, Birmington, Vermont. To accept the position of Chaplain, it was necessary for Father O'Connor to give up the pastorage of Piper City, where he recently built a new church. The *Viatorian* is pleased to instant this manifestation of Catholic patriotism.

Word has reached us that Lowell A. Lawson has opened office at Suite 614 Harris Trust Building, Chicago, where he will engage in the general practise of Law. Members of the College faculty and student friends offer congratulations.

Our first alumnus (that we have heard of) to win a medal for distinguished service is Joseph Wheeler, U. S. Navy. Due to his courage and ability, a damaged submarine chaser was brought back into port. No doubt other Viator boys in service will emulate Joseph Wheeler and, like him, bestow honor and glory upon their Alma Mater.

From "Somewhere in France," Clement Haggerty, Aviation Corps, acknowledges receipt of the *Viatorian*.

Archbishop Mundelein has appointed the Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V. to direct the sales of Liberty Bonds in Northwest parishes of Chicago.

We record with pleasure the marriage of Ciro Boeta which took place at Tampico, Mexico, during the month of February. The *Viatorian* joins with the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Boeta in wishing them a long and happy married life.

We were, in the celebration of the feast of St. Patrick, unusually honored by the presence of so many of our friends among the clergy. A few of the reverend visitors were: Edward J. Dunn, E. H. Dillon, Charles Doherty, Irwin Murray, F. A. Sheridan, Wm. Courtney, W. E. Frawley, Chas. Rimmels, W. P. White, John Kleinsorg, P. E. Lebon, J. P. Parker, J. H. Cannon, A. Mainville, M. P. Sammon, J. M. Kiely, S. A. Daigle, C. A. Poissant, Wm. Granger, P. Dufault, O. R. Bourdeau, J. A. Charlesbois, P. McGee, A. L. Labrie, Z. P. Berard, J. J. Gearty, A. Tardif and A. Baltutis.

On April 1st, 1918, the Rev. Edward Unruh, A.B., '13, was raised to the dignity of Holy priesthood at the Cathedral of Kansas City by the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, D. D. Father Unruh celebrated his First Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, Chicago. His many friends at the College wish to express their sincere wishes for his long life, health and success in the performance of his sacred duties.

OBITUARIES

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

Each succeeding day brings news of the supreme sacrifices made on the Altars of Democracy "Over There." Edward B. Crane was one of the first of Viator's men to fall mortally wounded in action.

This noble martyr heeded the first call for battle. He accompanied Pershing into Mexico at the time of the chase after Villa. Then again as soon as war was declared against Germany he enlisted in the Eighteenth United States infantry. His courage, alertness and marksmanship brought him among the first to the line of action.

St. Viator is proud to be able to record among its fallen heroes the name of Edward B. Crane. To Honorable Judge Harry Dolan, Eddie's ward and uncle, as well as to his other relatives, we extend our sympathies.

Death claimed for its own Miss Catherine Creighton, the fair sister of James who is so well known at Viator. Miss Creighton, who was but sixteen years of age, was attending the convent at Springfield when the fatal malady attacked her. After a brief illness she passed to her heavenly-home on March 29th, in the Springfield Hospital. The burial took place at Ivesdale on the First of April.

Reverend John Armstrong celebrated solemn requiem Mass. He was assisted by Reverend F. X. Hazen, C. S. V. and Reverend J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., who also preached the sermon. Reverend J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., gave the last blessing.

To James and his bereaved parents the faculty and students extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Requiescant in pace.

SOCIETIES

THE CHOIR

The choir, although quite conservative in social activities during these war days, shone forth resplendently on St. Patrick's day. Its rendition of Rosewig's Mass in F reflected in no small degree the talent of the organization and the devoted and earnest work of the director, Mr. J. Robert Elmslie.

The arrangement of having a portion of the choir surpliced and accompanying the celebrating ministers added much to the inspiring ceremonies.

THE THESPIAN CLUB

The happy return of the feast of the Emerald Isle's patron saint brought into the limelight again the talented thespians of St. Viator's Dramatic Club. Since the presentation of "My Boy" last October 21st, the society has gone through a trying period and has been called upon to give to the cause of Liberty some of its best talent. This indeed was severe enough but added to the loss of so much good quality their able Moderator, Reverend Father Sheridan, was called away to labor in fields more needy of his untiring zeal.

For some time the dwindling association of actors struggled on to what seemed inevitable ruin but finally Reverend Father J. W. R. Maguire assumed the duties of Moderator. Father Maguire found in the society a handful of green though talented embryonic thespians but by his ardent zeal and unselfish devotion he presented a play highly delightful and entirely devoid of amateurishness. Well may the new moderator be called a man of many parts. He at once unites the rarely combined qualities of playwright, manager, and teacher.

As to the members of the cast, they are to be warmly complimented on their excellent showing. A most diligent judge would have to cede equal honors to the principals while the minor characters added realism and interest seldom surpassed. The society and its able moderator are to be congratulated on their admirable success.

Although the basketball season closed with the losses in the majority yet we cannot say the career of this year's team was unsuccessful. Judging the ability of the team by its playing and not by the number of games lost and won this year's five was representative of the average high school team. It is true the victories are not as many as have been to the credit of former Viator aggregations, but it is not due to inferior playing but rather to some slip or stroke of hard luck which gave the opponent the upper hand within the last few minutes of play. Team-work at all times was good and basket-throwing on many occasions was excellent.

The following is the list of games played under the Catholic High School League and the results:

St. Viator	32	St. Rita	13
St. Viator	14	De La Salle	34
St. Viator	22	De Paul	38
St. Viator	18	St. Ignatius	20
St. Viator	33	St. Phillips	10
St. Viator	45	St. Rita	11
St. Viator	10	De La Salle	13
St. Viator	22	St. Ignatius	27
St. Viator	16	De Paul	26

ST. VIATOR—ST. RITA.

In their first game on a strange floor the Viator boys showed their ability to ring baskets by defeating St. Rita's Academy by a score of 32–13. The game was played in De La Salle's gymnasium. Bushell's basket throwing was the outstanding feature of the game.

St. Viator, 32.		St. Rita, 13.
Bushell	Right forward	Walsh
Cavanagh	Left forward	Callaghan
Deutsch	Center	Long
Kennelly	Right guard	G. Henry
Lyons	Left guard	P. Henry

Field Goals: Bushell (9), Wilkins (4), Cavanagh (1), Lyons (2), P. Henry (2), G. Henry (1), Long (2). Free Throws: G. Henry (3), Substitutions: Heaney for Deutsch, Kenneley for Cavanagh.

ST. VIATOR—ST. IGNATIUS

From all reports the loss of this game can be attributed to a certain fellow sometimes called Jinx but oftener called hard luck. At the end of the first half the score stood 12–4 in favor of St. Ignatius, but our plucky boys as usual lifted up their heads and fought an uphill fight, losing by the close score of 20–18.

St. Viator, 18.		St. Ignatius, 20.
Bushell	Right forward	Brady.
Cavanagh	Left forward	Allain
Deutsch	Center	Dugan
Kearney	Right guard	Russell
Lyons	Left guard	Condon

Field Goals: Cavanagh (4), Bushell (2), Deutsch (1), Lyons (1), Allain (4), Brady (3), Russell (2), Dugan (1). Free throws: Bushell (2). Substitutions: Barth for Russell.

Besides the games in the Catholic High School League the team played two formidable opponents in Spalding Institute and Onarga.

ST. VIATOR—SPAULDING INSTITUTE.

This game proves conclusively that weight does not always determine a good basketball team. At first glance the Peoria aggregation looked as though they might be "easy meat" for our chesty boys, but after the first few minutes of play Spaulding's dazzling speed in passing and their accurate basket shooting brought the spectators to their feet and kept them on their toes until the final whistle. The final score was 17–14 in our favor.

St. Viator, 17.		Spaulding, 14.
Bushell	Right forward	Kelly
Cavanagh	Left forward	Fahey
Deutsch	Center	Sweeney
Lynch	Right guard	Malone
Delaney	Left guard	Dries

Field Goals: Bushell (4), Fahey (2), Kelly (2), Cavanagh (1), Sweeney (1), Lynch (1), Lyons (1). Free throws: Bushell (3), Sweeney (4). Substitutions: Sheahan for Cavanagh. Lyons for Delaney.

ST. VIATOR—ONARGA.

Under the double handicap of playing on a strange floor and being hopelessly outweighed, our team lost to Onarga by a final score of 20–14. The basket shooting and head work of Bushell for S. V. C. and of Crangle for Onarga were the features of the game.

St. Viator, 14.		Onargo, 20.
Bushell	Right forward	Crangle
Fitzpatrick	Left forward	Cannon
Dolan	Center	Thurston
Delaney	Right guard	Randolph
Lynch	Left guard	Kewley.

Field Goals: Crangle (6), Bushell (3), Cannon (3), Fitzpatrick (1), Dolan (1). Free throws: Bushell (4), Thurston (2).

The High School team with the addition of Dolan and Fitzpatrick as center and forward after a week of strenuous practice entered the Little Nineteen tournament and succeeded in taking third place in the division entered.

Much credit must be given to the team for the great showing made in the tournament. Being the smallest team on the floor they offered strong opposition to their huskier opponents, and after three days of strenuous playing succeeded in bringing home a trophy.

Much credit must be given to Howard Bushell for his excellent playing during the whole season. Throughout the season he has been a consistent point-getter, and led in the tournament for the number of points scored. A great future is predicted for him and we wish him every success.

ST. VIATOR—CARTHAGE.

Our first opponents and our first victims in the tournament was Carthage. Bushell and Fitzpatrick took all the fight and spirit out of them by an unerring eye for the basket. The final score was 38–22.

St. Viator, 38.		Carthage, 22.
Bushell	Right forward	Doughty
Fitzpatrick	Left forward	Jenkins
Dolan	Center	Beard
Lynch	Right guard	Muegge
Delaney	Left guard	Brooks

Field Goals: Bushell (7), Fitzpatrick (4), Lynch (3), Delaney (1), Beard (5), Jenkins (3). Free throws: Bushell (8), Doughty (6). Substitutions: Cavanagh for Bushell; Deutsch for Dolan; Doe for Brooks.

BASEBALL.

In spite of the fact that an important engagement with a certain fellow, William Hohenzollern by name, has required the departure of several of Viator's best athletes, baseball is not going to suffer as greatly as did football and basket ball. Long before the first robin put in an appearance, gloves were brought out and given a thorough examination, bats were handled fondly and anxious eyes looked towards a favorite spot in the campus. When the sun finally did

drive the winter chill from the air a squad of enthusiastic youths crowded around the diamond to limber up. Everything so far augurs success. The team will be small but it certainly will lack nothing much in the way of skill. Such favorable signs at this early stage of the season spells a warning to Viator's opponents for this year.

VIATORIANA

The last Quarter is here with only one more exam to "pull." And we have lotsa sugar, Spring Days and Conges so great things are expected in the "Grand Finale" of the Scholastic Year.—Whoop 'Em Up.

Bro. French (and the rest of the class) were convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was enuf matter for a Philosophy Exam. Watch your step, Bro., when Professors are writing speeches.

ONE ON THE ED.

"Say, would you like to read some good jokes?"

"Yes, sure."

"So would I (?)"

Prof.—"Your themes should be written in such a manner that even the most ignorant may understand them."

Joe.—"Well, what part of it don't you understand?"

No names mentioned, but—

He thought he'd surely make a hit,
When for his photograph she prayed;
"Out when this calls" she wrote on it,
And gave it to her maid.

"LET'S trade sweaters, DOC."

After the Promising Youth had returned to school:

"I don't know that I'll ever make of that son of mine."

"Why, isn't he gifted in anyway?"

"Gifted? Well I should say so. He hasn't a single thing that wasn't given to him."

Bush—"I suppose its a Play on the Labor Situation."

"Pie."—"Yes and I'm one of the minors (miners).

Some of the Audience may have missed:
"Bygobs, here comes all the byes."
"Shure, you're both wrong."
"Well, I guess I did act like a beastly cad."
"——Padraick McCullick goes to jail."
"Mr. Buller!—Pause—Handshake."
"Open the door—Open the door."
But it didn't look like rain.

Andy:—"Do you want to see some kidnapping.
Min:—"Yes."
Andy—"Come on down to the barn and see the sleeping sheep."
"Yes, Chester."

WARNING!

The band will practise tonight at 7:30.

IMPOSSIBLE.

"Going down to Kank without meeting Red Marron!"
"Salerno taking a certain hint!"
"Fran M. divulging any part of his oration."
"Memorizing the Nervous System of the Lumbricus Terrestris."
(Added by Ed.-in-Chief) "Receiving columns at appointed time."

AN EXTRACT FROM CERTAIN FACULTY MEMBER'S DIARY.

"Our language is a funny thing,
In words as well as sounds;
We often call a lake or stream
Splendid fishing grounds."

If a little lamb is called a lambkin, why isn't a little nap called a napkin?

"Who were the Pilgrim Fathers?" was the first question in the History exam. The bewildered student approached a member of the faculty and seriously inquired: "Say, Father, what order of priests were the Pilgrim Fathers?"

"Pabsy" discloses some very *fine* biological truths when pressed for information. Pab will converse only in Spanish this week and Latin next.

The Prefect of Studies was compelled to seek assistance to disperse the mob outside the bookstore. Later he learned the cause of the gathering was a sign on the bulletin board which was misinterpreted by the unlettered. It read: "Third High students will call for *The Princess* at the book store."

Increased Membership.
1000 before June.

Wazza Mattah!!!