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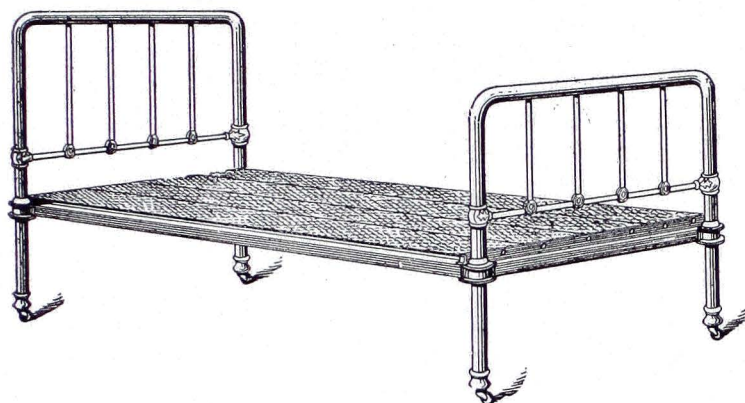
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BROWNING'S OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

CHARLES A. HART, '17

*"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end
And the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become a peace out of pain,
—And with God be at rest."*

These lines from Browning's "Prospice," written in the darkest hour of the great poet's unusually happy, simple, and uneventful life, in the autumn following Mrs. Browning's death, give strong, virile expression to the invincible hope and optimism which are the dominant notes in Browning's outlook on life. Living in an age when scientific skepticism and "doubt, the maw-crammed beast," were rampant, when great contemporary thinkers like Matthew Arnold felt faith to be inconsistent with the new findings of science, and a resignation to duty and a rather bleak dismal future the only possible alternative, when even Tennyson at times lost the light and had "no language but a cry," Browning steadfastly refused to surrender the faith and the hope that spring eternal in the human breast and to which he gave expression everywhere in his writings. Even in "Prospice" with the death of the object of his greatest love still heavy upon his heart he tells us that he has no fear.

*"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last."*

From such a line it is plain that his optimism is not of the weak shilly-shally sort which tries to avoid looking pain and trouble squarely in the face and deludes itself into believing that this is the best possible world. In "Rabbi Ben Ezra" he cries,

*"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be—"*

*The last of life for which the first was made.
 Our lives are in his hand.
 Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!'* ”

His is the fighting hope, the optimism of struggle, the unbowed spirit in the face of bloody strife that later in this poem calls to youth,

*“Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain.”*

This is an optimism which accomplishes things, a practical kind, not the variety which issues glibly from the tongues and pens of writers and speakers who are themselves mere dilettantes in living. His is a hopeful outlook founded firmly upon actual experience with men and women as he came in contact with them in his wanderings in Italy and England.

Yet this very pain, this suffering, this sense of incompleteness itself gives hope to the poet. It teaches him to believe that there will be a time of fullness, that life of necessity must be immortal. Otherwise how account for the failures of the just and the triumphs of the wicked in a universe ruled over by an omniscient all-just Providence? Hope finds birth in the very deficiencies of the world. In “Old Pictures in Florence” he believes that the collective soul of man

*“Receives life in parts to live in a whole
 And grow here according to God's clear plan.”*

In fact a recognition of incompleteness, of smallness, is a prerequisite of this growth.

After he has been viewing the monumental works of the old artists and “testing his weakness by their strength,” he gives us this hopeful message,—we who are not geniuses, who realize our lack of the divine fire of a Shakespeare, a Dante, or a Michael Angelo:

*“Growth came when looking your last on them all [the great
 works he has been viewing]
 You turned your eyes inwardly one fine day
 And cried with a start—what if we so small
 Be greater and grander while than they?
 Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?
 In both, of such lower types are we,*

*Precisely because of their wider nature;
For time, theirs,—ours for eternity."*

From this sense of incompleteness, as I have said, he can go on to a hope, a belief never-wavering, in immortality and with perfect assurance he can exclaim,

*"Fool! All that is, at all
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."*

This firm faith is reiterated in "Prospice," in a crisis in his life, and remains adamant in the very last line he ever wrote, the "Epilogue to Asolando," when his own death was imminent and he could truthfully say that he was

*"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."*

In such a supreme test it is only a real belief that can remain unshaken. Browning here stands in striking contrast to Arnold who was wrecked by science and left stranded upon the reef of vague doubts and "obstinate questionings."

Into the sorrows and pangs of life, its incompleteness, Browning read still more. He believed they were great gifts to man. One of the poet's most penetrating critics had gone even farther and shown that Browning believed that in these privileged sufferings man would have been superior to God had not the Almighty, in a Divine Jealousy, permitted Himself to be crucified and by so doing endured a suffering keener than that of any of His creatures. The critic bases his argument on the dramatic monologue, "Saul." Browning here represents David playing upon his harp to King Saul, who lies at the point of death. By the miraculous music the dying sovereign is restored to health and discourses at length to his musical healer.

"I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own," declares the restored man, and from such a view this critic reads a Divine Jealousy into the Crucifixion, a Christ suffering lest by not suffering man should find a province of his own. Commenting on such a bold, perhaps blasphemous, opinion the critic says, "These are great thoughts, thoughts written by a great man, and they raise noble and beautiful doubts on behalf of faith which the human spirit will never exhaust."

We ask ourselves what is the root of this man's optimism which he teaches so strenuously and with such little deviation. It appears to be his message to the world, his exalted mission, so all-pervading is it in his work. Mr. G. K. Chesterton finds it in Browning's passionate interest, and love for existence. "If the heavens had fallen," says Mr. Chesterton, "and all the waters of the earth run with blood, he would still have been interested in existence if possible a little more so. His happiness is primal and beyond the reach of philosophy. He is something far more convincing, far more comforting; far more religiously significant than an optimist: he is a happy man."

This interest in existence is interest in his fellow-men. Unlike Wordsworth he was never a poet of nature, but of men, physical and spiritual. In them he found a constant source of delights, studying their habits, their idiosyncrasies, their shortcomings, sensations, joys, sorrows and passions. In a word he was a psychologist of the subtlest school, delving into man's mind and heart, seeking out a thousand vague emotions which never have been expressed and giving them to the light of day in the music of his poetry. Like the scientists of the time, he analyzed, but the subject of his analysis was the human personality and the human mind. He could well say with Terence that nothing human was alien to him. Being unafraid, he could look on the evil and ugly to find what truth there might be there. Indeed he seems often to revel in the grotesque. No other poet save Browning could behold "Caliban on Sebatos" and not feel a decided revolt, to say nothing of making one of the ugliest monsters in polite literature the hero of a poem.

Such eccentric humor and weird tolerance can be accounted for only by the surging love that filled his heart and permitted him to seek whatever of good there was in every living creature. Nor is his love one only of human range, for his abiding faith led him to an old view of the Parousia as the completed fellowship of man in our Maker and our Sanctifier.

"As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with it and for it, of being beloved!"
How immense is this love between God and man which shall

*"Fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in!"*

Despite his eloquent message of hope and despite the fact that Leslie Stephen held optimism to be the stuff of poetry, for the ages and the masses Browning has never become a poet of the

people. He was too fond of enigmas, of casuistry and metaphysics, of purely intellectual speculations, and of monologues, to come within the range of many minds. His dark and elliptical mode of speech, his frequent obscurity make his poetry not easy reading, to say the least, and most young students of Browning agree with one of the poet's contemporaries who replied, when asked for an opinion of Browning's poems, "Now that I try to formulate the sensation it has given me, his work seems that of a grand intellect painfully striving for adequate use and expression and never quite attaining either. Long practice has injured his gift; abnormal ratiocination and prosaic disregard for details handicapped him." As illustrative of the difficulty which even men of letters of his day found in reading his poems, the story is told of a quite famous litterateur of Browning's acquaintance who, being overworked and ill, had been ordered to the seaside under strict injunction to abstain from all mental work. One morning his wife went out, bent on shopping, or what not. During her absence a parcel of books came in, sent through some mistake, for notice or review. Among them was a copy of Browning "Sordello," just from the press. The good woman had left her husband quiet and patient. She found him, on her return, distraught, dishevelled, pacing about the room like a bedlamite. "There," he cried, pointing to the small volume of "Sordello" on the table, "look at that." It was no time for remonstrances or objection. The wife picked it up, and, after reading a few moments, exclaimed, "Why, my dear, it's gibberish."

"Thank God!" cried the man of letters, who had attributed the bewilderment of the book to some confusion in his own brain, possibly coming as a result of illness, "Thank God!" he cried in relief, "Then my mind is not gone!"

But if Browning is hard reading, he is eminently worth while, and no lovers of poetry are more enthusiastic than those who have learned to become Browningites. To read and receive his message of invincible hope is to make one's life more happy and endurable, to widen one's view, to commune with God. As acquaintance grows, love increases, and the reader is in hearty accord with the words of praise which the poet Landor penned during Browning's lifetime:

*"Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."*

"A FRIEND IN NEED IS —"

L. A. DONDANVILLE '17

It was with a feeling of self-satisfaction and conscious importance that I selected another cigarette and lounged back into the rich upholstery of Doctor Jones' coupé, which was standing at the curb before a massive mansion bespeaking a life of luxury and pleasure. To win such material comfort, I thought, would somewhat repay my many years of tedious study. But one more year at the Rush Medical School and then I was to become a professional man, such as Doctor Jones, to minister for high fees to the rich with imaginary maladies, and to give my service in charity to those poor souls who have been seared by the hand of disease.

My meditation was interrupted by the hurried approach of the doctor. He entered the car, pressed the starter, threw in the clutch, and soon we were racing towards the suburbs of the city. After several hours I began to tire of the ride and felt hungry. Consulting my watch, I found it to be past twelve. The doctor, noticing my restlessness, explained that he had one more call to make, at the arsenal, where the lockkeeper's little boy was down with a bad attack of typhoid fever. As we approached the bridge leading to the island on which the arsenal is situated, a rugged appearing man dressed in the common paraphernalia of a private, demanded, "Your number, please!"

"2961—X. I am going to attend the lockkeeper's little boy," the doctor replied.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, doctor; I did not recognize you. You know I have been on night duty until today. And how is Jim's boy?" he inquired, making way for us to pass. The doctor shook his head and drove on as if in deep thought.

We slowly glided along the park avenues, where squirrels scampered upon the green and a partridge soared with a whirring sound out of the brush near the road and made for the adjacent wood. The details were characteristic of some retreat of peace, and not of a governmental arsenal, busily engaged in moulding arms for the battlefield. This quiet scene evidently assisted Doctor Jones to solve his problem, for he was again addressing me.

"I suppose you know that your old 'roomie,' Doctor Hubbard, successfully passed a governmental examination, and has received the position of an interne here at the arsenal hospital." My "roomie", above all the rest of my acquaintances, had angered me by not writing even a card during the whole vacation, but I declared that I would be glad to see him again.

Soon we stopped before a small, quaint, stone house characteristic of the dwellings provided for government employes. The doctor took his grip and disappeared within the door. I sat in the coupé for about ten minutes, but, my joints having become cramped, I left the car and strolled up the river towards the locks. As I stood upon that massive bulwark of concrete and steel, my admiration and interest made me too curious to understand the mechanism of this monumental work of man. Looking about, I observed that the first thing of importance was a complicated electric device, sheltered at the top and on three sides by a heavy steel plate. I approached more closely to this feat of very intricate construction and fell on one knee to examine a part in detail, when someone placed a firm hand upon my shoulder. I turned about and stared into the face of a plainclothes detective.

"What's the attraction?" he demanded somewhat viciously.

"Oh, oh, nothing at all," I replied.

"Oh no, nothing at all," he snapped ironically. 'From the interest you show in that machine you evidently do not desire any information. Come along with me!'

"Where to?" I gasped.

"To the guard house. This island is under strict surveillance. No one has been allowed to enter since two German spies were arrested here two months ago. Come along!"

Needless to say, I turned about right face and marched. Still I interceded.

"I came over here with Doctor Jones. He is at the lock-keeper's house."

I turned around and looked down the road. I searched my pockets for a card or letter but had none.

"Come along!" said the detective, preventing further delay. "You can tell your troubles to the captain in the morning."

As we hastily strode across the well-kept golf links towards the guard house, I scoured my memory for another means of identification, but in vain. We were already nearing the guard house, which, being built of dark grey stone, presented, with its many turrets, a very cold and menacing aspect. Its appearance

incidentally recalled to my mind the state penitentiary, and I began to picture myself as an inmate of a dark and cold cell. My fears were soon verified. My captor, without delay, escorted me to the guard house and incarcerated me in a dark, dingy cell to await the assembly of a court the following day.

The torture of body and mind that I experienced that night I have not the ability to describe. Visions of pictures I had seen in the Sunday papers representing German spies facing a firing squad continually haunted me. I fell into a violent ague of fright. I reviewed my past life and made repeated acts of contrition. I cursed Doctor Jones for deserting me, and in the next instant prayed for his speedy return. This change of mind occurred periodically throughout the night. At early dawn I was awakened from my few hours of turbulent sleep by the dull mechanical tread of a bodyguard approaching my cell. Without formal introduction or explanation two soldiers entered and cuffed my hands behind me. At this treatment I became enraged and for the first time experienced the utter folly of trying to vie with handcuffs. I asked the guards innumerable questions as to where they intended to escort me, but all in vain. They walked before and behind me in silence.

Soon I was ushered before an assembly of officers in a large, oddly-furnished room. The walls were decorated with battle-stained flags, guns, and peculiar equipments of war, probably collected in the Philippine Islands.

I was allowed little time for observation here, for an officer immediately stepped from a group standing about a table and began questioning me. He asked if I had any means of identification. I referred him to Doctor Jones, whereupon he commanded an aid to telephone for information. In the uncomfortable silence which followed I heard the aid call the doctor's number and ask a few terse questions. Then he turned and informed the officer that Doctor Jones had been called away to New York on a late train to attend the doctor's annual convention. I was stunned for a time by this unexpected news. Again I thought and thought, but standing there among those strange surroundings, the focus of a dozen pairs of suspicious and condemning eyes, made "memory the warder of the brain," a negligible quantity as far as collecting my thoughts were concerned. I then became sullen and refused to give my questioner any satisfaction. He at last became impatient and, turning to his fellow officers, said:

"From evidence given, this man has shown an undue interest in the secrets of this arsenal. Consequently he refuses to answer my questions. I think the only way we can overcome his sullen disposition is to put him through the third degree."

Arrangements for the new mode of procedure were soon made. I was transferred to a small, barren cell with two officers and a stenographer. We were awaiting the arrival of a doctor who was specializing in psychology for this particular kind of work. The delay was harrowing to me. My two questioners sat directly before me, neither speaking a word, but their eyes seeming to burrow to the innermost thoughts of my soul. The suspense was broken by a hurried step without; the door opened behind me and someone entered.

"At your service, Captain," he said.

At the sound of the voice my brain suddenly cleared. I had a vision of a jovial face that for three years had shared my joys and sorrows at school. I sprang from my chair and, faintly whispering the name of my "roomie," almost collapsed from sheer relief in his supporting embrace.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures;
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

—Longfellow.

WORDSWORTH, THE HIGH PRIEST OF NATURE**C. MARZANO, '17**

When a name or a sobriquet is bestowed on someone, there is usually a reason; it may be on account of physical qualities or mental attainments; nevertheless, there is always a foundation for the epithet. Examples of this are abundant in sacred and profane history. St. Chrysostom was called the "Golden-mouthed" because of his flowing eloquence; St. Bernard, "The Hammerer of Heretics" because he crushed the Albigensians; St. Thomas, the "Angelic Doctor"; Columbus, the "Discoverer of America"; Richard, "Coeur de Lion"; Frederick I, "Barbarossa", all these are self-explanatory and instantly evident. As it was with these men, so it is with him whom we call "The Poet and High Priest of Nature"—Wordsworth.

He was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1770. During his boyhood he showed signs of a moody and violent temper which caused his mother much anxiety. Of her five children she despaired of him only. Though she died when he was but eight years old, yet she left so great an influence on his character that it lasted throughout his life. He had been orphaned of his mother; six years later he suffered the bereavement of his father. Then it was that some kind relatives took him in charge and sent him to school at Hawkeshead, in the beautiful Lake region. He cared little for the classics, but he learned much from the stars, hills, streams, and flowers—Nature's open book. At seventeen he went to Cambridge. It is said that while there he preferred to look forward to his vacations among the hills rather than to his examinations.

Influenced by young Republicans, he became an ardent advocate of the ideals of the French Revolution, and at the end of a two-year continental visit cast his lot with the Girondists. He was saved from the guillotine by a very drastic measure on the part of his relatives—the withdrawal of his allowance; for, realizing that no support was available in France, he hastened home. From there he watched with a strained attention every move of the revolution. The crimes perpetrated in the name of Liberty shocked and disgusted him. After the execution of Louis XVI his Republican fervor cooled; because, perceiving

the rise of Napoleon, and the sycophantic adulation fawned upon him, Wordsworth manifested opposition to the spirit of the new regime, and later became a confirmed Tory. This change in political faith accounts for the genesis, in the youthful Wordsworth, of a strong spirit of conservatism. He is, in fact, one of the most conservative of English poets.

In 1797, accompanied by his sister, Dorothy, he retired to Alfoxden, among the Quantock Hills, in Somerset. In this solitude of Nature he tried to decide his avocation in life. He thought of law, but felt an aversion to its almost contradictory principles; of the church, but considered himself unworthy of its exalted state; of the army, but did not like to throw away his life. He never thought of devoting himself to poetry, though he knew that he had a genius for it. But it happened that Wordsworth attended a friend, Raisley Calvert, who was suffering from consumption. The young man bequeathed a few hundred pounds to his kindly nurse, with the dying request that he should devote his life to poetry.

No longer worried by pecuniary anxieties, he was enabled to retire and devote himself to poetry. He was poor, however, all his life; but what cared he so long as he could live in simplicity, and among Nature. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, and became the happy father of four children. Two of them died in 1812. Throughout this period he pursued tenaciously his literary endeavors, and, though he won popularity slowly, yet he had become so highly esteemed that, by the time of Southey's death, he was nominated poet-laureate. This late national praise affected him as little as the earlier excessive neglect; it also caused his contemporary poets, especially Browning, to consider him a traitor to their cause; the latter went so far as to pen a very bitter poem in which he calls Wordsworth "The Lost Leader."

After his marriage he settled permanently in the Lake country. His home became the meeting place of a distinguished company of admirers, among whom were Sir Walter Scott, Sir George Beaumont, De Quincy, Southey and Coleridge. He spent much of his time among those hills and lakes which inspired his poetry, and which, in turn, have been made world-renowned by his long life among them. In 1850 he passed away tranquilly and peacefully at Rydal Mount, having reached the ripe old age of eighty.

Wordsworth's long life was a realization of the message contained in his poetry; he was the exemplar of his own doc-

trine, for his life reveals that he spent most of his time in humble rustic dwellings. From his very childhood he was appreciative of the beauties of Nature. He says that when fourteen years old he made the resolution "to supply in some degree the deficiency in the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed, so far as he knew, by the poets of any age or country." He realized that he had a well-trained perceptibility which enabled him to interpret the least sound as a note in Nature's great refrain, and desired not that this faculty should lodge within him useless. The songs of birds, the rippling of streams, the rustling of leaves, the trumpets of the cataracts—all have their message for him; to him these are notes of one harmonious whole. Everything, no matter how mean it may be, conveys to him a message, for he declares

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

Wordsworth loves to be with nature. In it, he sees "Paradise, Elysian Groves, and fortunate fields" and, anyone

*"When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day."*

To Wordsworth, Nature is not something cold and ordinary, but has a vital, living spirit; it is real, though hidden from view; and, though silent, it is companionable. He sees it everywhere; he feels that Nature is the reflection of the living God, and in his poetry often speaks of the creator. He perceives the living spirit of God as overshadowing all nature:

*"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking objects, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."*

Thus viewed, Nature is living and sentient; it is a tangible something; not a hazy, evanescent, nymph-like spirit, not that which sympathizes with each one's feelings, as Keats, Burns and Shelley would have it, but a being taking flesh and bones.

Observing, in all things, this living aspect, Wordsworth loved to commune with Nature. He was happy when in her company, because his soul could then drink in, revel in the purest and most legitimate of material pleasures, the pleasures emanating from the contemplation of the beauty of Nature. His ecstatic happiness was so great that

*"Sensation, sound, and form
 were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request.
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love."*

Wordsworth's soul, then, attuned to Nature's lyre, enjoys the harmonious notes which flow from it; his spirit rejoices in the sweet, soft melody which Nature gives forth. It is no wonder that the contemplation of Nature sends thrills throughout his being.

Since so great, so indescribable a pleasure wells up in Wordsworth's soul from the contemplation of Nature, it is of little surprise that she has become his teacher; for

*"He had felt the power
 Of Nature, and already was prepared
 By his intense conceptions, to receive
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive."*

The poet does not stop here: to him, Nature is not only a teacher, but something more; she has become his anchor, nurse, guide; aye, his love for Nature is so intense that he has chosen her as the guardian of his moral being.

*"Therefore," he says, "am I still
 A lover of the meadows, and the woods
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth: . . . well pleased to recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts; the Nurse,
 The Guide, the Guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being."*

His heart, being in sympathy with Nature, should be moulded after such a fashion that it will respond to every message. We find it so sensitive that it may be rightly called a human Aeolian; its chords are set in motion by the very breath of Nature's gentle whisperings. The reason why this poet was so responsive to the impulses of Nature becomes evident when we consider how he viewed scenery and other objects. Scenes or things were not distinct and separate, but were part of a grand ideal; he perceived the general rather than the particular.

Let us hear what he has to say for himself on this point: "I will conclude my notice of this poem ("An Evening Walk") by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk or an individual place—a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealized rather than described in any one of its local aspects." The same may be said of all his descriptions: birds, trees, brooks, fields, kine, hills, mountains, and seas are described, faithfully, it is true, but the mental images which they produce are not of a particular, specific kind; they are ideals.

This wonderful spirit of idealization enables Wordsworth to behold things in their best light. He sees beauty in everything; all Nature is to him the reflection of the eternal beauty.

*"Beauty—a living presence of the earth—
 waits upon my steps;
 Pitches her tent before me as I move:
 An hourly neighbor."*

Whenever he wishes to experience high, elevated joy, and intellectual pleasure, he calls upon memory to furnish his fancy with the riches it has accumulated from the contemplation of the beautiful; then, fancy, by its magic power, creates anew those objects which once thrilled his being. He makes an open profession of this in the "Daffodils":

*"For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils."*

The same acknowledgment is made at the end of the "Solitary Reaper":

*"I listen'd till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."*

and in the "Lines on Tintern Abbey" the same thought is repeated:

*"But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration."*

Wordsworth, though the poet and high priest of Nature, is not forgetful of beings like himself; he realizes that he is in the midst of humanity, and that he is a partaker of its joys and sorrows; he hears

*"The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."*

Humanity, he laments, is becoming perverted because of the bustle and pell-mell hurry of city life, and because of the conventionalities of society. After considering how the birds are care-free, and sing joyous songs, how the "young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound," and how the flowers enjoy the air they breathe, he exclaims:

*"Have I not reason to lament
What man has done for man?"*

He fears that city life emasculates manhood; that its engrossing forces will carry man farther and farther from Nature, and will cause him to be deaf to its voice, and blind to its beauties.

To avert this awful consequence (for awful indeed it will be if we become so material as not to see Nature's beauties), Wordsworth proposes a remedy: that man return to the simple life—the life in rural districts; the life with Nature. He himself lived in the country, for he wanted to give the example; he wishes other men to feel what he felt, to enjoy what he enjoyed. He declares that being

*"Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
. . . what we have loved;
Others will love, and we will teach them how."*

and that

*"It must not be, if I, divinely taught,
Be privileged to speak as I have felt
Of what in man is human or divine."*

Wordsworth, then, by presenting the beauties which lie hidden in the very heart of Nature, wishes to make men feel the thrills of joy and happiness which he experienced from the contemplation of these beauties. He desires that men lead a simple, rural life, which will enable them to devote a portion of their time to the appreciation of the beauties of Nature. To attain these ends appears to be the aim of Wordsworth's life and poetry.

The stronger the interior life and the higher the degree of illumination, the more is the strong hand of the church needed and the higher ought to be the soul's appreciation of her office.

—Robert Hugh Benson.

MORALITY PLAYS, OLD AND NEW**EDWARD A. KELLEY, '18**

The Morality originated in the latter part of the fourteenth century and was at its height in the sixteenth, when both the opponents and supporters of the Reformation used it to present their arguments. Although the Miracle play introduced some abstractions, yet the rise of the Morality play from the former does not appear to be gradual. The Moralities seemed to have resulted from the desire to present themes which, because of their nature, did not provide a story and characters; hence it was natural, since action and characters are necessary in the drama, to have recourse to the familiar mode of the allegory. However, the Morality marks an important advance towards the modern drama by giving more scope to the imagination and is of special interest today because of noteworthy and interesting attempts to revive a long-neglected form.

The characters in the Morality are Vices and Virtues personified: for example, Charity, Beauty, Modesty, Falsehood, and Fellowship. Being each designed to exemplify a specific moral truth, they differ from the complex characters in modern drama. In the Morality the characters are thus apt to be bloodless abstractions. However, it must not be understood that the characters in the Morality in the degree of perfection reached, say in "Everyman," were abstractions and nothing more. In this best example of early Moralities the genius of the dramatist has given to each vice and virtue something of the warmth and humanity of men and women in flesh and blood.

Although "Everyman" is purely didactic in its purpose, a distasteful feature to the modern audience, yet a presentation of the play by the Ben Greet Players before a New York audience in recent years attracted large crowds, and its success before the most sophisticated and blasé audiences in America gives hopeful evidences of a desire for better things from the drama.

The character, Everyman, represents the whole of humanity and the auditors are made to feel that he is like themselves, that his sorrows and disappointments may come into their own lives. Into our hearts, now wholly in sympathy with Everyman, there creep in fear and pity. This "purgation," or "cleansing," as Aristotle defined it, through pity and fear heightens the moral effect upon the spectator and thus it was of great service to the

ethical purpose of the Church. A dramatic presentation of a sermon is always more instantaneously lasting than a mere oral expression, since it enlists a far greater number of connections in the mind of the auditor. The author of "Everyman" is unknown, but as the play is Catholic in tone and spirit, and displays the author's intimate knowledge of the influence of the sacraments, we might easily conclude that the writer was a Catholic priest—perhaps an old monk.

The prologue of "Everyman" is of dramatic service in preparing the audience to hear the play with reverence.

*"Ye think sin the beginning full sweet,
Which, in the end, causeth the soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
Will fade from thee as flower in May;
For ye shall hear our Heaven's King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning."*

The simple sincerity and religious soul of the mediæval finds no better expression in the world of the drama than these simple lines. There is no antecedent action, and rightly so, for there is no need of the presentation of Everyman's vices. Thus the story begins with Everyman's being summoned by death and ends when he enters the grave.

The play is a simple drama, a forerunner of the great Elizabethan tragedy, full of interest, suspense, and dramatic irony. Everyman's attempt to persuade Fellowship, Goods and Kindred to accompany him on his death journey creates and holds our interest; moves us to sympathize with him because of his good nature, and because *we* are Everyman.

*"First Fellowship, so he said, would have with me gone.
His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterwards he left me alone.
Then spake I to my kinsman, all in despair,
And they also gave me words fair;
They lacked not fair speeches to spend,
But all forsook me in the end.
Then went I to my Goods that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least.
For my Goods sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many to hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so am I worthy to be blamed."*

With dramatically skillful treatment of the change in Everyman's heart through adversity, the author brings out the hero's best qualities. Then intermingling touches of simple humor, which amuse yet do not detract from the seriousness and earnestness of the play, provide artistic relief. Cousin, in refusing to accompany Everyman, offers the excuse, "I have a cramp in my toe," while Kindred says,

"It availeth not us to coax and court.

Ye shall have my maid, with all my heart."

There is a gradual and motive transformation in the character of Everyman which reaches its climax when, realizing the futility of depending on worldly things, he offers a prayer to God. Then follows Everyman's preparation for death by Confession, Penance, and Contrition. The conclusion subtly indites Everyman's useless attempts to have Beauty, Strength and Discretion enter the grave with him. The end of the play finds us convinced that nothing will avail but a well spent life and the comforts of religion.

Of the contemporary Moralities the best known are "Everywoman," which was successfully presented a few years past, and "Experience," which is being acted at the present moment. In "Everywoman" the principal character is universal and represents Woman, accompanied by three beautiful girls, Modesty, Beauty, and Youth, clothed in white garments, in search of love. In style of diction and verbiage it imitates "Everyman," yet its settings are modern, for we see Everywoman at home, in the streets of New York, and at a midnight banquet, where Beauty dies. While there is more life, more physical action, here than in "Everyman," yet the moral truth, namely that true love is not to be found in Flattery, masked Passion, or Wealth, is not so strikingly presented as in "Everyman." This is because the play is secular; it fails to awaken our conscience; it lacks sincerity and aims to present the sensual and the attractive rather than the lofty. The Church's purifying influence no more casts itself over the play, and the loss is consciously or unconsciously felt by the audience. A morality in the commercial theatre seems out of place, out of its natural environment.

Although "Everywoman" is inferior to "Everyman," it is much superior to "Experience" in style, in dramatic skill, in art, and in refinement. The author of "Everywoman" used "Everyman" as his model, but the only resemblance in "Experience" to the older Morality play is the personification of the characters.

It is a series of ten episodes vividly presenting Youth's experience from the time he leaves Love and Hope in the "Land of Dreams" until he arrives in the "Land Where the Dreamer Awakens." The settings are modern and realistic and we see in actuality Youth acquiring experience in low and vicious surroundings. The author seemed to have no hesitation in reproducing unwholesome social institutions of today. There are two principal, and numerous minor, characters personifying practically all the possible vices and imperfections of human beings. The general moral tone is low; the language of one or two characters, especially Slander, coarse and vulgar; the setting of the House of Last Resort, prepared for a slumming party, revolting; and the presentation of the cocaine den, known as the House of "Lost Souls," becomes, under George Hobart's handling, quite luridly melodramatic. The moral effect upon heterogeneous audiences like those who see "Experience" in Chicago, is not a very doubtful point. It may be seriously questioned whether any service is rendered to society by the laying open of these sores, especially before young people. It may be argued that people should know of these things, but we wonder whether impressionistic youth is morally strengthened to learn vividly of the thrill of a debauchee's life.

Youth, accompanied by Ambition, leaves the "Land Where the Dream Begins." The scene takes us out of the hustle and bustle of the metropolis to the peace and quiet of the country, where the birds sing and nature is dressed in garments of the richest green. Our stay here is short, for Youth longs for the Primrose Path where there is wine, woman, and song; where Pleasure astounds us by introducing Youth to more vices and follies than we ever imagined existed. It speaks well, perhaps, for the prolific brain of the author.

Youth next appears in a gambling den, where he stakes and loses all on a game of chance. Poor and penniless, he finds that his old friends, Pleasure and Beauty, do not know him. Now he is reduced to a position as waiter in the House of Last Resort, a low-class saloon-restaurant, operated by Makeshift. Here Frailty, perhaps the most humanly appealing and interesting of characters of the play, is introduced. Frailty, believing that one cannot better oneself, steals, that she may assist Youth to get a new start in life. Her attempt fails and Youth, followed by Poverty, is thrown out into the streets. Delusion leads Youth to the cocaine den where he meets Crime, under whose guidance Youth, at a critical moment, hears the distant sounds of New-

man's "Lead Kindly Light," and, stirred by long-suppressed aspirations, Youth turns to the "Land Where the Dreamer Wakens," to be welcomed by Love and Hope. The audience, on the whole, is glad that Youth woke up seasonably, for he certainly had a nasty dream. How realistic, how true to life, that a simple little hymn should work such a great moral revolution. Verily we have neglected this agent of music too long. Let us introduce it into the routine of all penitentiaries and soon "perhaps" this institution of reform may *really* reform.

The author of "Experience" has failed for quite the same reason as the author of "Everywoman" has failed. Without being dominated by any particular desire to bring about the salvation of his fellowmen, he has aimed to present the bizarre, the showy, and the tinsel which this age is willing to accept for pure gold. In a negative way he may have brought home the lesson that the world and wiles, its allurements and attractions are all emptiness, or, to use the words of that great French pulpit orator, "On trouve au fond le vide et le neant." It is certain that the new morality plays will not endanger the reputation of that old one which was the child of the Church, the inimitable "Everyman."

So may the new year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last.—*Dickens*.

THE MUSIC OF THE ISRAELITES

J. ROBERT ELMSLIE, '19

"I am the Lord thy God and thou shalt have no strange Gods before Me!" Jehovah's command to the Jews was taken literally, and pictorial representations were forbidden. The law put a ban on painting and sculpture; and hence the Jews turned to music. Among all the ancient people they were the first to make music a means of direct appeal to God; and, indeed, not until the spread of Christianity did music receive such tribute as it had known at the hands of the Jews. The very character of music, its intangible ethereal nature, demanding only a vibration of air to make itself manifest, appealed so strongly to these people that they adopted it in their Temple service. The Hebrews received further impetus to the development of their music from their enemies, the pagan Egyptians, whose musical achievements were generously recognized by Moses as they are with astonishment by scholars of our own times. It has been proved from instruments found in ancient tombs that nearly three thousand years before Christ these Egyptians were using the tonal system prevalent today, their scales being the same as our own in the minor key.

Moses, on his return to his people, gave the Temple music, with certain regulations governing its use, into the care of the Levites. These rules were further augmented by David and Solomon. Under the latter the musicians and singers connected with the Temple numbered over four thousand. The musicians of the Temple were not, however, the only disciples of the art of music in Israel. There were then orchestras and opera troops as now and these played an important part in the musical life of this ancient race. The music produced by these orchestras must have been shrill rather than soothing, and capable of brilliant effect rather than of moving soulfulness.

Harps, trumpets, drums, cymbals, flutes, and psalters were the chief instruments, though older than any of these was the "shofar" (also shopar) made originally from a ram's horn. The shofar was used for calls to assemble the leaders, priests, or people, according to the signal blown, a practice to this day retained in orthodox synagogues. The interval of the minor sev-

enth, F sharp to E natural, blown on the shofar with a peculiarly startling effect, was popularly believed to drive the devil to flight. From this we conclude that they had an appreciation of the characteristic effect of certain intervals. The range in the Hebraic Temple music was small, in many hymns three notes sufficing. The "Sch'ma Jisroel," as sung in the Dresden Synagogue, has but three tones. In many of these old hymns we find the forerunners of one of the characteristics of Plain Chant—the melismas—rapid little figures heard in the ritualistic music of the Catholic Church. Good examples of the use of the melismas are found in the "Ite Missa Est," and the "Alleluias" sung on solemn festivals. Music was intimately associated with almost every action in the lives of the ancient Jews. We find music going hand in hand with the composition of the Sacred Scriptures. Prophets with instrument in hand became inspired, and in song divined the future; Saul's violent temper was calmed by the music of David; Miriam sang her "Song of Triumph" when Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea; and Joshua's people cried out and blew with might into their trumpets, "and the walls of Jericho fell." Although Jewish literature, unlike the Greek, contains no known treatise on music, the last scriptural sentence referring to the falling walls of Jericho suggests that, perhaps, the higher laws of acoustics were not unknown to them. The law here implied asserts that every building has a fundamental tone, which, if sounded continually, will, by constant pulsations of the sound waves, crumble a structure no matter how firm.

It may not be fanciful, then, to believe the Jews knew of this power and used it.

Their influence, great as it has been in the religious and moral order, has been considerable also in the tonal art. Our present music, in fact, is based on theirs, for of the Egyptians we have so little knowledge that we cannot say our present art was derived from them. When the Christian religion was founded it was not unnatural that the hymns of the Jews should be sung in Christian services. Dom Pothier, in his researches on Plain Chant, says: "With the singing of the 'Psalms' it (the church) could not help transmitting a predominant taste for free rhythm after the fashion of the singers of Israel, and there is no doubt that a melodic cadence passed from the Synagogues to the Agapes, from the Agapes to the Catacombs, from the Catacombs to the Basilicas."

There is living in the city of Damascus a tribe of Jews which we know traces an unbroken descent, and hence has rhetorical and musical traditions, ancient and authentic. Their melodies have a striking resemblance to Gregorian Chant. One melody in particular corresponds in almost all its characteristics to the "Lamentations" as sung in the Catholic Church today. Plain Chant, thus ultimately derived from the Jews, culminated in the art of Palestrina, from which in turn the beautiful Bach melodies developed. Bach is, in fact, the founder of our present system, and is rightly called the "Father of Modern Music." Highly developed and variously expressive as music has become in the last two centuries, there is not with us anything like the reverend appreciation of the art felt by the Hebraic people, even in their descendents of our time. Music, as the hand-maiden of religion, is a conception, however, that no less a man than Cardinal Newman realized vividly, and that this Hebraic idealism may become dear to the rank and file of Catholics is a dear hope of every music lover.

It is like taking the sun out of the world to bereave the human life of friendship, than which the mortal gods have given man nothing better, nothing more gladdening.—*Cicero*.

TENNYSON AND THE SPIRIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

R. J. FRENCH, '17

Tennyson, if not the greatest, is at least the most representative poet of the Victorian age. The various movements religious, patriotic, scientific, idealistic, materialistic, and ethical, that became prominent in this composite age may be traced in his poetry. This variety, as well as the general felicity of his art, helped to make him the most popular poet of his time and race. He has something for everybody. He is easy to read. He has charm. Thus he has found a wide audience, and his poetry has not only reflected, but powerfully influenced the movements of his age.

His poetic genius consists in a singularly receptive and responsive mind, open on all sides to impressions from nature, from books, and from human life. Coupled with this he has a wonderful mastery of the technics of the poetic art, which enables him to give back in a fitting form of beauty the subject which his genius has taken into itself. He was, likewise, endowed with that exquisite sense of beauty which lies at the very heart of the poet's nature. It is this beauty that he gives to us in magically simple and charming language.

As a child Tennyson lived in a most romantic sphere. His home was a garden of Eden, a land overflowing with delights; his family was a full one, full of children, full of books, full of music, full of life. His poem on "Recollections of the Arabian Knights" shows how his love of the beautiful enraptured his imagination to such an extent that he was transported to an ideal world.

*"And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High walled gardens green and gold."*

In "The Song of the Brook," the brook is Tennyson himself. But he is no longer himself, he is identified with the stream from its very source among the haunts of coot and hern, and flows and winds about, in and out, by twenty thorps, a little town,

and half a hundred bridges, till last by Philip's farm he flows to join the brimming river. This delight of losing himself in the realms of fancy and imagination awakened by the contemplation of nature is seen and felt in all Tennyson's works and is expressed in these lines from "The Lotos-Eaters":

*"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half shut eyes ever to seam
Falling asleep in a half dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light."*

The mystical atmosphere in which he moves is not that of nature alone, but also of the mediaeval world of knights and princesses. The chivalrous deeds of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, for instance, so often handled in English literature, have never been portrayed to us more beautifully than Tennyson in the "Idylls of the King." Into these ideal characters of Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur," Tennyson puts his nineteenth-century ideas of beauty, love, and morality, and pointed these old tales of chivalry with spiritual truth. Sir Galahad, for example, typifies purity of heart, a state of heart that gives him not only moral courage but physical as well:

*"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."*

When we consider the animalistic sensuality of Burns, the licentiousness and ribaldry of Byron, the Hellenic sensuousness of Keats, and the unmoral, if not immoral, pictures of Shelley, and the occasional voluptuousness of Robert Browning, we must single out Tennyson from his age as a poet of very appealing purity of mind. This is, in no small way, due to the influence of his mother, a very noble, upright and Christian woman. As a test of this innate cleanness of heart, we have but to consider his method of treating a theme that in the hands of a Swinburne would inevitably degenerate into a picture of a purely physical appeal. I mean his method of treating the Lady Godiva story in the poem of that name.

In the second "Locksley Hall" our curiosity as to Tennyson's philosophical views are fully satisfied. He opens himself to us with an old man's petulance of speech.

*"Heated am I? you—you wonder well, it scarce becomes my
age—"*

Patience! let the dying actor mouth his last upon the stage."

At an earlier period of his life he had accepted the new scientific philosophy of evolution, and had placed great hopes in its development and outcome, as expressed in his original "Locksley Hall" when he

"Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

But now, in his seventy-seventh year, he gives expression to the disappointment of the age at the non-realization of all the high aspirations of evolution:

*"Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud."*

In the earlier "Locksley Hall," Tennyson would not, as in the later, have placed a question mark after these lines:

*"All diseases quenched by science, no man halt, or deaf or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?"*

With regard to various social movements of the time his sympathies were not sufficiently broad enough for him to feel deep interest. To all his co-temporaries, democracy seemed a Utopia, a panacea of all evil, but a note of warning was sounded by Tennyson who seemed to have realized the truth of which socialists today are unaware, namely, the impossibility of equality among men:

*"Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to
scorn,*

*Cries to Weakest as to Strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'
Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, O artor, till the Lion look no larger than the cat."*

In this age, when science seemed even to men of sober mind to be a kind of fairy god-mother, a key to happiness, an open sesame to all obscure things in religion and philosophy, Tennyson wrote lines, in which he points out that science is necessarily concerned only with matter and has little to do with the spirit, and hence Bentham's preoccupation and absorption with materialistic theories regarding the happiness of the greatest number, and Lord Brougham's belief that education in physical sciences would insure the contentment and intellectual growth of the masses were reasons why the soul in all its activity was lamentably neglected:

*"Is it well that while we range with science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?"*

Moreover, in this nineteenth century, many were beginning to believe that because of Darwin and Wallace, because of Huxley and the researches of Francis Galton, a man's life was predetermined. Hence the forces of education and of moral power have hardly any influence when working against this fatal determinism and crude instinct of animal behaviour. To offset this theory, Tennyson appeals to our moral powers of volition and our conscience as a means to overcome our lower natures and attain our destined end:

"Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—

Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb."

The patriotic feelings of Tennyson are found crystallized in such poems as the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," the "Revenge" and the "Charge of the Light Brigade." No man could have written such lines as these and not had that deep feeling of love and pride in his native land. Indeed to him England was

*"The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the things he will;
A land of settled government,
A land of just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."*

One of the most profound experiences of Tennyson's life was the loss of Arthur Hallam. It brought the poet face to face with the vital questions of existence, and called forth the masterpiece of his genius, "In Memoriam." The central thought of the poem is expressed in the twenty-seventh stanza of the "In Memoriam" itself:

*"'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."*

The real theme of the poem is the immortality of the soul, and the poet's final victory is based on his passionate conviction that such a love as his, is and must be immortal. This answer from his heart silenced the questionings of his reason. His reason had told him that he could know nothing, that he was only

*"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry,"*

and that he had no proof of immortality. But to Tennyson, cold intellect was not the final judge, as it was to Arnold. Tennyson turned to his feelings to hear the last word upon eternity, and they cried out:

"That life shall live forevermore."

His heart

"Stood up and answered 'I have felt,'"

and he trusted it and defied the cold skepticism of the reason and put his faith in

*"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off event
To which the whole creation moves."*

With this hopeful assurance closes a poem, than which Tennyson wrote nothing nobler or truer to the best that was in him.

In his many short poems Tennyson exhibited such lightness of touch and beauty of expression, such fancy and melody that he always gives exquisite pleasure. How soothing, how silvery, how delightful are these lines from the "Sea-Fairies":

*"And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave;
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave
And sweet shall your welcome be."*

What a delicate charm is felt in his appeal to "The Silent Voices":

*"Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me
On, and always on!"*

"Crossing the Bar," one of the most beautiful poems that he ever wrote, closes with this splendid expression of personal faith and courage:

*"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."*

Such words are a fitting close to these brief lines on a great career, representative of a great century, of a great nation, and of a great literature.

PROFESSOR FAGIN, PRINCE OF PEDAGOGUES

FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER, '18

The moment we are introduced to Mr. Fagin—the Jew in Dickens' "Oliver Twist"—we draw back with a feeling of abhorrence and disgust, for we immediately discern in him many qualities foreign to a law-abiding citizen. On his first appearance we are quick to decide that he is not the kind of a man we should, without a weapon of defence, care to meet in a dark alley.

Upon a close scrutiny and study, however, of this avaricious old gentleman, we are forced to admit that he is wonderfully conversant with human nature, and especially the tendencies and likings of children. So it is that we find him a remarkably good tutor in the study of robbery as a fine art. His tactics in teaching his young pupils scientific manipulation in pilfering pockets, though devoted to a profession not quite respectable, are admirable. His work he considers a pleasure as well as a duty and this view he endeavors to instill in his pupils. Consequently he fosters in them the habit of taking their work as a jolly game. This he does not by precept, but by actual participation in the sport, yet with a keen eye to the proper direction of its end. The tensivity of his joyous interest then infects his pupils and they work and learn with a will. Of course it was to his own material advantage to see that his pupils performed their work with the greatest possible efficiency because he himself thereby was to reap the tangible results. To his pupils, however, he conveyed the inspiring impression that his delight rose over satisfaction with work well done, with neatness and dispatch.

We have a very good concrete example of the methods and diplomacy of Fagin in acquainting the unsophisticated candidate with the mysteries of professional pickpocketing, at the initial performance given for the benefit of Oliver Twist. One morning after breakfast, the old Jew having registered the mood of Oliver, and having satisfied himself that the lad was roused to a proper degree of curiosity proceeded to hold a class in "Deftness of Touch." We soon find from the demonstration given, that his pupils are so apt in their studies that even Professor Fagin himself, is unable to detect the whereabouts of their fingers while his pockets are being rifled. Oliver, being

in the age when the days of real sport are most keenly enjoyed, witnessed this game with wonderment and delight and longs to take part himself in such a jolly proceeding. This well illustrates the point that Fagin believed in demonstration before participation, and shows how he worked on the feelings of his new pupil to arouse his enthusiasm and interest to the highest pitch. This achieved, Fagin then considers Oliver ready for a light preliminary lesson in "making a touch"; so after the other pupils, whose presence might have embarrassed Oliver, had left the house the dear old pedagogue played the game anew.

It is significant that Fagin observes his pupil not only during a lesson but keeps him under strict surveillance even in recreation times impressing on him the necessity of being constantly employed. This theory, as Oliver learns, Fagin not only supports orally but enforces it by corporal punishment. Of the discomfort which a non-observance of this creed of the strenuous life entails Oliver becomes convincingly aware on two occasions. Once when two of his young pupils returned home without any evidence of their day's work, Fagin kindly requested them to retire for the night without their usual scanty meal. At another time their amiable teacher became so enraged on account of their committing the same grave offense, that he gently knocked their legs from under them, thereby causing their rather hasty descent to the bottom of a flight of stairs with incidental tingling of the flesh.

Such were the methods employed by our gentle pedagogue in teaching the young—he did not delve into the work head first and lay bare the first day the hard facts of the study. He went about it mildly acquainting his new pupil first with a few of the attractive points and to a certain degree sweetening the bitterness of the work with the milk of human kindness. After he had explained a few of the principles of the business, he left the young student to fathom the rest by his individual study and application and study. But after the newly initiated pupil had become thoroughly familiar with his part of work in this crime syndicate, he learned that it would always be well for him to perform it with devotion and intelligence and to fit himself for ever greater and greater achievements.

After studying the methods and success of Fagin as a teacher, we are led to believe that had he exercised the same power toward influencing the young to do good as he devoted to inuring their unformed minds to the commission of crime, he would undoubtedly stand out today an exemplary model for those who have devoted their lives to the education of the young.

ALEXANDER POPE WITH THE MANTLE OF THOMAS à KEMPIS

FULTON J. SHEEN '17

Johnson, on being asked his opinion of poetry, declared it to be "the art of uniting pleasure with truth by calling imagination to the aid of reason." Shairp, in his "Province of Poetry," more gracefully defines it as the "expression in beautiful form and melodious language of the best thoughts and noblest emotions which the heart of man awakens in the finest souls." Though these definitions may seem foreign to the subject under inquiry they are helpful in justifying the peculiar and novel philosophic expression of Pope's concept of man. We are almost as much surprised to find an ethical inquiry into man written in poetry as one of the characters of Molière's comedy was to learn that he has been speaking prose all his life. The observation of Johnson, and more so of Shairp, however, not only abates our surprise, but admirably describes Pope's treatment, inasmuch as he expresses in "melodious language the best thoughts and noblest emotions which the spectacle of life awakens in the finest souls." Pope himself conscious that he had done a novel thing in his "Essay on Man," justifies the poetizing of ancient maxims of ethics by remarking that the truth when expressed in verse seems lighted with that originality and freshness which impresses the mind enduringly. He reasons, further, that he could indite these principles more shortly in poetry, a work worth while, since "much of the force as well as the grace of the argument or instruction depends on its conciseness."

Convinced now that there was a "method in his madness," we may pass on to an examination of how the dicta of ancient philosophy strike us when they are encased in literal translation, in English poesy. For the proper understanding of Pope's poetry, and particularly his "Essay on Man," it is important to remember that Pope, for his philosophic doctrines, sat at the feet of Bolingbroke. To the latter, Johnson attributed, all "The philosophic stamina" of the "Essay on Man." The main philosophic tenet appears to be, not a revealed religion but, on the contrary, a looking upward through Nature to Nature's God. Since Bolingbroke's doctrine was, that all knowledge is derived through the senses and that it is only by the study of the works

of Nature that we can come to a knowledge of God, we are not surprised to find much fatalism and naturalism in Pope's poetry. As a philosophic treatise, therefore, it is not orthodox. Beattie seems to characterize it very justly in describing "its sentiments" as "noble and affecting," its "images and illusions" as "beautiful and apposite and new," its wit as "transcendently excellent" but the "scientific part" as "very exceptionable."

If the poem were crystallized, figuratively speaking, and then shivered into fragments by criticism, each little piece would be a gem of literary and moral value. Its real beauty lies in each little fragment taken by itself. It is interesting to note how these little gems reflect, to a great degree, the deep moral intonations of one of the greatest analyst's of man's heart that ever lived—Thomas à Kempis. For the sake of illustrating Pope's genius for axiomatic moral precepts no lines are more popular, and more profound and more necessary in this day of easy forbearance with lightly disguised images of the "Flesh and the Devil" than the following:

*"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."*

This idea of the ease with which one may fall into vice is, of course, observed by Thomas à Kempis, in his "Imitation of Christ":

"For first a bare thought comes to the mind, then a strong imagination, afterwards pleasure, evil motion and consent."

So many of Pope's truths are to be found in Saint Thomas, that one wonders whether the modern poet in verse had not considerable familiarity with the mediaeval poet in prose.

In Epistle One to take another instance, Pope is describing the insatiable appetite of man:

*"Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears."*

How familiar that sounds! We remember reading something of it in the Bible, and being reminded of it by Thomas à Kempis:

"Often remember the proverb: The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing."

Again, both of the moralizers emphasize the fact that our peace is not to be placed in man. Both seem to think that "things

rank and gross in nature" are ever working against the better man. Pope says:

*"Ask of the Learned the way? The Learned are blind
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind."*

Thomas à Kempis, as if piercing the veil of the future, seems to anticipate Pope's remark, and draws the conclusion in this language:

"Son, if thou placest thy peace in any man for the sake of contentment and his company, thou shalt be unsettled and entangled."

As far as moral reflections go, then, Pope does not diverge much from the principles of the golden tongued exhortation of Thomas à Kempis. Both believe earth to be a field of battle—a place in which we contend with virtue and vice, always striving upwards working out the beast, with our foreheads raised toward the Divinity.

A striking resemblance in the philosophic thoughts of Pope is to be found in the work of another master of the secrets of the heart—Shakespeare. Man, says Pope, is

*"Fixed like a planet on his peculiar spot
To draw nutrition propagate and rot;
Or meteorlike flame lawless through the void
Destroying others by himself destroyed."*

Shakespeare expresses the same thought thus:

*"Out out, brief candle
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."*

On the subject of man and his existence another quotation comes to mind which shows a marked similarity to the well-known "Seven Ages of Man," as expressed in "As You Like It." Pope's ages of man are as follows:

*"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattler, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper age;
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er."*

Now as regards the struggle of man on this earth, another comparison comes to hand. In Epistle IV Pope tells us that there is

*"Something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live or dare to die."*

The thing that perplexes us then, is that "eternal bourne whence no traveler returns." We struggle onward through life continually face to face with that "question which puzzles the will and makes us bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Pope's essay, taken as a composite whole, is neither adequate as a philosophic system, nor at all satisfying to the Catholic. On this point Cardinal Newman says: "Pope was actually a Catholic, though personally an unsatisfactory one. His freedom indeed from Protestantism is but a poor compensation for a false theory of religion in one of his poems; but taking his works as a whole, we may surely acquit them of being dangerous to the reader, whether on the score of morals or of faith."

Pope succeeds, as we have pointed out, by his mastery of form, impressing upon the minds many maxims, which are the meat of his system; he also produces a thesaurus of poetic proverbs similar in spirit to those of St. Thomas à Kempis and Shakespeare, which shall serve for all people, as texts of right conduct.

Lord Byron in 1821 writes of him: "Neither time nor distance, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty."

Go joyously and with a light heart as far as you can, and if you cannot always go joyously, go always courageously and confidently.—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE FACULTY**II.**

REV. F. E. MUNSCH, C. S. V., Professor of Latin and
and Ancient History

Youth is, indeed, an inspiring time of life; youth, with its hopes, ambitions, plans and dreams. A time of life that knows no real disappointments, no genuine sorrow, for the tears of today are dispelled by the laughter of tomorrow. Youth, bubbling over with life, with energy, the happy care-free time, a time of all times when we do not take ourselves seriously; when we hold no grudge against the world and everybody is our friend.

And yet it is an all-important time and because of these very characteristics it is a period fraught with danger—a time upon which our whole career in after life depends. The youth, uncertain of his way, may be directed to paths leading to virtue, holiness and purity, or misguided into the depths of wickedness, sin and corruption. A time when the mind and heart are open to receive alike the holy impress of angels' hands or the foul marks of demon's claws.

Remember that there are no keener regrets than those arising from a misspent youth. The misuse of a time when health and vigor are ours, when God gives us his best and fairest gifts, which, if we but will, can be used to such great advantage. There is no sadder picture than to see the shores of youth strewn with the wrecks of lost opportunities, ill-spent hours, those shores littered with the bleached bones of a life spent in dissipation, carelessness and wanton riot.

What an unfortunate phrase is that which says, youth must sow its wild oats! There was never invented a sentence more untrue, or diabolical; as if, of necessity, those fairest and most beautiful years were to be given up in all that is unholy and sinful! It is one of those dangerous doctrines 'going about doing deadly work,' one that fills our jails and insane asylums and hospitals; that makes of youths wrecks, physical and moral. One needs not the experience of long years to testify to this.

Now, you are most of you in that period of life. You cannot expect that someone will accompany you through this period

and point out for you every pitfall, every lurking danger. But while you are here at school you are given instructions, principles and guiding rules; you are given an opportunity to fashion yourselves the weapons you are to use against the enemy. You are told of his secret moves and his insidious ways, you are told how to grapple with him when he falls across your path. This, after all, is the chief end of your education, your sojourn among us.

But there is a proverb which says "herding in childhood may mean straying in youth," and it may apply in your case. True* it is that to some extent you are herded here. You have to go to chapel, to classes and exercises of all kinds because the bell calls you. But there is a great difference between the boy who follows the rules mechanically and him who, so to speak, rises above the sound of the bell and obeys from a higher motive. The former will walk the straight path so long as there is some one to watch him, some one to call his attention to regulations; but directly he leaves school there is no more effort on his part to continue the practices he so mechanically performed while under the eye of his tutor. He goes off to his old ways again, neglects his religion, and becomes a mere child of the world. Rules to him were always hard and troublesome—chalked lines difficult to walk, and when he gets out, away with rules and off where his whims, caprice and evil inclinations lead him! This is a melancholy fact, but the inference to be drawn is, not that schools and colleges like this are to be abolished because they seem to make a lad good only while attending them, nor should we conclude that every boy be provided with a special teacher to look after him once he leaves college.

No, but each boy while at school, far from going to chapel, to class, just because the others are doing it, should make religion his own affair, should make study and education his own personal matter, and conduct himself accordingly. One who does this will, after he has left school, practice his religion faithfully and try to improve his mind continually. He is a boy who, while at school, will put his heart into his prayers, who prays because he feels the need of heavenly aid, who comes to Holy Communion because he feels the need of heavenly nourishment, who avoids evil company because he realizes its corrupting influence, who avoids what is wrong in word and deed because he knows that his character will suffer and that sooner or later in great temptations his strength will fail and he collapse.

*See Rickaby "Ye are christ's."

He is the lad who sees in the rules and regulations of a college not something set up to curb his freedom or curtail his happiness, but something that teaches him self-restraint, to subdue those propensities which if let go unchecked, would bring him to ruin!

You may say, if you will, that such a boy has been "herded" here at college, yet you can be sure that he will not go astray.

You boys have to pass an examination after you leave school and it consists not in the mere questions of the class room. The world will be your examiner and a mighty exacting one it is too! In a way, it is a good thing for you for you will be tested thoroughly. The business of an examiner is to find out what you know and how you have assimilated what you know. The boy who has merely crammed up his History or Latin will soon come to grief in the hands of a skillful examiner. He will put cross-questions and counter questions, and ask you things not in the book, and he will conclude that you have got hold of very little. And this is the method of the world. To him who has just put on religion while at school, gone through his exercises of piety just because prefects have watched him, will unmistakably fail in the world examination—will be found wanting and have to succumb to its wicked ways. Whereas, he who masters his studies, digests his knowledge, thinks and reasons, will fear no examiner; and likewise he who has realized the importance of religion, set a right value on piety and exercises, will go before this stern examiner and not be afraid to meet his most rigorous demands!

This latter has been building up slowly and surely that which we call character. We sometimes hear it said of boys that they have no character, and that is quite an intelligible saying, for character means something cut deep, and is lasting. For the most part boys have, we say, a good or bad disposition, but it is the improving of this disposition that makes the good character. Now, for many of you character is forming in a very marked way, but for all of you it is now time that character must at least be asserting itself, and it were alarming if you showed no signs of it. You are here precisely for that reason—to form your character, for education has been so defined. It is time now that your character be taking definite shape and form and that you are no more a shapeless mass. You have a great deal to do in this moulding. You are not dumb as stone and dead as chalk, which the workman can handle at will, but you are living and free beings, therefore you can resist this

moulding or agree to it. No matter how much the chisel of training and education has been plied upon you, no matter how skillful the artist, you will turn out a poor specimen unless you concur in the work. Therefore you must be docile and plastic in the hands of your teachers and superiors, take their lessons in good part, follow their counsels, receive their direction. This is their life work; this is their God-appointed work. They have received special graces from God. They bring ripe experience to their work; they are conversant with boy nature and you can abandon yourself to their care with the fullest confidence. They see not so much the boy with his faults and short-comings, but abstract from all this, and look to the one important thing—his immortal soul and the best means to help him save that soul.

Each one of you on leaving school ought to feel that you are stronger in character than when you came here. You ought to feel that you are not going to be led astray so easily as before—that you are not going to be merely good with the good and wicked with the bad, and that mere impulse is not going to dominate in you.

When you are by yourselves, free from the care of teachers, let these few principles guide your conduct. You are going to do right because it is right, not from human respect; that you are going to do not so much what pleases you as what pleases God, and that you will do things which, *naturally*, you would rather *not* do because Christ your Saviour asked them of you.

To be specific, you will go to mass on Sundays regardless of how fatigued you are, or how enticing some excursion may be; go do your duties of Confession and Holy Communion at any sacrifice; give up evil company at any cost; be faithful and obedient to your parents, and a thousand and one other things that ought to be done and avoided by the good, dutiful and Christian boy.

In this way you will acquire that thing called Character, which will stand you in good stead in after life. Men will admire you; you will get places of trust and confidence. You may have been herded here at school for a few years, but you are not going to stray, and best of all, at the end of life, when the stern summons shall come, you shall receive the eternal rewards of Heaven.

“Success comes in cans;
Failures in can’ts.”

—Anon.

ROOMERS' RUMINATIONS

MARY'S CHANCE.

W. J. Marum '19.

The rain fell in torrents and the wind howled and shrieked as it went around the corners of a secluded farm. The lightning accompanied by heavy clashes of thunder would at speedily passing intervals light up the whole surrounding country which was sparsely populated.

Mary Jones was sitting in a room with her mind intensely concentrated on her knitting. She had just finished her evening task and set to work to finish her husband's socks before morning, for he was in the nearby village of Ridgefield visiting and would return the next day.

A shadow approached the window and two large piercing black eyes, followed by a flattened nose against the pane. A man's face! The rain was running off his weather beaten hat, and trickled down his ruddy face and now and then was forced to change its course by a rusty and rather lonesome whisker. Mary tried not to notice her unwelcome visitor, but when she tried to work, the needle was constantly pricking her fingers or she was working at intervals without yarn. The face took one last desperate glance around the room, and vanished into the night as mysteriously as it had appeared.

The next morning she was up with a first ray of light going about her daily duties as if nothing had happened the foregoing night, when she was interrupted by the Ridgefield constable who was a childhood friend of her husband. She approached the horse and buggy and immediately related her story to the officer. When she had finished he reached in under the seat and pulled out a large placard headed in enormous print:

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

for information leading to the arrest of Jack Whiting, alias "Red Rover," who held up the mail stage coach and robbed it and shot three of the occupants and the driver. His description is as follows: When last seen

in this district (11 a. m., July 20, 1915,) he wore an old rusty brown slouch hat turned up in front, red bandana handkerchief, open necked gray flannel shirt, leather boots with two nickel-plated spurs, fur trousers trimmed with a cartridge belt, and two large calibre revolvers. His height is six feet ten inches, complexion dark, and wears a red beard. Address information relative to the above to the Sheriff of Coldblood County.

Needless to say Mary was almost dumbfounded by what she read. Her countenance registered surprise, fright, joy, and a little spark of bravery, all in the same moment. Her only comment to the staunch preserver of the peace was:

"I saw him last night shortly after the robbery. But, thanks, I don't think we need that particular five thousand dollars, and if we did, I think I'd rather try to earn it by darning socks for all the men this side of the Atlantic, than by capturing that bandit, because, as I said before, I SAW HIM, and I believe in 'Safety First.'"

THE PIANO SOLO AT THE SCHOOL CONCERT

J. Robert Elmslie '19.

The program at the school concert was well under way. Julius Cæsar was once more eulogized with considerable vehemence in Marc Antony's oration. There had been a song, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," rendered by a scraggy individual, a Mr. Shrill, whose voice had gone through gymnastics that would have done justice to both a ventriloquist and an auctioneer.

Now, the president of the class arose, a slim, pretentious person, and read in a tone of voice consonant with his size, as follows: "The next number on our program will be a Nocturne by——"

He paused and looked down helplessly at a young man who was beginning to move uneasily in his seat, and in a putative whisper, which could be heard in every corner of the hall, asked:

"How do you pronounce that name?"

"Show-pang," came the response, like an echo of the speaker.

"A piano solo," continued he, "Nocturne by 'Show-pang' (Is not that right?" he added, sotto voce.) "The performer is Mr. John Bach Crescendo!"

The audience began to clap! clap! clap!—gradually louder and louder, and amid it all, with a great hustle and a decided odor of hair tonic, Mr. J. B. Crescendo came up to the piano and sat down on the stool. Then he arose and began to roll up the stool, which let out a protest of rasping squeaks as though it was afraid the gentleman was going to take off its head. After much bowing, he finally sat down again and began, and the audience began also.

Let us pass among the audience and feast ourselves here and there for a few moments on some of the brilliant conversation.

"Say, Frank, ain't he dressed in terrible bad taste, with that loud tie and colored top shoes?"

"Terrible; if I were him I'd be ashamed to appear in public like that."

"He thinks he can play, don't he? He must think he's Paderoosky's understudy."

"Thinks he can play is good. Look at that hoof of his glued to the 'loud' pedal."

"Would you look at him swaying his body backard and forward like a camel and from side to side like a gander. Say, fellows, is that Miss Brunette sitting over there, with a flower in her coat?"

"That's the Jane all right. Perhaps he thinks he will make a hit with her." Here the boys began to giggle. We'll leave them giggling. In the next row sat a gentleman and two matrons.

"How do you like it?" was asked of the man.

"That may be classic music," answered the gentleman, "but if that's music, it's too blamed classic for me."

"He don't play like my Bill," said one lady, "he ain't got the right expression."

In the next row sat Mr. and Mrs. Crescendo, beaming with parental satisfaction.

"He is certainly a wonder," said the old lady. "If John keeps up, by the time he's seventeen he'll be a bigger—what you call it?—oh, yes, virtusa than Joseph Hoffman ever was."

"He takes after me," said the expansively proud father. "I always had an ear for music, why when I was a boy I'd follow a man with a hand-organ and a monkey for three miles, and I was always on the spot when I heard a band play. So you see I was quite musical, but I did not have the opportunity he had. If he keeps on, I'll have to educate him in Turin."

"I wonder if Mrs. Browne is here. My, but she'll be jealous of my boy. You know her boy could do nothing 'long side our John."

"It ain't in everybody," replied her husband.

Prof. Bangemhard Thumper, the young man's teacher, sat further back and announced to everybody within gun-shot that he was Crescendo's teacher, and that he taught a marvelous technical system all his own. That the teacher of the wonderful prodigy *did* have "a technic all his own" was just what a certain musician declared—in different language—as he hastened from the Hall before the Chopin number was well started.

The President arose. "After this musical number which we all thoroughly enjoyed, etc., etc." When last heard from, Mr. John Bach Crescendo's career landed him in a West Madison Street nickel show, where he is pounding the daylights out of a dishpan piano for the handsome sum of \$12 per. He doesn't play "Show-pang" now, but is considered a fine interpreter of a composer, Berlin, by name. As for his audience, it is on the whole enthusiastic and, no doubt, musical and critical.

What more could be wished?

PATRIOTS.

J. F. C. '17

Are we subjective or objective patriots? Does the present day exhibition of patriotism on the part of Americans really indicate a true national spirit? We attend vaudeville. A Japanese wire walker, scantily and gaudily arrayed, aided by an open Japanese parasol, gyrates and tiptoes along a stretched wire. We are comfortably dozing when suddenly as in a dream we see the "artiste" swiftly climb a pole and unfurl the stars and stripes while the orchestra murders our national anthem—if any song can be called an anthem that begins, "O say, can you see!" We are wide awake at once, our blood runs warm and we give excited manual applause. Verily our flag redeems more than one thing. We sheepishly look at our neighbor, then scan the program for the next outrage. This is only one of the many ways in which American patriotism is manifested. Just how far will it take us? We often feel an apparently real glow of patriotism and again we sometimes see disturbing exhibitions, such as this: Our country is involved in war. Time for enlistment comes. Our doctor's offices are open night and day. Citizens, with anxious faces rush in; with less anxious faces they

rush out, in one hand a report of the stock market, in the other a certificate of physical examination, stating the bearer is not in physical condition for military service. It is surprising to note how many physicians after ten days' hard work order new Packards for business purposes. Again, we look into the busy managing editor's office. A long line of literary aspirants throng the waiting room. They are Patriots. They see visions of themselves at the front, three miles from the nearest battle, a red cross band on one arm, a white flag in one hand, a pencil and pad in the other. Their country has called. They are ready to do their duty.

I awake from my speculation and wonder whether I will do likewise. I wonder.

DOES IT ALWAYS PAY TO BE FUNNY?

W. J. Marum '19.

"Good morning, my friend," said a young refined college-bred attorney to a business man whom he met in the residential district of a large city.

"Good morning, my young man. What can I do for you?"

"Would you be so kind as to direct me to Mr. Dowie's residence in this district?" queried the young man.

"A-hem!" said the man, clearing his throat and keeping pace with the inquirer's steps. "Do you see that third house on the other side of the street?"

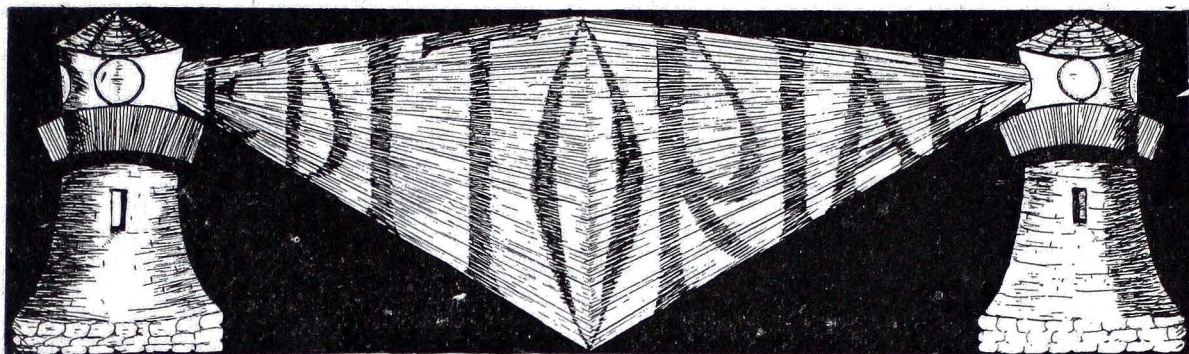
Saying "I thank you," the youth at once proceeded on his errand; but was abruptly halted by this call of the old gentleman:

"Well, that's not the place, for Mr. Jones lives there; but, you see the next house"—and after our friend advanced farther down the street, the whimsical old gentleman again corrected himself.

"That's not it either, because Mr. Brown has lived in that house as long as I have lived in the next one, where the honorable Mr. Gowie lives, for that is my name."

The youth with a bored air opened a book and said: "I have a legacy to pay Mr. Gowie, and not Mr. Dowie—I misread the name—but I guess it don't make any particular difference, for there is a clause in the will to the effect that the legacy is to go to the lawyer—that's me—if the Mr. Gowie cannot be located."

The youth turned on his heel. The whimsical old gentleman collapsed.



THE VIATORIAN

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"Homo Sum: Humani Nihal A Me Alienum Puto."—Terence.

Needless to say, we wish you a felicitous "twelfth-month," or the same for any portion thereof which may be residual when the VIATORIAN for 1916 arrives to greet you.

Concerning Production

In the way of resolutions which one takes from force of habit at the outset of another year we should like to suggest only one, gleaned from the pages of an old book, which in these sophisticated days, seems to have gone quite out of date: "Produce, produce, in heaven's name, produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with them," cried that prophet of a few generations ago. In your literary productions for the ensuing year, to use the phraseology of our advertising manager, we respectfully solicit your considerations and hope that you will

look upon the opportunities the VIATORIAN offers you as a stepping stone to future fame. In the motto of a well-known journalistic genius we ask you to "hew to the line."

In the nature of present things there are two kinds of pacifism—prepared and unprepared or just plain pacifism, and it is the great imperative duty of the American people to get under the former standard although not the slightest slight will be felt by anyone if, in absentmindedness, one sometimes speaks of prepared pacifism and at other times of pacific preparedness. It really makes not an iota of difference and there will be a perfect understanding between us. What seems clearly evident is that as one by one every right of neutrals on the high seas is methodically and consistently violated with studied intent, and as every known species of international law is disregarded,—the old balm of a *drastic* note from the amiable and most estimable head of the administration in Washington, despite the evident *firmness* of said epistles, becomes less and less potent as a politic anodyne. Something in the nature of increased militia, a degree of compulsory military education, a naval auxiliary merchant marine, and warships might now be tried. Perhaps these would considerably relieve the President of his now onerous note-writing duty, although there are those artistic minds who maintain that this would be a sad loss to literature since it would deprive us of further splendid specimens of urbane and neatly worded diplomatic letters, and alas! the letter-writing art is already sadly in decline, the critics tell us. Goethe had a neat theory, however, that there is perfect compensation in nature (and art is nature); so more guns putting an effective point to our several requests, which all the much advertised firmness has thus far failed to achieve, would be our compensation for the loss sustained by the literary world. Our "splendid isolation"—noted by plain unprepared pacifists with much gusto—which has been our strength for the past century and a quarter of our national existence is rapidly becoming of no avail in view of the most phenomenal advance of modern military science. Wireless telegraphy, vast steamships, aeroplanes, submarines capable of transoceanic voyages, long-range guns and powerful battleships, bring us dangerously near the awful European cataclysm. Have we not felt long enough this sting of studied insult from at least one of these warring nations, who have unrelentlessly preyed upon our unpreparedness to make us

the laughing stock of the world? We must at least admit a note of rashness in our procedure of watchful waiting (pardon-ing our use of that term to designate our lethargic policy of military unpreparedness since it has done such valiant service in describing our Mexican attitude), when in the presence of the fact that over half the world—by far the most important half—are at each other's throats in a fight to a finish, and we look idly on, firm in our unwarranted presumption that by no possible shifting of circumstances could we become anything more than innocent bystanders. It is a notable fact that the last mentioned class has the peculiar misfortune very frequently to become involved in other peoples' troubles. And frequently it seems that these innocent lambs emerge with blackened eyes, sadder but wiser men.

Theodore Roosevelt, that prolific maker of canned phrases, and opponent of canned conventions has another phrase, borrowed we are told, from the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, which expresses a danger, which in our wildest imagination we could not have believed possible in this home of the brave, namely, "Hyphenated Americanism." The remarks of some of the high officers of societies, ostensibly American, but which invariably have the name of a foreign country attached by a hyphen to the word American (thus by their very name showing, in many cases, their lack of the loyalty to the country of their willing adoption), are such as to show a considerable portion of our foreign population in a very unpleasant light. The barefacedness and audacity of their disavowal of the support of our country and the repudiation of its institutions is amazing to say the least. Their proven attempts to create sedition and rebellion among labor in the United States engaged in making munitions intended for countries at war, although they knew that United States acted perfectly within its rights as a neutral nation in so doing; the hiring of foreign agents to carry out their dastardly disloyal plans; the forging of American passports for use in their spy system; the indiscretions and dishonorable activities of certain foreign ambassadors and ministers are but a few of the things which should convince us of the presence of a class of certainly disloyal Americans. The whole detestable procedures show how little their adopted country means to them. Yet in times of peace, when it mattered not so much, they were to all intents and purposes loyal citizens. It passes current in diplomatic circles that

if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar. Events of the past year clearly show that if loyalty is demanded of a hyphenate, like the Russian, flinging aside the duties of his citizenship with scornful disconcert he shows himself in his true light.

But the pacifists (plain) of our own blood who believe that by disarming entirely we will be able to avoid all possible war, although at the loss of so small a thing in their eyes as national honor, are no whit less dangerous. They seem to forget that the nation which has insulted them so frequently of late is the same, only 100 per cent more tyrannously militaristic, that could find it quite consistent with its much boasted "Kultur" to fall upon the defenseless Chinese in 1900 and ruthlessly murder even the women and children of that helpless country. Yet these same unprepared pacifists pity the Chinese for their foolishness and would probably declare, with serene equanimity, that it served them right for not being prepared. Yet they would have us place ourselves in a position similar to these poor benighted Asiatics who, because of their policy of non-resistance have become the butt of many a practical little joke of the diplomats of the world. It would seem that hyphenation and unprepared pacifism are more closely united in their ultimate aim than is evident upon first inspection.

The present world war has done nothing, if it has not absolutely demonstrated the fact of the utter impossibility of world peace, at least for many generations to come,—Hague peace palaces, Andrew Carnegie subsidies, and Henry Ford peace expeditions notwithstanding. The most sacred agreements of great nations are utterly violated, treaties of arbitration count for naught when once the *Krieglust* is aroused. If an individual of prophetic instinct had predicted ten years ago that by 1914 half the world would be engaged in the most bloody encounter in history, the majority of us would have laughed to scorn his supposedly foolish war scare. But it is now a plain ungarnished reality expanding boldly in the midst of our prided intellectual civilization that the best of our culture and refinement is now using all the intellect and cunning at its command to annihilate the people who happen to be on the other side of an arbitrary line. The plea of the pacifist has no foundation in reality and must go by the boards along with that of the socialistic dreamer, who thinks with him that human nature is capable of complete perfection. Both lose sight of the horrible reality of sin in the world, the grim countenance of which has wrecked many a beautiful theory on the rock-bound shores of fact.

Today the cry for preparedness is in the air. But the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" by the shepherd boy of the fable when his sheep were beset was not exactly effective merely as a cry. What we need is materialization, a crystallizing of this rife sentiment, not endless debate. As a nation we are so often satisfied with more or less talk on urgent necessities.

**Crystallizing
a Sentiment**

Hence we proceed on our way with a kind of Assisian serenity despite the fact that the meeting of said urgent necessity is still pretty much in the nebulous state as far as any fulfillment is concerned. It is to be hoped that the President's tour of the country in the interest of preparedness will so arouse the present sentiment to action that its pressure will force Congress to do something definite and constructive. Let us hope that it will not be necessary for us to take counsel of fear should we wake to find an enemy at our front door. In such a dread event we might not be as fortunate as the ancient inhabitants of Pylos who, refusing to obey the urgent advice of the elder Demosthenes to fortify their city against an approaching enemy, finally did set to work and with clay for mortar, carried materials on their backs, supported the walls with their clasped hands, and were finally successful in finishing the necessary work in the course of a few days—very similar to our position in the Spanish-American war. But times have changed and also we modern dwellers in Pylos have to resist, not the hand-thrown javeline, but the more formidable looking forty-two centimeter howitzers and bombs from flying Zeppelins.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare; I would be friend to all—the foe—the friendless; I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would love up—and laugh—and love—and lift.
—Howard Arnold Waters.

HANKISMS

F. C. H. '18

A problem for those studying economic conditions of the day—why is venison always deer?

The key to woman's heart, like most other keys, hangs upon a ring.

A dark brown taste and a light heart are never companions.

Pickpocket—a fellow who touches you with a helping hand.

Any actor with a role works for his bread and butter.

Liquor has killed more men than thirst.

Bachelors are not the only men who have been disappointed in love.

He who hesitates is lost—except at an auction.

You had better be sure and slow than surely slow.

Wearing duck trousers will not keep you above water.

If you are affected by the high cost of living, be like the giraffe—make a little food go a long way.

A pair in the hand is worth two in the deck.

George Washington could tell a lie when he heard one.

At a first-class banquet—some are roasted, others toasted, and still others “stewed.”

The coming man is on the go.

Man learn first to crawl, and some never forget it.

Champagne never produces sham pain.

EXCHANGES

*"Blame where you must,
Be candid where you can,
And be, each critic, a good-natured man."*

—Goldsmith.

THE NAZARENE.—The first magazine at hand happens to be *The Nazarene* from Nazareth Academy, in the wilds of Michigan; glad to see you. "The Christmas Gift," a bit of anonymous verse, expresses the standardized Christmas sentiment in conventional versifying. Though there is some good advice in Bishop Hickey's address, the Exman presumes this will not be remembered so long as the concluding lines of the little talk. The author of "Christmas and Music" would do well to look over the rules for punctuation. The ideas are not well connected, the style is cumbersome and there is too much repetition of the same words and phrases. "The Master Paintings of the Nativity" contains a rather sparing review of the noted paintings on that subject. One sentence is especially worthy of consideration. "In most of these pictures the Holy Mother is seated holding the Infant on her lap and receiving the adoration of the Magi." The Wise Men came to adore the Babe and not the Blessed Virgin. The editorials are fair but few. The writers of the Exchange Department certainly do not believe in over-exerting themselves; the criticisms average but four to seven lines to each magazine. Don't you think this is rather inadequate for such an important column? "Christmas in Rome" tells about the religious rites in the Eternal City during the Christmas season. Why not carry the idea a little further and tell about Christmas in Hoboken or in Marshall, Michigan?

The point is that the tone of the magazine is altogether too serious. The articles are drab and uninteresting largely because you seem to suppress your individuality. Give us some articles on current topics, something fairly bubbling over with energy and enthusiasm. If only school-girls would tell us what they think about unbookish things.

THE CANISIUS MONTHLY.—From Buffalo, N. Y., *The Canisius Monthly* strides into our sanctum. The verse on the first page entitled "Hail, Child," is about as good as the majority of poems written by college men on the subject of the Nativity. When the author refers to Bethlehem as "The Fountain of Mirth" he undoubtedly means well, but notwithstanding his good intentions the Exman thinks that the two ideas, i. e., the birth-place of our Saviour and a fountain of mirth, are incongruous. The scene was one of awe-inspiring sublimity and joy, it is true, but the words joy and mirth carry with them decidedly different shades of meaning. "Christmas in No. 38" is a cleverly written little story. The author seems to excel in powers of description. "Incarnatus" is rather incoherently put together. The author of "Music of Christmas Night" ingeniously sees music in almost everything pertaining to Christmas. Why refer to the Christmas moon as "golden?" The "Fountain of Inspiration" is an interesting story, but hardly true to life. Is it possible that the author really wants us to believe that a dope fiend does not know the difference between the taste of his favorite drug and the taste of plain, unadulterated H₂O? The lines in the verse "Mother" seem to be forced, strained, artificial, and unpoetical. The manner in which Christmas is celebrated in Poland is pleasantly told in "Christmas Customs in Poland." The Exman would like to be a child should the hypothetical proposition "If I Were King," offered as the title for a jingling little verse, ever come true. The climax of "Doubly True" smacks of the melodramatic. All that is lacking is a succession of cap-pistol shots and the rattle of tin pans to make the reader believe he is witnessing a blood-curdling thriller. The method of describing a battle from a window is so antiquated that every time one sees or hears it he thinks of moss. The ending is very unsatisfactorily from a melodramatic point of view. Why not have the hero shot in the left arm? Then have the heroine approach him and say, in a voice choked with emotion, "Darling, forgive me; I knew all along you could do it." The heroine must approach the wounded knight from the right side so that he may put his uninjured arm around her in a protecting manner, look into her deep brown orbs, face the audience and say, "'Tis well." Curtain. The Exman cannot imagine what induced the author of "Yielding the Better Part" to spoil his story by giving the climax to us before the proper time. The sentence beginning "The good man could scarcely have been more overjoyed," etc., etc., gives in a kernel what is to

follow, and yet the climax does not occur until the benefactor realizes that Mrs. Mallory is his daughter. But for this ante-climax the story would be quite passable. The author of the verse "To Niobe" has some queer ideas of metre. He chose a fitting subject upon which to lavish his mournful wails. The Exman is not blessed with such a fruitful imagination that he can picture the grief of Niobe as being mitigated by the consoling facts offered by this author; as for Niobe herself, her stone ears will save her the pain of listening. The author of "Is There a Santa Claus?" almost convinces the Exman that there is one, despite the fact that his stocking has long since been filled with potatoes. "Mr. Beadle," a humorous account of the various duties of a class "fag," is told in an entertaining style. "For Old Sake's Sake" is all right in its place, but its place is hardly in the editorial column. The editorials on a whole are not up to standard. The one entitled "Alma Mater" is noteworthy. The author tries to make us believe that the reason hyphenated citizens have clung to America is because of the influence of Alma Mater, which is about as clear as the proverbial mud. Where is your exchange department, O! *Canisius*? Is it possible that you are without one? The Exman is surprised and grievously pained because the absence of this column denotes that you do not consider criticism of any importance in your magazine.

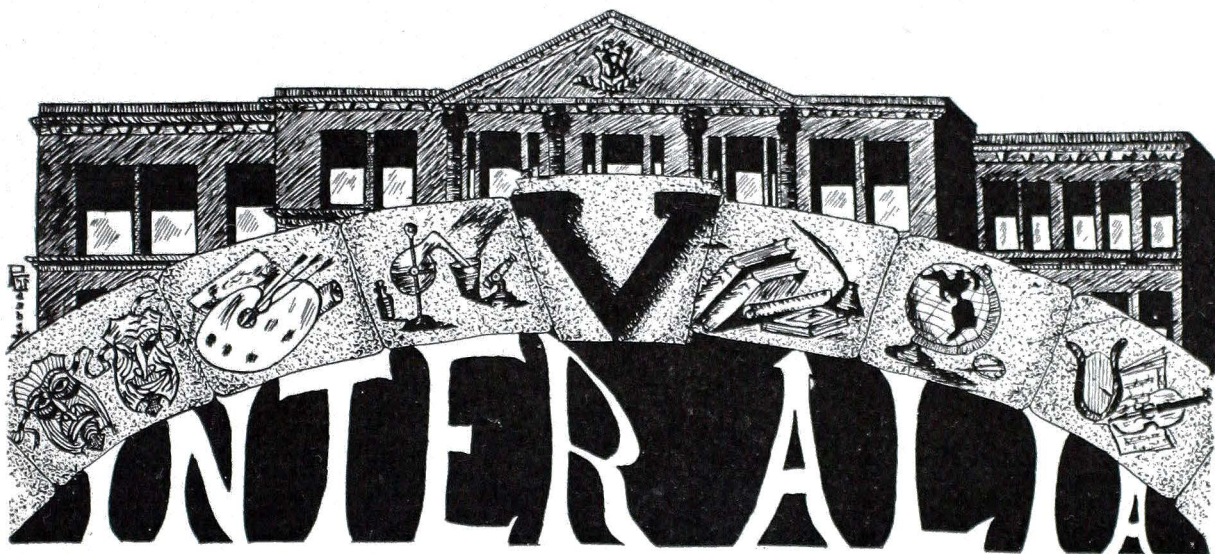
Why not enter into friendly criticism with your fellow-college magazines?

The Muse of Poetry seems to have many followers in your midst, O *Canisius*! no less than eight poems appearing in this issue. Likewise your contributors seem to have taken a liking to short-story writing, as four stories grace your pages. Keep it up! There might be an O. Henry among you, who knows? The Exman thinks, however, that for the sake of having an evenly balanced magazine you should be still more versatile. Why not refrain from a few of the jingles and write an essay or a character study or a book review instead? If you do you may rest assured it will be appreciated by your readers. Good luck, *Canisius*!

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.—The gentleman from Indiana now has the floor. The verse entitled "Little Lord Jesus" appearing on the first page, while it is pretty fair, cannot, however, be accused of containing any sublime poetic thought. It is the humble opinion of the Exman that if the sheep did

succeed in gaining entry to the stable that they were conveyed through the door and not through the stable-bars, as the author would have us believe. "The Singer of Engaddi" is a quaint little story in which a few of the minor incidents of the first Christmas are related. Some of the descriptions are commendable. "Prepare His Way" is sonorous and heavy. In justice to the author, however, it must be said that his attempt is not at all bad. "Heaven on Earth" is short and to some perhaps sweet. "Dan Cupid and Alexander Bell" certainly made the Exman's hair stand on end. Such a promiscuous use of slang terms and vulgar expressions rendered that unfortunate absolutely speechless with amazement. Cheap slang as a source of humor is, to our notion, singing the Swan Song. Besides we can scarcely believe that an Editor of a city newspaper would be so steeped in vulgarity as the author represents him to be. It is a mistake, therefore, if the editors allow such a barbarous infraction of good taste to appear in pages read by college-men. "Darkness and Dawn," a weird piece of verse, has some lines that are faulty in meter and rhythm. Its originality is about its best asset. "The Spirit of Christmas" is a little too doleful for its name. "The Yellow Ticket" is too tragical in its outcome to be printed as a Christmas story. Christmas is a time of joy, and the average reader does not then like to peruse such a sorrowful tale. As long as you are not writing for all time, as Ruskin might say, at least you can conform to the time in which and about which you are writing. An account of the first concert given by the Notre Dame Glee Club appears in the editorial column—in fact, it is the entire editorial column. Undoubtedly this belongs in the local news columns. Why not place it there, O most illustrious Board of Editors? "Safety Valve" contains some of N. D.'s wit and humor. When the Exman read it a vision of a crutch arose before his eyes. The Exman, apologizing for descending into the provincialism of a certain locality which shall be nameless, has the opinion that "The New Song Hits" merit the "Rawsberries" from all sides. Taken as a whole the *Scholastic* is not a well-balanced magazine—too much verse and too little of good prose. Again, the editorials are by no means up to the standard of a college magazine. Some of them succeed in butchering the English language as capably as one would care to see in a college paper. As examples of ungraceful editorial style, behold: "Sling over a bear story . . . has an awful lot to learn." In one editorial written on "The Editorial" the writer deplores the fact that

some college men do not prefer to read editorials to other articles of less importance. Why doesn't this writer do his part by giving to the students editorials on national preparedness, business conditions, ship bills, currency measures, and suffrage questions, etc.? Though the editor endorses and recommends all these as subjects, one looks vainly for them in the *Scholastic's* editorial column. Where is your exchange column? Best wishes, *Scholastic!*



Rarely has any ecclesiastical honor been more joyfully received in both lay and clerical circles than that conferred upon Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, present administrator of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Viator Alumnus
Invested with
Purple

On November 22 news was received from the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Bonzano, that our Holy Father had appointed Father Fitzsimmons Prothonotary Apostolic with the title of Monsignor in the highest degree. This office entitles the holder not only to wear the purple, but also the pectoral cross and ring, with the privilege of using the pontificals. This exceptional honor is granted to very few priests, and at present there are but three in the Chicago diocese upon whom it has been conferred. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the news of the appointment of Father Fitzsimmons caused such rejoicing, and especially at St. Viator, where he studied philosophy and received his degree. Always has St. Viator been solicitous concerning the progress of her sons, and she hails with delight any glad tidings of their success, and so her heart again swelled with pride when she saw a third son invested with the purple.

Since his departure from St. Viator, Father Fitzsimmons has been marked with honor. He was ordained in 1882 and his first appointment was to the important post of assistant at the Holy Name Cathedral. While in this position the ability of the young priest was brought to the notice of Archbishop Feehan, who made him his chancellor. This was a great tribute to the young man, but greater responsibility was placed upon him when in 1888, six years after his ordination, he was selected to succeed Father Conway as rector of the Cathedral. Immediately Father Fitzsimmons entered upon his new duties with that energetic zeal that has always characterized him.

He spared no effort in making the Holy Name Cathedral the wonder of Chicago, and since then has added many improvements, chief among which is the enlargement of the sanctuary. The unique manner in which this was accomplished astonished the engineers and architects of the city of Chicago.

Father Fitzsimmons did not confine his labors to the improvement of the Cathedral alone, but monumental work along other lines progressed with equal rapidity. The parochial school of the Cathedral and a High School for girls rank among the foremost of the Catholic educational institutions of the Archdiocese. Now, as a crown for all these labors, this new honor comes, an additional proof of appreciation of his worth. St. Viator feels proud to claim Father Fitzsimmons as an alumnus and to him she extends her heartiest congratulations with the heartiest *ad multos and faustissimos annos*.

Vacation! What delightful anticipations the word brings and what gloomy reminiscences it leaves to the college student.

Vacation Delightful anticipations because on these alone the college student seems to survive for a long period before vacation begins. Gloomy reminiscences because for another period following the vacation his thoughts are turned towards home. At least once a day, and no one but himself knows how many times at night, he re-enacts the events of those memorable two weeks. The period of anticipations has passed and we are now plunged into the period of reminiscences. How long this latter period will last depends wholly upon the facility with which the student's mind can be occupied by things more tangible than memories. The vacation began December 22 and ended January 5—an exceedingly short two weeks, some thought, but in spite of this fact no name was unanswered at the roll-call Thursday morning.

The college library and the private library of the Very Rev. President have received a splendid addition of new books.

An Addition to the Library Through the kindness of the late Rev. J. F. Mahoney, of Parnell, Iowa, a close friend of the college, his entire library was given to the college. It consists of about five hundred volumes, mostly theological and scriptural, with a number of scientific works. This addition will be greatly appreciated by the seminary and science departments.

Quarterly examinations, the scourge of the college man, are preparing to make their second expedition upon innocent victims.

Examinations and Retreat Already there are signs of trepidation abroad, for the campus is deserted save for a few brave ones who rely on chance and the good nature of their teachers to bring them victory.

The siege is planned for January 26 and 27, and a good defense is expected, especially on the part of those who have been arming themselves since last quarter. Ammunition is being rushed to the field quarters and a general air of excitement has seized all. According to orders from the general, the white flag of peace will be raised on the night of the 27th, when all hostilities will come to an end and a cessation of three days will be granted, during which time the annual retreat will take place.

While at home during the holidays Prof. W. J. Potter, instructor of economics at the college, received an invitation to deliver a lecture at the University of Pennsyl-

Professor Potter Lectures vania. He accepted the invitation and on December 23 addressed the University Extension

School on "Economic Preparedness as a Safeguard Against War." Mr. Potter failed to acquaint us with the success of his lecture, but we know that if he was in his true oratorical form he could not fail to convince his audience.

It is not, after all, a smattering of chemistry, or an acquaintance with the habits of bees which will carry our children through life; but the capacity for doing what they do not want to do, if it be a thing which needs to be done.—*Agnes Repplier.*

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

On December 13 the students enrolled in the agriculture course assembled for the purpose of forming a class organization. The following officers were chosen for the present year: Charles Walker, president; James Cahill, vice-president; Fred Tiffin, secretary-treasurer; Professor Anderson, moderator. Professor Anderson has outlined several programs of interest to the "Aggies" which will supplement their lecture course on "Scientific Farming" and "Advanced Agriculture." The "Aggies" are already represented in the line of athletics by a basketball team, and from the present outlook they give promise of rivaling all others in class activities.

At a recent meeting of the "Aggies," which was attended by several large farm owners from the college vicinity, the Very Rev. President of the college, J. P. O'Mahoney, explained the origin and growth of the Agricultural Department. He spoke very encouragingly of the course and is sanguine in his hopes that the department now so well established will rapidly develop into a large school at St. Viator's. Mr. G. Courville, of Bourbonnais, a man of long experience in farming, instructed the class on his methods of maintaining and increasing the fertility of his farms.

It was a treat for the "Aggies" to be taken through the David Bradley Plow Works, at Bradley, Ill. The Superintendent and Professor Anderson conducted the tour. The students learned much of the different types of farming implements and were given an insight into the processes of steel, working, castings, annealing of the malleable iron used in making plows, etc.

Enjoyable excursions were recently made to several nearby farms, where the class judged various classes of draft horses, dairy and beef cattle.

A series of pot tests is running to demonstrate the effects of certain fertilizers on wheat. There is likewise a test in operation to show that bacteria in soils decompose organic matter and evolve nitrites and nitrates. This convincingly shows that

the presence of lime increases the bacterial activity and so has the effect of making the soil richer in available nitrogen.

Under Athletics will be found an account of the Corn-tassel's Basketball team, which recently defeated Y. M. C. A., of Kankakee. The accuracy of the Aggies in caging so many baskets insures future efficiency in finding the old wagon-box in husking time. Let it always be *two* in the box and one over "Aggies!"

A decidedly enjoyable lecture on the Panama Exposition from the agricultural point of view was attended by the "Aggies" on Saturday evening, January 22. The speaker was Mr. J. S. Collier, Agricultural Agent of Kankakee County.

*If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

*Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.*

—Tennyson.

ALUMNI NOTES

Raymond Mudd, '04, is now employed by the Ford Motor Company at their assembly plant in Chicago.

We are in receipt of information to the effect that "Con" Mahoney, A. B., '08, is now identified with the Fidelity Accident and Life Insurance Company, with office in Chicago.

Claude Hayes, '07, holds a position as salesman for the International Harvester Company, of Chicago, in the auto truck department.

Recently we came in contact with the Chicago representative of the Walworth Manufacturing Company, of Boston, and were certainly glad to shake the hand of our old friend Jerome Sweet.

Gerald Kiley, '09, now fills one of the editorial chairs for the *Chicago Examiner*.

It is with pleasure we now address another of our alumnus as "Doctor," and have the privilege of saying that Dr. Imas Rice, '09, is now engaged in his profession at the Municipal Tuberculosis Hospital of Chicago. Success, "Doc."

Another of our former associates has engaged in the great work of the "press." Jay Williams, '06-'09, now holds a position on the reporters' staff of the *Chicago American*.

Thomas Kekich, '07-'10, is employed at the Jeffreys Bank in Chicago, and has also taken up a course in art at the Art Institute of that city.

Scharmél Iris, '09, showed "signs of early poetry" while he was yet in our midst, but since leaving us has shown that the "signs" developed. He has since published several books of poems and will no doubt soon be one of the recognized lyrists.

We were glad to receive news the other day from Edmund Lawlor, '08-'11, and find that he is now a traveling salesman for one of the large sheet and metal works of Chicago.

Henneberry Cashin, '11, has become associated with his father in the packing business at Peoria, Ill.

Donovan Riordan, '12, recently accepted a position in one of the large banking houses of Detroit, Mich.

PERSONALS

Eugene Leinen, '13, the Castle's rival, "full of wise saws and modern instances," made his annual pilgrimage to the Viatorian hostelry last week. "Red" is now employed by the Board of Election Commissioners of Chicago.

The many friends of Thomas Welch, A. B., '13, were pleased to see him return to St. Viator to enter the theological department.

Edward Unruh, A. B., '13, spent a few pleasant hours at the college recently while on his way to Kenrick Seminary, of St. Louis.

Thomas McGee, H. S., '15, St. Viator's star forward of last year's basketball team, paid his college chums a visit two weeks ago and incidentally saw his old teammates trim the St. Joseph team of Rensselaer, Ind.

Rev. Jos. Kangley, who has been assigned as army chaplain in the Philippines for the last three years, paid his Alma Mater a visit recently. Father Kangley was recently assigned to Portland, Maine. Father Francis Shea, one of last year's ordinandi, who is now at St. Mary's of the Lake Church, Chicago, accompanied Father Kangley.

The faculty had the pleasure of entertaining Rev. J. A. Hagarty, of Lebanon, Kentucky, and Rev. J. White, of Cullom, Illinois, recently.

The Christmas appointments of the college priests were as follows: Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., St. Viator Church, Chicago; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., St. Leo's Church, Chicago; Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., Momence, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Superanant, C. S. V., Manteno, Ill.; Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., Wilmington, Ill.; Rev. J. Corbett, C. S. V., Westville, Ill.; Rev. F. Munsch, C. S. V., St. Mark's, Chicago; Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., St. Paul, Odell, Ill.; Rev. M. Nolan, Chatsworth, Ill.; Rev. J. Barrette, Maternity, Bourbonnais, Ill.; Very Rev. Monsignor Legirs, D. D., pontificated at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais; Rev. J. P. Munday, St. Ambrose, Chicago; Rev. W. J. Stevenson, Philo, Ill.

N E C R O L O G Y

On Friday, December 17, the soul of Bro. Michael, C. S. C., was called to its reward. Bro. Michael passed away at Notre Dame, fortified with all the sacred rites of

Bro. Michael the church, surrounded by his confreres, with
C. S. C., whom he had labored so long.

(Patrick Bergin) He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, August 14, 1843. After some years in the world he decided to leave all and follow unreservedly the call of the Lord. He entered the Holy Cross Order, receiving the habit April 19, 1891. His high example won two of his children to the religious life. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., of St. Viator's College, and Rev. Sister Albertine, of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

He spent twenty-four years in religious life, years replete with happiness and blessings, years filled with his best endeavors for his beloved community. And now that his stewardship is over, we know that he has heard those comforting and gracious words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The funeral Mass was sung by the Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., assisted by the Rev. J. B. Shiel and Stephen E. McMahon, of Chicago. Amongst those in the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D. D., and the Rev. President of St. Viator's College, J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

The VIATORIAN extends its sincere sympathy to Louis Dougherty in the death of his beloved grandfather, Mr. Edward Dougherty, an old and respected citizen of Piper City, Ill.

**Mr. Edward
Dougherty**

The faculty and students desire to extend their heartfelt sympathies to John F. Cox, of the college department, on the death of his beloved uncle, P. F. Flavian, who departed this life in Corpus Christi, Texas, during the Christmas vacation. "Requiescat in pace."

P. F. Flavian

The death of the Rev. Joseph J. Beucler, late of St. August-

tine's Catholic Church, of North Baltimore, Ohio, occurred at St. Vincent Hospital, in Toledo, early Friday morning, Nov. 26. He was born in Louisville, Ohio, December 23, 1863, studied at St. Vincent College, at Beatty, Pa., and from 1886 to 1892 he attended St. Viator, whence he was ordained at St. Cloud, Minn., on December 18, 1892. During 1886-87 Father Beucler was assistant prefect at St. Viator College.

The press of North Baltimore thus comments on the deceased: "During his nearly ten years residence in North Baltimore, Father Beucler not only endeared himself to the members of his own church, but gained a place high in the esteem of the people at large. He was of a quiet, gentle manner, but withal an extensive reader and deep thinker. His ready friendship and kindness were of inestimable value in promoting and maintaining harmony and good feeling among all classes of the community. His was strikingly evidenced by the last tribute paid his memory Tuesday morning, when the people of this community of every religious belief crowded the church at the services, and the business places closed their doors during the funeral hours.

The deceased was buried at Louisville, Ohio, Wednesday, following a Solemn High Mass there sung by Very Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo. The funeral sermon given by Bishop Schrembs was a splendid treatment to the fidelity and patience of Rev. Beucler. He took for his text the famous words of St. Paul to the Christians living among the Hebrews, "Obey, You Prelates." He closed his eloquent address with these words: "Rabboni, when death comes to me, may I find a welcome from thee." May God have mercy on his soul.

The sympathy of the faculty and students goes out to Rev. Daniel P. Drennan, '03-'05, and his brother, James Drennan, '01-'04, who are bereaved over the loss of their beloved mother. That God may grant her rest is our prayerful wish.

To have a knowledge of the Creator is incalculably a more noble thing than to have a knowledge of His creation.—*Robert Hugh Benson.*

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEW MISSAL IN ENGLISH

The old accusation, that the Roman Missal is published in a dead language to mystify the faithful, has been answered by a recent publication of the enterprising firm of Benziger Bros.

The New Missal, by Rev. F. X. Lasance, is an accurate and complete translation of the Roman Missal in seven parts, consisting, first, of instructions for assisting at mass, an explanation of the liturgy of the mass, and other information indispensable to a Christian; second, of the Ordinary of the Mass, both in English and Latin; third, of the Proper of the Season, the Proper of the Saints, the American supplement to the Proper and Common of Saints; fourth, of an appendix of general prayers, such as devotions for confession and communion, the various litanies, novenas, etc.

Since Holy Mother Church has always urged the faithful in assisting at mass to unite their prayers with those of the priest, every Catholic layman should have in hand just such a missal as this that he may follow every prayer uttered by the priest from the beginning to the end of mass. Thus the faithful will become familiar with the richly beautiful liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice and learn to feel something of the glow that the noblest of prayers have roused in the Levites of the sanctuary. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.50 to \$3.25, according to the binding.

"THE CAMP BY THE COPPER RIVER"

Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J.

To readers, young or old, of Father Spalding's latest book, "The Camp by the Copper River," a rare and enviable treat is promised. For who can fail to delight in the sound, healthy, and exciting adventures of youth. In this story Father Spalding has upheld his reputation for masterly and sympathetic portrayal of the American boy. This book tells of a group of city lads who go into the wilds of a Michigan forest for a camping trip and who are beset with adventures of a sportive and dangerous kind. Behind these adventures there is an interesting plot with a Christian moral. In all "The Camp by the Copper River," with its pure and vigorous atmosphere of Catholic manhood, with its fresh and hearty humor, and with its choice descriptions, cannot fail to recommend itself to all. Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.



CAMPION, 27; VIATOR, 28

Our Varsity Five shook hands with the Champion quintette from the north on December 19 and started a game of basketball, which proved to be a "ripper." Both teams were on their toes from the first whistle blast until the end. Just glance at the score and those figures denote a "nip and tuck" contest.

After a few short minutes of dazzling teamwork on the part of Viator and skillful blocking by the Prairie du Chienites, Dondanville, the big brawny center, sneaked the inflated sphere through the rim and made the first impressioin for the "Gold and Purple." This brought the crowd to their feet, where they remained until the close of the half. The "Red and Black" crowd, however, came back with a rush when McKenzie shot two beauties from the floor. This sent Captain Gartland after two points, and with the aid of Roach and Pemberton there was completed a passing triangle which finally sent the ball through the iron circle. Four apiece, and they were at it again. The players then got a little too vigorous and each side added three points by the foul route. "Curly" Flynn came to the front and contributed two more tallies to Viator. Ratchen, the Champion pivot-man, offset Flynn's addition by rimming a basket from center court. This was thought to be a lucky shot, but "Bill" Roach, the stocky guard, let go from the middle ring and evened matters up. Referee Haggerty twice detected a little impoliteness on Viator and she donated visitors two points. Lennox caused the chalker's arm to move when he delivered with two baskets. Dondanville made his appearance again and stored away a couple before the whistle blew for the first half with Champion leading by three.

With a little rest the local crowd started the second period for blood. Gartland and Flynn were good for six more, which put Viator three to the good. The Varsity proved a little too anxious and the referee's thorough knowledge of technicalities proved detrimental. In this period of free throws Champion fattened her score to nineteen. Flynn and "Donny" were generous, however, and put the fans partly at ease by making our count twenty-two. MacKenzie loomed up once more and hid two by for the visitors, while Ratchen put his team alongside of us. Twenty two for each, and then excitement was rife. The "Red and Black" violated three times, and Flynn, Gartland and Roach in turn made good. Zachman made the counts even at twenty-five. Mackenzie then gave the rooters the scare of their lives with his basket, but Flynn had one point left in his sleeve, and the score-board announced twenty-seven—twenty-six in Champion's favor. Gartland then came to the rescue with a basket and a foul, which nosed out the invaders—twenty-eight to twenty-seven. This game was perhaps the most spectacular seen here since the Wabash University game of '13.

LINEUP

Campion, 27	Viator, 28
Mackenzie.....R. F.....	Flynn
Lennox.....L. F.....	Cartland
Ratchen.....C.....	Dondanville
Rees.....R. G.....	Roach
Zachman.....L. G.....	Pemberton

Field goals—Flynn, 4; Gartland, 2; Dondanville, 4; Roach, 1; Mackenzie, 6; Lennox, 2; Ratchen, 3. Free throws—Flynn, Roach, 1; Gartland, 4; Zachman, 5. Referee—Haggerty, Chicago.

Y. M. C. A., 11; VIATOR "AGGIES," 25

Everyone has the "basketball bug," for now we write of a team most recently organized. The "Aggies" appeared on Thursday, January 13, to trounce the K. K. K. Y. M. C. A. Tiffin and Pemberton played the forward positions for the Agriculturalists and managed to store away a generous number of points. Kilbride held his own with the Kankakee "crack," Carter, at center. Cary and Ostrowski blocked the shooters of the opposition with great skill. When the whistle blew at the end the score-

board announced 25 for the "Viator Ags" and 11 for the downtown crowd.

LINEUP

Y. M. C. A., 11	Viator "Aggies," 25
Walters R.....	R. F..... Pemberton
Sauer	L. F..... Tiffin
Carter	C..... Kilbright
Barslow	D. G..... Cary
Robinson	L. G..... Ostrowski

Field goals—Tiffin, 5; Pemberton, 4; Kilbright, 2; Walters, 3; Carter, 1; Sauer, 1. Free throws—Pemberton, 2; Kilbright, 1; Barslow, 1. Referee—Moynihan.

ONARGA SEMINARY, 37; VIATOR HIGH SCHOOL, 13.

Our high school team presented themselves for approval on the night of January 8, when they accepted the "Onarga Seminary Varsity." The younger set staged an exhibition of the winter sport that was very inspiring. Considerably outweighed by their opponents, the future-greats went to it with determination and although given second place with only thirteen points to their credit, they displayed excellent skill at passing and basket shooting. Tiffin, Ashe and Vicroy were the "rimmers" for the high school five, while Dixon, Lemenager and Harper toss for basket shooting honors of the visitors. A return game will be played with Onarga on their floor January 14 and the newly organized quintette promises to give a good account of itself.

LINEUP

Onarga, 25.	V. H. S.—8.
Dixon-Spillman..	R. F.... Vicroy-Berry
Lemenager.....	L. F..... Tiffin
Harper-Poppy....	C. Kilbright-Kearney
Yaw.....	R. G.... Cary-Ashe-
	Freebury
K. Dixon.....	L. G.... Carey-Mead-
	O'Hara

Field goals—Dixon, 6; Harper, 5; Lemenager, 4; K. Dixon, 1; Ashe, 1; Tiffin, 2; Vicroy, 1. Free throws—Onarga, 5; Viator, 5.

ACADEMIC GAMES

OUR LADY OF LOURDES, 18; VIATOR ACADEMY, 35.

The "Acks" finished the year of '15 with the scalp of the fast lightweight team from "Our Lady of Lourdes," Chicago, under their belt. Thirty-five marks the point at which the Viator Lights stopped scoring and eighteen was the sum total of the points made by the visitors. Vicroy, the clever little right-forward, managed to put away five field goals—together with the same number of free throws for his team, thereby taking first laurels. Kirley, Corbett and Sheen distinguished themselves by scoring the remainder of tallies. Stanton, Ever and Becker were the bright performers for the Chicago crowd and helped their team in its strong defense against the "Acks."

Lourdes—18.	Viator A.—35.
Stanton.....R. F.....	Vicroy
Ever.....L. F.....	Kirley
Becker.....C.....	Corbett
Schmitt.....R. G.....	Shields
Shelley.....L. G.....	Sheen

Field goals—Vicroy, 5; Kirley, 3; Corbett, 4; Sheen, 2; Shields, 1; Stanton, 3; Ever, 3; Becker, 2. Free throws—Vicroy, 5; Becker, Shelly, 1. Referee—Gartland. Timekeeper—Conroy.

K. K. K. LIGHTWEIGHTS, 13; ACADEMY, 32.

The Academy bowed the fans a "Happy New Year" when they trimmed the K. K. K. Lightweights, 32-13. Christmas "Rec" seemed to have no effect on the younger crowd, but rather put them to the keenest edge of form. Berry and Vicroy broke even on baskets, while Shields and Hermes brought home the rest of the "bacon." Coffing and Captain Walters chalked up all of the invaders' points and Carron donated the rest.

K. K. K.—13.	Viator A.—32.
Coffing.....R. F.....	Berry
Carron.....L. F.....	Vicroy
R. Walters.....C.....	Sheen
Bayler.....R. G.....	Hermes
Newberry.....L. G.....	Shields
Referee—Gartland.	

CRANE H. S., 18; VIATOR "ACKS," 20.

Crane High School of Chicago brought with them an unblemished record, but went away with one defeat marked against them. The "Acks," however, had only the slight margin of two points at the final whistle, so it proved to be a hard-fought and spectacular game. The first half was point for point and closed with 10-9 in the Academy's favor. The second round opened with speed and went that way until Referee McGee blew the time. Berry and Shields, with their usual accurate eye, marked several times for Viator, while Miller and Kalbas kept Crane in the running and, with the aid of Kasinske, secured eighteen points for their team, which conceded the Academics victory with twenty points.

Crane H. S.—18.	Viator—20.
Kalbas.....R. F.....	Berry
Miller.....L. F.....	Kirley
Kasinske.....C.....	Corbett
Gieser.....R. G.....	Shields
Bernstern.....L. G.....	Sheen
Rapidopolus, sub.	

Field goals—Berry, Shields, 3; Corbett, 1; Sheen, 1; Kalbas, 3; Miller, 3; Kasinske, 1; Bernstern, 1; Kirley, 2. Free throws—Miller, 1. Referee—McGee. Timekeeper—Conroy.

FREE THROWS

There was "no sweat" in Referee Haggerty's eye when we played Champion.

Somebody shouted "First down—ten" at the Onarga-High School battle.

"Frankie" Ashe looks like a *comer*.

Tiffin has a good eye for basket shooting.

Captain Gartland is too well acquainted with the whereabouts of the baskets to even look when he shoots. He gets them, though.

"Bill" Roach's forty-two centimeter arm did good work in the Champion game.

"Donny" moves around almost unobserved, but just "pipe" the record of baskets.

Manager Hughes' bowling team set Kankakee back the other evening on the local alleys.

St. Joseph's - Dubuque soon and St. Joseph's - Rensselaer sooner.

"Red Leinen," a one-time hero of this column, has been "hesitating" here for a fortnight.

The athletes have a "cedar chest" full of Conference *hopes*.

VIATORIANA

As we take our typewriter in hand and endeavor to get the jump on leap year, we are acquainted with the numerous handicaps which prevent us from our getting our overshoes out of hock and arriving at the P. O. to ship the precious manuscript to distant lands before the press operator applies the axle grease and calmly lights a cigarette. Thoughts of exams, sleepovers, burning butcheries, and next June have prevented us from removing the almanac from the musty shelf in time to spring the aggregation of worn-to-the-canvas persiflage usually imposed on unfortunate readers.

Consequently, we have been obliged to divest the waste basket of its contents and make use of the findings.

"Yes, teacher, I'll try to get ahead."

"You need one."

Hit-and-Run.

Stranger enters the library and sits in a one-arm chair.

"Gimme a hot egg sandwich and a bowl of soup."

Neither Gas Nor Electric.

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

Dec. 10, 1915—Bob Hilliard reports two orders from official headquarters. One to come in and one to get out.

Speaking of bright remarks, Referee Monahan surely did light things up when he hit the rope during the game with the St. Joseph aggregation.

Professor Roach—"What is sulphuric acid and where is it found?"

L. A. D.—"It's an acid and is found in the laboratory in large bottles."

"Now, Wittless tell me whether I should say 'I saw a man drinking soup,' or 'I seen a man drinking soup.'"

"Neither one. You should say 'I heard him, etc.'"

"The door is swelled."

Fr. O'M.—"Wood swells easily. That's why so many people have the swell head."

Are you aware of the fact that:

Goldfish are not sold on a karat basis?

Court plaster is not made by a jury?

A radiator has no appetite?

Our first president (U. S. A.) was named Washington because his parents had that name?

Corn bread is not good for bunions?

"My hair is falling out."

"Why don't you put something on it?"

"I do."

"What?"

"My hat."

Senior—"Follow my advice and don't take chloroform."

Freshie—"Who teaches it?"

After tracing the relationship of Mexican Pete, we found out that he is a first cousin of Anaconda. He is serving as a copper in the mining district.

Fido has a bunch of fleas
That make life sad.
They're different from those on the dog
Sir Galahad.

Studes gathered around pillar on third floor.
Teacher—"What's all this about?"
Johnnie U.—"A post."

Professor Anderson—"Pardon me, are you En-right?"
Professor Kennedy—"No, sir! I'm from Chicago."

"Flimed," by K. O. Dak.
(Two real reel scenes.)

SC. I.

Old Homestead—Honest Jim—Work—Monotony—Idea—
Packed Grip—Ticket for City.

SC. II (Flourish).

Bright Lights—Stroll About City—New Acquaintance—Tip
on Race—Investment of "His All"—Same Old Story—First
Train Home.

CURTAIN.

(Approved by the Censors).

"Why do they call this town 'Mt. Pulaski'?"
"Ah dunno, boss. I'se been tryin' t' figure out the same
thing. They hasn't even a good bluff here."

Although he winced, he was convinced
'Twas fairly prudent to be bold.
Kind hearts are more than wretched spades,
Which fact brought him the pot of gold.

"What will your fiancée?"