

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

August, 1918

	PAGE
ST. VIATOR COLLEGE GROUNDS.	
HISTORICAL SKETCH. ....	301
PHOTO OF VERY REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY, C. S. V. ....	302
DEDICATION.....	303
PHOTO OF REV. W. J. BERGIN, C. S. V.....	304
VERY REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY, PAST PRESIDENT OF ST. VIATOR'S.....	305
PHOTO OF REV. J. F. RYAN, C. S. V.....	307
JUBILEE POEM.....	308
<i>Thomas J. Shanley and James A. Williams.</i>	
CLASS OF 1918.....	310
CLASS ORATIONS, THE NEW DEMOCRACY.	
a. "The New Political Democracy".....	316
<i>Leo T. Phillips, A.B., '18.</i>	
b. "The New Industrial Democracy".....	320
<i>Thomas E. Fitzpatrick, A.B., '18.</i>	
VALEDICTORY.....	324
<i>Thomas E. Shea, A.B., '18.</i>	
SOME LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.....	328
MY HERO SON, A POEM.....	334
<i>J. A. W.</i>	
DEMOCRACY VS. AUTOCRACY (MEDAL ORATION).....	335
<i>Gregory A. Galvin.</i>	
IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION WORTH WHILE (MEDAL ESSAY)...	338
<i>Leo T. Phillips.</i>	
THE STAFF.....	344
EDITORIAL—FINIS.....	345
OBITUARIES.....	346
ATHLETICS.....	349
VIATORIANA.....	354



*Viatorian Community Archives*

*Scanned*

*2015*

*Original page blank*

# THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 35

August, 1918

Number 6

## ST. VIATOR COLLEGE HISTORICAL

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

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

### COURSES.

There are nine courses of studies open to the applicant:

*The College Department* comprises six courses:

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

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

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

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

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



THE VERY REVEREND JOHN P. O'MAHONEY, C.S.V.  
*Past President of St. Viator College*

# THE PURPLE

Pro Deo et Patria

Volume 2

Number 1

To One of America's  
Foremost Catholic Educators,  
Past President of St. Viator College,  
The Reverend  
John Patrick O'Mahoney, C. S. V.,  
Who the Class of 1918 Have  
The Distinguished Honor to Call Friend,  
The Editors  
Present Anything of Worth in  
The Purple

## Class 1918 Editors

Thomas E. Shea, Editor-in-chief.

## Associate Editors

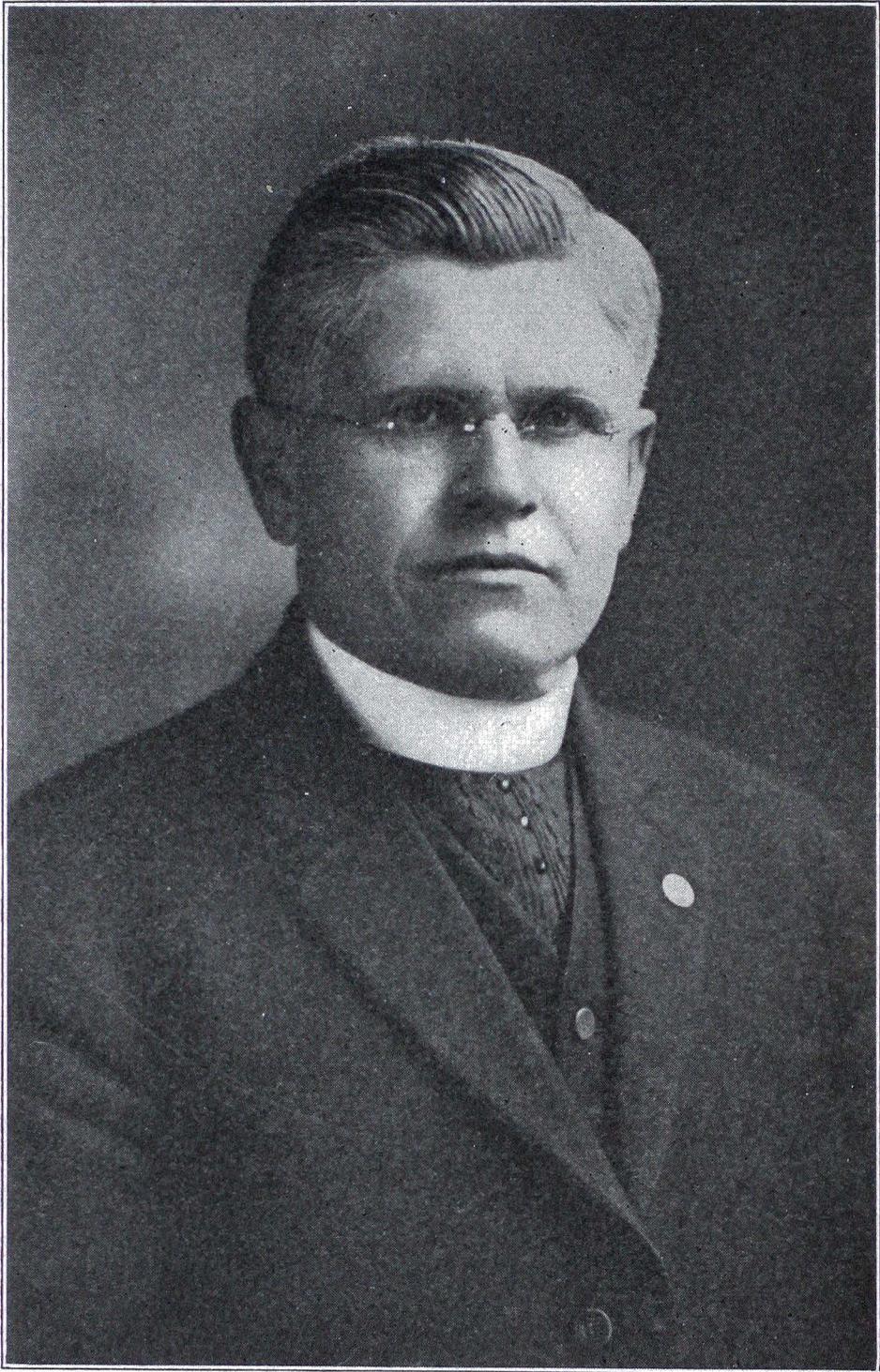
Edmund H. Conway

Berard J. Mombteau

William J. Roche

Leo T. Phillips

Thomas E. Fitzpatrick



THE REVEREND WILLIAM J. BERGIN, C.S.V.  
*Vice President of St. Viator College*  
*and*  
*Professor of Philosophy.*

REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY,  
Past President of St. Viator.

Just as this issue of the *Viatorian* is going to press the unwelcome news reaches us that the Reverend John P. O'Mahoney C.S.V., has been relieved of his duties as president of St. Viator's and is to succeed the Reverend James F. Ryan, C.S.V., as pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, who will replace him as president of the college, the change to take effect August 1.

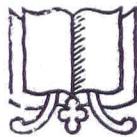
Father O'Mahoney was born in the year 1877 in Annascaul, County Kerry, Ireland. Amid the picturesque scenes of that county where romance and folk-lore enhance an intellectuality of the highest order Father O'Mahoney grew into boyhood, laying the first foundations for the attainments that in later life were to make him a true representative of that Island of Saints and Scholars. About the year 1892 he came to America with his parents and a few years later he entered the Viatorian Novitiate in Chicago. After completing his noviceship he taught at the Holy Name School, Chicago, and later on was assigned to the teaching faculty of St. Viator College. In 1904 he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood and three years later he was appointed president of the college. At the time of his appointment a new St. Viator was rising from the ashes of the old college. The duties of the president in those most trying times were such that would bring anxiety to a man who had several years of experience to guide him. Father O'Mahoney was then thirty years old, the youngest college president in the United States. The burdens of his new office must have rested heavily upon his young shoulders, but with the tireless energy and burning zeal that has always characterized his work he labored ceaselessly, undergoing hardships that would undermine a much more rugged constitution, and always with a smile to cheer his confreres whom the wreck of their former work might tend to dishearten. The result of the work carried on since that time speaks eloquently of a leadership that no other can excel. Today St. Viator College stands amongst the foremost Catholic colleges in the Middle West and across the most glowing pages of its history is written the name of Father O'Mahoney as one of the great powers that gave her that position.

To the students, alumni and friends of St. Viator's the new appointment of Father O'Mahoney will bring deep regret because it means the removal from the scene of so many happy visits the man so dearly loved and esteemed by all. To every alumnus the annual homecoming was really a coming home because it meant a visit to Viator and our own Father O'Mahoney. All, he greeted with a glad hospitality and a spirit of democracy that enabled every

student from the boy in high school to the old alumnus to recognize in him a friend, and a friend in the true sense of the word, not as superior to subject but as individual to individual exchanging confidences that only affectionate trust invites, giving advice and counsel that only the solicitude of a father would prompt. If there is one thing that made the college students' life happy, happy even in hard study, it was the knowledge that they had as a superior a real man who treated others although they were boys as real men.

To Father O'Mahoney going into a new field of labor his children, the students of St. Viator, as the only tribute they can pay, assure him of an affection and loyalty that time or circumstance cannot diminish. Our best wish to Father Ryan, the new president of St. Viator, is that his work may be crowned with the same success that Father O'Mahoney achieved.

THE EDITOR.





THE REVEREND JAMES F. RYAN, C.S.V.  
*President of St. Viator College*

**JUBILEE POEM.**

**THOMAS J. SHANLEY AND JAMES A. WILLIAMS.**

Sweet Spirit, that dost forever dwell  
 Near Beauty's all enrapturous shrine,  
 Give to my heart that I may tell  
 Her glory and her countless deeds divine.  
 Bring down the whiteness of the Milky Way,  
 Bring myriads of those Angels from the sky,  
 That they may sing and dance and play  
 As tribute to her immortality.

Can we rejoice and all the World in tears?  
 Ah yes, that sorrow brings to thee no shame.  
 We sing the glory of thy hopes and fears,  
 And shed an honor on thy glorious name.  
 Hail Daughter of the Everlasting Truth!  
 Thy lustrous eyes were chastened in thy tears,  
 For once thou stoodst alone like unto Ruth,  
 Midst alien hearts that shook thy soul with fears.

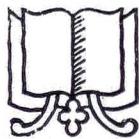
That Moabite maid redeemed her home,  
 And thou sweet offspring of the saintly Querbes  
 Redeemed a desolated child of Rome,  
 Thereby a hideous blasphemy didst curb.  
 Oh, if I had the artist's touch sublime,  
 And tablet whiter than the far off stars  
 Thy deeds I'd tell in many a rainbow rhyme  
 And send them up to God in jewelled cars.

The first and noblest deed thou ever didst  
 Was from the darkening gloom of errors way  
 To snatch those countless souls that in the midst  
 Of wrong were grouping in an ugly fray.  
 Oh Framer of the infant mind and heart,  
 Oh Friend divine and Guide of guileless youth,  
 The mission nearest to thy holy heart  
 Was for the child to break the Bread of Truth.

To count the number of thy holy breed,  
We leave to Him who blessed them by the sea,  
Who loved the spotless little infancy,  
Who said "Permit them all to come to Me."  
From thy chaste breast whence flowed the milk of Right,  
They drank and learned thy heaven-born creed  
And now for it they die before thy sight  
O what a joy to thee, thy dauntless seed.

Thy liveried priests at myriad altars stand,  
'Neath torrid ray, and distant frigid clime,  
These "other Christs," true apostolic band  
Staunch guardians of the Truth sublime.  
The courts of Justice and the busy mart,  
The pulpit, forum, and the battle-sod  
In eloquence show forth thy noble part,  
Thy rendering unto Caesar and to God.

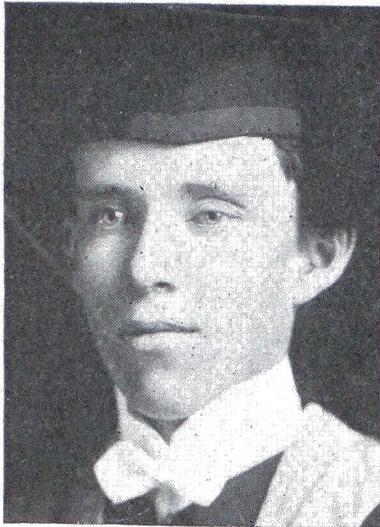
Mother! my heart with rapture fills to call thee so—  
The golden glow of fifty years is on thy brow,  
Lest we forget the midnight of thy woe,  
Speak with thy mournful eyes—What wouldst thou now?



## LEO THOMAS PHILLIPS, A.B.

PANA, ILL.

"Doc."



*"My deeds show that I am not of the role of common men."*

Brownson Debating Society (2, 3); Associate Editor Viatorian (2, 4); Winner of Essay Medal and Philosophy Medal (4); Commencement Orator.

The Jubilee Class had been organized for three months before anyone was aware of the presence of "Doc." He had the amazing faculty of pushing his six feet of awkwardness into a corner until wall and self seemed to merge into one. The first opinion was that he was too bashful even to apologize for his existence, but that impression was thoroughly removed at a certain meeting when "Doc" took a few members to task for illogical reasoning. From then on he has been looked upon as the sage of the class, and no project has been set on foot without first having the stamp of "Doc's" approval. Typical of the true classical student he could pore over musty volumes until the book itself made a pillow for his weary head and when exacting teachers called for essays on short notice "Doc", by having his ready, spoiled the chance of the class of remonstrating that the time allotted "was wholly inadequate to do the work". There was one occasion when this punctuality was most gratifying to at least one member of the class. Whenever the editor of the Viatorian made the announcement "We're going to press" "Doc" was the first one to hand in his manuscript.

In the most trying circumstances "Doc" preserved an equanimity that would do credit to an exemplary ascetic. Only on the handball alley was he ever known to lose his temper and then only a word told of the inward ruffle of that tranquil spirit. Into whatever field of labor "Doc" enters we feel certain that there his deeds will show that he is not of the role of common men, for to him will come success that only the remarkably illustrious boast.

## BERARD JOSEPH MOMBLEAU, Ph.B.

ST. ANNE, ILLINOIS

"Mose", "Bird".

*"Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal or learning."*

Class Historian (4); Class Treasurer (4); Class Artist (3, 4). "Mose" is a native of the thriving little town, St. Anne. Having absorbed all possible knowledge in that section of the country, he came to St. Viator College in the year 1910. Since that time he has been graduated from the high school department, and in this the Golden Jubilee year he received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

"Mose" has constantly reminded us that appearances are deceiving. He is not of "Yiddish" kindred but can trace his pedigree to a certain Mombseau who was a fifth cousin of Lafayette's uncle. Despite this fact the despicable moniker has stuck to him unto the last.

That we held him in great trust is shown by the fact that we elected him to the most important office in the class—treasurer. Our confidence in him was not misplaced, for "Bird" was extremely conscientious and trustworthy in the execution of his trying duties.

It is not flattery to say that "Mose" is the happy possessor of a kind, genial disposition. He has ever been ready to lend a helping hand in any undertaking. This has almost become a proverb with the members of the class, "If you want anything, get it from 'Mose'." And he always gave it with a smile or accompanied by one of his contagious horse laughs. We have enjoyed the sunshine of his smile and his generous cooperation. May he be as successful in his chosen line of endeavor as he has been with us during the past four years.

THOMAS EDWARD FITZPATRICK,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Fitz"

*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."*



Brownson Debating Society. Varsity Football (4), Varsity Baseball (3, 4); Varsity Basketball (4); Commencement Orator (4); Sociology Medal (4).

Fitz has attended St. Viator for the past eight years and is familiar to the hundreds of students who have passed in and out of the college portals during that period. In his collegiate course he has made a record of achievements of which anyone might be justly proud. Endowed with great talents and powers of mind and an admirable habit of application he distinguished himself in the class room. Bright, optimistic and determined at all times no difficulty would

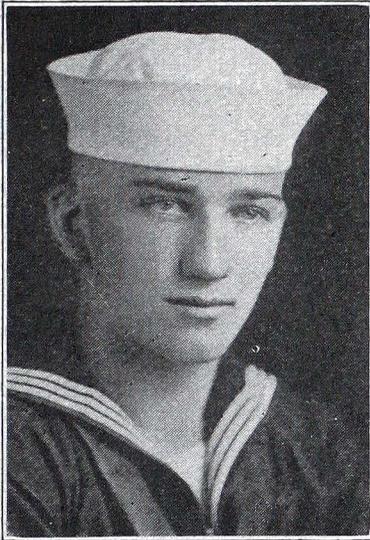
faze him or disturb the even temper of his mind. To class activities he gave more than his hearty support. If not the inaugurator he was "part and parcel" of every movement for the welfare of class organization.

In athletic activities his ability and prowess is the boast of the senior class. In foot-ball he defended Viator's cause with a vigor and strength that was well nigh invincible. He was the trusty shortstop of the championship team of '17 and as an appreciation of his ability and sportmanship he was elected captain of this season's team. The championship veterans had entered their country's service. The team had to be recruited from raw material. But Fitz was not dismayed. With the optimism, energy, and determination characteristic of his classroom activities he developed a team that defeated seasoned collegiate veterans and attained second place in the "Little Nineteen" tournament. We know that similar successes await him in whatever field he chooses to enter, where the best wishes of his classmates will ever accompany him

## WILLIAM JOHN ROCHE,

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

"Bill"



*"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, no labors tire."*

Class Secretary (2, 3, 4); Varsity football (2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball (2, 3); Dramatics (2, 3, 4); Varsity Basketball (1, 2, 3); Captain-Elect, Varsity Basketball (4); U. S. NAVY (4).

In September 1914, Peoria sent its usual contingent of new students to Viator and among them, it was whispered, a Freshman had registered. To distinguish the worthy gentleman was no easy task to those members of the class already assembled, for, an eight hour ride on the famous T. P. & W., during which the unfortunate passenger is drafted as a smoke sifter and shock absorber

to those relics of ancient decency, is the best means for acquiring a disguise whose penetrability is impossible even in the family circle. With all the vestiges of camouflage removed "Bill" made his first appearance at a class session and before the class ended he gave evident assurance that Viator and he were compatible entities. Typical of the student nothing ruffled his attractively pleasant temperament save an occasional examination which "just caught him at an inopportune time". Shortly after his arrival he decided that within the college walls social life was too absorbing to admit of division, hence city parlors scarce knew his presence. Fond of bachelor company he never lost an opportunity to entertain even when a shattered ankle, the result of "stealing second" made him a temporary invalid.

As an athlete "Bill" occupies first rank. Whether on the basketball floor or on the gridiron he displayed the true fighting spirit that has always kept Viator at the front. His first appearance as a Thespian in 1916 revealed histrionic ability that has placed the name of Roche on every dramatic program since that time.

As a first lieutenant in the Viator Battalion he doubtlessly recognized the allurements of military life and in the early part of January he abandoned college routine to enter the nation's defense. At present he is stationed at the Harvard University Radio School preparatory to service on a battleship. When Bill returns home glorious in his deeds we hope that at some future date Doctor William J. Roche will be a byword amongst medics.

## THOMAS E. SHEA, A. B.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS

"Toby".

*"And what is writ is writ—Would that it were worthier!"*



Class President (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (2, 3); Dramatics (2, 4); Debating Team (2, 3); Associate Editor Viatorian (2, 3); Editor-in-Chief Viatorian (4); Oratorical Contest (4); Jubilee Banquet Speaker (4); Valedictorian (4).

Eight years ago a youth in knickerbockers paid a visit to St. Viator's. A few weeks later at the opening of the scholastic year the arrival of a trunk gave evidence that the visit of inspection was favorable and that "Toby" had decided to make Viator his college home. The first semester had not yet passed before his name was a byword for joviality and intellectuality. The dark and cloudy moments that enter into the student's life were alien to his temperament. The sunshine of his winning smile penetrated the lives of others and made the future roseate with the glow of hope. His laughter heard on the campus was sufficient to convert the wearisome drudgery of college life into a pleasant task. His room, though often bestrewn with papers and manuscript that told the story of an editor and censor in one exercising unlimited power, was a haven of happiness and laughter and none who entered came away without being regaled.

Intellectually "Toby" stood as a peer among Viator men of his day. He was not a "learned bookworm ignorantly read" but he was the true student who with unruffled equanimity could view the various angles of every subject. He was one of the shining lights of the debating team at the period of its greatest success and often when we heard him discuss with lucidity topics of present day interest we were tempted to quote the words of Elia in reference to Coleridge. As a writer "Toby" achieved his greatest brilliancy because there was nothing his pen touched which it did not adorn. As an orator he stood unrivaled and there are passages in his oratorical writings which almost reach the sublime. Despite these varied gifts "Toby" was one of the most democratic students at the college and to all his associates he always was the same jovial "Toby". In fine the best tribute we can give him is that he is our ideal of the true college man.

## EDMUND FRANCIS CONWAY, A.B.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

"Duckie".



*This is the noblest of them all,  
His life is gentle and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This is a man'.*"

Class Officer (2, 3, 4); Associate Editor of Viatorian (2, 3, 4); College Debating Team (3); Dramatics (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Athletic Association (4); Varsity Baseball (1); Leader of Grand March, Senior Ball (4); U. S. NAVY (4).

After a trip made by a certain undeserv- edly defeated debating team someone re- marked that Iowa, of blue law fame, was as far removed from modern civilization as possibilities would admit and that Sioux City was in the farthest corner of the state.

If this is so then true indeed are the poet's words, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," for, from the City of the Sioux came the rarest gem the Jubilee Class boasts. Of medium height, slender in form, he displays all the grace and agility of an athlete. There is no line of endeavor in the college student's life, from athletic and intellectual pursuits to social engagements in which "Duckie" has not been active, and there is nothing in which he was active that did not bring success.

In him are embodied those qualities scarcely ever found combined in one individual, typical indeed of "Ideal manhood closed in real man." His intellectual attainments have placed him far above the average. His affability has always attracted a coterie of friends. His abundant flow of wit and humor has been the ever enlivening spirit of every gathering fortunate enough to have him in its midst. By students and professors he was held in high esteem, and sweet-scented letters tell of inroads into Kankakee's social circles. Above all "Duckie" is a synonym for that best of terms "Friend". Easy to win by the deserving and once won, never lost. In every circumstance, favorable or otherwise, staunch, true and sincere.

When America sent out the call "Duckie" followed the course which his nature dictated as inevitable. Although within a few months of graduation he quietly slipped away and enlisted in the Radio School at Great Lakes Station. Since that time he has been transferred to the Naval Officer's School at Bumkin Island, Boston, where he expects to win a commission. That success will be his there can be no doubt for truly "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man'."

**CLASS ORATIONS—THE NEW DEMOCRACY.****THE NEW POLITICAL DEMOCRACY.**

*Leo T. Phillips, A. B., '18.*

We are in the midst of a great war. The free nations of the world are arrayed against the mighty powers of autocracy. On the bloody and desolate fields of the once fair France a momentous issue is being fought. Freedom itself is trembling in the balance. For it the day of final test has come and God grant that its cause may be victorious. We are proud of our country and glory in her sublime mission to emancipate the world from the shackles of autocratic oppression. We rejoice that we are privileged to spend our blood and our might for the principles that have given us the peace and happiness we have cherished. Our war aims are the common property of the world. Ours is a war of defense not of aggression. We seek no material profit or aggrandizement of any kind. The cause of freedom has forced America to draw the sword and her sons have sworn by the millions and will not repent that never again will it be sheathed until the whole world is made safe for democracy. America will not and cannot compromise her war aims without proving false to the cause she has espoused. "We entered this war," to quote the words of our chief executive, "upon no small occasion and we can never turn back from a course chosen on principles." We have solemnly guaranteed and the world is our witness "that no people must be forced to live under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." For we, as our president has assured the new born democracy of Russia, "are fighting for the liberty, the self-government and undictated development of all people." "We fight for the rights of nations great and small; for the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be implanted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty. I am proposing government by the consent of the governed."

We will be but traitors to our plighted word if we do not at the peace conference insist that every small nation now suffering from the yoke of oppression under any power whatsoever be once more allowed to take its place among the free peoples of the earth. We shall have but built the fabric of universal peace on a basis of sand if we fail to unite the nations of the world by the bonds of democratic brotherhood. Democracy must triumph. "The world cannot exist half slave and half free."

Whilst we bid the struggling peoples of Europe to be of good heart for the day of their redemption is at hand we will be but idle boasters, the laughing stock of the world, if we do not in good

earnest set ourselves to the task of regenerating our democracy. May we not even now whilst we preach the gospel of freedom to the world hear the words flung from sarcastic lips, "Physician heal thyself."

Few will question the fact that our present political system has failed to secure the greatest happiness for the greatest number which should be the ultimate end of democracy. This is not due to any inherent weakness in democracy, but rather to the imperfect expression our present system of district representation gives to it.

The succeeding speaker will show that the evils of capitalism, the serious labor troubles, and the widespread unrest which have afflicted our nation for the last fifty years are due in great measure to our failure to apply the ideals of democracy to the industrial sphere. It is my task first to show that in the political sphere the citizens of the United States owing to an obsolete system of representation are not receiving the full measure of that self-government for the defense of which they are expending their blood and their might, and secondly, to point out in so far as limited powers will permit the course which the regeneration and reconstruction of our governmental system must take to render it in the strict sense of the words "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

The obstacle to the perfect realization of the ideals of democracy is embedded deep in our present system of representation by district majorities. Our method professedly aims to give every citizen a voice in the government. As a matter of fact it often denies the right of self-determination to the most intelligent of our citizens, men and women fitted by nature and education to be our leaders. To be elected the candidate must represent a consensus of opinion, which, mark you, is not the expression of the judgment of the men who know and think the most, but which is attained by eliminating those opinions, beliefs, and judgments which are not common to all. In this process the guidance and direction of those who possess superior talent and foresight is often lost, and any system that suffers from such a loss has no reason for its existence and is hostile to the aims of democracy. My neighbors in a process of thinking all their own may devise a remedy for political and industrial ills which under the present system must waste its usefulness on the desert air. In other districts of the land there may be numbers of men whose thought follows the same channels. But our system isolates these and denies them the union which would make their superior talent tell in the formulation of our public policy. Members of such group because they are not overwhelmingly numerous have no voice in the government. What doth it profit them to go to the polls if they must vote for men and measures they do not approve? Mere geographical lines which divide districts do not define divisions in thought. The district representatives do not represent people but

spaces on the map. The man with whom I live, work and associate may be no nearer to me politically than the planet Mars. On the other hand the man in San Francisco, the man in New York who thinks and believes as I do, he is my political brother. If the men who have the same aspirations, hopes and convictions as I are detached by arbitrary political lines, what meaning, then, for me has the right of self-determination?

Democracy as a system of government is based upon a belief that the majority of citizens will vote honestly and intelligently. Intelligence and honesty are the necessary foundations of any democratic government, yet the system of district representation secures not the maximum of intelligence but the least common multiple of the intelligence of a given district. Recognizing the importance of intelligence in a democracy we maintain at great expense a magnificent system of public education, but in our electoral organization we in effect ignore altogether the intelligence, learning and experience of vast bodies of the population, because they have not in any given district the numerical power to elect a representative. Why should the nation deprive itself of the value of the advice, wisdom and counsel of such citizens? It would be immeasurably wiser to recognize that intelligence, learning and experience, know no geographical lines and to welcome the influence of the thought of minorities in the councils of the nation. Such groups and parties should have representation in proportion to their numbers. If this were done the highest common factor of intelligence would be brought to bear upon the affairs of state and nation, and then many of the mistakes committed by our government, and used frequently as an argument against democracy would be avoided. Under the present plan only the marginal intelligence of the nation enters into the operation of the government.

From out of the hands of these Merovingian rulers of the district majorities the representatives of a powerful and aggressive plutocracy and class conscious group have tried to snatch the scepter of government and to establish a dynasty to succeed the incapable representatives of the marginal intelligence. This is the "lobby" which seeks, corrupts and paralyzes the governmental machinery by its selfish and undemocratic activities. As specialization renders the intelligence of the popular consensus less and less the power of the lobby arises. Unless the narrow and arbitrary rule by the district majorities is abolished and representation by political convictions and ideals substituted the full tide of democracy cannot flow in our national veins.

In the lobby, however, is to be found the coveted revelation how to remould our governmental machinery. Now, it represents only one class conscious group and it wields its power over the representatives of the people in its own behalf. It is the rule of a group for a group and by a group. We can by changing our electorate

make it represent not one set of interests, but all interests and thus make of it an ideal expression of democracy.

Proportional representation is merely a method of choosing representatives without any restriction on the reasoned convictions of earnest and intelligent citizens, thereby investing in government the maximum of intelligence. It prescribes that each citizen be allowed to vote in accordance with his cherished political convictions and be associated with groups of men who profess the same political faith. Instead of a majority party electing all representatives in a given district, minority parties shall secure representation in proportion to their numbers. Thus the intelligence of these groups will help to mould the policies of state and nation. In short it will constitute a heroic organization of government in which every citizen shall have a voice and which will be operated by the motive force of maximum intelligence.

Proportional representatives is the first and most essential reform, without which others will not be permanent or far-reaching. It is the guardian of the democratic ideals, for in government it places the maximum of intelligence. But that this maximum be attained we cannot deny the right of suffrage to one-half the citizens of our nation. Reason and experience, we believe, have demonstrated the right and expediency of woman suffrage.

All serious minded men will acknowledge that women are at least as intelligent as the average man, and in most cases far more moral. Is it therefore logical under a democratic system to deny them the right of suffrage? The fundamental principle of democracy is that the majority of the voters will vote honestly and intelligently and no one will dare to deny that women will fulfill this requirement. Furthermore, women have many interests in the political and industrial order which they can protect adequately only when armed with the weapon of suffrage. What right of self-determination have women without any voice in government? The real democracy for which we are fighting requires that the right of suffrage be extended to the women of the race.

Reforms in our representative system must not stop here. The groups must be armed with the two-edged sword of the initiative and referendum. Human nature is imperfect, and it is not beyond conception that even under group representation the representatives should occasionally fail in the discharge of their duties. Proportional representation affords reasonable safeguards against misrepresentation, an assurance of such value and magnitude that the district system could not approximate. But to make assurance doubly sure the groups should be invested with the power of checking vicious measures and of inaugurating valuable legislation if the need arises. These negative and positive checks on the law-making power of the legislatures have been fairly successful under our obsolete system of representation. May not the brightest hopes of their final success

be entertained when government has in it the maximum of intelligence?

Today we are fighting the battles of democracy. For the past twelve months there has been a steady flow of American troops across infested seas. Today the American flag floats over the battlefields of Europe. Soon we trust that the God of armies will bestow the palm of victory upon us and will vindicate and preserve the rights of men. Then it will be our task to make good the pledges we have solemnly given. The right of self-determination for all people must be rendered unquestionable and we must take care that while we preach democracy we ourselves become not castaways. The men who have fought and bled for the sacred cause of self-determination will not allow the old political regime with all its injustice and stupidity to continue. When they ask for the bread of liberty they will not be satisfied with a stone. No public policy which is not the product of the maximum intelligence can coordinate perfectly the interests of the groups engaged in the works of service and industry. Without investing in government the maximum of intelligence the ideals of democracy cannot be realized. Let this, then, be our supreme ambition that a government of the whole people, for the whole people, and by the whole people, may have a world-wide dominion.

---

#### THE NEW INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

*T. Edward Fitzpatrick, A.B., '18.*

The preceding speaker has fully and clearly explained the principles which will make our political democracy more of a reality. My purpose will be to show you, that owing to the inseparable connection between our political and industrial life, political democracy without industrial democracy is but a useless sham and an empty boast. Is it not a contradiction and a deception to suppose that men enjoy freedom and justice, while they are living in economic servitude and groveling poverty? A few moments reflection upon some undeniable, disgraceful facts will convince you that the very basic principle of democracy, "the greatest happiness for the greatest number," has not yet found its way into the industrial life of this country. Finally, I shall try to outline the new democracy, where liberty, justice and equality of opportunity shall be enjoyed by all.

No one can foretell what the industrial future will be. We can but point to the tendencies of the times. Agitation for fundamental reform in our industrial system is increasing as the day of peace draws nearer. We shall deal with a new people after the war. Men who have fought in the trenches for democracy will demand their pay. They will have no more of mere political phrases—they will demand the genuine justice and liberty for which they have

toiled and bled. In other words if the old political order must go, so also must the old industrial order.

I said a few moments ago that the noble and sacred principles of our presently constituted democracy have yet to find their way into the industrial life of this country. To some this may seem like nothing more than the wild theoretical speculations of a young graduate. Such theorizing may be all right for the classroom and graduation, but they have no place, no reality in the outside world. Very well, let us look into the outside world, and in the light of startling but undeniable facts, examine the workings of our democracy.

We are today the richest country in the world—our wealth being estimated at \$250,000,000,000. Let us not flatter ourselves that this vast wealth has been accumulated entirely through our own industry and genius. We must not forget that God has blessed this country with greater natural resources than any other country in the world. Surely, in the face of such plenty and riches there can be no reason for complaint! Yet, horrifying and unbelievable as it may seem, there are thousands of people living in this democracy to whom a life of poverty is a matter of dull, grim reality.

But what of our democratic principles? We have said that the end of democracy is to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Something is woefully wrong when stark groveling poverty thrives so extensively in the richest and most democratic country in the world.

Bear with me while I quote a few statistics from the report of the last United States Industrial Commission, in support of my statement that poverty is too extensive in this country. According to the income tax returns, the rich, two per cent of the people, own sixty per cent of the entire wealth of the country, and the middle class, thirty-three per cent of the people, own thirty-five per cent of the wealth, while the poor, sixty-five per cent of the people, own only five per cent of the wealth. Since wealth means power, what tremendous power is invested in the hands of comparatively few individuals in this country! Again, according to the report of the Commission on Industrial Relations, the most exhaustive investigation ever made, showed that the incomes of almost two-thirds of the wage earners' families, even including the earnings of father, mother and children were less than \$750.00 a year, and of almost one-third were less than \$500.00 a year. It is generally admitted that the least upon which a family can live in decency is from \$800.00 to \$900.00 a year.

These figures, then, show conclusively that between one-half and two-thirds of these families were living below the standard of decent subsistence, while about one-third were living in a state of abject poverty.

Would it startle you to know that, between one-fourth and one-

third of the male workers of eighteen years of age and over in American factories and mines earn less than ten dollars a week! Furthermore, only one-tenth of the entire number earn more than twenty dollars a week. Let us now turn to the women workers of the country. Actually one-half of them earn less than six dollars a week, and no one here can say that any girl can live decently on less than eight dollars a week. Do not these startling facts, taken from government reports, emphatically demonstrate that our democracy has fallen short of its ideal to secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"?

Be not misled! There is no greater human cause for which blood can be shed than the cause of democracy, for its basic principle is liberty, the greatest blessing God has bestowed on the human race. We are with the war, for it is a life and death struggle for the preservation of this Divine gift. We believe that victory for the Allies will mean the birth of a new, more real, political and industrial democracy. We are sincerely convinced also, that a victory for German Imperialism would mean the defeat and destruction of world democracy.

President Wilson made known our object and aim in entering this world war in these words: "The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty."— "Right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to *have a voice in their own government.*"

Here in a few words are the reasons why we have unsheathed the sword in the cause of democracy. These ideals and aspirations must be realized in the new democracy, or it shall never rise to its full greatness and power. The time for theory and inaction has passed. All is not done when the tidings of peace have been announced. It is *then* that the work of reconstruction must begin, and we must be prepared for this work.

In the face of the startling facts which I have quoted, there is surely obvious and urgent need of extensive and fundamental reform in our present industrial system, because it is based upon a falsely exaggerated individualism, which is the very antitheses of democracy. When the classical economists of the end of the eighteenth century put forth the doctrine of "Laissez-faire," they were merely applying to social and economic affairs the false principle of exaggerated individualism, the so-called reformers had applied to matters of religion. This principle may be popularly but accurately stated as "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Such a principle is unknown in the Catholic concept of society. The Church always defended the rights of the individual, but also taught that right and duty are correlative terms, and therefore the individual's right to accumulate vast wealth is limited by his duties of

justice towards his fellow man. Because our present industrial society is based upon unCatholic and false principles it is in dire need of reform. This is the very keynote of Pope Leo XIII's famous encyclical on "The Conditions of Labor." "All agree," he says, "and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the poor. By degrees it has come to pass that the workingmen have been given over, isolated and defenseless, to the callousness of employers, and the greed of unrestrained competition—so that a number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

Indeed, discontent with our present order is growing so widespread that demands are coming from all forms of organized labor both here and in England for wide and sweeping reform in our industrial system. One of the greatest thinkers of recent years, Nilaire Belloc, warns us in his book "The Servile State": "That the Capitalist society has reached its term is almost self-evident; but it is equally self-evident that some solution must be found for the intolerable and increasing instability with which it has poisoned our lives. The problem must be solved under pain of social death." Think you that the mass of humanity who have given their lives in this great conflict for the cause of democracy will again fall under the bleeding yoke of Capitalism! The answer is clear. These people shall rise in their new birth and claim the prize for which they have fought in these dark and fearful days.

The important question is, what shall be the remedy for our industrial servitude? It lies in a plan of "cooperation in production and distribution for the benefit of *all* who participate in industry as well as in government," whereby the greater mass of humanity may possess the political and economic power characteristic of true democracy. In short, the remedy calls for democracy in both industry and government. To quote partly from the program of the British Labor Party, the new plan of Social reconstruction demands the elimination of the private capitalist from absolute and sole control of industry. "It refuses absolutely to tolerate any reconstruction or perpetuation of industry for a jostling crowd of private employers with their mind bent on nothing but profit." "What the laboring world looks forward to is a genuine, scientific re-organization of the nation's industry on the basis of the distributive individual ownership of the means of production." This solution does not in the least tend to abolish the right of private property,—rather on the contrary it reiterates and strengthens that God-given right. Public ownership of public utilities is likewise included in this distributive plan. Since private ownership of these utilities has been a powerful incentive to Capitalism, public ownership should tend to cure this evil.

This in brief is an outline of our new industrial democracy. The plan has already been drawn up by the Labor parties of England and America. In truth, unmistakable signs of a new industrial world are plainly visible. Capitalism has seen its doom, or the Sun of the new democracy is looming on the horizon. In the words of Cardinal Bourne: "Dull acquiescence in social injustice has given way to active discontent. The very foundations of our political, social, and economic system are being sharply scrutinized by a very large number of people in every class of life. Our institutions must justify themselves at the bar of reason; they can no longer be taken for granted."

We have done with day dreaming and theorizing. The time for real action is not far away. We have entered this war to fight for the preservation of democracy. America *must* triumph, for her cause is the cause of truth, of justice, and of liberty; and when the cannon has been silenced and peace sheds its benediction over all lands, then, may a new and better political and industrial democracy ensure the peace and prosperity of all mankind.

---

#### VALEDICTORY.

*Thomas E. Shea, A.B., '18.*

Today one thought alone is foremost in the troubled minds of the men of half a score of nations. One word alone echoes and re-echoes the world around. At every turn it is dinned into our ears, at every glance it is flashed before our eyes. We move along through the busy hives of men and in the sound of measured tread and the beat of martial drums we recognize its voice. We seek the peace and quiet of the lowly village and it spells itself from every cottage window by a cross of crimson or here and there by a single star of blue on a field of white and red. *War* is written in the heat of the noon-day sun and the stars of the night symbolize its silent sentinels that keep a vigilant watch while armies lie in restless sleep. One can scarcely, except by supreme and special effort, pass a single day without having burned into his soul the awfulness and terror of its ravages. Men in every rank and file feel the weight of its consequences pressing them down to earth. Statesmen and leaders spend weary days and sleepless nights devising ways and means of making its outcome favorable; economists and philosophers, those men whose earnest zeal and tireless efforts blaze the trail of humanity's progress, try to read in the smoke arising from fiery battles the destiny of nations; laborers spend their well-earned minutes of rest from arduous toil by discussing its latest developments. Even the child in the street, ere his young mind is capable of receiving impressions arrays his comrades in military fashion and with all the pride and dignity of a seasoned general marches his little company along the shaded sidewalk of city, town and hamlet.

Do what we will, we cannot escape the knowledge of the fact that the world is torn asunder by a fearful war, try as we may we cannot shut out from our eyes the awful scene of a continent drenched with the blood of millions of our fellow men; concentrate our activities as diligently as body and mind will permit, we cannot remain deaf to the roar of mighty cannons that send their deadening echo around the world. The god of hatred has incarnated himself in the bodies of maddened peoples and, hungry for conquest and dominion is wading his way through rivers of blood to satiate his ever-increasing appetite. Legions of demons have burst the chains that had since the days of the Vandal hordes bound them to the floor of hell and breaking through every barrier that justice and right had reared are glutting themselves on the product of centuries of civilization, intent to leave in their wake a desert of arid waste where in the ghastly hour of twilight only the spectral defenders of a noble cause will rise from uneasy graves to protest against the reign of injustice and might. Freedom, that God-given right which infinite goodness eternally decreed should be his heritage, would fain be snatched from mankind and he himself be sunk to the level of the animal to cower and cringe beneath the lash of diabolical oppression. Aye, the very thought or desire of freedom would become a crime the expiation of which would be made in dungeons of fetid darkness or in the wilderness of new Siberias. Nations have gathered together their all in resources and men to check the progress of this fiendish army which means not to stop until, having made the earth a barren waste, the poison of their own contaminated breath makes them food for worse vultures. The "Eternal Spirit of the Chainless Mind" has called millions to her defense who have declared their blood shall not cease to flow until "Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind"; until the Desolator is made desolate,

*"The Victor overthrown  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own."*

On Europe's plains the two opposing forces have met and while they are engaged in the death struggle and the whole earth trembles from the effect, humanity stands breathless awaiting the outcome.

A world reeking with such bloodshed, horror and destruction is sufficient to terrorize the aged sire with half a century of bitter experience bowing his silvered head. But what of the youth whose life is scarcely more than boyhood, whose future finds realization only in the realms of a poetic imagination, whose only experiences have been the joys of happy school days, whose shining bright face has never looked upon a trial deserving the name, whose shoulders have never known the weight of responsibility or care, whose light young heart has never felt the wound of bitter disappointment? With what fear and anguish and dread must the sight of such a

seething world of madness and hate freeze his young blood and harrow up his very soul! What about him upon whom the doors of his college home are about to close, shutting out forever from his life days that will be his again only in the vanishing dreams of a fanciful memory! In such a world whose maddening strife will on the morrow swallow him up to mingle with the innumerable others who have gone before him, what part if any will the College graduate play?

There is no doubt that the college graduate occupies a prominent position in the world at all times,—by reason of the advantages that are his it must necessarily be so,—but when this great conflict that is now shaking the earth's foundations is at an end the task that awaits him is gigantic.

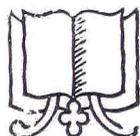
When peace returns to earth once more it is not going to be as easy as one might be led to believe for the world to settle back on its foundation. The millions of men now entrenched in Europe's fields are not going to fall back into old avocations the day after the treaty is signed. Before the world will attain its equilibrium a tremendous readjustment must take place and upon the college graduate the duty of reconstruction will devolve. Government, politics, and society at large must needs be carefully rebuilt else back to its lopsided condition the world will lapse. The college graduate and especially the Catholic graduate must be the skilled workman; hence, the imperative need now of a Catholic College Education.

Democracy, the great slogan that moves the world today, is going to be the primal element of readjustment. Freedom for all men, the cornerstone of President Wilson's war message, must be the foundation from which a new world will arise. Nor does this mean political freedom only, but social and economic independence as well. The conqueror dare not demand liberty for nations held in submission when she herself permits within the borders of her own land countless numbers of her own citizens to be bound and shackled socially and economically. If we are fighting for democracy, if democracy means anything to us more than a name we must see that it is granted unalloyed to all men.

When Germany beaten to her knees suppliantly begs peace, it is the student, the college graduate that will be the leader of the men,—he who has grasped the true meaning of democracy, he who realizes how far democracy must extend. It is the student, the thinker who will guard with jealous care the democracy for which nations will have given their best blood. This will be the student's part after the war, a part as important as any played in the world's battle today, a part equal to the position of America herself—the defender and guardian of democracy.

Today we the Class of 1918 are going forth to take our places in the world as Catholic College Graduates and to you our teachers

and friends, men with whom a passing acquaintance is a fortune not to be missed and whose daily lives of hardship, toil, and true heroism are the priceless text-books from which we have learned lessons never to be forgotten, to you who have endowed us with that gift the world so much needs today,—a Catholic College Education—to you let our valedictions speak their gratitude and sincerity only in the fulfillment of the duties our position amongst men demands.



## LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

CAMP CUSTER, BATTLE CREEK, MICH., July 9, 1918.

DEAR FATHER O'MAHONEY.

I know you will think my failure to write within a reasonable time after my arrival here is due to my usual mulishness. I am happy to say, however, this is one time when external circumstances and not deliberate purpose is the sole cause. For several days after my arrival I was not placed; then I was scarcely well settled in a K. of C. building when Fr. Kelly was removed from the Base Hospital and I was ordered to replace him. I have really seized the first real opportunity which presented itself. This is the first letter I have written to any one. If I keep on in this vein, this letter will be all apology and no news.

At present I have charge of the Base Hospital. There is an immense number of low frame buildings connected by corridors. It is built very much on the plan of the old monasteries. You will get some idea of the immense extent of the place when I tell you that there are three miles of covered corridor. These corridors connect the various wards of which there are 36. Each ward has space for 50 to 75 beds. Besides this there are three very large three story buildings intended for the convalescent. In addition to these buildings there are quarters for the doctors, the nurses, and the attendants. There are really a small army of these. Thus you will see the Base Hospital is a fair sized city in itself. It is off at one end of camp by itself.

At present I am sharing quarters with the Colonel of this unit. We have an old farm house all to ourselves. The Colonel and his Chief of Staff live down stairs and I have the upstairs. With the exception of the Colonel and his Chief of Staff, I am probably the best quartered man in camp. I can assure you, however, I stand in no danger of contracting any luxurious habits. The apartments of my quarters would satisfy the requirements of the most exacting Franciscan. The Colonel is not a Catholic but he has the greatest respect for the Catholic Church and the highest admiration for the wonderful influence the church exercises over her members. With such a man at the head you will readily understand every facility is afforded me to exercise the ministry. The opportunities for good work here are limited only by one's energy and ability to prosecute it. I must say that up to the present time I have found not only a willingness but a genuine eagerness to extend every courtesy consistent with the military requirements of the Catholic Chaplain. I can speak not only for myself but for Father Maguire as well. As usual Father Maguire is working at high tension. Some mornings he says mass at 5:30 to give the men an opportunity to receive holy com-

munion. I can assure you that he is making his mark in Camp. In a very short time I feel certain he will be the best known man in the whole division.

He has set on foot all kinds of activities since his arrival here. He always gets what he wants even when it is necessary to carry the case to the Major General. He has organized an entertainment troop amongst the men in the camp. They are glad to belong to his troop because he has received many concessions for them. He has some very remarkable talent in the troop and is adding to it every day. For example: He has two tumblers who traveled for several years with The Hagenbach Shows and the feats they are able to perform are amazing; he has a whistler who can imitate perfectly any kind of a whistling bird. The men were so enthusiastic about this performance that they encored him until he was exhausted. Where he gets all the talent no one knows, but he is laying the whole camp under contribution, Catholic, Protestant and Jew. I need not tell you he is no less energetic or successful in getting men to the sacraments.

Our Catholic boys are showing up fine. They only need the opportunities and they respond magnificently. It is a common saying about the camp that the two most popular things at the camp are the movies and the Catholic Mass on Sunday. I do not think I have ever been busier in my life and I certainly am happy. I hope to see you at the camp in the near future. Give my love to all, I remain,

Yours Sincerely,

WILLIAM J. BERGIN, C. S. V.

Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., July 9, 1918.

The following letter was received by Mrs. W. W. Bird, sister of Rev. Harris A. Darche.

Bridgeford, Maine, July 16, 1918.

MRS. W. W. BIRD, 303 So. Dearborn Ave., Kankakee, Illinois.

DEAR MADAM: Your brother, Chaplain Harris A. Darche, U. S. N., and I served together as Chaplains in the 6th Regiment of Marines in France. I was detached from the regiment on June 23, and I saw your brother just a little time before I left and he asked me to write to you on my arrival in the States.

Your brother arrived in France about the first of February and since that time has changed locations frequently until finally our regiment went into action. Our men were in line for sixteen days and did some wonderful fighting. They surely showed the Boches that the Americans could fight. You have likely read all about it so I will not bother you with details. Your brother went back into the line with the 3rd Battalion on the night of June 2, and when I left he was alright. Neither of us up to the time had re-

ceived a scar and I sincerely hope and most devotedly pray that he may come back to you as well and as strong as when I left him.

In the Colonel's orders of June 14 he was cited for devotion and fidelity to duty and I am sure that further honors await him in the near future. He has done splendid work and is intensely interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of the men. He is very popular with both officers and men. He is a brother of whom you may well be proud. From the time of his arrival in France until my departure on the 23rd of June last we have worked harmoniously and he has been of immense value to me. I cannot say too much in his praise and I feel for me to try to say anything would only detract, yet I can say and will say that never have I been with a Chaplain whom I have cared for, respected, or honored more than your brother. In all his actions and in all his ways he has shown himself to be a true priest of Christ and I am proud to say that I can call him a friend to me.

I could not write to you without expressing my appreciation of the work and life of your brother. If you wish to learn anything more about him or if you have some question to ask I will be glad to write you and give, if I can, the information requested.

You may address me as follows:—

Chaplain J. D. Mac Nair, U.S.N., U. S. Navy Yard  
Boston, Mass.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

J. DUNCAN MAC NAIR.

France, June 22, 1918.

DEAR FATHER O'MAHONEY:

On this bright but somewhat chilly Sunday morning my thoughts go back to old St. Viator's and Bourbonnais. I derive much pleasure in anticipating the time when I shall again be in the peaceful environments of your community. The terrible and impressive noise and crash of battle is always in our ears, for the 33rd is in it, and it does one good to picture in the imagination quiet scenes and peaceful places. I say the 33rd is in it. I cannot say where, except that it is not in the American sector, but, well—make a guess.

Father O'Donnell, Chaplain of the 132nd, held services this morning with the rear end of a wagon for an altar and a forest for a church. He gave general absolution and distributed communion to perhaps five hundred. By the way, we Catholics in the army enjoy some privileges to which you folks are not entitled, showing that war has its compensations. Fasting is dispensed with and even confession is not necessary in certain circumstances, that is, when it is considered justifiable to give general absolution. Such is now the case and the simple act of reciting an act of contrition after Chaplain O'Donnell was nevertheless impressive. I think it proper and advisable to say that we have not yet been engaged, that we are in the

line of reserves which is the least dangerous position actually within the battle zone. We are in the range of medium and heavy artillery and we expect to have various and sundry projectiles dropped on us from the heavens, but light artillery, trench mortars and hostile machine guns reach us. The maneuvers of the aircraft are very interesting. I observed a fight between several of our planes with several hostile ones which terminated by retreat of the latter. They were closely pursued by our machines until they were obscured by clouds. The result I could not observe. Without meaning to disparage the skill and bravery of "Jerry," as some of our allies call the Germans, I do say that I believe our aviators (by "our" I mean the Allies) to be superior in skill and less regardful of personal consequences than those of the enemy.

I wish to be remembered to Father Bergin and all your other Confreres. I send you assurance of my highest esteem and best wishes,

Sincerely,

JAMES T. BURNS.

---

REV. J. P. O'MAHOONEY, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

DEAR REV. FATHER: Today I received your kind invitation asking me to come home for the Golden Jubilee. Due to the fact that the letter was first sent to Camp Grant, thence to Camp Sheridan and finally it reached me here at Camp Hancock today, it came too late. Despite the fact that the letter came too late I would not have been able to attend the celebration. It goes without saying, however, that my heart and soul was with all true Viatorians, on that memorable occasion.

Since enlisting I have been a very busy man. At present I am First Sergeant of the 26th Depot Company. I like my work very well and find that my military experience at school has placed me where I am today. I don't mind telling you that I am in line for a commission and now "plugging" very hard for it. I can also thank Viator for this. That reminds me I received the Service Number of the Viatorian. The cut of the Service Flag was "bully" and I enjoyed the magazine very much. Well Father, I must say good-night with best regards to yourself, faculty and Alma Mater, I am

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD V. ARNBERG,

1st Sergeant, 26th P. O. D., 2nd Prov. Regt. Camp Hancock, Ga.

---

May 29, 1918.

DEAR MR. KENNEDY:

Your letter of May 2nd just reached me, so I have signed the enclosed card which I am returning to you. Very sorry I cannot be with the "Boys" to help celebrate the Golden Jubilee of old St. Viator, but you can be assured I will be with you in spirit.

We are doing our turn in the trenches, and busy looking for a criminal by the name of "Bill Kaiser". We heard with much joy the success of the 3rd Liberty Loan, nothing but victory lies in our path.

It clearly shows that the people back home are standing by their soldiers in France.

Would appreciate a copy of the Viatorian. To the Alumni Association I send my wishes for the greatest of success and the hope that the Golden Jubilee of St. Viator's will be the greatest day in its history.

Regards to the Faculty, from a son of Viator, Somewhere in France.

HARRIS A. DARCHE, U. S. N.  
Chaplain 6th Regt., U. S. Marines, A. E. F.

5th Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina.

April 10, 1918.

DEAR FATHER O'MAHONEY:

I am delighted to hear that the college is coming up to the front line trench of patriotism.

No doubt you have heard from other S. V. C. boys at Camp Green. Just as I was packing my trunk for Spartanburg, another old student soldier rushed into my room. For a moment I was unable to place him. But he relieved the situation by saying "Father, don't you remember Doyle?" (Armond Doyle of Chicago). He promised to write to you. You perhaps know that I received my commission on St. Patrick's Day, although not notified until the 18th.

I am now assigned to the Fifth Pioneer Infantry, formerly the old Eighth Massachusetts. Good Friday I made my initial appearance before the Regiment and spoke on the Passion. In the evening I delivered the sermon at St. Paul's, Spartanburg. Rev. N. A. Murphy is pastor. Easter Sunday the entire regiment attended Mass at 9 o'clock and most of the men received Holy Communion. At 10:30 I again celebrated Mass in the open near the K. of C. Hall. Fully 2500 men were present. Last Sunday, Bishop Hayes, Chaplain General, visited Camp Wadsworth and expressed his pleasure at the wonderful evidence of devotion among the troops at this camp.

Please send Viatorian and give my regards to all,

Sincerely

FATHER STEPHENSON, C. S. V.

5th Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

DEAR FATHER O'MAHONEY:

Two of the trinity are now installed at Camp Custer as regular K. of C. Chaplains. Father Bergin is at the base Hospital and I am

at building 213. Two points could not be further apart in the Camp but we manage to see one another every day..

There are nine Catholic Chaplains in Camp at present, but four of them will move this week when the 85th Division leaves for over sea service. The Camp now has about 40,000 men in it, and thirty seven percent of them are Catholic. There is plenty of work for the Chaplain who wants to go after it. I now have four converts under instruction and there are plenty of "fallen aways" to run after. I got up an entertainment here the other night which proved quite a success. Needless to say I made a speech, but only for ten minutes. That's the Gospel truth. We have five K. of C. buildings in Camp and all of them are well patronized. You ought to see the crowds at the Movies and also at Mass on Sunday. The work is really consoling and most interesting. I am quite a soldier now, you ought to see me in my uniform.

Otto Merz is the only old St. Viator student I have met here. There is also an Alumnus of Columbus College in Camp. Otto is near my building and is a great help to me. He is mess Sergeant of his Company.

I never was in a place where there was so much sand. It blows into your eyes, ears, mouth, everywhere. We welcome a rain storm I can tell you. The first night we were in camp it rained, or rather it poured down in sheets. The roof leaked so I was drowned out of bed, but it is a great life anyhow, if you don't weaken.

I have been out on the range to watch the machine guns and artillery practice. When the artillery and machine guns are going one can readily imagine faintly what the front is like. The other night the artillery had a night practice. It was great to see the splash from the guns and then the shells traveling like a streak of fire through the air. You can feel the vibration of the earth and hear the constant roar of the big guns and the sharp rat-a-tat-tat of the machine guns. We will lick the Huns when we get all these boys "Over There". Write soon with all the news.

Yours gratefully as ever,  
J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C. S. V.

---

Fort McPherson, Georgia, June 11, 1918.

MY DEAR FATHER O'MAHONEY:

Some time ago the invitation to the Golden Jubilee was forwarded to me from Chicago. I had fully intended dropping a line or two ere this but couldn't seem to get around to it. I was just looking over some mail to see what I had to answer and I came upon the announcement, so I decided to lose no further time to write. Quite naturally I regret my inability to be in attendance, and at the same time I wish to apologize for my apparent lack of interest in Alumni affairs. I assure you that the old Viator spirit is not dead within me, although I am sorry to say it has been sleeping for some

time. I hope the reunion exceeds hopes and expectations and that some constructive measures are adopted and carried out which I am sure will prove to be the case.

I have been located at this post for several months, having come here from Jacksonville, Fla., the first of March. The assignment I regard as unfortunate as I think it is permanent. We have a German War Prison here, a General Hospital and a large Mechanical Repair Unit. There is an excellent article on our German Camp in the June number of *Munsey's* should you care to read up on it. It is accurate and truthful and not at all colored.

A Catholic Chaplain has been recently assigned here although we were without one for quite a while. He was a classmate of John Walsh at Rochester. We have no K. C. building here but considerable pressure is being brought to bear to have one erected.

Ralph Heffernan is the only Viator man I have met since I have been in the army. I met him at Jacksonville. He was and I presume still is a lieutenant.

My best wishes for the success of the reunion and your own health and general welfare.

Sincerely,

JAMES J. COUGHLIN.

### MY HERO SON.

“Over There,” in a soldier’s grave he lies,  
 My son, my soldier-boy,  
 And I know that he died as a hero dies  
 On his lips a song of joy!  
 But the hours, and the days, and the months and years,  
 Each endless will seem to me—  
 Yet a mother’s hope it knows no fears—  
 And a mother’s grief it knows no tears—  
 For he died to make men free.

“Over There,” in the “Somewhere” low he lies  
 My boy, in a hero’s grave,  
 But his spirit rests beyond the skies  
 With the noble, true and brave.  
 And the seasons one by one roll by  
 Unending they seem to me,  
 Yet a mother’s prayer can pierce the sky  
 And a mother’s love can never die  
 For he died for Liberty.

—J. A. W.

## DEMOCRACY VERSUS AUTOCRACY.

*Gregory A. Galvin.*

(Medal Oration)

The mighty Mars has encircled the globe with his girdle of destructive war. The earth is filled with wailings and lamentations. Black clouds of crime envelop it in darkness—and sorrow, while no gleam of hope enlivens it with gladness for the future. This great world chariot driven blindly by the grim visaged war-god over the road of civilization has finished his third lap, and shows no signs of forfeiting the reins to expectant Peace. Today every country is either stirred by internal fires, or confronted by enemies without. The sword of Damocles hangs over every form of government, society, religion, and civilization.

Face to face with this cataclysmic crisis all nature seems hushed, the mind amazed, the imagination outdone, and the future clothed in the robe of deep obscurity. Tears are shed for departed heroes, and the blood curdling cries of the wounded and dying render dismal the European battlefields. Death and devastation walk abroad in all the silence of their regal majesty. Swords glitter in the air as men fight for the mastery. The land is made barren and desolate as the ingenuity of man is struggling for pre-eminence. Europe lies ravaged and plundered by the warrior who has converted her smiling plains into channels drenched with the blood of her best, noblest, and purest sons. Cathedrals, the temples of God, the masterpieces of the genius of man, lie in shapeless ruin, their broken arches and battered columns are silent witnesses of the present tragedy. Maidens, soiled and desecrated, walk in shame. Ah the pity, the pathos, and the horror of it all. The world gone mad, its inhabitants shrieking the hymn of hate and doing deeds of hell.

What a scene of frightfulness, crime, and desolation? What a ghastly picture meets the gaze of humanity.

Naturally we ask what is the cause of this ruthless devastation, this bloodshed and cruel slaughter? The answer comes! Nations like individuals are guided by ideals and actuated by principles. Nations like individuals are willing to sacrifice, to fight, nay even to die in defense of these ideals. Today the principles of various nations have clashed, and as a result a state of war exists.

The fight for the principles of democracy against the chains of autocracy will be written in letters of gold across the banner of civilization.

On one side stands the mighty central powers actuated by the doctrines of might, crazed with the lust for power, and led by greedy, ambitious and unprincipled leaders. These nations under the satanic influence of domineering Germany seek to force their will on reluctant peoples. Germany's schools and universities for years have taught that she must extend her dominion by the sword and

impose her detestable "kultur" on the other countries of the world. These pernicious doctrines have been imbibed by her people and have moulded her national character. Ambition for empire is the goal of their ideals and the achievement of this dream of conquest, their hope.

Red with blood,—flushed with spoils they lustfully cry for universal domination. In battle array they stand against the world, and with power bordering on the infinite, they strive for the realization of their avaricious desires. Their armies with mighty machines of war and destruction capture, and overthrow weak nations, despoil cities of their inhabitants, and leave death and ruins behind. Attracted by rich and fertile fields they hack the bleeding body of Europe, and fill the earth with the cries of widows and orphans whose loved ones have gone down to death in defense of their lands and homes. Piteous appeals strike no responsive chord in these barbarians of the twentieth century, for their hearts are hardened to the pleas of humanity and justice. The sacred rights of nations,—the aspirations of people must pass under the yoke of might and be chained to the stake of autocracy.

What matters it to Germany that homes are made fatherless; that heart-broken mothers wail over the fate of sons and daughters; that children starve; that countries lie in ruins? What matters it to Germany that Poland and Belgium fettered at the stake of slavery and oppression lie writhing in pain, weltering in the blood of their dearest sons? What matters it to Germany that the face of the world is distorted with mourning; that rivers run red with blood as her murderous hordes slash, hack and cut? O what does it matter? It matters not. They rejoice with fiendish glee in this somber hall of tragedy, and welcome with savage delight every new disaster.

Thus Germany, clad in the armor of autocracy, scoffs at the laws of humanity and the rights of nations, and the democratic governments of the world must defend their rights with the sword.

*"The sword; a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound  
While for his altar and his hearth  
The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,  
How sacred is it then!  
Still, still when e'er the battle's word  
Is liberty—when men do stand  
For justice and their native land  
Then heaven bless the sword."*

Yes, heaven bless the sword of heroic France, of noble Belgium, of proud England, of liberty-loving America, who fight for the cause of Democracy.

Armed with the sword of right, protected by the shield of justice, and led on by the spirit of Democracy, they are striving to free the

earth of this intolerable menace. They are seeking to destroy this avatar of discord, this monster of autocracy, and plant in its stead the seeds of democracy which, watered by the blood of martyrs, will bring forth the fruits of freedom, justice and liberty.

The sacrifices of the allied nations are cheerfully borne for they know that they fight for a worthy cause, and for pure ideals. With such defenders freedom shall not perish from the earth.

In the words of the great emancipator the world cannot exist half slave and half free. The victory over autocracy is for our children's children and for liberation of the world.

America, the champion of right and justice, one year ago entered the war. For a period of three years she had the opportunity of studying and analyzing the character and aims of the belligerent nations. She saw Germany break, with proud indifference, the system of international good faith by her unwarranted invasion of Belgium. At this deliberate breach of faith America might have declared war in the cause of the sacredness of international law. The atrocities committed in Belgium and France struck at the very roots of humanity and civilization. These acts would have justified our entrance into the struggle but still we hesitate hoping Germany would realize the evil of her ways. Then came the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the renewal of her ruthless submarine policy after her sacred promise to the United States that she would respect the rights of neutral nations and observe the commonly recognized laws of humanity. We were told like the Romans of old, that we dare not wash our hands in the Phoenician Lake without permission from Germany. At this outrage, America unsheathed her sword and accepted the Prussian challenge.

The invasion of Belgium, the desecration of France, the oppression of Poland, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex* are but symbols of the Potsdam policy. We have declared war not for any of these causes, but because of the idea of which they are the expression. This policy is based upon world domination and the principle of might, and is carried out with a contemptuous disregard of all laws and humanity. President Wilson in his memorable speech to Congress said: "We are glad to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world, and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights and privileges of men to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy; its peace must be founded on the tested foundation of political liberty."

In these words our leader emphasized the fact that the relations of democracy here in America with democracy in other parts of the world was not based on a mere abstract idea but upon an essential element of world-wide interest. He realized that its death in one part of the world was a serious menace to its existence at large, and

that the dominance of one form of government over another was a matter of vital importance to the whole world.

We then have but one war aim, to destroy this insane power that would enslave the earth—that would banish justice from its heaven ordained seat. Thus the God given right of freedom is the prize at stake in the battle ring of Europe. With head erect and with dauntless courage democracy marches to the battle with eyes enkindled by golden hues which picture the future as its own. Democracy! the noble aspirations, the earnest prayers and hope of humanity await thy victory. The heroic sacrifices of the past, the ideals of the future await thy triumph.

*“And, henceforth there shall be no chains  
Save underneath the sea;  
The wires shall murmur through the main  
Sweet songs of Liberty;  
The conscious stars accord above,  
The waters wild below  
And under, through the cable wove  
Her fiery errands go.  
For He that worketh high and wise  
Nor pauses in his plans,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
Ere freedom out of man.”*

For

*“Beyond the present, unimagined woe  
A glorious day is breaking o'er the earth  
As spring flowers blossom over ice bound snow;  
The God of Gods shall bring new things to birth.  
It is the dawn! Great forces are set free.  
All hail the day! World Wide Democracy.”*

---

## IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION WORTH WHILE?

*Leo T. Phillips.*

(Medal Essay)

The value of a college education must be determined by the returns, spiritual and temporal, it brings to the possessor. Four years of ceaseless and earnest study represent no small investment of money, time and labor. Does such an outlay produce returns commensurate with the expenditure? Though the verdict of men prominent in the educational field has been given in favor of college education, yet there have not been wanting men from time to time who have seriously questioned its value. To vindicate, in so far as his limited powers will permit, its worth will, therefore, be the aim of the write of this paper. If it is a question that interests

eminent men and society in general, can it fail to interest the college student himself? Life is too short to spend on trifles, brilliant though they be. He too will one day be called before the tribunal of the world and asked to give an account of what he can do. He is aware of the contempt, often ill-counterfeited, which many practical men of the world entertain for the college degree. It is, nevertheless, the firm conviction of the writer that the college graduate can well give a reason for the knowledge as well as the faith that is in him. The nature of the knowledge imparted and studies afforded by a college course, and the part it plays in the cultivation and development of mental culture substantiates his contention.

At the outset a difficulty presents itself which if not given adequate consideration will constitute a barrier to the attainment of truth. How measure the value of a college education? By a college or liberal education is understood a process of training by which the intellect instead of being formed or sacrificed to any specific trade or profession is disciplined for its own sake. Immediate and tangible results are not its primary aim and it therefore does not readily lend itself to measurement. To estimate its value by its relation to present and immediate utility is a titanic blunder. A liberal education is, as economists would say, capital spread over a period of time. It is to the student what the regular routine of military discipline is to the army. To condemn it on the charge of inutility is no less an affront to reason than to discredit military discipline for the same charge. Utility in its popular sense is not the sole determinant of the desirable or of the necessary. "Man liveth not," as Holy Scripture assures us, "by bread alone." He possesses an intellectual as well as a physical life, which must be nourished and sustained by the food of knowledge under penalty of failure to attain its end. Anything, therefore, that conserves the intellectual as well as the physical life is entitled to the attribute of utility.

A liberal education need not seek beyond itself for its utility. The nature of man is composite. In common with the members of the animal kingdom, he has a body. Unlike them he possesses a spiritual and immortal soul made to the image and likeness of his Maker and endowed with reason and understanding. With these he is able to penetrate through the Stygian darkness of error into the realms of eternal truth. The great poet overwhelmed at the contemplation of man's nature thus expresses its nobility: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals." His education must be in accordance with his exalted nature. A liberal knowledge aims to make the nobler part of man's nature to realize its perfection. Viewed in itself it is simply the cultivation of the intellect and has for its object intellectual excellence. It has, therefore, in itself its own end and

to whatever possesses an end in itself utility cannot be denied.

The charge of uselessness hurled against college education assumes the appearance of the preposterous when the nature and aims of the branches of study offered by a liberal course are considered. High in the scale of liberal studies is literature, in which the thoughts and aspirations, the joys and sorrows of the people of the past and present are recorded. The student comes in contact with the best and noblest in human life and this association cannot but exert a wholesome influence upon him. This is not all. Literature endows the student with a facility and grace in the use of his mother tongue. As faith cometh by hearing so the power of expression, wealth and beauty of diction cometh by reading. Church and state are calling for able writers and speakers to win back mankind to a respect and devotion for the principles of truth and justice. For good or ill, ability to express one's opinions forcibly is a mighty power. The great victories of right over unrighteousness, of justice over injustice, of truth over falsity have been achieved by men capable of forceful expression. Through it Cicero stifled and suppressed a strong and insidious conspiracy and drove the infamous Catiline from the walls of Rome. Lacordaire by the brilliancy of his speech and logic electrified and aroused France from the lethargy of skepticism and religious indifference. The eloquence of O'Connell charmed a hostile parliament and wrung from it religious emancipation for his beloved Isle. What was it but a delicate and exquisite power of expression that confounded the maligners of John Henry Newman. Knowledge, we are told, is power. That it be operative, the electrifying force of expression must transform it from the kinetic to the potential.

Greek and Latin hold a prominent place in the liberal curriculum. The translation of a language possessing the subtlety and complexity of the classic tongues is itself a splendid mental discipline. The acquisition of a vocabulary, the mastery of the rules of grammar, and the judgment necessarily exercised in the selection of the proper words to translate without prejudice to the thought is productive of great mental versatility. The great value of the classics, however, lies not in the mere exercise of translation, but chiefly in the assimilation of the highest classic ideal, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

Mathematics possesses a reputation of no mean value among liberal studies. As the athlete must train with constancy and regularity, so a mind that would aspire to mental health or culture must devote itself with no less zeal and fidelity to the gymnastics of mathematics. This exacting science develops an unerring mental accuracy and a scrupulous regard to details, the neglect of which has diverted many a man from the path of truth. "We cannot," as Carlyle says, "look upon the image of a great man without feeling the nobler and better for it." So we cannot associate with the science of mathematics without absorbing some of its inexorable character. To neglect it is to gravely prejudice the mental physique.

"It should be taught," exclaims John Locke, "not so much to make students mathematicians as to make them reasonable creatures."

Of equal importance is the study of history, which opens to the mind the vistas of the past. It reveals to the student the causes operative in the rise of modern civilization, its reverses and its triumphs. It bestows on him a breadth of intellectual vision which the purely practical studies could not give, and impresses on his mind the truths, that the past and present are pregnant with the future, and that history displays an inexplicable tendency to repeat itself. By thus appropriating the experience of others "he though young fulfills a long time."

Last but by no means the least is philosophy. Man's conduct has many determining influences, none, however, more marked than that exerted by the views he holds, the things he believes to be true concerning the nature, the origin and destiny of the human soul, and of the universe about him. If conduct, as it has been said, is four-fifths of life, can this "science of sciences," this "art of arts" be deemed of no avail? Philosophy as an instrument of mental culture is unexcelled. It cultivates an analytic mind in the student which trains him to contemn a surface view of things and to dig deep in search of the precious gems of truth. It affords him a vantage ground to survey the diverse fields of human knowledge and to view them in their relation and coherence to each other. Such are the fruits accruing from the pursuit of liberal studies. Can the charge of inutility be laid at the door of such studies that form a mind, which according to Newman "is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history, almost heart searching from its knowledge of human nature—that has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation because of its intimacy with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres?"

The fruit of a college education is mental culture, and its fruit determines its value. It is good for man to have a healthy body, a perfect adjustment of parts, organs that function properly, agility and gracefulness of carriage. If this be true how much nobler and better is it for man whose nature reflects the image of Godhead to possess a mind with faculties harmoniously developed, an apparatus of thought whose operation knows no flaw, a talent for speculation and original inquiry, a habit of referring things to their first principles, and a power for the pursuit and expression of truth. Truly this is consummation devoutly to be sought.

It is gratifying, though not unexpected, to note that available statistics and experiments uphold the claims of a college education to utility. Graduates of this course with the few inevitable exceptions "which we have always with us" when put to the test far excel those less fortunate. Experiments and tests of this nature have been more popular in Germany than elsewhere, and hence the writer deems it advisable to draw from that source. Professor Helmholtz

of the University of Berlin, an eminent scientist and educator of the last century affirms that, as a result of actual experimentation and observation, he found that graduates of liberal courses after one year of laboratory work, surpassed even those who had devoted themselves exclusively to science courses. In 1870 the graduates of the so called practical schools were admitted to the universities of Germany on a par with students who had pursued liberal courses. The system was given a trial of ten years. At the end of this period the thirty-six professors of the Philosophical Faculty of Berlin presented a memorandum to the Ministry of Instruction, in which they characterized the graduates of practical or non-liberal schools, in contrast to the graduates of liberal courses, as of "slower development, superficial knowledge, lack of independent judgment, inferiority in private research, less dexterity, want of keenness and defective power of expression." These results fail to provoke astonishment for they are the results of causes whose operation is inevitable. A man in health can do what an unhealthy man cannot. A sound mind can likewise achieve what an unsound mind cannot.

Mental culture, the product of a college education, possesses its embodiment in the Christian gentleman and leader. In the life of every man, be he professional or otherwise, there are social activities revolving about but not necessarily clashing with the professional. Training for the young man to take his place in the social world is as important in its sphere as the education for the professional or business life. Man is by nature a social animal, and can never of himself be at ease or attain the perfection of his essence unless he holds some degree of communication with his fellowman. This is true for mankind in general. How much more essential to the college man whose education destines him to be "a ruler in Israel"!

Entering into the composition of a gentleman are many virtues, but the greatest of them all is kindness. He has been aptly defined as one "who never inflicts pain". This is the ideal which a college education sets before the student. Culture teaches him to appreciate the views of others whether coincident with his own or not. If he judges them to be erroneous he will, even yet, consider them too holy and sacred for ridicule. The knowledge of human nature derived from his liberal course will unconsciously endow him with the virtue of tact. Consideration and politeness, he will understand, are the outward signs of the inward virtue of gentility, and everyone will behold in him the lineaments of a true gentleman, the masterpiece of a college education.

The second product of mental culture is leadership. History affirms that men, graduates of a liberal course, have been leaders of human achievements for the last thousand years. True, there are noteworthy and even brilliant exceptions to this rule, but logic assures us that it takes more than a few isolated exceptions to nullify

a generalization. May not the defender of a liberal education point with pride to him who now pilots the Ship of State through the menacing rocks and shoals of a world war. May not the name of Leo XIII be mentioned with reverence, saint, pope, scholar, diplomat, statesman, and yet a college graduate? Is it a small tribute to the value of a college education that the presidents of our nation have been with few exceptions graduates of a liberal course? College education is the novitiate for the leader. To the graduate the scepter of leadership belongs not by any paltry title of succession, but by the unquestioned right of power. To him the words of the Saviour that "he who would be the greater among you let him be as the least" contain no paradox. He learns that he who would command others must first himself obey, and is trained to lend obedience to the higher powers "for there is no power but from God". "God gives," says Orestes A. Brownson, "to every nation an aristocracy titled or untitled, recognized or unrecognized by the civil constitution, hereditary or unhereditary, whose mission is to guide and lead the people and to direct and sustain their interests" This, the philosopher concludes, is the mission of the college man. This is the rich bequest of colleges to a society whose greatest need is able leadership. The training of the intellect which is the best for the individual proves eventually to be the best for society.

Into the affairs of men there is a new age coming. Democracy regenerated in the blood shed in its defense is about to be born anew. Tidings of its coming are already upon us, for coming events cannot but cast their shadow before. Democracy, we must admit, though near and dear it be to our hearts, has not as yet fully realized its ideals. Much has been done, but much remains. The coming of the post-bellum period will be a time of reconstruction in industrial as well as political activities. People will not, people cannot suffer the ante-bellum evils to remain. Reconstruction cannot proceed without able leadership. Where are the leaders to come from if not from the ranks of men who have had a college training. They are ready to consecrate their last full measure of devotion for the safety of democracy. Assuredly, they will do no less for its purification than for its conservation. The college trained man is the mind to confront the coming problems. For to him a liberal education has imparted a love for truth and justice, a clear consciousness of his opinions and an eloquence in expressing them. "It has taught him," in the words of Newman, "to see things as they are, to go right to the point. It has prepared him to fill any post with credit and to master any subject with facility." Such a system of education which affords liberal studies for its subject matter and which has mental culture for its fruit can well answer for its utility. An education which makes a man all this is an investment that will bring forth fruit a hundred fold and the four years spent in its acquisition are not spent in vain.



CLAUDE M. GRANGER, '20  
Inter Alia



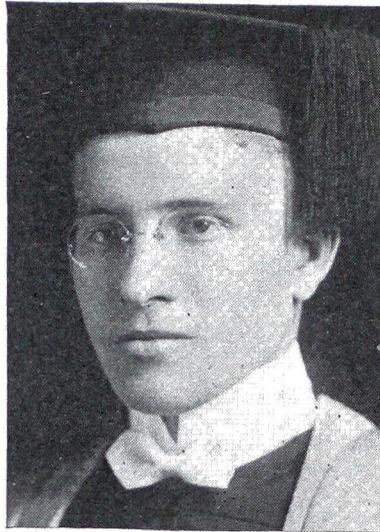
EDWARD A. KELLY, '18  
Alumni



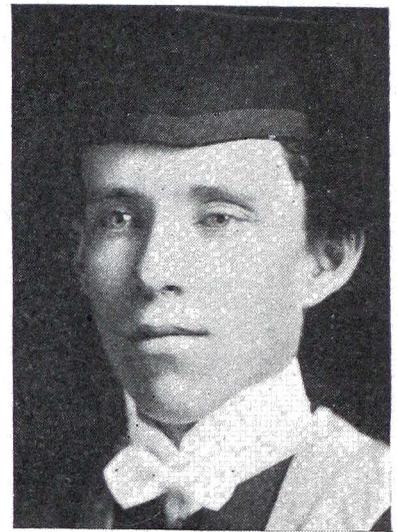
JOSEPH F. SHEEN, '22  
Athletics



THOMAS P. KELLY, '19  
Viatoriana

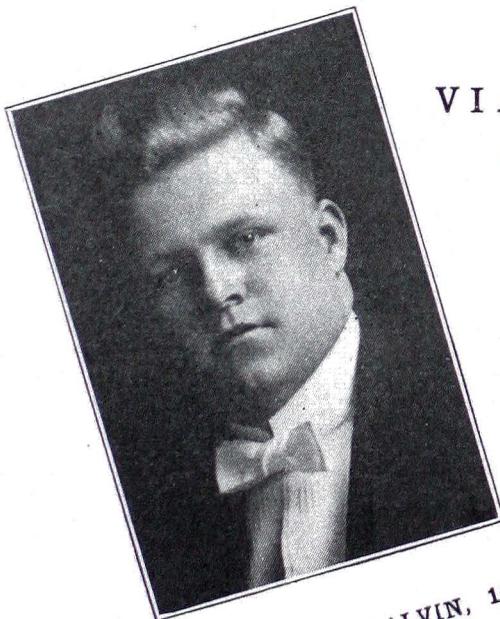


THOMAS E. SHEA, '18  
Editor-in-Chief



LEO T. PHILLIPS, '18  
Exchanges

THE  
VIATORIAN  
STAFF  
1917  
1918



GREGORY A. GALVIN, 19  
Business Manager



J. JOSEPH SMITH, 19  
Societies



# THE VIATORIAN

Published Bi-Monthly by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Publication Office, Bourbonnais, Ill.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—THOMAS E. SHEA, '18.

Exchanges—LEO T. PHILLIPS, '18. Inter Alia—CLAUDE M. GRANGER, '20.

Athletics—JOSEPH F. SHEEN, '21. Alumni—EDWARD A. KELLY, '18.

Viatoriana—THOMAS P. KELLY, '19. Societies—J. JOSEPH SMITH, '19.

Business Manager—GREGORY A. GALVIN, '19.

Entered as second-class matter January 12, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bourbonnais, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

*Subscription price. One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies twenty cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager, The Viatorian, Bourbonnais, Illinois."*

With this number another volume of the *Viatorian* reaches completion. To some it may not represent their expectations, but to the staff it represents earnest effort and inasmuch as it does that they are perfectly satisfied that they have done their share. They realized the difficulty they would meet in trying to publish a college periodical, the zeal, the energy and above all the patience it would require, but willingly they have faced all and now that they have finished their work, not without a certain sense of relief it is true, they enjoy a feeling somewhat akin to that experienced by the servant when his master says "Well done."

To our friends, subscribers, contributors and even to our critics who have lent a helping hand we express our humble gratitude. Messrs. Phillips and Shea, whose editorial endeavors end with this number, extend their good wishes and a little sympathy to the editor and his associates for the coming year. May their difficulties be few and the fruit of their labors abundant.

## OBITUARIES

*"Blessed are they who die in the Lord"*

On May 1st the students and faculty of St. Viator College were shocked by the news of the sudden death of two students, Leo McGavock of the high school department and Paul Granger of the college department.

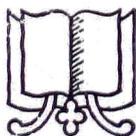
Leo McGavock matriculated at the college at the beginning of the second semester. His constitution, naturally weak, could not withstand the unusual inclemencies of the severe winter and shortly after his arrival here he was obliged to return to his home in Chicago in the hope that a rest would improve his health. He suffered a lingering illness until on the 30th of April he passed to his eternal reward. During his short stay at the college he attracted to himself many friends who admired the good qualities of sincere devotion and piety and who will long remember him in their prayers.

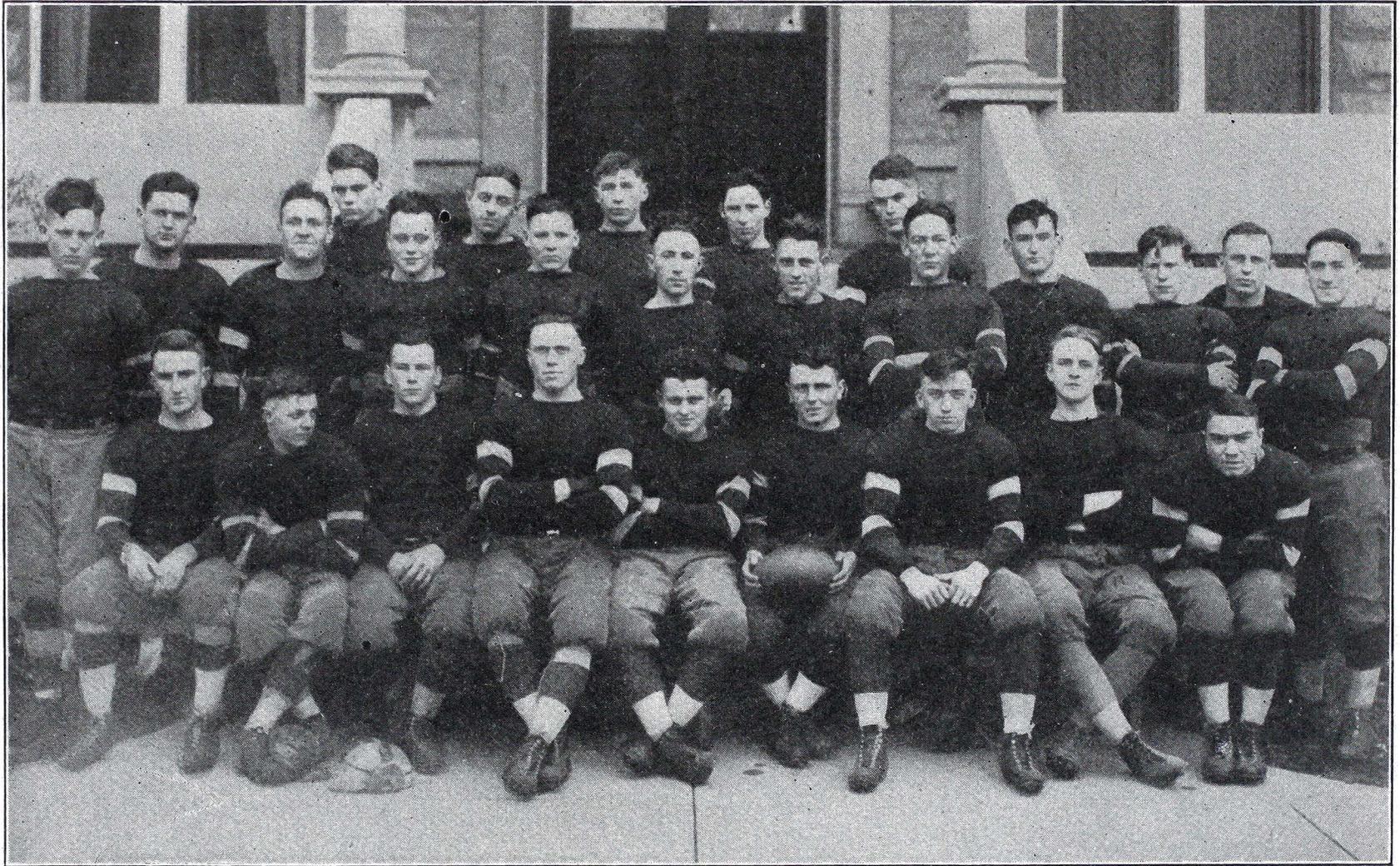
Within a few hours after the news of Leo McGavock's death reached the college, word was received that Paul Granger had departed this vale of tears. The truth of the tragic report was difficult to realize, for, just one week before he was with his classmates going to the lecture halls. At that time no one dreamed that within another week one of the group would have crossed into the great beyond. Paul had complained of a cold for some time but that it was not serious he was certain. Within a few days, however, he was compelled to receive medical attention. Four days later the Almighty had claimed him for His own.

The day after his death the Sophomore Class, of which he was a member, had a Requiem Mass sung in the College Chapel. At the Funeral Mass, celebrated by the Rev. Ambrose Granger, assisted by the Rev. William Granger and the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., the Rev. W. J. Bergin C. S. V., preached a very touching sermon on the beautiful and exemplary life the young man led.

The family will long miss the presence of such a dutiful and affectionate son and brother. To them and to the relatives of Leo McGavock the students and faculty of St. Viator's extend heartfelt sympathy.

*"Requiescant in pace."*





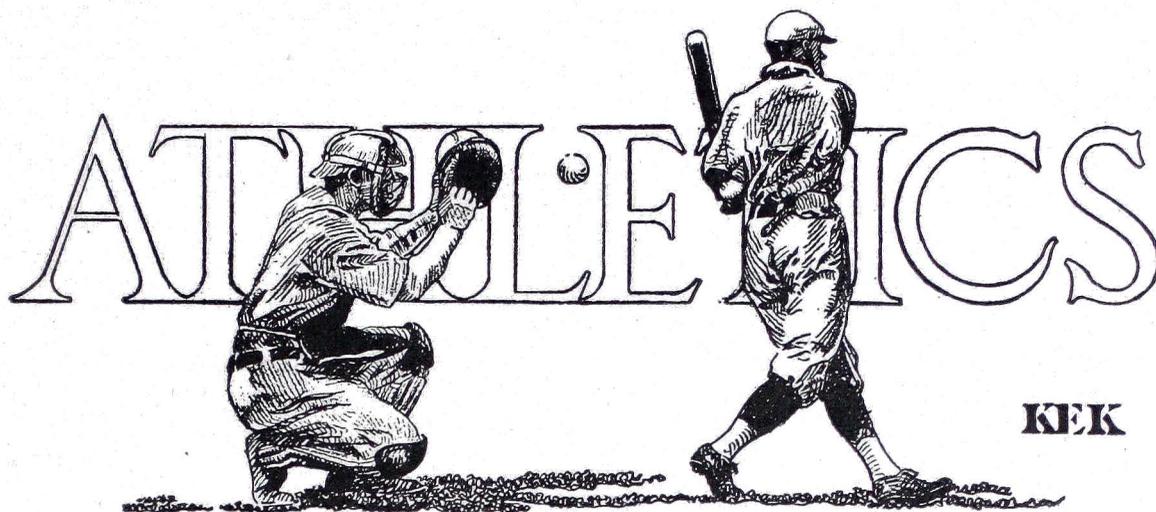
VARSIITY, '17.

Top row, left to right: P. CAREY, A. DE'CLERK, E. KEARNEY, A. QUIGLEY, J. POWERS. Middle Row: A. DEUTSCH, G. MEERS, SEYBERT A. FREEBURY, E. COX, G. McDONALD, D. CAREY, J. CAVANAUGH, J. SEES, E. O'CONNOR, E. KEEFE (COACH), E. FITZPATRICK. Bottom row: R. DELANEY, E. NICHOLS, B. CONNOR, J. LYNCH, W. DAUGHTON, R. FRANCES (CAPT.), W. ROCHE, F. KENELLY, U. BERRY.

Varsity 1935



Top row: T. HARRISON (Coach), C. BERNARD, W. MAGUIRE, J. MINOGUE, R. DELANEY, J. SMITH. Middle row: T. FITZPATRICK, J. LYONS, R. FRANCIS, H. BUSHNELL, W. FITZGERALD, T. KELLY. Bottom row: A. DUNN, J. KORKEY.



*Ten out of Eleven!*

Such was the enviable record established by our ball club for the season of 1918. Who would have thought it away back in April, when scarcely nine likely candidates reported for practice! Gloom filled the hearts of the Viator fans; even the most confirmed optimist turned pessimist. "Why have a ball team at all?" "We will never win a College game with that crew!" "The best a few of them had is a little high-school experience and some not even that much." The "Crepe hangers" had the argument all their way and there seemed to be no come-back. However, we refused to be convinced. Silently and almost hopelessly we gathered in small groups and watched the first few practices of our raw, very raw recruits.

Prospects looked mighty poor during the first week, yet we silently looked on and loyally hoped. The second week brought us a gleam of hope. Surprises appeared, they seemed anxious and determined to make a showing; there could be no question about their work in the field, and their batting was all that might be expected. Yea Bo! We had an answer for the joy-killers. "Appearances are deceiving," and "you can't always sometimes tell." Wait! they may come through yet. Another agonizing week passed and found our fondest hopes even surpassed. The almost hopeless team did carry through and, thanks to the untiring efforts and patience of Coach Kelly and assistant Coach Harrison, we had a winner. The team was practically new, but there were no "swell-heads". Harmony, team work, and "lots of pep" were their slogans. Herein, lay the secret of their success;—*ten out of eleven!*

*Review of the Season.*

Our schedule included some of the best College teams in the Middle west. We closed on June 2, by defeating St. Joseph College at Rensselaer, Ind. In all, we went over the top "ten times in eleven attempts". The lone unfortunate defeat was administered to our young phenoms by Miliken University in the championship game of

"The Little Nineteen" tournament at Charleston, Illinois. It was a case of a flying start for Miliken and too much young or Viator. Darkness aided the speedy slants of the young Walter Johnson and though our lads refused to quit they had but little opportunity of over-scoring a six run lead. Our easy victories over Normal University and Bradley Polytechnic enabled us to compete in this championship game. Dame Fortune frowned on us and we had to be satisfied with second place in the tournament.

Angered by this bit of ill luck, the varsity demonstrated that they had the "stuff" by clearing up the remaining games on the schedule. Two excellent trimmings were given North Western College and St. Joseph College respectively. These proved to the great satisfaction of the home bugs that St. Viator could win both at home and on foreign fields. Further, one week after our demon little sluggers walloped St. Ambrose College, the latter took Notre Dame into their Davenport camp and shell-shocked them to the tune of 3 to 0. This made us look pretty fair at least.

Onarga Seminary and E. Illinois Normal fell in our early Spring drive. At the close of this most successful season Howard Bushell, our brilliant young short-stop, was elected to lead next year's squad and ten players were awarded Monogram sweaters.

#### ST. VIATOR 4—NORTH WESTERN 2.

In the initial game of the season Minogue held North Western College to two hits, while Francis and Bushell helped to pile up our end of the 4 to 2 score by securing two hits apiece.

	SCORE.										R	H	E
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
St. Viator . . . . .	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	4	8	2	
North Western . . . . .	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	5	

Batteries—Minogue and Francis; Stenger and Kluckholm.

#### ST. VIATOR 9—ST. AMBROSE 6.

Though our tall lanky "Min" was a trifle wild and unsteady in pinches, he succeeded in holding the strong St. Ambrose College nine of Devenport to four hits. Our lads had a busy day with the hickory, piling up a total of twelve hits.

	SCORE.										R	H	E
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
St. Viator . . . . .	2	0	1	1	0	2	3	0	0	9	12	2	
St. Ambrose . . . . .	0	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	6	4	4	

Batteries—Minogue and Francis; Judge, Wallace and Devlin.

#### ST. VIATOR 7—NORTH WESTERN 1.

The Varsity undoubtedly played their best game of the season against North Western College at Naperville. Not a single boot was chalked up against them. Timely hitting and brainy base-running featured the game. Minogue was at his best.

SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator.....	0	1	2	0	3	0	1	0	0	7	7	0
North Western.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	3

Batteries—Minogue and Francis; Stenger and Kluckholm.

ST. VIATOR 10—NORMAL UNIVERSITY 6.

In our first game in "The Little Nineteen" tournament at Charleston, we found Normal University of Bloomington easy picking. Our little sluggers gave the teachers some excellent track practice.

SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator.....	2	0	3	0	2	3	0	0	0	10	15	2
Normal University.....	0	0	1	2	0	1	0	1	2	6	8	4

Batteries—Fitzpatrick and Francis; Packard and Pallens.

ST. VIATOR 13—BRADLEY 6.

On the following day we continued our winning streak, easily downing Bradley Polytechnic Institute of Peoria.

SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator.....	3	0	3	2	0	3	1	1	0	13	12	2
Bradley.....	0	0	1	1	2	1	1	0	0	6	7	4

Batteries—Bernard, Fitzpatrick and Francis; Doubet and Gordon.

ST. VIATOR 0—MILIKEN UNIVERSITY 7.

Immediately after the Bradley game St. Viator met Miliken for the Championship of "The Little Nineteen." Our proverbial bad start and the air tight hurling by Young of Miliken was responsible for this our only defeat of the season. The game was called at the end of the fifth on account of darkness.

SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5
St. Viator.....	0	0	0	0	0
Miliken.....	6	1	0	0	0

Batteries—Minogue and Francis; Young and Surry.

SEASON SCORES.

St. Viator.....	4	North Western College.....	2
St. Viator.....	27	Grand Prairie Seminary.....	1
St. Viator.....	5	E. Illinois Normal.....	2
St. Viator.....	9	St. Ambrose College.....	6
St. Viator.....	10	Normal University.....	6
St. Viator.....	13	Bradley Polytechnic.....	6
St. Viator.....	0	Miliken University.....	7
St. Viator.....	7	North Western College.....	1
St. Viator.....	15	St. Joseph College.....	8
St. Viator.....	14	Grand Prairie Seminary.....	1
St. Viator.....	4	St. Joseph College.....	3

## THE TEAM.

## CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK.

Not since the days of Alex. McCarthy have Viator fans seen the far corner covered in such brilliant style as it was taken care of by "Fitz". A born leader he kept the team fighting at all times. He possesses a great arm, is a brilliant fielder, a good sticker, all of which qualities along with his fleetness of foot stamp him the best college third baseman in the West.

## JOHN MINOGUE.

Much credit for the record of this season is certainly due our young six footer "Min". Though inclined to be a trifle wild at critical moments, his wonderful speed helped him out of many tight places. We look for superb work from "Min" next year.

## RAYMOND FRANCIS.

Handling bullets is no light occupation but our husky little catcher took care of "Min" with persevering patience. His work with the stick is not less worthy of mention for he was always there with a bingle whenever it was needed.

## ARTHUR DUNNE.

"Art" took care of the high, low and wide ones at the initial sack very satisfactorily. Another year and "Art" will make Sisler take a back seat.

## WALTER FITZGERALD.

"Wallie," alias "Peggy," enjoys the unique distinction of being the first Academic to make the Varsity. The "kid" upset all dope, batting and fielding in true big league fashion. He is a comer! Watch him!

## JOHN LYONS.

Things looked bad for us when young Fitz unfortunately broke his ankle in the latter part of the season, but this Wilkes Barre kid who answers to the nick name of "Bananas" filled the gap to perfection. Summer ball in Penn. should help Johnnie for next year.

## HOWARD BUSHELL.

"Bush" is Capt.-elect of next year's team and no better choice could have been made. His "chatter" and pep has caused many a pitcher to worry. He fielded a la Hollocher and was right there with the hickory.

## WALTER MCGUIRE.

"Oswald" or "Oz" was our outfield phenom. His batting eye has decidedly improved since last year. He is still growing and we predict better days for his famous left "paw."

## RUSSELL DELANEY.

"Abe" cooperated with "Oz" in taking care of the high ones. It is a safe bet that very few got by this "Granger Twist" trio out in the weeds. "Abe" was a dangerous hitter at critical moments.

## JOSEPH SMITH.

"Joe" took care of the right field garden in excellent style. His work during "The Little Nineteen" tournament is worthy of mention. He unloaded three or four triples and fielded many hard ones.

## SUBSTITUTES.

Bernard, the Aurora "Camel" helped our "Min" on the Mound. He constantly tantalized our opponents with his famous slow ball, which he heaved from the port side of his anatomy. Tom Kelly and John Korkey helped our out-fielders. Both of them were ever willing and conscientious workers.





Watchword for the Golden Jubilee—

“LET’S GET TOGETHER AND STICK”

However, some who expected to stay left a little early—perhaps it was due to a certain speech given a certain night in the chapel by the Prefectus Disciplinae.

More or less rank in the second company.

Private Information  
 Corporal Punishment  
 Major Premiss  
 General Information

MIS-INFORMATION.

The Stranger: “Are you French?”

Bro. French, proud of his English blood: “No, sir.”

The Stranger: “Do you know where I can find him?”

Commanding Lieutenant Joe Lynch: “Get back in them there positions you was in.”

Fr. Bergin: “I understand he’s an ace now.”

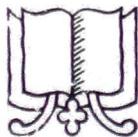
Fr. O’M.: “Is that how they pronounce it over there?”

A short time ago the Editor was the recipient of a poetical letter of sympathy via the Bulletin Board. Since the sender is unknown to him the grateful Ed. returns thanks in the following lines:

THANKS!

We who write for college papers  
 And by literary capers

Hope to make an old world new  
Though the compliments be few;  
We who build air castles high  
Which always crumble by-and-by;  
We who write with—O! such pain  
And receive such little gain  
For the efforts we have made  
In a night of Stygian shade,  
And we who get such little credit,  
Galley slaves who *try* to edit  
Magazines—if such their nam—  
Whose contents critics but defame,  
Whose printed pages tell a tale  
Which, in that everlasting vale,  
Will surely bring eternal glory  
For an earth of Purgatory;  
We who toil and sweat and swear  
And all insults gladly bear  
That the products of our pen  
Might satisfy some learned men;  
We who wear that haunted look  
Idealized in ghostly book;  
We who hack and cut and slay  
From evening shades till break of day;  
We who seem to have been born  
To be the aim of most men's scorn;  
We who in most people's eyes  
Are objects they should criticize  
With all the venom they command  
Till they exterminate our brand,—  
Since we've found some unknown friend  
Who to our faint heart dares to send  
A message sweet with wishes fair  
And who our misery would share,  
We give you thanks a thousand fold  
And hope your heart will ne'er turn cold  
Towards those poor souls whose happiness  
Is realized in "going to press."



## **DISTILLED WATER ICE**

THE FAMILY ICE

ABSOLUTELY PURE

**F. D. Radeke Brewing Company**

Both Telephones 132

KANKAKEE

---

## **ERZINGER BROS.**

**Fancy Groceries**

Fresh Fruit, Confectionery and Bakery Goods  
of all kinds a Specialty.

226-232 Court Street

KANKAKEE

ADVERTISEMENT S

WE EARNESTLY REQUEST OUR READERS TO CONSIDER  
: : : OUR LIST OF ADVERTISEMENTS : : :

TRY A  
**CINCO CIGAR**  
**F. O. Savoie Company**  
KANKAKEE

**STUDENTS!**  
The best of service will be given  
you at the  
**COLLEGE STORE**  
DROP IN

COFFEE ROASTERS  
IMPORTERS  
MANUFACTURERS

Telephones: Private Exchange all Depts.  
Superior—7970, 7971, 7972, 7973, 7974  
Automatic—32, 332

**B. A. RAILTON CO.**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS

373-405 West Erie Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FOR TRUE PHOTOS  
TRY  
**POWELL'S**  
128 Dearborn Ave. Kankakee

**GELINO BROS.**  
**THE BIG STORE**  
Corner Schuyler Ave. and Court  
Kankakee, Illinois

**ROYAL CLEANERS**  
We are prepared with our  
modern fireproof plant for  
all cleaning and pressing.  
**D. D. NICHOLSON**  
Students' Trade Solicited  
Bell 343 COURT ST. Ind. 7

**G. A. FORTIN,** AUTOMOBILE  
Distributor  
151 East Station Street  
All Standard Cars:— Buick — Hudson — Max  
well—Studebaker—Detroit Electric.  
**AUTO LIVERY AND TAXIS**  
Telephones 40

**D. J. O'LOUGHLIN, M. D.**

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

**EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT**

Independent Telephone 704

191 Court Street

Kankakee, Illinois

Interior Trim and  
Cabinet Work

Plate and Window  
Glass, Mirrors

**Paulissen Mfg. Co.**

463-499 S. Washington Ave.

KANKAKEE, - - ILLINOIS



—OUR MOTTO—

**“QUALITY FIRST”**

In all Our Lines of Goods

**J. LECOUR & SONS**

Kankakee, Illinois

Independent Telephone 472

We Do Repairing

**F. A. LOTTINVILLE**

SHOE DEALER

All New Ideas in Fashionable Footwear

162 Court Street Kankakee, Illinois

F. E. LEGRIS, Pres. T. A. LEGRIS, Cashier

**LEGRIS BROTHERS'  
BANK**

4% Paid on Time Deposits

159 S. Schuyler

Kankakee

**RIELY & RICHERT**

**Electrical Contractors**

Agents for Federal Washing Machines, Little  
Ben Vacuum Cleaner, Tuec Stationary  
Cleaner and Fostoria Mazda Lamps

Ind. Telephone 923

Bell Telephone 995

370 E. Court St., Kankakee, Illinois

**CHAS. WERTZ CO.**

Lumber, Cement, Brick, Lime,

Sand, Sewer Pipe, Hardware,

Plaster, Glass, Coal

**BRADLEY**

Always drink Pasteurized Milk. Our  
wagons pass your door every morning  
before you have breakfast.

**Milk---Cream**

Bulgurious Butter Milk

**Kankakee Pure Milk Co.**

396 South Schuyler Ave.

Both Telephones 45 Drink Pure Milk

**SPEICHER BROS.**  
**JEWELERS**

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

127-132 Schuyler Avenue Kankakee, Illinois

**L A M A R R E ' S**  
**CONFECTIONERY**

Ice Cream, Luncheon and Cigars

Bourbonnais, Illinois

**Amedee T. Betourne**  
**PHARMACIST**

Headquarters for Kodaks and Supplies  
Eastman System of Developing  
and Printing

119 E. Court St. North Side

You'll like the kind of service  
you get at the

**VANDERWATER**  
**CLOTHING CO.**

as well as the kind of clothes

154 COURT ST. KANKAKEE

**Boyd & Proegler**

**JEWELERS**

247-249 EAST COURT STREET  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Boys, Drop in and get your

**SODAS**

at

**Le Boeuf & Granger**  
183 COURT STREET, KANKAKEE

Mrs. D. H. Kamman H. Handorf

**D. H. Kamman & Co.**

Manufacturers of

High Life Ginger Ale and Grape and  
All Kinds of Soft Drinks

KANKAKEE ILLINOIS

**Gas, Electricity and  
Accessories**

STUDENT LAMPS  
OUR SPECIALTY

Public Service Company

Telephones: Bell 237; Independent 4

**C. RUHLE**

Manufacturer of Lime

Wholesale and Retail Cement, Brick,  
Sewer Pipe, Sand, Etc.

Office and Warehouse  
503 West Avenue KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

**Kankakee Book Store**

116 COURT STREET

Fine Stationery, Popular Copyright Alger and  
Henty Books, Post Cards and Albums,  
Pennants and Pillow Covers,  
Sporting Goods.

THE GIFT SHOP

# JOHN J. DRURY

## PLUMBING

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Gas Stoves  
and Ranges, Coal Ranges, Hard  
and Soft Coal Heaters

Both Telephones 72

276 Schuyler Avenue, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

### THE SCHUYLER

McBROOM BROS.

Proprietors

154 Schuyler Ave. Kankakee, Illinois

First Class Restaurant and Cafe

### American State and Savings Bank

184 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

### GEORGE ARSENEAU

## BAKERY

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Specialties: Pies and Cakes

### D. M. Norris & Son

Dealers in

Stoves, Ranges, Hardware and  
Paints. Galvanized and  
Tin Work

Telephone Main 30 Cor. of Court and Schuyler

## JOSEPH TURK MFG. COMPANY

BRADLEY, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF

Columbia Iron and Brass Bedsteads



Special attention to Fur-  
nishing Institution BEDS

Prices and Illustrations  
on Application