

February Number, 1916

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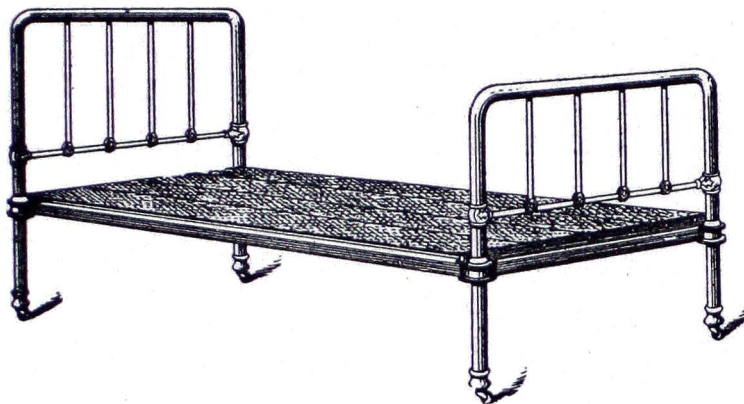
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THE VIATORIAN

Par et Spera

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ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS

*Thou art the Great High Priest,
As Aaron was of old;
Thou comest a chief amongst us,
The Shepherd of the fold.
Hail, of the Lord Appointed,
Assume thy great high place;
Rule o'er thy loyal children
By the light of heavenly grace.*

*By the Vicar of Christ appointed
An Apostle's true successor,
Raise thy voice unto the Lord
As thy people's Intercessor.
By a mighty inland ocean
Thy great domains extend
And thou shalt be our leader
Our faith from foes defend.*

*Then Prince of Church, thrice welcome,
Thrice welcome to thy see,
Long may thy reign be o'er us.
We pledge our loyalty.*

C. A. H., '17.

"BEHOLD THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST"

Ecce sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit. Deo, et inventus justus; et in tempore iracundiae factus est reconciliatio.—Eccl. 44, c.

With the impressive ceremony and becoming pomp of the Roman Catholic Church, Most Rev. George William Mundelein received the pallium of his office in the Holy Name Cathedral, on Wednesday, February 9th, and being invested with this insignia of his elevation and authority he became the archbishop of the great metropolitan see of Chicago, the spiritual ruler over a million and a half Catholics of the great middle west. Since the announcement was made last November at the Apostolic Delegation in Washington that at the next consistory to be held on Dec. 6, Pope Benedict XV would appoint Bishop Mundelein, auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, as Archbishop of Chicago to succeed the late Archbishop Quigley, the people over whom he was to assume spiritual leadership have awaited his coming with eagerness. The hospitable and joyous welcoming reception which was bestowed upon him when he set foot upon Illinois soil for the first time gave ample testimony of the loyalty and reverence in which he would be held. Withal the greeting was a remarkable demonstration of the general respect and admiration civic Chicago, both Catholic and non-Catholic, has for the Catholic Church and its dignitaries.

So much has been said and written concerning even the slightest details of the ceremonies of the installation of Archbishop Mundelein that it would be to indulge merely in repetition to speak of them. More interesting now is the consideration of the man and the work his high position entails. His appointment must surely be indicative of the great confidence which the Holy Father places in the young men of the Church in view of the fact that the new archbishop is the youngest in the United States. To few men even of greater age has fallen the tremendous duties as well as the tremendous opportunities that have come to the new archbishop who is now but 43 years of age. If any see needs a young man's fullest energies and untiring activities it is the see of Chicago with its vast heterogenous Catholic population, to whom the gospel is read every Sunday in the various Churches in some twenty-five different languages. Yet it speaks eloquently

of the universality of the Church that this polyglot multitude in their faith give a common pledge of loyalty to their Church and their bishop, as in their Americanism they give a mutual pledge of support to their country. Over this vast number of people will come as spiritual head, a man who is strong, vigorous and upstanding, a man of clear vision, versatile nature, and fearless determination, all strengthened by a real abiding faith, well uttered when learning the news of his appointment, "Because God wills it I have no fear; otherwise I should."

It may be claimed that Archbishop Mundelein was particularly fortunate in being so signally honored by His Holiness, Benedict XV, when he was chosen from a long list of worthy, and eligible churchmen, but it would be hard to find one who had been better trained for the high office throughout his entire life than the archbishop-elect. As a boy he attended St. Nicholas School, and later De La Salle Institute. Then after completing a course of studies at Manhattan College in 1889 he was sent to Rome. Here he pursued his theological course, having as his instructors the brightest teachers connected with the famous college. In 1895 at the age of 23 he was ordained priest in Rome by Bishop McDonnell, who was visiting in the Eternal City at that time. From then on he has filled many important positions in the diocese of Brooklyn and has received many church honors. He became a monsignor at 34, and auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn at 37. In each case when honors came to him they seem to have upset the oldest church traditions as to the customary age of the recipient of such marks of esteem. In 1906 he was signally honored by Pius X by being appointed Domestic Prelate and in the following year was made a member of the Ancient Academy of Arcadi, an honor never before conferred on an American. The honors, although coming fast, have only corresponded to the growing appreciation of his worth in his home diocese.

During the six years of labor as auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn, Archbishop Mundelein has served in a most cosmopolitan see and here has shown such qualifications as an executive that all who knew him predicted that a much higher position awaited him among the Churches' hierarchy. Here he was especially capable of winning and holding most loyal followers from all walks of life. Besides his compelling personal amiability, his energetic effectiveness and at the same time the studious self-effacement of his daily life, he was possessed of an accomplishment which was of great service to him in winning friends and which will be of still greater service to him in the field into which

he is to enter. Archbishop Mundelein is a fine linguist. He speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as he does his native English, and has a working knowledge of Polish. In the words on one of his biographers he is as cosmopolitan as the see to which he has been appointed.

But despite the splendid theoretical and practical training the Archbishop has received he is not unmindful of the onerous responsibility which rests upon his shoulders. In his message to Chicago, delivered in the Cathedral of the Holy Name on the day of his enthronement and investiture he said: "The task is one which I would gladly shirk, not only because of my youth, my inexperience, but also because I follow in the footsteps of one whose example it will be difficult to emulate.

"When that, to me, memorable night, a message came to me that the pallium of this arch-diocese was to rest on my shoulders I cried out: How can, how will I succeed?

"When I see the vast numbers of children in our schools, when I view the work done for the poor and the sick and the orphans; when I come to the homes of religious orders; so many leading a perfect life; when I see the pastors, the captains of my hosts, almost too numerous to count, from many climes and many lands, and speaking in many tongues, to my lips rise the words of the inspired prophet: 'Rise and be enlightened, for my light has come to you, and the glory of God has come upon you. All things gather together and have come upon you. Thy sons shall come from afar and thy daughters shall rise up by thy sides' ".

With the great responsibility which goes with his office we pray that God may give him very great graces to carry out the work which Divine Providence has given to him so that when a long life of labor is over he will by that divine grace have brought us nearer to that great ideal where there will be but one fold and one Shepherd.

Archbishop Mundelein is particularly interested in the young man. As founder and organizer of the Cathedral Club, the leading organization of Catholic young men in Brooklyn, he has done much to utilize one of the most powerful forces which the Church can command. We are sure that his work along these lines in Chicago will be fraught with much that will be of great service to the advancement of Church and State. To make of the young men of his diocese, lay apostles spreading truth and moral uprightness is a noble and godly work. May all his efforts be attended with great success *ad multos annos*. His children welcome his coming and hope that his labors may be long in the vineyard of the Lord.

—CHARLES A. HART, '17.

BY FAITH MADE WHOLE

THOMAS J. SHANLEY, '17

*The crowd was pressing hard
Round Jesus ever mild;
He loved them all at heart,
As a mother loves her child.*

*With pain and trouble bent,
She slowly crept along
To Jesus kind she went,
In the center of that throng.*

*She softly touched his cloak,
Behold she was made well!
And Jesus sweetly spoke,
"Who then touched me friends do tell?"*

*"Out from my Person went
A virtue that was drawn
By faith of one intent,
And the plea I will not scorn."*

*Abashed, the cured confessed
Her tale of pain and woe,
But Jesus only blessed,
Then forgave and bade her go.*



REV. J. J. CREGAN, C. S. V.

IN MEMORIAM

REV. JAS. J. CREGAN, C. S. V.

*"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."*

During the past month the Community of St. Viator has in the death of Father James Cregan, lost a fellow Cleric whose whole life of service has been but a succession of stepping stones to the higher things that Death has brought him. What could be higher praise than to simply say of a man that he had ever followed in the footsteps of the Master who sent him? This is the simple story of Father Cregan's life. If we behold him as a youth, full of the hope and ambition of young manhood we behold the servant leaving his father and mother, and sister and brother for His Name's sake, leaving all that he had to follow the Master. If we behold him in the prime of life we see the servant still, going into distant lands according to the commands of the superiors of his order. If we behold him at the close of life's fitful fever we find him still a servant, for he like his Divine Example, had no other mission in life. As the years roll on to the end of time there may be many more famous life stories from a worldly viewpoint but none more pleasing to the Lord, our God, than that of one who lived but to serve, none which will reap richer eternal reward.

'Tis a simple eloquent biography, one which tells of a soul having seized upon the real meaning of life. It needs no further eulogy for words cannot sound its praises. May the Giver of good send into the world many more whose lives may be written in a similar manner.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his brothers in religion, to the countless friends he has helped along the way of life by his words of love and kindness in their hour of great bereavement.

Rev. James J. Cregan, C. S. V., pastor of St. Edwards Church, Chicago, who died at the Alexian Brothers Hospital Jan. 22, was born in Limerick, Ireland, March 14, 1850. He

arrived in Canada in 1863 and entered the teaching community of the Clerics of St. Viator in Joliette, Canada, in 1872; made his first vows on August 9, 1874. His first seven years in the community were spent in teaching in the Cathedral school of Ogdensburg, N. Y., under the direction of Rev. Cyril Fournier, C. S. V., from 1872 to 1879. Thereafter, he taught school in Mile End, Montreal, Canada, until 1883, when his superiors called him to France to teach English to the French brothers in Vourless near Lyons. After his five years sojourn in France, he came to St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill., where he pursued his studies of Philosophy and Theology. He was ordained priest in Bourbonnais on May 3, 1892, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Favre of Montreal, who was then visiting in Bourbonnais. Father Cregan remained on the staff of the college as professor and prefect of studies until he was appointed Director of the Holy Name Cathedral school, Chicago. This office he filled with great success from 1897 to 1903. During these six years the attendance was much increased and both the teachers and the pupils were constant objects of Father Cregan's care and attention.

In August, 1903, Father Cregan was appointed to the pastorate of St. Edward's Church, where he has since labored zealously and successfully. His long term of service in schools and colleges made him appreciate the need of a Catholic school in the parish of St. Edward and hence he bent his energies towards the accomplishing of this end, viz., the parish school. Receiving the generous support of his parishioners, he was soon able to open the present splendid parochial school for the children of the parish, whom he committed to the care of the Sisters of St. Dominic in the year 1909. In that same year, Father Cregan attended the Chapter of the Community of St. Viator in Brussels, France. Father Cregan was a lover of the classroom where he rendered long and eminent service to hundreds of students, who remember him gratefully for the solid benefits, both intellectual and moral, which they received at his hands. Father Cregan was a man of robust health and great energy and remained at his post until a week before his death.

In compliance with the wishes of the Sisters and of the numerous religious societies of the parish, a requiem high mass was chanted Monday morning at nine o'clock, at which the school children assisted and received Holy Communion for the repose of the soul of their good pastor. A solemn requiem mass

was celebrated Tuesday at ten a. m., in St. Edward's Church. The sermon on this occasion was preached by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., president of St. Viator College. The church was filled with a large number of clergy and parishioners. In the afternoon the remains were taken to Bourbonnais, Ill., where a solemn requiem was chanted Wednesday at eleven o'clock in the parish church, in the presence of the faculty and students of St. Viator College, Notre Dame Academy, the Village school, the parishioners, and a large number of other lay and clerical friends of the deceased. With the prayerful wish of all that his soul may rest in peace, Father Cregan's remains were buried in the community cemetery, near Bourbonnais.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Legris, D.D., sang the pontifical Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. D. Feeley as deacon and Rev. P. Parker as sub-deacon. A beautiful tribute was paid to Father Cregan and his life's work by Rev. C. P. Conway of Chicago.

Among the priests and religious who came to testify their sincerest sympathy in the death of their beloved co-worker were: Pallbearers—Bro. J. J. Farrell C. S. V., Bro. E. Kelly C. S. V., Bro. St. Aubin C. S. V., Rev. F. E. Munsch C. S. V., Rev. J. W. R. Maguire C. S. V., Rev. W. J. Stevenson C. S. V. Amongst the others were: Revs. John F. Power, Dwight, Ill.; P. M. McGee, Manhattan, Ill.; J. F. Moisant, Chicago, Ill.; C. A. Poissant, St. George, Ill.; Bernard J. Orlemanski, St. Stanislaus Church K. K. K.; P. E. Lebon, Clifton, Ill.; Joseph A. Schenke, Chicago, Ill.; L. G. Libert, Martiniton, Ill.; D. E. Walsh, Spring Valley, Ill.; J. M. Fitzgerald, Wilmington, Ill.; William J. Kinsella, St. Phillip Neri, Chicago, Ill.; C. A. Hausser, Seneca, Ill.; C. L. M. Rimmels, Ashkum, Ill.; L. J. Goulette C. S. V., Chicago, Ill.; T. J. McDevitt, Oak Park, Ill.; J. E. Bourget, Irwin, Ill.; J. H. Nawn, Chicago, Ill.; Robt. M. Nolan, Ft. Worth, Texas; John J. O'Hearn, All Saints, Chicago; C. J. Quille, Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, Chicago; Jos. Flanagan, Tolono, Ill.; A. L. Bergeron, Notre Dame, Chicago, Ill.; J. P. Suerth, St. Francis de Sales, Chicago, Ill.; M. J. Marsile C. S. V., J. V. LaMarre, St. Ann, Chicago, Ill.; J. C. Gillan, All Saints, Chicago, Ill.; P. Parker, Chebanse, S. H. Daigle, Kankakee, P. C. Conway, St. Pius, Chicago, Ill.; J. F. Ryan C. S. V.; J. J. Gearty, J. B. Sheil, Chicago; Rev. Fr. Danz, Kankakee; Fr. Flynn, Champaign; R. M. Granger, Bradley; J. Shannon, Peoria; J. Labrie, Momence; Rev. Fr. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Fr. Kiley, Reddick, Ill.; Stephen E. McMahon, Our Lady of Lourdes,

Chicago, Ill.; John P. Barry, Odell, Ill., S. Tyrcha, St. Josaphats Church, Chicago, Ill., J. C. Welsh, Chicago Heights, H. Vincent O'Brien, Loretto, Ill.; F. J. Simmons, Watseka, Ill.; W. J. Cleary, Danville; Jno. T. Bennett, Kankakee; F. X. Hazen, C. S. V.; J. A. Charlesbois C. S. V., Bourbonnais, Ill.; C. Skrypko, Chicago, J. E. Belair C. S. V.; J. H. Cannon, Pontiac; C. J. St. Amant C. S. V.; Chicago; Wm. J. Lynch, Chicago; M. J. Brennan, Henry, Ill.; J. W. Armstrong, Farmer City, Ill.; William Cashman, St. Paul, Minn.; T. J. Hurley, Peotone, Ill.

A delegation of women from Chicago who attended Father Cregan's funeral represented the Woman's Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Edward's Court, No. 770. Another delegation represented the Ladies Catholic Benevolence Association Branch 566.

About 20 ladies of St. Edward's Parish also attended, representing the Married Ladies Sodality of St. Edwards Parish.

The following sisters of the order of St. Dominic teachers in St. Edwards School attended the funeral of their beloved pastor—Sisters Thomasina, Ceslaus, Johanna, Lucina, Nicholina, Hildagarde.

May the God who loves him, the God he served so faithfully now grant to him that for which he wrought so long;

Ut cum exultatione recipiam mercedem laboris.

A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—*Carlyle*.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "PARSIFAL"

J. ROBERT ELMSLIE, '19

The human mind loves an enigma, a riddle a hidden meaning; it likes to say one thing and mean another; it plays with sign and symbol, appears to tell one story which is, in reality two, and is delighted if some one else is clever enough to find it out. Fable, myth, and allegory are the results. The Ancients began in the earliest times to personify sun, sky, and sea, the winds and the trees. Apollo, Neptune, Diana and Pluto, were the deities of these natural elements. Fauns, nymphs, and dryads inhabited the waters, the fields, the woods, and so fairy tales began. The myth has developed into allegory, and the senses, the will, the conflict of mind, body, and soul are symbolized in two forms of modern fiction—the Drama and the Opera. Myth-making was, I believe, an unconscious tendency; allegory is a wholly conscious one. Both were popular when the human race was in its childhood and both touched the heart of the child of to-day. But after the child has grown to manhood this love of the fanciful has turned to the higher forms of imagination,—no longer naive, but charged with a serious purpose, to teach and to uplift. With an instinctive love of the aesthetic the lesson is veiled in beauty of form and sound to make it appealing to eye and ear.

This seriousness of purpose finds its highest expression in what are generally considered the greatest achievements in the field of the Opera, namely the Wagnerian Dramas, and allegory was the form in which it was clothed. Of all these, the "Nibelungen Ring" and "Parsifal" have been the most discussed and perhaps the most misunderstood. Not only was Wagner a great musician, but he was also a great poet, a philosopher and a musical reformer. His religious and political ideas are the basis of the "Ring" and these are developed into a finer and more spiritual significance in "Parsifal." His tenderness for all suffering, even his regard for animals was somewhat Buddhistic. As to religion, he firmly believed himself to be a teacher of truth. Owing to the conditions of the religious affairs in Germany at his time, he realized that they were no longer sacred institutions since they had departed from the ideal truth—the Catholic Church, and his "Parsifal" seems but to echo his heart's longing for the true

church from whose fold he was an outcast on account of certain matrimonial difficulties. For this reason Wagner has been called, by non-Catholic writers an Anti-Christian. His own words deny this. Could the spirit of Christianity be more adequately expressed than in "Parsifal."

To those who are unfamiliar with his great work it might not be amiss to insert herein a brief outline of this beautiful and sacred drama. "Parsifal" is founded upon Wolfram von Eschenbach's Epos of the same title written about the year 1204. Herzeleide (Heart-sorrow) has reared her son Parsifal in a lonely forest in order that she might prevent him from following in the footsteps of her father, Gamuret, who died in the quest of adventure. Ignorant of the world, Parsifal reaches manhood a "guileless fool". One day as by accident he sees a company of knights passing through his sylvan home, his inborn love of adventure is aroused, and he leaves his mother in great sorrow and follows the knightly band. This romantic scene forms the Prelude to the opera itself.

In the first act we behold an opening in the forest near Montsalvat, the Castle of the Holy Grail which is situated on almost inaccessible mountain. Titurel, the king of the castle and keeper of the Holy Grail has died and left the holy cup, from which Christ drank at the Last Supper to the care of his son and heir, Amfortas, to him also he bequeathed a wonderful sacred spear.

The son Amfortas contrary to his obligations to refrain from the love of woman succumbs to this seductive art of Kundry, a beautiful and mysterious woman, and has been wounded by the Black Knight of Necromancy, Klingsor, with Amfortas' own sacred spear which fell from the latter's hand and was picked up by Klingsor and carried by him to his magic castle of enchantment. This spear is the one with which Longinus pierced the sacred side of the dead Christ as He hung on the Cross, and which was saved by Joseph of Arimathia together with the Grail. At the death of Joseph, angels brought these two articles to Montsalvat and gave them into the keeping of the knights who assume the title "Knights of the Holy Grail." Amfortas suffering from his wounds cannot die, nor be healed until a "guileless fool", by compassion wise brings back the sacred spear and touches the wound. Kundry is under the power of Klingsor but is also a messenger of the Grail Knights. She claims to be the woman who scorned Christ as He hung on the cross on Calvary, and has been condemned to live in sufferings these hundreds of years. Longing for release and alternating between good and

evil, she must wander the earth forever until relieved by one "pure of heart". Gurnemanz tells the king that Klingsor has created a magic garden, and peopled it with beautiful flower maidens, destined to seduce the knights of Montsalvat. Parsifal entering the land of the Grail kills a swan and is brought before the judge Gurnemanz. Here the former shows his ignorance even of the meaning of sin and Gurnemanz deems him a fool. Kundry tells Amfortas of Parsifal and his simple ways. Amfortas shows the "fool" of Graill. The young man is astonished by the sight, but acknowledges that he does not comprehend its significance. Amfortas recognized in Parsifal the "guileless fool" and send him out to find the sacred spear. With this commission the act closes.

Act II presents Klingsor's Castle of Black Necromacy. When the magician beholds in his magic mirror the coming of Parsifal he sends out armed knights to battle with him but all are overcome by the youth. Klingsor then sends Kundry, clothed in leopard's skins, to tempt the child to purity. The castle scene disappears as if by magic and in its place arises a garden of narcotic blossoms, and fairy-like women. These women of sin surround Parsifal, who resists them, but he is almost vanquished by the beautiful Kundry who touches his heart by telling him of the death of his mother. When he kisses Kundry the "guileless fool" awakens, and now understands why Amfortas suffers and how he can be relieved. When Kundry tells him of her sin against Christ, he turns from her with horror. In vain Klingsor comes to the rescue, for when the magician throws his sacred spear at Parsifal, it remains suspended above his head. The latter seizes the spear and makes the sign of the cross over the garden and Klingsor and his castle of magic are destroyed by fire. Then he bids the repentent woman of sin to proceed to Montsalvat and await his coming.

In Act III we find the woods surrounding Montsalvat decked with the flowers of early spring. The judge, Gurnemanz, finds Kundry benumbed in a niche on the mountain side and takes her home as his servant. He like the other knights, having grown old because Amfortas has refused to unveil the Holy Grail, the source of youth and life hopes to find relief from his suffering in death. While the knights are pleading with Amfortas to uncover the Grail, a strange, but weary knight makes his entrance into the land of the Grail. When Kundry sees in the hands of the strange knight, the spear glowing with a brilliant light she realizes that this is Parsifal, the "guileless fool" who many,

many years before left Montsalvat to search for the sacred spear. It is Good Friday and Kundry clothed in sack-cloth, falls at the feet of Parsifal and after removing his sandals, proceeds to wash his feet with her tears and dries them with her long and beautiful tresses. Parsifal baptizes Kundry and promises to release her from her eternal life of misery and hardship. She then conducts him to the Temple of the Holy Grail. They arrive just in time to hear Amfortas begging for death upon the swords of his fellow-knights of the Holy Grail. At this moment Parsifal enters, touches the king's wound with his spear and it instantly heals. Amfortas then proclaims Parsifal King of the Grail, and bids him uncover the sacred vessel. As Parsifal lifts the holy cup bright rays of celestial light radiate therefrom, and Kundry after one look upon the Grail falls at the feet of Parsifal,—dead,—free at last from the awful curse she received on Golgotha's heights.

In writing an allegory it is expedient to use well known symbols, and Wagner did this throughout his opera, taking, moreover, an old tale, and putting into it new meaning. The Grail has come to mean several things,—a basin or vase, or a cup carved from a single amethyst. Thus it has become a chalice of precious stone which gleams with a hidden light. Again another version holds that it is a vessel which our Divine Lord used in consecrating the Holy Eucharist, and which also caught up His sacred blood after the Crucifixion. It was believed that "whoever adored it and gave himself to its service would be endowed with superhuman power. Wherever his destiny led him, whenever he fought the truth of virtue the Grail would sustain him. Purity and strength were its strengthening powers." The spear, like Siegfried's sword, was of double agency,—to give aid or inflict suffering. Wagner derived the word "Parsifal" from the Arabic "parseh", pure and "fal", foolish. This derivation was found to be incorrect by later scholars, but the name and its meaning must be retained as Wagner intended.

David Irvine, in his "Parsifal and Wagner's Christianity", divides the characters of the opera into two groups; those who must die: Kundry, Klingsor, and Titurel; those who will live: Amfortas, Gurnemanz and Parsifal. He says that the "negative ones have a more pronounced individuality." This is true of all evil forces. They are destructive, aggressive, chaotic, while the "good" is calm, upbuilding, and undisturbing. Perhaps that is why evil *seems* more interesting. Judging from the character of "Parsifal", this certainly is the case; and Kundry who presents

the conflict of right and wrong within herself, has not only our greatest interest, but also our sincerest pity. In Kundry, Wagner has chosen only two phases of woman's character: her good moods,—sympathy and helpfulness; and her evil ones,—her power to tempt man's physical nature. "Das ewig weibliche", in its maligned sense, or the power of sex, she exerts only when under the influence of Klingsor, and against her high will. There is much meaning beyond this which we can all read.

In the first act, Gurnemanz says in her defense, "Kundry never lies," a statement absolutely contradicted in the scene of enchantment. But here she is under the influence of the "Prince of Lies" which explains the situation. Destined to wander on the earth until she finds one pure of heart to heal her of her sins, she regains her spiritual nature through Parsifal, but dies in the end. Why this should be is a problem I have never been able to solve to my satisfaction. The triumph of good over evil within her seems to be sufficient and her long life of misery certainly adequate punishment. Kundry is the only character in which one sees the conflict of right with wrong. She is supremely the one or the other and the changes in mood are necessarily more dramatic and evident, less subtle and complex, than in real life. Sullen but helpful in the first act, seductive and vindictive in the second, she enters the third cleansed and uplifted, and most effectively is the transition from the second to the third state shown in stage presentation. After Klingsor's castle of enchantment has been destroyed by Parsifal's waving of the spear in the sign of the cross—which symbolizes the destruction of the Lie by Truth,—the curtain goes down on the scene, Kundry lying amidst the blackened ruins of the once beautiful narcotic garden. In the third act Gurnemanz rescues the woman of sin frozen and benumbed, in a niche in the mountain side. So comes Spring after the icy sleep of Winter; so comes the renewal of life after death; so comes hope and faith and a moral rebirth after sin. In this third act Kundry has nothing to say beyond a few words at the beginning. Says Irvine, "contrition does not waste itself in words, it serves." The power of Klingsor over Kundry is one of perverted intellect over a weaker one, and while Klingsor typifies evil, it is evil surcharged with knowledge and conceit, of which later Amfortas is also a victim. It is a truth well-known that wickedness is never as dangerous a tool in the hands of ignorance as in those of intelligent willfulness.

Amfortas typifies the ruler of any state who has fallen from grace through temptation, and yet one whose conscience cannot

die, whose heroism consists in lamenting his downfall and who hopes for relief. The life of his people is intimately involved and they suffer with him. His spiritual conditions affect the church as well as the state and only a moral rebirth through the agency of one pure in spirit can save him and those whose faith is bound up with his wrong doings. In Gurnemanz we have the simple trusting faith of the people; on him depends the life of church and state.

And now Parsifal. His journey through life begins in his mother's arms. Herzeleide (Heart-Sorrow), the mother shields him from all knowledge of sin and pain. Knowing the experiences of the father, she tries to keep from her son all weapons, but he meets in the forest men with arms and instinctively learns the use of them. Leaving his mother, though the sorrow of his departure causes her death, he wanders into the world and learns his first lesson in suffering through the death of his swan. Lives there a man, I wonder, who has never killed a bird or learned of its pangs?

"Whence art thou"? ask of him Gurnemanz.

"I know it not", replies Parsifal.

"Who is thy father?"

"I know it not. My name? I had several, but I no longer remember."

Do not these queries remind one forcibly of a quantrain from Omar's?

The suffering of the king awakens in Parsifal but wonder, not understanding. And he must journey farther into the Garden of Temptation. The advances of the flower maidens he meets with naive pleasure, and the grosser blandishments of Kundry receive but innocent response. With her kiss, given in the name of his mother, the temptation of the king becomes apparent to him, and a deep and spiritual understanding of the power of sin rouses the desire to heal and uplift. The threats of Klingsor and Kundry have no terror for him, nor can they harm him. With the spear he returns to Montsalvat, heals the wounds of the king, and becomes the keeper of the Grail.

Thus the story of Parsifal is lucidly symbolic. Parsifal was an ideal man for whom there was no real temptation. What Kundry's kiss did was to awaken his imagination and give him, through sympathy a conception of sin.

That the temptation in his music drama is only the temptation of sex, has caused much criticism of Wagner, and since

Parsifal was the "hero of renunciation as Tristan was the hero of passion", many believe that the author preached celibacy. "Parsifal" is a spiritual and psychological drama, rather than a physical one, and there is a deeper meaning evident when we remember that the Grail stands for the Ideal, Truth; Montsalvat, the Ideal Church, Parsifal therefore in his fuller development, the head of the church, or the Ideal Leader. We may call him by any name we wish. The attributes of this leader are written constantly between the lines of the mystical allegory, and the trinity it teaches is the most powerful ever preached in the interest of humanity,—“Pity, Compassion, and Redemption.”

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom;
But these are transient all;
If showers make the roses bloom
Oh, why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily Life's sunny hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerily enjoy them as they fly.
Manfully, fearlessly the day of trial bear;
For gloriously, victoriously can courage quell despair!

—Charlotte Bronte.

ONE JITNEY

*How valuable is the five-cent piece!
Not small and useless as dull fools suppose,
But made to buy those cherished things
Which formerly were long-felt wants
Now bought with the faithful jitney.*

(Apologies to the Blind Poet.)

It's in the air, it's everywhere. We're delighted, excited, but more often blighted when we hear the ring of that cherished and much-desired but seldom-possessed coin. How often has the thought of this proverbial nickle caused us to thrust our long, lean fingers into our jeans, with the hope that we may become the beneficiary of an optimistic dream and thus withdraw a thin flat piece of coinage, of seemingly insignificant value, yet capable of working wonders in this world of strife.

But Alas! The spell is over and we return to terra firma, waking up to the fact that all we possess is a key ring and a button-hook. What impossible deeds do we attribute to the power of that amalgamated medium, one jitney, a nickle, one twentieth of a dollar, especially when the point of contact between the actual money and the one desiring it measures the distance from Kank to Keokuk?

The possession of one jit is worse than being broke. Countless perplexing problems enter the mind of the average person, especially youths engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, when it is discovered that one home-sick nickle is peacefully resporing in one's vest pocket.

In this predicament we meet our mutual friend Gosnold X. Hemstitch, an effervescent non de plume who is harboring on the wings of Fate, fearing to assume the responsibility of disposing of his last holding in the financial world.

On one side he hears the cry "Shoot a nickle," but this enthusiastic outburst no longer appeals to the nonpareil of ball-room artists. Only three nights hence, he had lost his best pair of shoes in a bonerolling carnival, and this cured him of all desire to squander his fortune. As he gave up his coveted foot

concealers young Gosnold was seen to have solemnly raised his right hand high above his shoulder and shout with great determination "Never Again!"

The thought of resorting to the bones was dispelled from his mind for the time being. Countless inspirations whirled in his brain telling him of the most profitable investment for his jitney. A sack of Durham, a dozen rolls, a package Home Runs, a vacuum cleaner, and a safety razor were all given due consideration, but circumstances altered each case, and he cast aside all these stimulating thoughts. He might get two two's and a one thus be in a position to send an S. O. S. to his paternal domicile and ask that the Good ship Mud be sent into port with reenforcements. But this time-worn practice of scribbling home with a "Feeling-fine-working-hard-send-ten", was beginning to be viewed by those at home as an eleventh hour alibi.

Gosnold might dispose of his jit in manner similar to that of Slook McGlook, king of the foam-blowers. Slook is on the home stretch and is disinclined to squander his holdings. After due consideration he nonchalantly waltzes into the Happy Corner, twinkles up to the mahogany, and after surveying the crowd, slaps down his only jit, exclaiming with much gusto "Draw one, foam on d' bottom!"

Another personage whom Gosnold has often admired is Roll N. Coffee. Roll is being inconvenienced by the same ailment that Slook experienced, namely, how to invest his last jitney. This youthful ex-student is endeavoring to get a start in the cruel world but hasn't found his lucky stone as yet. We first see him strolling down the busy streets trying to have the outline of his countenance pictured in the minds of his feminine friends. It is generally admitted that he comes from one of the most tiresome families and possesses a kind heart and a good face. One thing which detracts from the beauty of our friend is the lack of a shave. He might saunter down to the novitiate of transorial artists, sneak in while his friends weren't looking, climb into a chair and after depositing his jitney, allow an expiano mover to begin on his face.

But, no! Gosnold could not do that because, by so doing, he would become an alumnus of the Barber College. This would be detrimental to a certain degree, because he already had one high school diploma and the advent of another would cause father to protect the picture-framer's bill.

The thoughts of facial beautification were suddenly dispelled by the onrush of pangs of hunger. A hot-dog emporium met his

gaze, and there before him were dozens of those luscious, long, fat, brown sausages which boast of 85 per cent sawdust. Those almond eyes which had so often entranced the fair ones were now glued on a species of food often likened unto the mongrel. Gosnold extracted his jitney from its resting place and was on the verge of ordering a sandwich when a newsy floated by singing "When You're A Long Long Way from Home." What magical effect these words had upon Gosnold! Immediately he realized that if he spent his last nickel he would be obliged to hot-foot it for the three miles that intervened between his present location and his home.

As a result he gave up the idea of eating. He might call on the "swellest girl in town" because Constance had given him the privilege of coming up on short notice. Now another difficulty presented itself. His cigarette case was empty and he had not the wherewith to replenish his supply of pills. It had always proved a source of delight to him to permeate the atmosphere with the odor Dromedary dreamsticks, and notice the pride which Constance took in her smiling hero as he calmly told her of himself.

What should he do? If he went to the movie he would have to walk home and besides he was not on speaking terms with Lucy Hildebrand, who sat in the front porfico and asked "How Many?" They had not been friendly since the night they dined at Wreckters, when Gosnold insisted upon drinking his soup with the cut-out wide open.

Becoming disgusted, Gosnold made up his mind to seek the family fireside and thus be free from annoy once. He sauntered to the curb and decided to wait for a surface car, which would probably appear within the space of an hour.

While he was waiting for the car, a big lumousome swept by, stopped and backed up.

"Going home Gosnold?" a voice asked.

"Sure thing."

Roll quietly unlocked the door of the family mansion, entered the library, and after placing his feet high upon the table, lighted one of the Governor's havana's.

"Not so poor eh? I can start tomorrow and the same old jit."

Thus proving that "A friend who speeds is a friend indeed."

**"TOMORROW and TOMORROW and
TOMORROW"**

"MACBETH"

It seems but yesterday that I took occasion to bestow a month's immortality upon "To Day" and I propose not to let "*Today*" pass without doing as much for To Morrow. Perhaps I may devote Tomorrow to performing a similar office for yesterday. But this latter is more than I can promise, since it is the very essence of "*To Morrow*" that no one can tell what it can bring forth.

Of all the days in the year, there is none so pregnant of wise determinations, flattering promises sage resolutions, and salutary reforms as To Morrow. It is astonishing what projects are to be commenced To Morrow; and it is still more surprising what a number are to be brought to a conclusion on the same day! Judging from the innumerable tradesmen's bills that are to be paid "To Morrow", one would suppose that some new source of wealth had been simultaneously discovered by every small debtor throughout the world of credit, and that to pay were as easy and agreeable, as to run in debt.

As for the intended "calls" of To Morrow, if they should all be made, they will all be to make over again; for everybody will be out calling on everybody. Then again, the "new leaves" that are to be "turned over" To Morrow are more numerous than those "in Valombroses Shade".

In short, To Morrow is to be the day more "big with fate" than any the sun ever shone upon; and more is to be done in the course of it than has been done in any day since the world was made out of chaos. And, "not to speak profanely," even on that day there was form and entity given to what was before a confused mass of matter; whereas To Morrow, thoughts, intentions, fancies, feelings and imaginations are to be metamorphosed into actual and tangible facts; and what is more, a thousand events are to take place that will never take place at all. —What a world this would be, if all were accomplished in it that assuredly will be accomplished tomorrow.

To Morrow A will ask a friend to dine with him; and B will be as good as his word; and C will commit no blunder and D will get a decision in the Court of Chancery and E will commence his new novel and F will finish his; and G will begin to grow wise and H will begin to grow honest; I will begin to leave

off writing nonsense; and K will keep himself sober; L will not tell a single lie; and M will try to make himself agreeable; and N will not; and O will get over his own style; and P will pay his long standing tailor's bill; and Q will quarrel with a taller man than himself and R will begin to retrench his expenses within his income; and S will say a good thing and T will tell one better without spoiling it; and U will vote in opposition to his interest and V will read this essay a second time and W will leave off wondering who wrote it; and X Y Z will say I am some writer. But who am I? And why is it that all these good things, and a thousand more, which will certainly take place To Morrow, never take place at all? The secret is, that, To Morrow, like "Good-bye" is easily said, and that most of us are content to let our good deeds appear under the guise of good words.

Besides which, though everybody talks and thinks of To Morrow as of a day that must come, and though it is as familiar in our mouths "as the word yesterday", yet we all feel that it is only a word—that there is no such thing as To Morrow—that it is a day which cannot happen a *dies non*.

Who can explain what tomorrow is?—or where it is?—or when it is? It is always coming like a waiter at an hotel and yet it never comes. The little boys in the College understand it best. They call it "Tomorrow come never". And probably this after all, is the point of view in which most people secretly look at Tomorrow. And accordingly, they are willing to do anything in the world to oblige you—"To Morrow," "To Day" they really must be excused they have so many things to attend to, but if you will but call "To Morrow". And then when you fancy that To Morrow is come, and you take them at their word—Oh! they really can't find time "Today"—but "To Morrow." And then when that "To Morrow" comes, they are really very sorry but "Circumstances have transpired", etc.—and thus it goes on forever: "To Morrow and To Morrow and To Morrow"

*Keeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;*

And all our yesterday's have lighted fools (and wise men too) The way to ——— "To Morrow".

An ancient philosopher has said, that he is wise who has lived To Day. And it was wisely said. And his commentator has added, no less wisely, that he is wiser still who loved yesterday. Let me who am albeit neither Philosopher, Theologian nor commentator, not be accused of presumption, if I complete

the trinity of wise saying, by adding: that he is the wisest of the three who lives "To Morrow" for To Morrow we may live as we please, whether it come or not. In truth, we have hitherto been considering this subject with a great degree of flippancy which is scarcely appropriate to it; for after all, what is To Morrow but that great future to which we all look, and to which we are all hastening, on the swift pinions of Time, and must inevitably reach, even though we should succeed in trifling away Today as we did yesterday, and To Morrow as we have done Today. The only truly wise man, is he who passes Today, that To Morrow may be anticipated if it come not, and improved and enjoyed if it come.

In the present frightfully artificial and diseased state of Society—with its ever increasing cities and its ever more and more deserted fields and groves and solitudes; when all are rushing towards the plague tainted spots, and crowding into them as if they were tired of health,—and in love with disease and death; when governments are going about under the guise of friendship and holiness seeking whom among the weak and disunited they may devour and among the virtuous divide and destroy; when rulers are tearing each other to pieces; when millions are slain on the field of bloody war and their corpses lie exposed to the vultures of the air; when mothers are left childless; when wives and children are left unprotected; when millions are nursing broken hearts,—Yes, when rulers are raking in the dirt of ages for pleas and precedents, whereby they may debase the people they have been put over, and lay their liberty prostrate at the feet of power: in short when vice, luxury and crime, reign triumphant: and virtue, wisdom, and nature are laughed to scorn, and arise to seek refuge in the solitudes of convents and monasteries; what should the truly wise man do, but live in the only world that is left to him unpolluted, and of which he can make what use he pleases, by fashioning it after any form his fancy feels inclined to—namely, the world of To Morrow—the great Future "the all hailed hereafter?"

Let me ask those who doubt the wisdom of living with a view to "To Morrow" rather than "To Day"—of what avail were all the riches which Croesus looked upon as the prime blessing of life—or the honour which was so honoured by Cicerone of Corinth, or the strength which Milo the Corinthian boasted of; or the knowledge which Socrates worshipped or the beauty which Orpheus adored, or the ideal world of Plato; or the prudence and forethought of Thales the Milesian—or even the supreme virtue to which Aristotle referred all happiness, and

the happiness itself which Epicurus alone thought worth living for—what were all these, unless with a view to “To Morrow”.

—Would any one consent to live through “To Day”, if he were sure that no “To Morrow” would follow it? Alas! “To Morrow” is not a matter to be trifled either with or upon. It is the best part of our existence; since it is the only part of which we can be sure that it *will* be what we would *have it be*.

Ophelia says that “We all know what we are, but we know not what we may be”. But with all due deference to the wisdom of her simplicity, she was wrong in both clauses of her proposition. None of us know what we *are*; And we all know what we may be To Morrow; because “To Morrow” itself is but an imagination, and while we are imagining it, we can just as well imagine ourselves into what we please when it arrives. Thus it arrives at last; and then we do not find either it or ourselves what we intended or expected them to be.

But then it cannot be said that we have deceived ourselves; because we cannot find out any error until “To Day”; and then “To Morrow” is before us again, and fresh and promising as ever. In a word, those who live to any good end in the present unnatural and over excited state of Society and manners, must make up their minds to forget Yesterday, and take no note of “To Day” but live in the future of “To Morrow”: for in the wise man’s calander there are but these three days which include all time past, present, and to-come.

But can they so live? Can the unavailing yesterday be forgotten and the imaginary To Morrow be enjoyed, amidst the feverish turmoil and the insane noise and distraction of “To Day,” as it exists in the center and heart of Society and the world? Assuredly not! But, there is another and a better world, the world of woods, and fields and gardens and groves, and streams, each department of which is a world itself, and peopled with beings who live only to be happy, and who are happy only that they live.

—In that world the soul may find rest for its wearied wings and refreshment for its exhausted powers; there it may contemplate the future with a quiet and undisturbed gaze, till at last it sinks softly into it and becomes a part of what it looks upon.

There are many other points of view from which To Morrow may be looked upon; but I fear the reader will be of the opinion that I have said more than enough of it for “To Day”. At any rate, I have exhausted my limits, if not my subject; and the remaining consideration touching “To Morrow” must be left till “To Morrow”.

(Signed) WHO AM I?

A POET OF THE POOR

THOMAS J. SHANLEY, '17

Although not the greatest poet of his age the author of that immortal plaintive wail, "The Song of the Shirt", was nevertheless a great poet, for he was one who though sorrowful himself softened the sorrows of others by his sympathy and lightened their burdens by his mirth. His great human heart rejoiced and was glad with the poor, who claimed him for their own. To him they turned in their sorrow, to him they turned in their joy, in him they found expression in a manner peculiarly indicative of the many shadows and the all too few beams of light which went to make up their existence.

Thomas Hood was born in 1799. His life is full pathos, sorrows having even from his youth crowded in upon him. He was always delicate in health and his poverty added much in making his life one of the saddest in annals of poesy in England. At an early age he was apprenticed to an engraver, but the frailty of his health prevented him from following the profession. His father and elder brother died about 1818, and in 1821 another blow came to him in the death of his mother and sister at whose death-bed

*He watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.*

These pathetic lines beautifully express the deep anguish which was wrung from his grief-stricken heart. The sorrows of his life had no doubt been the great means of making him as Lamb remarks a "silentist young man" with melancholy eyes. At this time Hood was subeditor of the "London Magazine". In 1826 after a brief courtship he married Jane Reynolds an heroic and accomplished lady who was in every way fitted to be his companion and whose love and unselfish devotion was to him a lifelong consolation. It is to her he addresses the lines:

*I love thee—I love thee!
T'is all I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;*

*The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray;
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all I can say.*

With this love and the devotion of his children the trials and pains of his life were somewhat eased.

About 1826 he achieved his first partial literary success when "Whims and Oddities" was published, but the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies", likewise published about this time and dedicated to Charles Lamb, was not popular. "Eugene Arams Dream" is his best work.

As a poet Hood was gifted and had his health and fortune been less restricted he would have maintained a higher standard. His sympathetic turn of mind was especially prominent. He was the poet of the heart. He was versatile, he had the gift of humor and the gift of pathos and his faculty of blending the two—humor and pathos,—was supreme. To read his works is to smile and to weep almost together. His ballads are full of grace and simplicity. From him we learn to accept with resignation all the inevitable trials of life. He suffered with humanity and expressed his sympathy for the poor in many of his lyrics. His own sorrows were assuaged when he saw that he was not alone in his misfortunes.

Much can be said in favor of Hood's humorous works and much also can be said against them. He was naturally a wit, but sometimes he descended to nonsense. This was probably because he was often forced to write; it was his only living and hence he was often forced to write what was not natural to him. Hood nevertheless was one of the leading humorists of the nineteenth century and his comic poem will live in every age, especially such as "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg."

His fame, however, rests upon his lyrics, many of which are perfect. He sang melodiously and sweetly.

In 1843 Hood's health was very low, he was dying of the ever dreaded consumption, but his sun grew larger as it set. It was about this time that he became suddenly famous as the author of the "Song of the Shirt". It is the pitiful plea of a dying poet to the world, a powerful warning to the rich, and a word of sympathy to the poor whose ever wretched state appealed strongly to his pity. Who could read without feelings of deepest sympathy or not be touched to the innermost soul at the miseries thus described,

*With fingers weary and worn,
 With eye lids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the song of the shirt.*

How true again are the lines,

*Oh! Men with sisters dear!
 Oh! Men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures lives!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!*

"The Bridge of Sighs," another poem of the same nature, laments the lot of women in the large cities, who so often left destitute lose the great gem which is the adornment of their sex. These unfortunates instead of appealing to our charity are often the objects of our scorn, hence the poet cries out

*Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian Charity
 Under the Sun!
 Oh it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.*

again he warns

*Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.*

These two works alone would have rendered the name of Hood immortal in English letters, and it was a great consolation to him to know now at the close of his life, that the world which had so often refused to listen to him welcomed these poems; but alas, his popularity came too late, too late to enjoy it thor-

oughly; he was now dying fast, for his lungs were almost completely gone.

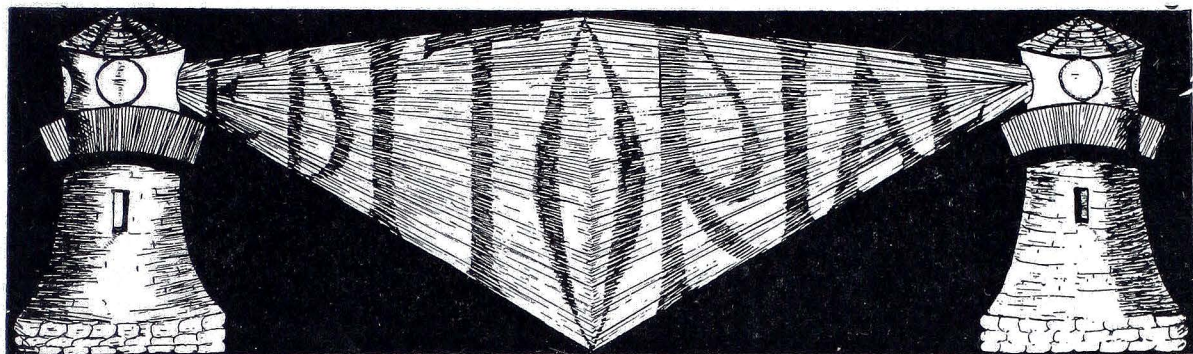
If his trials were long and painful and his anxiety for those whom he loved was great his last days were more peaceful. The applause of the world which came at last to him and the pension which Sir Robert Peele bestowed upon his wife and family helped him to die happy.

Hood died on the third day of May, 1845, being forty-six years of age. He was buried at Kensal Green in the city he loved so well. Though dead Hood will live as long as the language in which he wrote, for he has bequeathed to us a precious heritage.

*Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now tis prized;
So Angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized!*

How true are his own words of himself for it was only at his death we recognized his worth, but now having recognized it we prize it. His memory will be cherished and his works will be read by rich and poor, especially the latter, for it was in their behalf that he sang the "Song of the Shirt".

Why must everything smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?—*Elia*.



THE VIATORIAN

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"Homo sum: Humani nihil a me alienum puto."—Terence.

In the second month of the year America has the high and sacred privilege to pay devoted homage in a special manner, to her two greatest sons whose birthday anniversaries occur on the twelfth and twenty-second respectively. Perhaps in her youth this country cannot boast of a long list of men who may be enscrolled on the roll of the world's immortals but with justifiable pride she can present the names of Washington and of Lincoln to be placed among the very first of the most illustrious men who ever lived. Many countries have had warriors, many have had conquerors who have, in the desolation and horror of war, by aggression and aggrandizement pushed their dominions' boundaries a little farther than it had ever been before, and the world has proclaimed the aggressors great. But of our two great

In the World Of Heroes

men we can say much more, for it is not only the powerful political service they have been able to render to their distressed country in times that tried men's souls that has made them truly great, but even more in the spirit of self-control, love of God, and righteousness that has emanated from their lives. This side of the character of the father of our country finds no better expression, perhaps, than in this passage from the memorable Farewell Address, his last testament to his beloved country: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports.—In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who labors to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens.—The mere Politician, equally with the pious man ought to respect and cherish them.—A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both bid us to expect that national morality cannot prevail in exclusion of religious principle. 'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempt to shake the foundation of the fabric?"

The reader of this passage cannot but contrast the spirit of the mind of the hero who uttered it with the minds of many of the men of other nations whom the world accounts great and in the contrast he must feel a just pride.

If we turn to the pages which contain the speeches of the great preserver of the nation the other had founded we find the same deeply spiritual tone. Nowhere does it find better expression than in the close of Lincoln's Inaugural Speech, in those memorable words: "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in." It was not from the lips of a mere aggressor that came the words which closed his Cooper Institute Address, "Let us have faith that right

makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." It was rather the words of a man who was ever dominated by the highest spiritual ideals, a character as noble, as pure, and sublime as it was powerful and effective. Lincoln moves across the dark horizon of strife and internecine rebellion as a healer, an adviser, a sympathizer as well as a leader. His untimely taking off was the greatest calamity which could befall his sorely distressed country.

In our panegyrics on Washington and Lincoln we are so apt to praise their political activities and their services in the material world, often overlooking their spiritual greatness without which there can be no real claim to immortality. In this generation which is so engrossed in things economic, when industry and finance seem to be the sum of life's figures it might be well to reflect and enlarge upon the side of our heroes' characters which show us their souls.

It was something like sixteen or seventeen years ago when by a treaty with Spain we acquired the Philippine Islands after paying the former country some fifteen million dollars for the public improvements it had made upon the islands. Today at the urging of President Wilson the Philippine Government Bill has already passed the Senate. In its amended form it calls for independence of our island possessions within a short number of years. It seems that in our acquisition of the Philippines we had brought within the confines of our paternal estate something which took on the nature of the proverbial white elephant. Nevertheless after numerous encounters with native Moro rebels we went about caring for our new possession with a success which brought us many eulogies upon the effectiveness of our humanitarian motives. We felt quite proud of our achievement. We had trained our elephant with all the art of an experienced ring master. Now we propose to turn our pet out upon a cruel, unthinking and war-mad world and allow it to shift for itself. It seems a strange procedure especially in view of the fact that in a terrible jungle, very close to the den of our nice elephant lives a horrid Japanese lion of a none too high reputation in matters manducatory, especially in the eating of other people's property.

Now we have deliberately assumed the responsibility of preparing the Philippines for self-government and we shall be mor-

ally culpable if by deserting them we give the islands over to insurrection and discord that would in a few years tear down the semblance of civilization which our many years of patient labor has brought about. From advices received from clear visioned Americans living in the island it is asserted that our efforts are as yet hardly more than a veneer. These sources declare another Moro rebellion would be the outcome of our home rule policy before our departure from the scene of our efforts was many moons old.

Elihu Root in a letter to ex-President Taft (who was Governor of the Philippines when Root was Secretary of State,) expresses his opinion that we should let the island shift for itself on the grounds that the Democrats have been exploiting it for the purpose of giving patronage to their workers, and of course Senator Root thinks that almost anything is better than Democrat rule. What noble motives impel our dear Senator! It is well to consider the words of the ex-president in reply, for America has few men today who are better able to advise her than so sound a thinker as Mr. Taft. In reply he says "I don't think that the Filipinos will be ready for independence for two generations to come, and those who glibly say we can drop them now are not quite advised of the difficulty of the severance." He then points out that we cannot deal with the Philippines, which are 7,000 miles away, in the same manner we have dealt with Cuba. By giving the former their independence we shall be parting with the power by which we are enabled to keep order but we will retain our responsibility before the world. There are keen observers in politics who maintain that if Japan wants the islands Japan will have them after their independence, and although the interference of the Mikado would be better for the Filipinos than a condition of affairs similar to that existing in Mexico from internecine strife raging there, nevertheless it is hard to see how this is materially advancing the progress of our sometime subjects in the directions of *self* government.

These far-flung islands have ever been our great military weakness. We are trying to solve the problem by absolutely avoiding it and leaving it to solve itself but it may certainly be questioned whether such a method is in keeping with the highly moral and humanitarian principles which President Wilson in a recent speech, told us were the dominating motives of all our actions before the world.

The two leading nations at war today have thus far decided to write upon the pages of history a splendid specimen of their supposedly splendid civilization. In the terrible desolation, sickness, and absolute starvation which faces the people of Poland,—innocent victims of others' crimes,—the world has witnessed a more pitiable sight than was ever its wont to view, and this is saying much in a history which records many such blots, all of less stain. The arrangements were complete by which the American people were to take charge of the terrible situation and from their bounty give a portion to brothers in this distant land who were facing extinction from starvation. Be it said to the credit of the Americans their response was quick and generous. Likewise the Germans gave at least their word that the rescuers might come into the distressed country with the necessary food and clothing. But England's part in the affair could hardly have been expected of even a barbarous nation intent upon another country's destruction. It can hardly be imagined that Germany has sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to break its agreement and take the food from those who were starving. We cannot quite conceive this, and we have never been suspected of great admiration for the policy of aggression and belief that might makes right, as practiced by the Teutons. Meanwhile the dispute will go on and soon there will be no Poles left. Neither will there be much ground left upon which to maintain that the English nation is possessed of even a drop of the milk of human kindness. The affair gives our President a rare opportunity to win the lasting admiration and respect of the civilized portion of the world by exerting his every effort to effect a means by which the sufferers may be relieved.

You will always be glad in the evening if you spend the day profitably.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

HANKISMS

F. C. H. '18

Every house to house canvasser is not necessarily a salesman or peddler—he may be an awning man.

It used to be that the hardest thing to raise on the farm was the mortgage—now it is the boys.

You are never out of debt so long as you owe an apology.

Certainly fish can read—to get them just drop a line.

Idle rumor gains currency—that is more than the idle man gains.

If you have no backbone how do you expect to put up a good front.

Did you ever notice that when a man is making a fool of himself he always wants to work overtime on the job.

No one wants seedy folks planted in their neighborhood.

If love is a disease and if it is contagious, why not quarantine all those affected.

No, you don't have to kill the fatted calf to get the milk of human kindness.

Labor found the world a wilderness and turned it into a garden.

There is no congestion of traffic on easy street.

People marry their opposites—so we generally find the poor fellow marrying just the dearest girl.

The “Gay White Way” lights the road to Stygian darkness.

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
and ne'er be weary. —*Shakespeare.*

E X C H A N G E S

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

—Goldsmith

EXCHANGE EDITOR'S NOTE—For the benefit of those who, through carelessness or defective eyesight, persistently refer to this paper as *The Victorian*, we wish to announce that our official title is *The V-I-A-T-O-R-I-A-N*.

The Exman notes with disgust that a certain college-magazine has made, in its exchange-column, several remarks about the covers of their contemporaries.

In the first place the Exman fails to see any sign of beauty in the cover belonging to the magazine that passed the remarks and aside from this it is perfectly evident that the Exchange-Editor has over-reached his office as a critic. That sort of criticism may be perfectly in keeping with the ideals of school-girl journals but coming from the pen of a college man it is decidedly out of place. Magazines are sent to the various exchanges with the express purpose of having their contents criticised. We do not care one iota what some hare-brained, would-be Exchange Editor thinks of our cover. We want to know how our fellow-college magazines regard our literary efforts and we refuse to submit to any such superficial criticism on the part of our contemporaries. Remember the lines in *Macbeth*—

"There's no art

To find the minds construction in the face."

and if you cannot find anything in the contents to criticise, you will spare us the pain of witnessing an exhibition of your own shallow-mindedness if you will refrain from passing comments on the cover.

THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL:—A portentous individual from the heights of quaint historic Georgetown, sweeps in upon the dozing Exman and rudely awakes him from dreams of "egg-nog and perfume"—not that the Exman

lays any claim to being a lyric poet, far be it from such; but even an Exchange-writer has a perfectly legitimate right to dream of by-gone days. Greetings brother! The Exman hopes that the Lincoln Park cars have not stopped running.

The Editorial column is well taken care of; the article on "Cloture" is perhaps the best. It contains some sound reasoning and a few very pertinent observations on the present method of limited debate obtaining in the House. "Comprehensive Examinations" is an educational paper, well written and of interest to all. "Winter-Twilight" occupies a rather conspicuous place for such a small bit of verse. Perhaps, however, the principle "Non multa sed multum" applies in this case. "The Poorest Profession" is very good both in point of subject matter and construction. It is written pleasantly with a view to entertain as well as to instruct. "In The Passing of The Storm" contains a strong moral but its plot is rather improbable. The writer tells us that the town where the scene is laid is very small and yet the two murderers do not know one of the most prominent men in the place. Again the confession of the half-breeds seems to be rather artificial and unnatural. The author evidently has the characters go through this action in order to tell his story but he has forgotten that one of the prime requisites of character in a story is motivation. The characters, in order to appear real, must act from psychological motives; there must always be some underlying reason for action. It is quite true that these men wanted to unburden their consciences, but why should they select the victim's brother? "The Star of the Magi" though it has its faults, is a relief from some of the Christmas jingles so prevalent in the average college-magazine. The thought is good and well sustained; but the expressions in some places are rather heavy and cumbersome. The article "Universal Scepticism" shows considerable thought on the part of the writer but in point of construction is woefully faulty. The author's ideas of paragraphing seem to be rather hazy; a conscious effort to link the paragraphs is easily discernable. Paragraphs should flow one from another quite similarly to the manner in which the water of a brook flows—naturally, placidly and pleasantly. A bit of nonsense told in a light style next appears; it is amusing for its persiflage if for nothing else. "The Peace-value of Military Training" contains some valuable ideas. It is however loosely constructed and some of the sentences are faulty.

The Journal is to be congratulated on its Athletic Notes. This is perhaps the best column of its kind that has found its way into

our sanctum. The accounts of the games are written in a style that all sport-loving students will appreciate and are, at the same time quite intelligible to those uninitiated in the doings and gossip of Sportdom. Your Exman seems to have a grudge against college poets. We can scarcely blame him in view of the fact that we ourselves have to wade through some of this "Poetry". Cheer up, the worst—Spring—is yet to come!

There is one feature of *The Journal* that especially appeals to the Exman and that is the lack of nonsensical jingles and pseudo-poems so common among our college brethren. The Exman hopes that *The Journal* will continue its regular visits.

THE EXPONENT:—The author of "His Little Angel" has performed some marvelous feats in the art of story telling. Arnold Bauer an old German musician left the Fatherland when his daughter was nine years old, he tells us. He came to America and one day an accident befell him. After this he spent four years in an asylum. The old man had been just twelve years in this country—this is proven by the following statement "My Little Angel must now be, let me see,—nine and twelve is twenty-one. Just twenty-one." Notwithstanding this fact behold the author in speaking of the old musician says "For twelve years he had barely eked out an existence with his music-shop." Think of it, gentle reader, he was in a lunatic-asylum for four years and during that same time he was making a living from his music-store. The author gives us to understand that the old man was in sore straits financially—the profits from the store presumably did not yield him much of an income—and consequently it would be rather far-fetched and absurd to claim that a clerk looked after the business since the wages of the clerk would probably eat up the entire profits. How can the author of this story hope to pawn off such a glaring inconsistency? Not satisfied with having once transcended the laws of existence he attempts the same feat again. When the old man goes to see Brown he carried the music record with him; when he leaves Brown's office no mention of the disc is made. In all probability he left it in Brown's office or at least in Brown's home, because people do not usually take music-records with them when they go to Grand Opera. And yet the author has the old man play the record in his music-shop that same evening after the Opera. How did the record get from Brown's office, where it was last accounted for, to Bauer's shop? And how in the name of all that is reasonable does this author

expect to interest people with such an absurd conglomeration of contradictory facts? Furthermore there is no excuse for a sentence like this "Both had been bought at Kirby's ten-cent store the night previously." The author must be a poet or something akin to one of those creatures for behold his method of describing a man crying, "Large crystal drops flowed from his watery eyes". There are many other points to be mentioned but the *Exman* already has allotted too much space to such a story as this. In a long, arduous process of argument the author of "Catholicity versus Socialism" succeeds in proving that a Catholic cannot be a true Socialist and be true to his Faith. The article shows that a considerable amount of research work has been done and while the ideas are not connected as well as they might be the writer nevertheless deserves no small amount of credit. "Subduing John Henry" is a compact, pleasant, little story. The author has evidently mastered the art of choosing details in storytelling for this tale covers but a little over three pages, and yet when one has finished reading it he does not feel that there is anything lacking. The dialogue at the opening of the story is very clever; it shows that the author has either a good imagination or very keen powers of observation. The editorials are mediocre with the possible exception of the one on "Preparedness." The author accounts for the tendency of some to favor extreme preparedness but fails to give any reason why ultra-pacifists go to the other extreme. He answers the question of determining what would constitute a sufficient defense rather evasively. Did any one ever tell the Editor that his joke column was humorous? If not, the *Exman* knows why. The "Exponent" cannot hope to come up to standard until it enthrones an Exchange Editor in its sanctum. *Au revoir.*

THE ABBEY STUDENT:—The *Exman* arises to greet *The Abbey Student* from St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas. The Editors should not place the verse entitled, "With Jesus" on the front page; to do so might lead some to suppose that what is to follow is as poor as the beginning. When will some learn that little jingles with lines that alternately rhyme, are not poetry? The author of "Cursing" tells us that cursing is in particular an American vice; that it is more popular here than in any other nation under the sun. Perhaps this is so but we refuse to accept the proposition as true without proof. It is a mere gratuitous statement and the writer must give us proof. The accusation is quite serious and needs, at least, some small

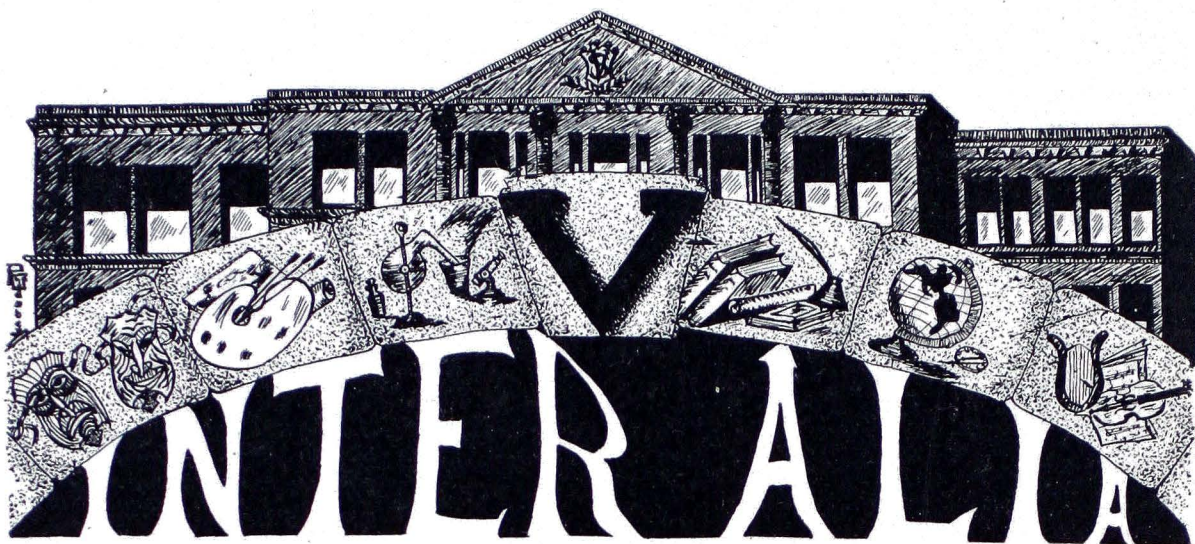
substantiation. Several grammatical errors mar an otherwise fairly good treatment of the subject. There is not much plot in the story "A New Year's Conversion". Moreover is it not rather queer that Father Connors should not recognize Bud Winthrop. They had been college-chums and could not have been separated so many years because the author tells us that Father Connors was "just a young priest" and that this New Years Eve incident was his introduction to sin and vice in its worst form. Besides this the girl told him her name was Winthrop; that the young man was her brother; and that he had recently returned from college, and still the priest does not recognize the culprit until he speaks. "Poetry and Its Con-commitant Rewards" tells us that "by poetry we do not mean mere jingle, a string of lines in metre and possessing the necessary qualifications of rhyme" and yet on the preceding page we see a very good example of just this sort of pseudo-poetry. Some of the lines in "Peering the Mists" show at least some semblance of poetry. This is so rare in a college-magazine that we take pleasure in printing one or two of these lines.

*"The yoke of right our necks hath galled
We've bartered Virtue's crown".*

*"Then death to him who spent his breath
To speak that hell-born word".*

The Exman refuses to believe that fairy-tales are past after reading the story entitled "Widow Connel's Case." Some of the advantages of attending a boarding-school are set forth in the article "Parva". The author forgot one, namely that the student learns not to be choicy in the selection of his diet. "Genius and Talent," an interesting little essay, shows considerable thought and is well written. The Exman likes the author's idea of insisting on "practical talent"—common-sense—as the greatest asset we can hope to have. The Editorial column is certainly replete with matter; "The Merchant Marine" is perhaps the best. While the writer does not go into the subject as fully as he might he presents his view clearly and we might say in passing, that his view is perhaps that of a great many other Americans.

On a whole *The Abbey Student* is quite passable. Just one little suggestion: cease writing stories like those that appear in this issue because they are positively a detriment to the general make-up of your magazine.



"It was the most impressive ecclesiastical ceremony ever witnessed in this city," was the comment of a leading newspaper of Chicago made, referring to the installation of Archbishop George W. Mundelein in the See of Chicago, and most suitable is this comment when we realize the importance of the event,—a new spiritual head was entering into his new office as archbishop of the greatest diocese in the country. It was the realization of this that caused such rejoicing not only in the city of Chicago but throughout the entire archdiocese.

On February 4, a delegation of fifty of the most prominent priests of Chicago diocese journeyed to Brooklyn to act as a personal escort of Bishop Mundelein to the field of his new labors. His arrival in Chicago was received with the most enthusiastic ovation. At the station where his private train pulled in, over two thousand people had assembled to catch a first glimpse of their new prelate and as he stepped from the train and proceeded to the automobile awaiting him a thunderous burst of applause rang out through the station. Thence a procession of automobiles conveyed the Archbishop's party to the episcopal residence.

At an early hour Wednesday morning, Holy Name Cathedral was crowded with those fortunate enough to gain entrance to witness the ceremony of investiture. Monsignor John Bonzano, Apostolic delegate to the United States, celebrated pontifical mass during which he invested the new archbishop with the pallium, the insignia of his office.

After the ceremony Archbishop Mundelein addressed his flock for the first time and clearly expressed his feelings upon entering on the duties of such an important post.

The responsibilities placed upon the youngest archbishop in the country are indeed very grave, his cross is a heavy one, but he is young and with the enthusiasm of a youth is looking forward to great accomplishments. His duties are onerous, but none too arduous for so energetic a young man. He has been received by his new subjects with open arms and has been assured cooperation from both the clergy and laity; with the the zeal that is characteristic of him what more is needed to insure a most successful career for the archbishop?

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., President of St. Viator College, was one of the delegates chosen to accompany Archbishop Mundelein from Brooklyn to Chicago. **Father O'Mahoney an Escort of the Archbishop** Father O'Mahoney left the college Thursday, Feb. 3, joined the delegation at Chicago and thence proceeded to Brooklyn. While on the trip Father O'Mahoney had several personal interviews with the Archbishop and was very much impressed by the genial deposition of the prelate.

During the week of Feb. 7-12, the annual farmer's institute of Kankakee county was held in Kankakee. Prof. A. Anderson and his agricultural classes attended the institute daily and the Viator "Aggies" entertained the visitors on several occasions with musical programs and a basket ball game. **Farmer's Institute**

During the session of the institute Rev. J. W. Maguire C. S. V. delivered lectures on pertinent topics.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 1, the feast of St. Bridget, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V. attended a banquet at the Auditorium hotel, Chicago, given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. **Father O'Mahoney Attends L.A.A.O.H. Banquet** Father O'Mahoney in glowing eloquence that such occasions bring forth, delivered an address on Irish Womanhood.

Nothing makes the earth so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitude and longitude.—*Thoreau*.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

The week of February 7-11 was a busy one for our farmers. They attended in a body the meeting of the Farmers institute and Young Men's Country Club in Kankakee. Many men of state-wide and even national reputation in things agricultural told of their experience in scientific farming or demonstrated the latest facts science has contributed to help the husbandman feed the world. Among the lecturers were Professors O. W. Dickerson and C. O. Reed of the University of Illinois; County Agents, F. H. Demaree, S. P. Craig and C. H. Dathout; and Messrs. W. P. Gratian, Marshall Pottinger, H. W. Danforth, B. F. Harris, and C. M. Clay Buntain, who came with a vast store of practical experiences and suggestion.

The work was very interesting and instructive and the "Aggies" feel that they have stored up a wealth of knowledge and inspiration for later years.

On Tuesday afternoon Fr. J. W. R. Maguire C. S. V. delivered a very inspiring address in which he exalted the nobleness of the farming profession. He emphasized in an impressive manner the fact that the tiller of the soil is foremost among the toilers on this earth in the work of God; that he is in truth God's co-worker for he feeds the tribes of men.

The Animal Husbandry class attended an auction sale of pedigreed swine January 26. There they saw in dollars and cents the importance of swine judging and were able to check up on the class instruction.

Our "Corn Tassels" won over Limestone and Salina townships in the tournament for the basket-ball championship of the Young Men's Country Club of Kankakee County. The Aggies by their uniformly perfect attendance won the magnificent silver loving cup for Bourbonnais township. The cup is offered for the highest attendance from any township in the county. Bourbonnais is proud of her record and of the splendid trophy which is her reward.

With a banquet Monday evening given by the Rotary Club of Kankakee and a reception Wednesday tendered by the Young Woman's Country Club the boys feel they have had their share of good things for the week.

Professor Anderson lectured before a large audience at Odell, Illinois, on the "Value of Education to the Farmer." Under the instruction of Professor Anderson the Agricultural Course at St. Viators is making rapid progress and taking definite shape.

ALUMNI NOTES

Stephen Morgan, A. B., '09, is now one of the promising young barristers in Chicago. Steve has offices in the Ashland Block.

Bernard Hagan, H. S. '14, is now attending the University of Illinois, where he is pursuing a course in Mechanical Engineering.

Word comes to us that James Sullivan, H. S. '14, is at present employed in the banking business at Peru, Ind.

Raymond Faulkner, H. S. '12, has opened an office in Joliet, Ill., since being admitted to the bar as a very promising young lawyer.

Michael Byron, H. S. '13, is engaged in the science of tilling the soil at Wilmington, Ill.

Joseph Neminach, H. S. '13, since leaving our midst has been attending high school at Joliet, Ill.

Harry Keeley, '12, was recently transferred to Wilmington, Ill., as agent for the insurance company for which he has been working the past three years.

We were pleased to receive the information that Armand J. Doyle had accepted a position with the Stockmen's Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago.

Fred Martin, '14-15, has enrolled as a student at St. Mary's College, Dayton, Ohio. Fred is pursuing a course in Chemical Engineering.

Recently Father Francis J. Shea, ordained from St. Viator last June, was transferred to Our Lady of The Lake Church, Chicago.

PERSONALS

Joseph Gordan, '12, Viator's old star athlete, paid us an extremely short visit two weeks ago.

James McCann, H. S. '15, was entertained last week. Jim is now a "live undertaker", and is associated with his father in one of Joliet's most prosperous undertaking establishments.

Edward Hayden, H. S. '15, a successful and independent farmer of Joliet, was able to tear himself away from his agrestic duties to visit his Alma Mater. Ed. will enroll in the University of Illinois Agricultural Department next September.

Incapable of resisting the magnetic influence of his Alma Mater and his old fellow students Lawrence Ward, '14 A. B., returned recently to enjoy a few pleasant hours. Lawrence is now traveling for the Interstate Business Men's Association.

A very singular honor was conferred upon our Reverend President recently when he was chosen to serve on the reception committee at Archbishop Mundelein's installation. Father O'Mahoney, with other well known priests made the trip to Brooklyn to escort his Grace to his new home in Chicago, and was present at all the subsequent ceremonies and receptions.

With a feeling of deep, genuine sorrow, we extend our sympathy to our fellow student John F. Cox in this moment of his sad bereavement when Almighty God has seen fit to number amongst the elect, his grandmother, Mrs. J. M. Cox of Lincoln, Ill. May God have mercy on her soul.

We also wish to share the sorrow of Professor C. Kennedy M. S. on the occasion of the death of his uncle in New York.

Requiescat in pace.

I have sought rest everywhere and found it not say in little nook and books.—*Thomas a' Kempis.*

BOOK REVIEWS

"LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE."

By Mgr. Bougaud.

This is a complete and exhaustive life of Blessed Margaret Mary, the great and renowned servant of the Sacred Heart. The life of this spouse of Christ as given by Mgr. Bougaud is full of interest, edification, and inspiration. Day by day the attention of devout Catholics is being drawn to her through whose agency God has given to the world that soul-inspiring devotion of the Sacred Heart. Indeed, if the life of this saintly nun were better known, if better knowledge of the times and conditions in which she lived and sanctified herself were had, perhaps this most noble organ of Christ's humanity and the greatest attribute of his love would be honored more by mankind. For this end, Mgr. Bougaud's book cannot be too strongly recommended to those who love and honor the Sacred Heart.

Benziger Brothers.

Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity? Bright fancies satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy; houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*Ruskin*.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 13; S. V. C., 27.

The Varsity-five opened their New Year on Jan. 14, with a victory over St. Joseph's College of Rensselaer, Indiana, in the figures 27-13. The Viator team found an easy problem in the Hoosier aggregation and treated the fans to some flashy floor-work and spectacular basket-shooting. Capt. Gartland and Flynn claimed twenty-three points between them while Roche and Dondanville raised the score to the final mark of twenty-seven with a basket apiece. Deary, the center-man for the visitors, counted nine points by the foul-line as well as by three baskets. The St. Joe team put up a plucky battle against the locals and helped to interest the spectators.

LINE-UP

Louis.....	R. F.....	Flynn
Fettie.....	L. F.....	Gartland
Deary.....	C.....	Dondanville
Stewart.....	R. G.....	Roche
Tremel.....	L. G.....	Pemberton

Field Goals—Gartland, 5; Flynn, 3; Deary, 2; Roche, Dondanville, Fettie, Louis, 1. Free Throws—Gartland, 7; Deary, 5. Referee—Hagerty.

ONARGA, 35; VIATOR HIGH SCHOOL, 15.

The High School quintette accepted the return game of Onarga Seminary and played it on the latter's floor on Jan. 14. The down-staters knew their "gym" more perfectly than the local crowd and for this reason delighted their followers by taking the bigger end of the score. The Viator High, however, fought a

brave battle and incidentally put by fifteen tallies in the strange baskets. The Onarga boys did not stop until the thirty-five mark was reached. Tiffin and H. Dixon might be picked as the stars of the contest.

LINE-UP

Onarga Sem.—35. Viator High—15.
 Lemanager.....R. F.....Tiffin
 H. Dixon.....L. F...Berry-Edgar
 Harper.....C.....F. Cary
 E. Dixon.....R. G.....D. Cary
 Yowes.....L. G..Ashe-Kearney

Field Goals—H. Dixon, 6; Harper, 3; Tiffin, Edgar, Berry, Ashe, Cary, 1. Free Throws—Dixon, 3; Tiffin, 4. Referee—Mossant.

DUBUQUE, 26; S. V. C., 15.

Dorais the erstwhile flashy quarter-back of the big Notre-Dame eleven brought five "huskies" into our camp on Jan. 21 for the purpose of victory, and this Dubuque aggregation presented a problem for the local bunch which could not be solved in forty-minutes. At the end of the first half, however, the college quintette was getting the benefit of the doubt and time was called with the score 10-7.

This half saw Viator striding beautifully for Dondanville and Flynn had caged three baskets despite the brave blocking of Dalton and Ryan. Gartland was afforded several chances at free-throws and made good to the extent of four.

The second period found both teams scrapping hard for a win, Ryan and McCaffery then brought home six points for their team while Gartland contributed five more tallies—via free-throws and a basket. This gave Viator her 15 points. The surprise came in the last few minutes of play when Dubuque chalked until whistle-time to the total amount of 26. The entire game was spectacular as both teams were evenly matched and out for blood.

LINE-UP

Dubuque—26. S. V. C.—15.
 McCaffery.....C.....Dondanville
 Murphy.....R. F.....Gartland
 Dalton.....L. F.....Flynn
 Ryan.....R. G.....Pemberton
 Martin.....L. G.....Roche

Field Goals—Martin, 5; Ryan, 3; Dalton, 1; McCaffery, 2; Flynn, 2; Dondanville, Gartland, 1. Free Throws—Martin, 6; Gartland, 7. Referee—Hagerty.

E. I. NORMAL, 35; VIATOR, 19.

Eastern Illinois State Normal from Charleston liked our big floor immensely on Jan. 24 for it seemed that the "Old Gold and Purple" team could not learn the secret of their wonderful teamwork. This factor and another big factor in the person of Anderson the left-forward gave the visiting team the shade all the time. Dondanville the Viator king-pin was hampered with a bad hip and hence could not show his usual speed. Capt. Gartland gave a good account of himself by rimming six baskets and one free throw. Anderson of Eastern Illinois distanced "Kok" however by counting eight times from the floor and twice from the foul-line. Pemberton, Roche and Flynn played creditable games on the defense while Conroy and Finnigan took their turns at left guard. Endsley and Brown of the opposition helped Anderson pile up the final count of 35 with a concession to Viator of 19.

LINE-UP

S. V. C.—19.	E. I. S. N.—35
Flynn.....R.	F.....Brown
Gartland.....L.	F.....Anderson
Dondanville.....C.Schmalze
Pemberton.....R.	G.....Endsley
Roche.....L.	G.....Harris

Field Goals—Anderson, 8; Gartland, 6; Brown, 3; Endsley, 3; Brown, Schmalze, Flynn, Pemberton, Dondanville, 1. Free Throws—Anderson, 3; Gartland, 1. Referee Hagerty.

EXMOOR, A. C.—25; S. V. C.—26.

Another "drumtight" game was played in the evening of Feb. 5, when the rapid Exmoor Athletic Club of Chicago team lined up against the "Varsity" in the Viator "Gym". With a big and enthusiastic crowd of spectators following every play the home five "gave and took" for two score minutes, finally to nose out the visitors by one point. This is the first time that a Viator basket-ball team has been able to best the fast Exmoor machine from Chicago. Flynn and Gartland the two forward-men took the first honors in point-getting for "Kok" put away four baskets

and as many free-throws while Flynn made, all told, six field goals. Roche and Pemberton protected well for the Viatorians and Finnigan, in his initial appearance, at center, filled the boots of "Horse" Dondanville in tip-top manner. Flint and Broadbent were the counters for the visitors, chalking 19 of the 25 points made by their team.

LINE-UP

Exmoors—25.	S. V. C.—26.
Flint.....R.	F.....Flynn
Broadbent.....L.	F.....Gartland
Howard.....C.Finnigan
Alstrom.....R.	G.....Roche
Carlson.....L.	G.....Pemberton

Field Goals—Flynn, 6; Gartland, 4; Broadbent, 5; Flint, 5; Carlson, Roche, 1. Free Throws—Broadbent, 3; Gartland, 4. Referee—Hagerty.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, 25; S. V. C., 15.

The Viator quintette faced the "husks" of the Hoosier University on their dirt floor on Feb. 9 and put up a stubborn game against the Indianians who won in the ratio of 24-15. The first half found the Varsity running them a close race and ended with Viator four points in the rear. In the second half Notre Dame acquired her speed and ran the score up to 24 while the "Old Gold and Purple" closed with 15. Gartland led with four baskets and three free ones to his credit while Roche and Flynn donated a field-goal apiece. Roche and Pemberton both played spectacular games at guard, and Ellis the right-forward for the "Blue" made six baskets and played the stellar game for the Hoosiers.

LINE-UP

N. D. U., 24.	S. V. C., 15.
Ellis.....R.	F.....Flynn
Cassidy.....L.	F.....Gartland
Rondiette.....C.Finnigan— Dondanville
Deefe.....R.	G.....Roche
Slakford.....L.	G.....Pemberton— Conroy

Field Goals—Ellis, 6; Gartland, 4; Rondietti, 2; Keefe, Slakford, Cassidy, Flynn, Roche, 1. Free Throws—Gartland, 3; Cassidy, 2. Referee—Miller.

MAZON, 26; V. H. S, 13.

Despite the floods and nasty weather on Jan. 21, or thereabouts the High School team made their second week-end, but had to return with the tiny end of the score for Mazon High School proved to be "dark horses" at basket-ball. The overstate five are built along the lines of Varsity men and consequently made the Viator seconds work strenuously to hold the score to 26-13. Berry distinguished himself on the foreign floor by sneaking four baskets over Hollman the "Mazon Sensation." Meisner credited his team with 15 of their points.

LINE-UP

Mazon—26.	V. H. S.—13.
Stevens.....R.	F.....Berry
Meisner.....L.	F.....Edgar
Newport.....C.	Carey, F.
Hollman.....R.	G.....Ashe
Drake.....L.	G.....Cary, D.

Field Goals—Meisner, 7; Stevens, 3; Newport, 3; Berry, 4; Edgar, 1. Free Throws—Edgar, 3. Referee—Hearst.

MANTENO, 17; V. H. S, 33.

Viator High broke their losing streak on Feb. 3, when they took Manteno up and down the big "Gym" floor for a 33-17 count. Tiffin the crack forward for the under-college men added seven more baskets to his season's string, while Berry stood second with five. It was a sort of rough-an-tumble battle but it nevertheless furnished many thrills for the side-liners. Grant and M. Smith were chosen as stars for the visiting five.

LINE-UP

Manteno—17.	Viator High—33.
M. Smith.....R.	F.....Tiffin
E. Smith.....L.	F.....Berry
Grant.....C.	Cary, F.
Jones.....R.	G.....Cary, D.
Lownes.....L.	G.....Ashe

Field Goals—Tiffin, 7; Berry, 5; Cary, 2; Ashe, 1; Grant, 4; M. Smith, 2; E. Smith, 1; Lownes, 1. Free Throws—Tiffin, 3; Grant, 1. Referee—Gartland.

VIATORIANA

Our Injurious-to-the-Ears club.
I. Mootchem Pres.

“Got a match?”
“Got a clean collar?”
“Let me have a dime.”
“I’ll go down town with you.”
“I haven’t a cent.”

A TUESDAY EVE TRAGEDY:

“Mulligan and No Mail.”

THE MORPHEUS CLUB.

L. Gartland, Pres.
G. McDonald, Secy and Treas.
Motto:—“Ten hours or bust.”
Pass word:—“Foreign policy.”
Club color:—Peaches and cream.
Club flower:—Peaches and cream.

By-Laws:

1. Members must submit to somnanbulistic fits for a period of at least ten hours out of every twenty-four.
 2. Knock before entering.
 3. Let Big Ben do it.
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HEARD IN THE GYM:

“Hello! Which are you, you or your brother?”

Although the cost of living
Refuses to go down
Our submarines are diving
Like aggravated clowns.

WHO SAID IT?

"After the war we won't have any biology."
"Why not?"
"There'll be no germination."

Some people
Like the
Close of a
Sermon
But others
Like the
Clothes of the
Congregation.

Maybe you think our collegians are not active. They have been shipping subsidies ever since the first of the year.

"This match won't light."
"That's funny. It was O. K. the last time I used it."

"Are you and he closely related?"
"No! He's only a carbuncle of mine."

Fish is good for the brain.
Fish therefore helps to make us wiser.
What if we had fish more than once a week?

Those residing on the tooth (2th) floor of R.H. conglomerated, Friday eve, Feb. 11th. Arrangements were made for the

Spring Cotillion which will happen next week at two o'clock. Committees were appointed to look after the punch and judies.

Some people dislike
To take recreation.
But some are too tight
To spend a vacation.

IT'S ALL A MISTAKE

No Father, we didn't clap because the Rev. President was poisoned while in Chicago. We showed acopiousness of overflowing joy because his safe arrival cast aside all worries concerning his welfare.

Did you say she was blasè?
There he is now.

Joe—Louie has gone in the sauer-kraut business.
Fred—He ought to clean up a bunch of 'Kale' in that line.

As a good mariner, when he approaches port, furls his sails and with slow course gently enters it, so should we furl the sails of our worldly affairs and turn to God with our whole mind and heart, and so may we arrive at that port with all sweetness and peace.—*Dante Alighieri.*